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The Bryant Collection.
Presented by
Miss Julia Bryant
to the
New York Public Library.

Amulet

NCA









Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Page

My dear Mr. Turner,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

T H E

...





1

THE
AMULET.



THE
AMULET.



WV 408
3185
V. 1081

THE

A M U L E T.

A

CHRISTIAN AND LITERARY
REMEMBRANCER.

*annul
order*
EDITED BY S. C. HALL.

LONDON:

FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS.

WILLIAM JACKSON, NEW YORK.

MDCCCXXXIII.

S. C. H.



17957

This day is Published,

THE BUCCANEER .

A Tale, in Three Vols.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

[The scene of which is laid upon the coast of
Hampton Court, during the latter years of the P

John Haddon and Co., 27, Ivy

PREFACE.

THE Editor of "THE AMULET," in submitting to the Public the volume for 1833—the eighth of the series—ventures to offer some remarks in reference to the course he has hitherto pursued with regard to that publication. His principal object is to defend the class to which it belongs from the invidious comparisons that have been instituted between those of England and those of Germany, by which the latter have been extolled at the expence of the former.

It is universally admitted that, as works of art, the English annuals are far superior to those of our continental neighbours; many of the most celebrated pictures of modern times having been originally engraved for them. With reference to the productions of the burin, it is only necessary to state that sums of 100, 150, and even of 180 guineas, have been frequently paid for plates, in size not above four inches by three. The best prints that have appeared in Germany, or elsewhere, sink into total insignificance beside them.

It may also be affirmed, without hesitation, that, as literary works, they will not suffer by a comparison with the most successful of the continent. If those of Germany contained, from time to time, contributions from the pens of Göthe, Schiller, Bürger, and others of the more renowned authors of that land, fruitful in literary wealth,—whose thoughts were not trifled away, but matured by labour and a strong desire to give them weight and influence, although conveyed to the world in association with unusual elegance of typography and beauty of design in art,—the annuals of England have, at least, equalled them in this respect, inasmuch as the most honoured names in the literature of our country have appeared in the pages of such publications since the exotic became naturalized in Britain.

The Editor of “The Amulet” hopes he may be permitted to state that his main object has ever been to collect into his work the higher and more important class of compositions—considering attractive tales and beautiful poems, however essential to the int

and variety of the volume, as secondary to that which conveyed information and led to improvement.

He ventures to enumerate a few of the papers to which he more particularly refers.

An Essay on Ancient Coins and Medals, illustrating the progress of Christianity, by the Rev. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D. (Since enlarged into a volume, and considered a standard authority on the subject.)

Some Account of the Armenian Christians at Constantinople, by the Rev. Dr. WALSH.

Some Account of the Chaldean Christians, also by the Rev. Dr. WALSH.

A Visit to Nicæa, a spot so renowned in ecclesiastical history, by the same learned and accomplished traveller.

An Essay on Poetry and Philosophy, by the late Rev. ROBERT HALL—republished in his collected works.

The only hitherto published record of Mr. COLERIDGE's Travels in Germany.

An Essay on French Oaths, by Miss EDGEWORTH.

The Rev. W. S. GILLY's Narrative of the Albigenses, which appeared in the Amulet some time previous to his work relative to the struggles and persecution of this primitive and extraordinary people.

An Essay on British Colonial Slavery, by the present Bishop of Calcutta. (Subsequently published and extensively circulated by the Anti-Slavery Society.)

Accounts of the Natives of the Austral Islands, by the missionary, Mr. ELLIS, afterwards incorporated with his volume of Polynesian Researches.

The Actual State of the Slave-Trade on the Coast of Africa, by a distinguished Naval Officer, who commanded the station during three years.

Telesms, from the Arab Moralists, by the late learned Dr. ADAM CLARKE.

An Account of the now nearly extinct race of Aborigines of Canada, by the late Dr. EDWARD WALSH, Physician to the Forces, who resided for some years among them, nearly half a century ago.

A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, in the year 1828, by CHARLES MACFARLANE. This account was also subsequently published in a separate form.

The Editor trusts he has offered proof that among the contents of "The Amulet" have been some of the most valuable literary communications of modern times; and sufficiently shown that he has laboured with a better object than mere amusement—that his constant aim has been to render his volume one of permanent interest and value.

Under this impression—with a grateful sense of the support he has, from year to year, received, and with a firm determination to exert his utmost efforts to merit its continuance—"The Amulet" for 1833 is submitted to the Public.

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I.—The Gentle Student. Painted by G. S. Newton, R. A.;

Engraved by Charles Rolls.

(The Picture in the possession of General, the Honourable
Edmond Phipps, M.P., &c. &c.)

I.—Vignette—Title-page—Portrait of the Lady Mountjoy.

**Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. ; Engraved by
J. C. Edwards.**

(The Picture in the possession of the Right Honourable the
Countess of Blessington.)

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**7.—Vignette—The Golden Age. Painted by Sir Thomas Law-
rence, P. R. A. ; Engraved by F. C. Lewis.**

**7.—Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond. Painted by Sir
Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. ; Engraved by Robert Graves.**

(The Picture in the possession of His Grace the Duke of
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VI.—Cato—Portrait of the late John Kemble. Painted by Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. ; Engraved by W. Great
(The Picture in the possession of the Right Honourable Countess of Blessington.)

VII.—The Young Navigators. Painted by W. Mulready, 1
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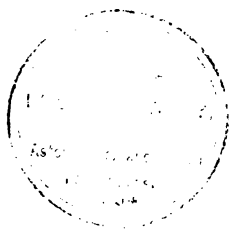
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XI.—La Mexicana. Painted by John Boaden; Engraved by C. Marr.

XII.—Vignette—The Lute. Drawn by the late H. Liveston; Engraved by S. Sangster.





PAINTED BY MR. J. L. LAMONT, F.R.S.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Published in the Department of the Interior.





THE GOLDEN AGE.

"For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold."

MILTON.

THEY had a lovely dream of old,
Of a pure age, an Age of Gold,
Wherein they neither bought nor sold—
A reign of bliss, ere care was known,
Or sin the seed of death had sown ;

Ere human hearts had ached in sorrow,
Or human eyes had shed a tear ;
Ere men grew careful for the morrow,
Or pined in hope, or drooped in fear ;
Ere trusting faith had felt a blight,
Or love had aught to fear or shun ;
Ere the day's thought, from morn to night,
Was but to keep what it had won ;
Or the night's rest was broke in pain
Of weary count of loss and gain ;
When all was kind, and fair, and pure,
And love and joy, like truth, were sure.

Oh, Age of Gold ! wast thou a vision
By some enthusiast poet seen ?—
The unveiling of the land Elysian,
Where death has never been ?—
The foretaste of a happier lot—
The prelude of a state to be—
To show him that the earth was not
The home of his nativity ?
For what the aspiring soul desired,
And traced in its excursive flight,
Was truth in fancy's garb attired,
The shadowing forth of its delight—
A glimpse of glory infinite—
The dawning of the perfect day,
Which prophet-bards had long foretold—

When crime and woe should pass away,
And bring again the Age of Gold.

Nay, leave those speculative themes,
Leave to the poet his sweet dreams,
And I will show thee a delicious page
Of living poetry—the Golden Age!
A brighter Age of Gold, in sooth,
Than that they feigned—the Golden Age of youth!

Oh, youth! thou hast a wealth beyond
What careful men do spend their souls to gain—
A trustful heart that knows not to despond,
A joy unmixed with pain!
A world of beauty lies within thy ken;
Another paradise becomes thy lot;
Thou walk'st amid the ways of toiling men,
And yet thou know'st it not!
Thou thinkest not to plan and circumvent;
Thou dost not calculate from morn to eve;
They speak of guile, thou know'st not what is meant—
Of broken faith, thou can'st not it conceive!
Oh, happy Golden Age! thy limbs are strong,
Thou boundest like the fawn amid its play;
Thy speech is as the melody of song—
Thy pulse like waters on their cheerful way!
Beauty enrobes thee as a garment's fold;
And, as a spring within thy heart's recess,

Wells up, more precious than the sands of gold,
Thy own great happiness !

Oh, beautiful and bright ! that thou might'st keep
The kindness of thy soul as it is now !
That o'er thy heart no selfish chill might creep,
No sorrow dim thy brow !
That thou might'st gather up life's flowers,
Love, joy, and meditative hours,
And twine them, as an amaranthine wreath,
Around thy brows in death !
Art thou my daughter ?—so to thee I turn,
And with a warm solicitude do yearn
Toward thee in thy unpractised innocence,
And pour my longings out in earnest prayer :—
God be thy blessing, maiden, thy defence,
Thy Comforter, thy Father, *every where* !

MARY HOWITT.

"IT'S MY 'LUCK."

AN IRISH SKETCH, BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Some call it Providence, and others fate."

"WELL, ma'am dear, I never thought that ye'r going into foreign parts would make a heathen of ye entirely. To be sure, it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift that way against what the whole world knows to be as true as gospel! It's myself that couldn't even it to you, at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears!"

"I assure you, Moyna, you are very much mistaken in imagining that the whole world adopt your notions of predestination, for—

"I ax ye'r pardon for interrupting you, my lady; but I said nothing about pra—pra—I can't twist my tongue to round the word," continued Moyna; adding, with that exuberant vanity which prevents the Irish from ever pleading guilty to the sin of ignorance—
"Not but I've often heard it before."

"Predestination, Moyna, means what you call Luck—a thing you believe you cannot avoid—a sort of spirit that deals out to you good or evil, in defiance of your own wishes."

Moyna looked puzzled—exceedingly puzzled: she knocked the ashes out of her pipe against the post originally intended to support a gate, which, according to Moyna's reading, "her luck" had prevented from being either made or hung; and, stuffing her middle finger into the bowl of the little puffing medium, so as to ascertain that no hidden fire remained in its recess, she returned it to her pocket—clasped her hands so as to grasp the post within their palms, and, leaning against it, one foot crossed over the instep of the other, she turned her head a little round, and called to her husband by the familiar but affectionate appellation of "Tim a vourneen!"

"Tim"—or, to speak correctly, Timothy Brady—made his congee from beneath the roof of a picturesque but most comfortless sheeling—a cottage that would have looked delightful in a painted landscape—a matter that differs essentially from a delightful cottage in reality. Nothing could be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery: wood and water—hill and dale—a bold mountain in the distance—a blue sky over head—the turrets of a lofty castle shining among the woods—and the lawns and shrubberies of another, extending to the little patch

of common, on which seven or eight huts, similar in appearance to my poor friends' dwelling, were congregated. The lord of the one mansion imported his own mutton into England; and the master of the other assured his London friends, that his agent assured him, that the peasantry in the neighbourhood of his park were "the finest and happiest peasantry on the face of the earth." But neither the one nor the other had any thing to do with my poor cotter and his wife, for it was many years since they had visited their estates. Had it been otherwise, Timothy and Moyna must have thought more wisely, and acted more discreetly.

Timothy Brady differed in nothing from the generality of his countrymen, except that he was "better larned," for he could read and write, and, when a lad, was in great esteem as a "mass server," and noted as being "remarkable handsome at the altar." I had not seen him for some time, and was struck with the painful change which a few years had made in his fine athletic form. Moyna had ever been a careless, affectionate "slob of a girl," who would "go from Bantry to Boyne to sarve me on her bare knees," but had little idea of serving herself. Such a character is not improved by age; but there was a time when I had hoped a better fate for Timothy. His sunken eye became bright and animated when he saw one who had rendered him some service, and he

pulled up his stockings over his bare legs, with that striking regard to propriety which an Irish peasant never forgets in the presence of a female.* After the usual civilities had passed, Moyna commenced—

"The lady's at me agin about the luck; and now, may be, she'll have the goodness to say what she said awhile ago."

"I told your wife that Predestination is what she calls Luck, and that she would agree very well with the Turks."

"The Turks!" repeated Moyna, throwing up her hands and eyes in horror. "Oh, ma'am, honey—I never thought you'd even the Turks to one of your own country! Oh, Tim, Tim! was I like a Turk when I sat by your bed, night and day, while ye had the typhus fever? Was I like a Turk when I took Mary Clooney's child from off the dead breast of its mother, and she kilt at the same time by that very

* I may mention, by the way, a striking instance of this characteristic. Some friends of mine were on a boating excursion, a few years ago, in Bantry Bay—and a lady was filling to each of the boatmen a glass of whiskey. Observing that one of them was looking in an opposite direction, she slyly dipped the glass into the water, and handed it to him in lieu of the more agreeable beverage. The man took it, bowed, and—while the eyes of the whole party were upon him, expecting a "splutter," or perhaps an oath—drank it off, returned the glass, with a "thank ye kindly, ma'am," and without the slightest change of countenance. "Why, Pat," exclaimed the lady, in astonishment; "do you like salt-water?" "No, ma'am, I do not like salt-water, but if you had given me a glass of poison I would have drank it."

fever; that kilt her husband? Was I like a Turk when I took the bed, that was no bed, only a lock o' straw, from under me, that blind Barry might die decent and easy, in consideration of the high family that owned him? Was I like a Turk when"—

"Moyna, will ye whisth, woman dear!—you have no understanding; the lady only meant that you and the Turks had different names for the same thing. Wasn't that it?"

I bowed and smiled.

"Was that it? Och, bother!—to be sure we have different names. I ax ye'r pardon, but I think ye said I'd agree with the Turks?"

"Yes, good Moyna, in one thing; you believe in 'luck,' and so do they."

Moyna was appeased, and Timothy took up the matter.

"There's no denying luck, nor no going against it, lady dear, that's the short and the long of it. It's my luck never to make as much by any thing as another. Why the bonneen we reared from the size o' my hand, that Dorney Cobb offered me any money for at Candlemas, caught cold and died at Easter—sorrow a man on the common had the luck to lose a pig but myself!"

"How did it catch cold?"

"Out of nothing in the world but my luck; it was used, poor thing, to sleep in the cabin with ourselves,

as the sty had no roof: but a neighbour's child was sick, and my woman axed some of the family in, and the pig was forced, out of manners, to give up his bed, and sleep in the sty, which, as it had no roof, let in the rain. And it was mournful to hear the wheezing he had in the morning; and to see him turn his back on the pick of the mealy potatoes just before he died."

"Well, Timothy, I should call that mismanagement; I do not see either good or bad luck in the case; for it is clear that, if the sty had been roofed, the pig would not have been accustomed to cottage warmth; and, consequently, could not have caught cold."

"Well, lady; listen—it was my luck entirely that hindered my roofing the sty. I'll tell ye all about it. Did ye know Tom Dooly?—sorra a hand's-turn he'd do from Monday morning till Saturday night—barring the hoight of mischief. Ye didn't know Tom?—well, ma'am, I'm sure ye mind his brother Micky—'One-eyed Mick,' he was called, because he as good as lost the other in a bit of a spree at the fair of Rathmullin, and could get no justice for it."

"No justice for the *spree*, do you mean, Timothy?"

"No, ma'am, I mean no justice for his eye; clearly proving there's no law for the poor—God help them! The boy he fought with was as good as thirty years older than himself, a tough ould fellow, with a crack-

stick skull that nothing could harm. So Mick know'd that, and he never offered at the head, but the shins—which he broke as compleat as any thing you ever saw. And so the magistrate set the ould boy's shins against Mickey's eye, and bid them make it up. Ah! there's no law for the poor, at all, at all!"

"But, Timothy, let us get back to where we set out—the pig-sty."

"Troth, yes," returned Tim, "though I'm sorry to take a lady to a dirty subject; Tom Dooly says to me, says he, 'Tim, ye're in want of a lock of straw to keep the heavens out of the piggery.' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'come over to me, I've a lot of as fine barley straw as ever danced under a flail, and ye shall have it, just for thank ye.' 'God bless ye, and good luck to you and your's, Mister Tom,' says I, 'good luck to you and your's for ever and ever, amen!' 'And when 'ill you look over for it?' says he. 'To-morrow, for certain,' says I. 'Very good—to-morrow by all means,' says he, 'and make my respects to the woman that owns ye.' Now, ma'am dear, mind the luck; something or other hindered Moyna from taking my brogues to be mended to the brogue-maker's that night. So I couldn't go the next day, and that very night a great splinter ran into my foot out of the spade-handle."

"Stop, my good friend, if the spade-handle was splintered, why did you not mend it?"

"Ma'am dear, that was a way you had, ever and always, tripping a body up in their story.—Sure I did mend—that is I eased it with a bit of a cord. But it was my luck hindered me, and the bad foot, from going the day after that; and one thing or another came across me, until it was just a week before I could go for the straw. Well, the black boy himself put it into my head to borrow Matthew Maccan's white mare. 'Take her and welcome,' says Matty; 'but mind, if you put yourself or any thing else on her she'll kick till she smashes every bone in your body though she'll draw a creel, or a cart, till the day of judgment as easy as May butter.'—'Thank ye kindly Matthew,' says I, 'I'll mind fast enough,' and away I went. And at his own gate I saw Tom, as grand as Cromwell, with his hands in his pockets, and a silk Barcelona round his neck, like any gentleman.—To be sure the luck of some people! 'Good evening, Tim,' says he. 'Good evening kindly,' says I. 'Where are you going with Matthew Maccan's beast?' says he. 'No farther than this,' says I, 'until I go home again.' 'I'm always glad to see an ould friend,' says he; 'but why didn't ye come,' says he again, 'for the barley straw?' 'Sure I'm come for it now,' says I. 'You are!' says he, opening his great grey eyes at me, like a wild cat; 'sorra as much for ye, then, as would build a sparrow's nest,' says the traitor: 'If ye'd been glad of it, you would have come when you

was bid to come, and not let a whole week rowl over your head. I gave the straw to Jemmy Hatchet, and by this time it's no straw, but a roof, and a good one too, to his sty, and his neat clean barn.' 'It's il done of ye,' says I, as cool as a cabbage-leaf, though my blood was boilin' at the ill luck that follows me; 'ye might have waited; but never heed,' and I turned the horse round to come home. 'Sure,' says he, 'ye're not going to stir ill-blood out of the offer I made ye from kindness; if ye did not take advantage of it, it was your fault not mine.' Well, I didn't value the straw a traneeen, ma'am dear; I've a spirit above it; but I did not like his bestowing his dirty straw upon Jemmy Hatchet: so I makes answer, 'Do you say I'm in fault?' 'To be sure I do,' he says, with a grin of a laugh. 'Then by this, and by that,' I says, swearing a great whale of an oath, that I'd be sorry to repeat before a lady, 'I'll make ye eat both ye'r words and the straw.' 'Ye can't,' says he, 'and what's more ye darn't; a'n't I the priest's nephew?' Well, that would rouse the blood of a wood-queest, for it was cowardly-like; and, as my luck would have it, I hot him an unlucky blow; and a dale of sorrow it got me into; for I had the world and all of penance, to say nothing of being had up, and he swearing he gave no provocation. For sartin I didn't mean to have struck so hard, and didn't think his bones were so soft;—but that wasn't all of it—going home,

the trouble of what I had done uppermost, I forgot what Mat said about the horse, and got on the baste's back, who made no more ado, but kicked and plunged, and pitched me into the thick of a pond full of young ducks and geese; and two ganders set upon me, and as good as tore the eyes out of my head, before I could get out of the water; and I had to pay two and three half-pence for the young that was killed in the scrumage. And well I know it's long afore such luck would have followed any other boy in the parish but myself. Now, ma'am dear, isn't that luck?"

"Is your story finished, Tim?"

"It just is, ma'am, darlint,—that is, I mean the sty story is finished; but I could tell ye twenty as good, and better too, to show what ill luck I have."

"There is no luck, ill or well, that I can see from beginning to end. Your misfortunes entirely arose out of your want of punctuality; had your shoes been mended, as they ought to have been, you could have gone for the straw with comfort on the evening you were desired. Still, their not being mended was no excuse for your want of punctuality. You put me in mind of an anecdote I heard once of two Irishmen, who were too lazy to pluck the figs that hung over their heads in a beautiful garden in Italy. There they lay on their backs, beneath a tree covered with fruit, their mouths open for the figs to fall into. At last a fig, by what you would call 'luck,' fell into the mouth

of one of these Irishmen. 'What a lucky dog you are, Paddy!' said the other, opening his great mouth still more widely. 'I don't know that, Looney,' replied Paddy, after swallowing the fig, 'for I have had the trouble of chewing it!'

"Agh, ma'am honey! I wonder how you have the heart to tell such stories against your own country, letting the foreigners laugh at us that way."

"Listen, Timothy; how would your own case read? Timothy Brady was indicted for an assault upon Mister Thomas Dooly, who swore that he told the aforesaid Timothy Brady, that, if he came to him on the evening of the first of May, he would make him a present of a load of straw to thatch his pig-sty; that Brady promised to come, but never came until the seventh of May; and in the meantime he, Thomas Dooly, thinking that Brady did not wish to thatch his pig-sty, had given the load of straw to an industrious man who did thatch his pig-sty; that when Brady found the straw had been given, he, without any provocation—"

"Oh, easy, ma'am dear!—you forget the laugh."

"And who could help laughing?—'without any provocation did assault the said Thomas Dooly.' Now is it not so, worthy Timotheus?"

Reasoning with the Irish on this same subject is pretty much like attempting to swim against the stream of a powerful river. You catch some little turn or

current, and you think you have them there. No thing. Away they go the next minute.

Moyna now took up the subject. "Sure, ma you must allow that what happened to Milly B was luck! Poor thing!—she'd as bad luck as her neighbours, and worse too, but she could not go past what was before her."

"Milly Boyle,—I remember her,—a blue-eyed, haired girl."

"With rosy cheeks, and a smile ever ready to turn them into dimples. Ah, ma'am! she was the pride of the whole village. And her poor mother (and a widdy) doated on her as mother never doated on a child before or since, to my thinking. Then her voice as clear as a bell, and as sweet as a linnet's; and though she had forty pounds to her fortune, besides furnishing a feather-bed, and a cow, to say nothing of the stock and powers of fowl, and lashings of meal and cutlery (sure her uncle, big Lary Boyle, is a miller)—though she had all them things she was as humble as a violet, and to the poor was ever ready with a soft word and a 'God save you kindly,' and her hand in their pocket, and out with a five-penny bit, or a teston; would think nothing of lapping her cloak round her neck away to any sick woman, or poor craythur of a name, that 'u'd be ailing, and give them the grain of salt or the bit of tobaccy, or taste of snuff, to comfort them, and the prayer of the country side was 'Good lu

Milly Boyle !' To be sure if she hadn't the bachelors no girl ever had. Shoals of 'em watching for her coming out of chapel, or from the station, or the wake, as it might be, waylaying her, as a body may say ; and though she was main civil to them all, and smiles were as plenty and as sweet with her as harvest-berries, yet it was long before she laid her mind to any, until her fancy fixed on Michael Langton, one of the best boys in the barony ; handsome and well to do in the world was Michael, and every one was rejoiced at her luck. Well, the day was fixed for the wedding ; and even the poor mother thanked God on her knees, and offered a cock to Saint Martin, and a box of real wax candles to the Virgin—her blessing be about us for ever and ever, Amin ! And the evening before, Michael and Milly were walking down by the river at the bottom of the common, and Milly spied a bunch of wild roses hanging over the stream, and she took a fancy to the flowers ; and to be sure Mike made a spring at them, but his luck took the footing from under him, and, Lord save us ! the poor boy was drowned in the sight of her eyes. But the worst of the woe is to come ; she got a brain fever out of the trouble, and the fever scorched up her brain, so that there was no sense left in it, though her heart was as warm as ever ; and then she used to go rambling about the counthry, with her hands crossed on her breasts, and her eyes evermore wandering ; and if

she'd hear a cry, or a moan, she'd run to see if she could do any thing to lighten the throuble, and yet she had no sense left to know how to set about it. And oh, ma'am dear, the mother of her!—to see that poor woman fading away from off the face of the earth, and following her as if she was her shadow!—'twas the hardest luck I ever knew."

"And what became of poor Milly?"

"The worst of luck, if it's as long as a midsummer day, must have an end—and so, ma'am dear, Milly died. And it was quare, too, she was found dead under a wild-rose tree—I often h'ard they were unlucky things—there she was, and I h'ard them that found her tell, that it was a beautiful melancholy sight to see her—her cheek resting on her arm as if she was asleep, and ever so many of the rose-leaves scattered by Nature like, over her white face!"

"And her mother?"

"Ah, ma'am, they say ould hearts are tough! but if it's true, sorrow can tear them to pieces—the two were buried in the same grave."

Moyna's story moved me much; I wished them both a kind good morrow, and had nearly arrived at the village where we lodged, when, panting and breathless, she overtook me.

"What's the matter, Moyna?"

"Oh, the man has the tooth-ache so bad that I'm forced to run for a pipe, the smoking does it good."

"What, has he not a pipe?"

"He had, ma'am, but he lent it to Briney Moore."

"But I saw you put a pipe in your pocket not twenty minutes ago."

"So you might, ma'am dear, that's my luck; it would have stayed quiet and easy in any body else's pocket, but there was a hole in mine, so it walked out, without so much as by ye'r leave."

"Why did you not mend the hole?"

"Faith, ma'am, honey, if I did, it would break out again," said Moyna, with some impatience of tone and gesture. "Where's the good of mending any thing, when we've no luck."

Poor Moyna! she would have been very angry had she known that I again compared her to the Turks, and was more than ever satisfied that, till belief in fatalism is rooted out, poor Ireland will "have no luck!"

PRESTON MILLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES," &c.

THE day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.
All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free ;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of liberty !
But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like "death-in-life" they smiled ;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas ! is that a child ?
Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side ;
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!—
With eyes so glazed and dull!
Alas! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!
And, oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
This is a wailing for the grave,
I whispered to my heart.
It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden, blasting gale
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.
It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.
It was as if, in dungeon-gloom,
Where chained despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.
And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily—
Oh, who would be or have a child!
A mother who would be!

THE PALM-TREE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

THE palm-tree in the wilderness
Majestic lifts its head,
And blooms in solitary grace,
Where all around is dead.
It spreads a shadow in the sun,
Where shade besides is none ;
But all companionship doth shun,
And loves to dwell alone.

And, though by man it lives unseen
Amidst the desert air,
It rears its canopy of green,
As smilingly and fair
As if young lovers pledged their vows,
When sultry day had flown,
Beneath its high o'erarching boughs,
That blossom all alone.

Though there no passing warbler wings
Her melancholy way,
A voice amidst the desert sings
Its solitude away,
When winds—as o'er the air-harp's wire
Half music and half moan—
Come stealing o'er its leafy lyre,
That murmurs all alone.

And 'neath its shadow, lulled to sleep,
Upon the pilgrim's dreams
Its soft and breezy whispers creep,
Like sounds of his own streams,
That wander by the bowers of rest,
To which his soul hath flown,
Till morning, on the lifeless waste,
Awakes him all alone.

Sojourner of a weary land,
Where Nature never smiled,
Surrounded by no kindred band,
Sole orphan of the wild !—
Thou seem'st like one whose trusting breast
Deceived—the world hath flown—
Sought, like the dove, a place of rest,
To live and die alone !

COLUMBUS AMONG THE AZORES.

BY THOMAS BRYDSON.

[Previous to his discovery of America, Columbus is said to have frequently watched the setting sun, from one of the islands of the Azores, and fancied it rising upon the great continent which he supposed to be over the ocean.]

OH, undiscovered world ! once more
I wander forth alone,
To muse beside that ocean vast,
Whose arms are round thee thrown.

Methinks yon setting sun, which smiles
In glory far away,
Already, o'er thy mountain-peaks,
Proclaims another day—

To some awakened child of thine,
Who sees, with careless eye,
The wondrous landscape of my dreams
Before him brightly lie.

There be who scoff at thoughts like these,—
But still my soul doth keep
Its solitary vigil here,
Beside the solemn deep.

Yes, yes !—beyond that pathless waste
A mighty world I'll find ;
And severed tribes of Adam's race
By me shall yet be joined—

In friendship's golden chain, as now,
By yonder setting sun,
Whose living line of radiance links
Their far shores into one.

Father of Nature ! thou wilt guide
The sail that is unfurled,
To bear across the ocean's breast
The tidings of a world !

OTAHEITE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, LL. D.

Lo ! mid the Isles the South Pacific bears,
That stud, like emerald gems, the hoary deep,
Her pointed summits Otaheite rears,
With many a verdant vale, and craggy steep.
Roused by the Gospel from the troubled sleep
Of superstition, with its dreams of blood,
Her sable sons, with indignation, sweep
Their hideous idols to the flame, or flood,
Ashamed that e'er they bowed to senseless blocks of
wood !

“ Perish, ye gods, Taheite once adored !
Your reign of terror is for ever past ;
Henceforth Jehovah is our only Lord—
For brighter days have dawned on us at last.”
Hark ! hark ! the exulting shout hell hears aghast :
The Lord is God ! ten thousand voices cry ;
E'en angels bend to share a joy so vast,
Then stretch their pinions for their native sky,
And celebrate th' event in heaven's high minstrelsy.

ON SNEEZING.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL. D.

“*Cur sternutamentis salutamur ?*”

PLINY.

FAMIANUS STRADA, a learned Jesuit, was one day sitting in company with some friends, talking on various subjects, when one of them, who had just returned from Rome, stated a curious fact, to which he had there been a witness. A baker in that city was seized with a fit of sneezing, which continued for some time in a very distressing manner. At length, on making a violent effort for the twenty-fourth time, he was so exhausted that the expulsion of air was his last breath, and he instantly died.* This account was received in various ways, and with various comments, by his friends; but one of them, wishing to be jocular, and say a good thing, remarked that the man had done well, for when it had struck twenty-four† it was time for him to go sleep. Strada

* *Prolusiones Academicæ*—*Piator Suburbanus*.

† In Italy the hours are reckoned on during the day and night, up to twenty-four o'clock.

thought this levity was unseasonable on such an occasion; and he, with more gravity, began a discussion on the subject of sudden death; but as no cause for it was so curious or extraordinary as this, he entered into a disquisition on the subject of sneezing, endeavouring to trace its origin, and the reason why "those who sneeze are always saluted."*

A circumstance occurred to me some time ago, which induced me to make a similar inquiry. I was dining at a friend's house in the country, when I was suddenly called out of the room to witness a spectacle, resembling that detailed by Strada's friend. Among the servants was a young woman of rather a bilious and melancholy temperament; she was just sitting down to dinner with her fellow-servants, when she was seized, without any apparent cause, with a sudden fit of sneezing. The people about her immediately addressed to her the usual salutation of "God bless you!" in the hope that it would cause it to cease; but, finding it increased, and became more violent every moment, they were alarmed, and sent in for me, as I was in the habit, at that time, of practising medicine among the poor, and was usually applied to when no better advice could be had. I found the woman labouring under a strong and irrepressible fit of sternutation, which was every moment becoming

* Sternuentes cur Salutentur!

more and more distressing, and in a short time the act of sneezing was so violent as to be quite frightful. Whenever the titillation of the nasal membrane came on, her limbs began to contract, till she was seized with a universal spasm, and her knees were rigidly drawn up to her chin. The convulsion of sneezing then supervened with a violent explosion, and she fell back, entirely relaxed and exhausted, till another spasm again roused her. In this melancholy state she continued, without the smallest remission of her distress, for five hours, and I expected that every sneeze would terminate fatally, as it did with Strada's baker. The usual remedies directed in such cases were tried, without the smallest apparent effect, or a moment's suspension of the symptoms; till at length, about eleven o'clock at night, she lay totally exhausted, and it was supposed she was dead. She, however, fell asleep, and the next morning waked, free from all complaint, except great debility. She had never been before attacked in any similar manner.

Soon after this another case occurred with a more fatal termination. A tailor was stung in the face by a bee. It was attended by no particular pain or inflammation, and little notice was taken of it. The only effect which immediately followed was an itching in the part, to allay which the man now and then rubbed his hand to the face. This itching insensibly increased, and was at length succeeded by a fit of

sneezing, which soon became so alarming that it was thought necessary to send for medical advice; but, before a doctor could arrive, the man sunk under the violence of the excitement; and the tailor, like the baker, died in the act of endeavouring to sneeze.

From these extraordinary and frightful effects, arising occasionally from so common and trifling a cause, it might naturally be supposed that the salutation of "God bless you!" originated in some physical reason, and was a pious ejaculation against the danger which it threatened; and this, indeed, was, and is, the popular opinion, supported by the testimonies of some authors.

Avicenna, the Arabian physician, and Carden, say it is a symptom which is the precursor of epilepsy. Polydore Virgil, Carolus Sigonius, and other historians, affirm that, in the time of Gregory, an epidemic disease raged in Italy, and one of its most mortal symptoms was sneezing, in the act of which the patient frequently died. To avert this evil, Gregory ordered a form of prayer to be used against it, accompanied by the sign of the cross; and hence originated, it was supposed, the practice of a pious ejaculation whenever the symptoms came on, which continued in use after the epidemic had disappeared. Whatever reason there may be, however, for such a conjecture, it is certain that the custom of saluting the person who sneezes has a much higher

origin, and a more extensive use; that it is to be found in the earliest ages, and the most remote countries, and sometimes altogether unconnected with a physical cause; and, if not satisfactory, it is, at least, very curious, to endeavour to trace it from its source.

The ancient mythologists referred it to the time of the creation, and say that a sneeze was the first sign of life exhibited by a human being. When Prometheus made his man of clay, he called all the animals around him, in order to impart to his new being the qualities of each; the cunning of the fox, the pride of the peacock, the ferocity of the tiger, &c. The new man was seized with a fit of sneezing, which so terrified the beasts that they all fled, leaving him in possession of their qualities, and undisputed lord of the sublunary creation. In sneezing, however, he extinguished the spark of the fire brought to animate him, which so irritated Prometheus that he was about to crush his new-formed automaton; but he sneezed again, and his second puff of breath rekindled the spark, and re-animated him. In the effort he blew out some of his yet infirm teeth, and his first attempt to speak was, "Jupiter, help me!" praying that no such accident should happen to him again. From this extravagant fiction they affirm that the practice of salutation on the occasion grew up among mankind—that a man always sneezed more than once at a time—and that the salutation was

never used to an old man, as it was presumed he had no teeth to lose.

The Jewish rabbins assigned a cause not quite so ancient, but no less absurd. They affirm that the disease called אַסְכְּרָא angina, or strangulation, which seizes children on the fourth day after their birth, was averted by the parents fasting; and, therefore, they always abstained from food on that day. From children, who were in early times only affected, the disease ascended to adults, and caused their death by strangulation, which was always preceded by the symptom of sneezing; and this was the disease, they say, of which Ahitophel died;* for when he saw that his counsel was not followed, he went home and was strangled—that is, as Buxtorf and others affirm, he died of sneezing, followed by strangulation. Hence the Jews always said, אַסְכְּרָא, when a person sneezed, which signifies, “May it be medicine to you!”

Among the Greeks sneezing was not referred to any physical cause, but was always considered a most important omen from the earliest times; so that the head was esteemed sacred because it was the organ of

* 2 Sam. xvii. 23—“And when Ahitophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and died.” The word which we translate, “hanged himself,” is, in the original, רִיחֶנֶק, *strangulatus est*, which the Rabbins expound by *Angina suffocatus est*.—Buxtorf. Lex. Talmud. on the word אַסְכְּרָא.

sternutation.* Penelope, when harassed by her lovers, uttered imprecations against them, and prayed for the return of Ulysses. At the same instant Telemachus sneezed so loud that the house resounded, and Penelope laughed with pleasure; it was considered a certain omen of the success of her prayer, which was verified by the event.

"She spoke. Telemachus then sneezed aloud;
Constrained, his nostrils echoed through the crowd;
The smiling queen the happy omen blest."†

WAKEFIELD'S TRANS.

While Xenophon was haranguing his soldiers one of them sneezed; he was advising a dangerous undertaking, which they were indisposed to venture on; but on this sternutating omen they all resolved to proceed with confidence, and Xenophon sacrificed to Jupiter, the preserver, since he had sent the omen.‡ There was even something very tender in the act, and the Grecian ladies considered it an important

* Aristotle. Problem. Sect. 33.

† Ως φησὶ Τηλεμαχος δὲ μεγ'επταρεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ δῶμα
Σμερδαλέον χαναχῆσε, γέλασε δὲ Πηνελοπεία—
Οὐχ ὄραας, ὁ μοι υἱὸς ἐπεπταρε πᾶσιν ἐπεσσι;

Odys. lib. xvii. v. 541.

‡ Τὸ το δὲ λεγοντος αὐτοῦ, παρνοῦνται τινες ἀκθσαντες
δε, οἱ στρατιῶται, πάντες μὲν ὁρμῇ προσεκνῆσαν τον
θειον.

Anab. lib. iii.

indication of their lovers' affection. Parthenis was about to write to the person on whom she had fixed her affections, to ascertain if they were mutual; but she sneezed in the act of inditing a tender sentiment. She immediately desisted from her task, as now unnecessary, persuaded by the sneeze that her lover was fondly attached to her, of which she required no further proof. Similar to this was the opinion of Theocritus, who says, "The Loves sneezed upon Symmachis."* In affairs of the heart, it seems that a sneeze was equivalent to a smile.

But it was not always considered a good omen. When Hippias, son of Pisistratus, was drawing out his men on the sea-shore, he sneezed so violently that he blew out one of his teeth. He immediately took it up from the sand, and said it was an omen that they should not get possession of a greater share of the country than that which his tooth had touched and occupied.† And when Timotheus was going on a naval expedition, he happened to sneeze, which the Athenians deemed so unfavourable an augury, that they wished to return again to harbour and disembark.

It appears, however, that on most occasions the nature of the omen depended on the circumstances connected with it, which rendered it relatively good

* Συμμαχίδα μὲν Ἐρωτες ἑπέπτaron.

Theocrat. Idyl. 7. Thalyssa.

† Herod. Erato.

or bad.* Sneezing in the morning was unlucky, but, in the evening, propitious or fortunate, particularly so if it occurred on the right hand; and these indications were considered so certain, that Plutarch affirms the Genius of Socrates was nothing more than a sneeze.† “I have heard,” said he; “that the Genius (*δαιμόνιον*) of Socrates has sternutation (*πταρμος*) as well for himself as for others. When another was present, if he sneezed on the right hand, either before or behind him, it was an indication that he should proceed with his undertaking; if on the left, it was a warning that he should desist from it. If he sneezed himself when he was about to begin any enterprise, it confirmed him to persevere in it; but, if he had actually commenced it, the omen restrained him, and determined him to proceed no further.”‡ This extraordinary and unexpected conjecture of the true nature of the celebrated Genius of Socrates, while it detracts from the high idea we entertain for the wisdom of the philosopher, considerably enhances our respect for the dignity of sneezing.

But, whatever was indicated by the omen, it was

* τῶν πταρμῶν, οἱ μὲν εἰσιν ὠφελιμοὶ οἱ δὲ βλαβεροί.

Scholias. vet.

† ἤκουσα ὅτι τὸ Σωκράτης δαιμόνιον ΠΤΑΡΜΟΣ ἦν.

Plut. de Gen. Socrat.

‡ Plut. *ibid.*

always the practice of the bystanders, and of the person who sneezed, to utter some pious ejaculation, either to secure its propitious or avert its unfortunate indication. The universal salutation was ZEY ΣΩΣΟΝ, "Jupiter preserve us!"—which is thus alluded to in the curious but well-known verses of the Anthologia:

"The proboscis of Proclus extends such a space,
He in vain tries to blow it—he cannot come near it;
Nor says, when he sneezes, "God bless me!"—Alas!
The sound's so far off, the poor man cannot hear it."*

Among the Romans the same superstition prevailed. Pliny relates that Tiberius Cæsar exacted the pious salutation whenever he passed along in his chariot; and that some persons thought it a religious duty to salute the person by name.† It is recorded of Cicero, that he once sneezed very loud in the theatre during a comic representation, and all rose up to salute him, when a droll fellow named Lemniscus addressed him, saying, "I never saw a man who deserved a salutation for sneezing more than Tully, since it has emptied his head, which was full of wind." Catullus alludes to it,

* Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόχλος τὴν ῥῖν ἀπομυσσεῖν
Τῆς ῥινὸς γὰρ ἔχει, τὴν χέρα μικροτέρην·
Οὐδὲ λέγει ZEY ΣΩΣΟΝ ἔὰν παρῷ, σ' γὰφ ἀκθεῖ
Της ῥινὸς, πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπεχέει.

Anthol. lib. 2, cap. de deform.

† Pliny, lib. 1, cap 2.

like the Greek poets, as ominous in love.* The profligate Petronius mentions it as a custom which prevailed in his day. "Gnition," said he, "full of collected wind, sneezed three times so violently that he shook the bed on which he was lying; when Eumolpus, roused by the motion, turned his head and said, 'God save you, Gnition!'"† Apuleius also notices the practice: "When a certain person frequently sneezed," said he, "he was prayed for in the usual manner."‡

The nature of the omen was determined, as among the Greeks, by the circumstances. It was favourable or unfavourable according to the various hours of the day or the seasons of the year, the signs of the Zodiac, or the right or the left hand. If a man sneezed getting up from his bed or from his seat, he considered it necessary to return to his posture, and lie or sit down again, particularly if he was stooping to tie his sandals at the time; and if at an entertainment any of the company sneezed while the dishes were being removed, it was considered a sad omen, to be averted only by replacing the dishes and renewing the feast.

It is certainly a fact not a little singular, that the importance thus attached by the Jews, Greeks, and

* Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante
Dextram Sternuit approbationem.

Cat. Epigr. 45.

† Ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus, salvere Gnitiona jubet.—
Petron. lib. 4.

Solito sermone salutem ei fuerat imprecatus. Apul. Miles. lib. 9.

Romans to the simple act of sneezing, should be also found to exist among remote nations, who never heard of them, and could not adopt the usage from a spirit of imitation. It was so in Monomotapa, in the south of Africa. When the prince sneezed there, all the people were solemnly apprised of it, and simultaneous prayers were every where offered up for his preservation.* In Peru, on the first arrival of the Spaniards, they found the same practice prevailing. At one of their interviews with the natives, the Cacique Gua-choia sneezed, when all the Indians fell immediately prostrate before him, and prayed to the sun to enlighten and defend him.†

At the present day, I found the usage of salutation universal in every country I visited, in the east and in the west; although, generally speaking, all memory of its origin was lost. An Arab says on the occasion, *Hanian!* "Mercy on me!" To which the bystanders answer by *Alla y Hamet!* "May God have mercy on you!" The Turks say to the person who sneezes, *Ther ossun!* "May it do you good!" and sometimes, *Emrouni tchoke allion!* "May your life be continued!" The Armenians are very particular, and never neglect to exclaim, *Kher Ghulla!* which implies, "May the act not harm you!" The Greeks exclaim, *Zethi!* an expression equivalent to "Long life to you!" Among the people of the west, the Portuguese,

* Strada Prolus. Academicæ.

† Conq. of Peru.

and, generally, the Italians, particularly the ecclesiastics, use the Latin word *Prosit!* "May it be profitable to you!" Among the French and English, the usage, as might be expected, is falling into disuse, with others which the wisdom of our ancestors thought it right formerly to observe. In France, however, some still say, *A vos Souhails!* "To your wishes!"—but in England, at the time of the Commonwealth, it seems to have been rejected as a superstitious practice; and the act of sneezing, so far from being deemed ominous or symptomatic of disease, was considered by Milton as a salutary explosion. He compares it to the convulsions of nature shaking the frame of heaven; which, he says—

"Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe."*

In Ireland, however, the ominous import of sneezing still holds its sway, with unabated respect, among the peasantry, who assign for their salutation many reasons. It is considered there not only as having been a symptom of the pestilence, which at different periods raged in the country, and also a thing of lucky or unlucky augury; but it is deemed as a sound that has considerable influence on the operations of fairies. A sneeze, from the circumstances connected with it, is

* *Paradise Regained*, Book iv.

supposed to dispel or confirm their power over mortals. If a person sneeze once or twice only, without the usual salutation, he is under the protection of his tutelar saint ; if a third time, he is at the mercy of the "good people."* They never fail, therefore, to ejaculate, in the most pious and earnest manner, to the sneezer, *Die ling!* "God protect you!" And, in order that a good wish might not be thrown away on a person who caused himself to sneeze by any stimulant application, they sometimes say, *Die lath morra sneesheen*, "God be with you, except it be snuff!"

* This superstition is happily illustrated by my friend, Crofton Croker, in his amusing *Irish Stories*. I have frequently heard similar ones, from the peasantry themselves.







HER GRACE OF RICHMOND.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

HAUGHTY and beautiful ! thy noble birth
Upon thy brow's smooth tablet may be read ;
And thou with measured step dost walk the earth,
As though its dust were honoured by thy tread.
Majesty is thy soul. Thy very hand
Its share of graceful dignity obtains—
Seems as its wave sufficed for a command,
And carries freedom in its azure veins.
Thy robe's full sweep descends in ample folds,
As conscious of thy stateliness of place ;
The very zone thy slender waist that holds
Seems proud. Oh ! beautiful in form and face !
How long might idlers stand and gaze on thee,
Rapt in wild dreams of glorious deeds and days,
When such as *thou* cheered England's chivalry,
Or smiled reward upon the minstrel's lays !
How might the poet sigh who knew thee not,
And, all-forgetting in his listless trance,
Give to such regal charms a queenly lot,
And suit thy picture with a proud romance !

THE EMIGRANT.

BY S. C. HALL.

PART I.

HE stood alone—and yet amid the crowd,
The noisy crowd that thronged the vessel's deck,
Hailing with blessings, fervent, long, and loud,
The far-off land, now dwindled to a speck.
Still, as it faded, and a cheer went round,
He stood alone—from all aloof—apart ;
And, if his ear had caught the joyous sound,
There seemed no echoing pulse within his heart.

Beside the helm he stood, still gazing back
Toward the red west, where the glad sun had set,
Yet more intent upon the white foam-track
Of parted waters, mingling as they met :
Bare-headed there he stood—alone—alone—
Arms folded, eyes half closed, and lips compressed—
A tattered cloak around his thin limbs thrown,
The fierce wind beating his half-naked breast.

Yet rich was he, rich in the world's true wealth,
—As there he stood, above the tossing sea,—
In the strong summer of his years and health,
Willing to labour, formed for labour, he,
As one that in his vigour might rejoice ;
Yet, as the swift breeze bore the ship along,
A manly, but a sad and tremulous voice—
Was heard to breathe these bitter thoughts in song.

Away!—the wind is from the shore—
O'er the chill waves, away, away!—
Even here we feel and dread once more
The power all weaker things obey,
And vainly strive to answer " nay !"
Yet winds and waves will not deceive—
Nor gently speak the sounds that wrong ;
If falsehood rests with those we leave,
To them let evil thoughts belong.

Away—away!—My native land !
The ocean hides thee from my sight ;
Sad memories come, a fearful band
Of dreams that scare the moral night :
In vain I struggle with their might ;
They speak in tones I once believed,
Of falsehood in the garb of truth—
Of trust betrayed, of hope deceived,
A breaking heart—grey hairs in youth.

Away!—a better land is near ;
And, yet, I cannot say farewell,
Without a sigh, without a tear,
For those—the few—that with thee dwe
And bind me to thee, like a spell :—
Away! for them we must not grieve,
Away, good ship, before the wind !
Alas ! for one true heart we leave—
A thousand base we leave behind.

Old England ! wretched in thy age—
Art thou the England famed in song?
That, like the lion in thy rage,
Roused at the very sound of wrong—
Sheltered the weak, subdued the strong ;
Aiding, protecting, far and near—
Sending, along the land and sea,
A name that despots heard with fear,
For 'twas the watchword of the free.

Alas ! and are we English born,
That lone and outcast forth must go,
To seek some land less tempest-torn,
Where toil may reap what toil can sow !—
The master will not be the foe !
But man may earn and keep his own,
And chase the tax-wolf from his door !—
Where crimes like ours are all unknown—
The crime of being young and poor !

Take, England, then, my parting lay !—
My native England—it must be
The last that I shall ever pay ;
’Tis sad, and therefore meet for thee,
And comes a fitting gift from me.
If thou art blighted, I am banned—
Seared as dead leaves no longer green—
My heart is like my native land,
And is not what it once hath been !

PART II.

He stood alone—beneath the deep, dark shade
Of a Canadian forest, where the trees,
A century old the youngest of them, made
Hollow and mournful music in the breeze ;
The pale moon shone upon a little nook
Long toil had cleared, where grew the grass and corn,
But thin and poor, and wearing not the look
Of ruddy health, of hope and labour born.

He wore the skins of wolves his shot had killed—
Tens of the thousands that, by night and day,
Devoured his kine, and trampled where he tilled,
Till fear and want had worn his strength away.
Ev’n the low hut—poor shelter !—while he slept,
Shook in the earthquake, or the storm or rain ;
Thus—sick at heart—the Exile stood and wept,
O’er thought, and care, and hope, and toil, in vain.

Where were his fellows?—why stood he alone?—

None communed with him in that twilight dim ;
Famine had made them selfish, or had thrown
The withering curse upon them as on him.
Why marvel if his sad soul Eastward roam,
While memories of the past around him throng—
And, as his aching heart goes yearning home,
He breathe again his saddened thoughts in song!

Again thy beauty brightens o'er
The earth beneath, the skies above ;
Fair Moon, I welcome thee once more,
And still thy pensive hour I love.
And still to thine ethereal throne
I turn, my wonted vows to pay—
To gaze on thee alone—alone—
My home! my friends!—where now are they?

Perchance, they too may gaze, and feel
The sacred influence of thy power,
Through evening's sober silence, steal
O'er them—and bless the shadowy hour.
Pass on, pass on, thou cloudless moon—
The world's untarnished diadem ;
Thy blessed light will leave me soon,
But leave me to be nearer them !

Ev'n now thy gentle rays may gleam
On those I love, for whom I sigh ;
And they may hail thy tranquil beam,
Lone maiden of the cloudless sky !
Remembering, as thou glidest on
To visit brighter worlds than ours,
Thy smiles, in other times, have shone
O'er happier scenes, in happier hours.

Outcast and hopeless, here I dwell ;
A dreary desert where I roam ;
No blessed one to love me well,
And wait and watch my coming home ;
No long-loved voice to join my prayer ;
No rill to sing beside my door ;
No sweet 'good night,' to banish care ;
No sabbath-hymn, when toil is o'er.

My far-off friends!—whose memories fill
My throbbing bosom—do they speak
Of him, whose heart is with them still,
Though joy hath ceased to light his cheek ?
If fancy now no longer gives
Her foolish dreams of future bliss,
There is a hope on which he lives—
'Tis of a happier world than this.

Thou, Moon, that walk'st the silent night,
Alone in thy own realm, the sky ;
Calling the distant clouds to light
And gladness as they draw more nigh ;
Wilt emblem to my friends and me
That home where never comes regret—
Where, from the chain of darkness free,
Unmingled joy may wait us yet.

Friend of the lonely ! if this lay
Be sad—say, how shall I rejoice ?
How can my wearied soul be gay,
When Nature's deep and solemn voice—
Heard, by unnumbered echoes borne,
Above, below—in heaven and earth—
Tells me that man was made to mourn
The hour that brought him woe—and birth

PART III.

He stood alone upon the vessel's prow,
That swept aside the billows, and passed on ;
A night of storm and darkness o'er—and now
The sun awoke, scattered the clouds, and shone.
Was it an aged man who stood alone?—
White hair, and wrinkled brow, and bending form
Are signs that age, but only age, may own ;
Few years have vanished since—yet 'tis the sam

What is it lights the dark and sunken eye,
And calls a red flush to the pallid cheek ?
Mark the unclosing lips, the deep-drawn sigh,
One foot advanced, the hands outstretched,—they
speak !—

Ten seconds pass, and lo ! the gladdened crew
Send up a cheerful sound to heaven—" Land !—
Land !"—

Like blessed angels o'er the waters blue
The cliffs of old and happy England stand !

On, on they sail ; and now there come in sight
Small cottages among the autumn trees,
Looking so happy in the morning light,
Their smoke up-curling to the fresh sea-breeze ;—
They might have almost heard the reaper's tone
Of joy, as merrily he paced along ;
Yet there the Exile stood, alone—alone—
And once again he breathed his thoughts in song.

Oh, England !—oh, my English home !
I see thee through the white sea-foam,
And feel my strength awhile return,
My heart-pulse beat, my temples burn
With joy,—although I come to lay
My bones beside my fathers' clay,
And sleep the long unbroken sleep
From which we never wake to weep.

Land of pure women and brave men !
Proud mistress of the earth and sea !—
I hail thy blessed shores again,
Home of the great, the good, the free !

Where feudal rights are history's themes,
And thralldom-woes forgotten dreams ;—
Where man may sleep beneath the shade
Of equal laws himself has made—
May look within himself and find
The dignity of human kind,
And proudly walk his chosen path,
Lord of himself and all he hath ;
Free as the winds, none dare upbraid,
Safe as the stars that o'er him shine,
He sits, "none making him afraid,
Beneath his fig-tree and his vine."—

Where Knowledge—boundless as the wind,
As pure, as free, as unconfined—
Asks entrance at the meanest door ;
Where Plenty clothes and feeds the poor ;
Where banned by law is no man's creed—
For heavenward many pathways lead ;
Where all, by six days' toil oppressed,
Upon the seventh day find rest ;
Where sober judgment daily grows
With gradual, yet with sure, increase ;

Where Reason lifts the veil, and shows
Religion hand in hand with Peace.

Where labour knows reward is sure,
And thought and care make coin secure ;
Where water springs to gladden land,
And breezes wave the cheering hand ;
Where gentle sun and genial shower,
Alternate, call forth fruit and flower—
The golden ore his garden yields—
Blessing his green and yellow fields,
That hostile footsteps never fear,
Save of small birds that flit among
The corn, when harvest-time is near,
And pay their quit-rent with a song.

Where honest Trade, in all her streets,
Fears not a single face he meets,
But fairly barter, freely tells
To all, of all he buys or sells ;
Where, at the loom, the artizan,
Feels that his skill is worthy man ;
And craftsmen call from gloomy stones
The metal Science proudly owns ;
Where Commerce, with a thousand sails,
Fills all her ports with wealth and fame,
And every stranger-merchant hails
The British merchant's spotless name.

The sun that saw the Exile tread again
His native land, sent down at eve a light
To cheer his bed of death, but not of pain—
The Exile was at home, asleep, ere night.
And gentle tones of blessing he had heard—
Ere life went forth from worn and wearied clay—
Telling of FAITH—that long-forgotten word—
Teaching his heart and lips once more to pray!

Oh! ye who dream of fruitful hills and vales
Where fabled milk and fabled honey flow,
And hear the wicked or the idle tales
Of men who lead the way to misery—know
The meaning of the humble song I sing—
The moral of my mournful tale: 'Tis said
In the prophetic words of Israel's king,—
DWELL IN THE LAND, AND THERE THOU SHALT
BE FED!

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTARINI FLEMING."

THE European travellers who journey to the Holy City from the sea-coast, over the rich plain of Ramle, and through the mountainous defiles of Judah, find difficulty in suppressing the disappointment they experience at the first sight of Jerusalem. Reaching the summit of a rugged mountain, you observe, in the plain immediately before you, a small walled town, its edifices entirely concealed by the fortification, which rises from a stony soil in the midst of dark and savage hills.

But enter Palestine from Arabia, and journey from the Dead Sea through the range of mountains terminated by the Mount of Olives, and you can still gaze from that celebrated eminence upon a prospect which may recal, with some play of the imagination, the lost city of David.

Jerusalem is built upon the sloping, but hilly base of a mountain inferior in elevation to Olivet. From this last position, therefore, you can command the whole prospect of the city. It appears before you in form, an irregular square, between two and three miles in circumference, and is entirely surrounded by a crenelated wall, of the time of the crusaders, about twenty feet in height, flanked by square towers, and also protected by high loopholes for archery. The eastern side of the city, which is the one opposite Olivet, crests a deep, narrow, and precipitous ravine, formed with the Mount of Olives, the gloomy vale of Josaphat; the southern wall intersects the summit of Mount Sion; the northern runs over the plain; the extreme distance is formed by some barren summits rising over the turrets of the western wall.

The masses of dwellings, built of bright stone, with domed or terraced roofs, the gates, the castle, the convents of the Latin, Armenian, and Greek Christians, the two cupolas of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the mosques and minarets, but, above the splendid pile built upon the supposed site of the temple, and which, with its gardens, and arcades, courts, and fountains, may fairly be described as the most imposing of Moslemin fanes: all these form a fine picture, and, contrasting with the stony desolation of the surrounding country, would afford a fit subject for the magical pencil of our Martin.

I entered Jerusalem by the gate of Bethlehem. Accustomed to oriental cities, I was not struck by that character of gloom and dreariness which call forth the lamentations of the lively Gauls, who, with no previous experience of the East, so often sail from Marseilles to land at Jaffa or Alexandria. The houses are, indeed, without chimneys or windows, but they are clean and massy; the tall black obelisk-form of an occasional cypress sometimes breaks the monotony of their appearance; sometimes a palm-tree, elegant and lone, rises from a graceful roof. The streets are, indeed, hilly, but their narrowness affords both shade and coolness.

I entered Jerusalem by the gate of Bethlehem, and claimed hospitality from the famous convent of Terra Santa. It was some time before the gloomy portal, which, by the bye, was cased with iron, cautiously opened, and I found myself in the galleried court of a building of vast size, but so irregular in design that I never could clearly comprehend it. A janissary attached to the convent sat in the court smoking; some Franciscans, in their brown robes girt by a white knotted cord, lounged over the balustrade of the gallery, watching our entrance; the armed pilgrims dismounting,—the Arab grooms,—the horses, pawing the cool court,—and the patient camels, calmly crouching to be unloaded, completed the picture.

I was led through many passages, ascended a staircase, proceeded through a range of galleries, passed through a church, and was finally ushered into the presence of the procurator-general, a mild and aged man, dignified, and not deficient in intelligence. The attendant friar knelt and kissed the procurator's hand as he introduced me. I would have followed his example, but the reverend superior prevented me with a deprecating smile. I presented him my letter of introduction; and, while he read it, his attendant opened a closet, and, producing a bottle and glass, offered me a cordial.

"The city is full of pilgrims," observed the procurator, "awaiting the ensuing festival of Easter. I cannot say that we are much troubled with them. Alas! the Latins have quite renounced the holy pilgrimage. You heretics," he added with a smile, "are the only Franks who visit us. But our ceremonies, which are now frequent and rigid, will, I fear, trouble you, if you become an inmate of the convent. We have a house at hand, which is at your service; and there you will be quite free. Bread, and wine, and fish shall be regularly supplied to you from the convent; and, if we do not offer you meat, do not report us in England as inhospitable, but remember that it is Lent."

I thanked the courteous procurator; and, as it was near sunset, I assented to his proposal of walking on the terraces of the convent. Their extent impressed

me with an idea of the great size of the building. We found upon the terraces several groups of brethren inhaling the subdued atmosphere of an eastern eve. The procurator pointed out to me some of the most celebrated buildings of the city. I was more interested by the Mount of Olives, suffused with the reflected beams of the rich sunset.

As the twilight died away, the friars gradually withdrew to the refectory. The kind procurator, too, and his attendants, at length departed, inviting me to join them. I remained alone, for a few minutes, on the solitary terrace, to feel the strange and beautiful stillness, to mark the stars rise, as it were, in Arabia, and to remember that I was at length in Jerusalem.

The next day I visited the Greek and Armenian convents. I was informed that the first contained two, and the latter four, thousand pilgrims. The Armenian convent, with its church and gardens, is certainly a very great establishment. It is, indeed, a little town; and, on the whole, with its walls, and gates, and courts, and shops, reminded me of the citadel of a strong Flemish city. The church would appear splendid even to those accustomed to Italian temples. The walls and columns are entirely covered with porcelain, and rise out of the most magnificent mosaic pavement I ever beheld. The altar of St. James, raised on the spot of his decapitation, is full of fanciful beauty.

In my progress to the Armenian convent, I passed the house of Uriah, the pool of Bathsheba, and the palace of David. Scepticism ceases in Jerusalem. Each step is indeed sacred ground; there is not a house which has not its legend, a stone which is not hallowed, a cave or fountain which is not the scene of some sacred story. The palace of Pilate, the house of Caiaphas, the grotto in which the denying Peter wept, the spring at which the Saviour first met Mary; these are only a few of the memorable spectacles which greet your fascinated vision and agitated mind at every step you move in the holy city.

The Tower of David, the Mosque of Solomon, and, above all, the Holy Sepulchre—these are the three remaining objects of great interest within the walls. The first is a stout fortress, with a fosse, the whole comparatively of modern date, and probably of the time of the crusades. The Mosque of Solomon, or, more correctly speaking, Omar, I endeavoured to enter at the hazard of my life. I was detected, and surrounded by a crowd of turbaned fanatics, and escaped with difficulty; but I saw enough to feel that minute inspection would not belie the general character I formed of it from the Mount of Olives. I caught a glorious glimpse of splendid courts and light airy gates of Saracenic triumph, flights of noble steps, long arcades, and interior gardens, where silver fountains spouted their tall streams amid the taller cypress.

But before I completed my pilgrimage, by kneeling at the Holy Sepulchre, I resolved to examine "the holy places" without the walls of the city.

There are no remains of ancient Jerusalem, or of the ancient Jews. Some tombs there are which may be ascribed to the Asmonean princes; but all the monuments of David and Solomon, and their long posterity, have utterly disappeared. The mountains and valleys around Jerusalem are full of funereal grottos, catacombs, and sepulchres. Descending Sion, you enter the Valley of Siloa, which, further on, as a ravine formed by Mount Moriah and Olivet, is called Jehosaphat. The Vale of Jehosaphat was ever the favourite burial-place of the Hebrews; and here, among many other tombs, are two of considerable size, and which, although of a corrupt Grecian architecture, are dignified by the titles of the tombs of Zachariah and Absalom.

In the rainy season, the ravine is filled by a torrent which is still called the brook Kedron; and which washes the grave-stones of those Hebrews fortunate enough to obtain a burial-place in the valley of their fathers. The sublime Siloah is a muddy rill; you descend by steps to the fountain which is its source, and which is covered with an arch. Here the blind man received his sight;—and, singular enough, to this very day the healing reputation of its waters prevails, and summons to its brink all those neighbouring

Arabs who suffer from the opthalmic affections not uncommon in this part of the world.

Quitting the tombs of Zachariah and Absalom, you arrive at the sepulchre of the Virgin, who had not the good fortune to die at Jerusalem, but whose body was, it is said, miraculously transported hither, after her death, by the apostles. An adjoining grotto is the scene of "the agony and bloody sweat." Mass is said at the tomb of the Virgin by all the sects, and indeed it is a very favourite spot of religious assembly.

Further on, you arrive at a small enclosure which you are apprised is the field of blood, where Judas betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss; and then follows the rock where the Saviour predicted the destruction of the temple. On this brow the Lord's prayer was taught, and, in yonder cave, the creed composed. Through a succession of similar scenes, impossible to enumerate—although, perhaps, I should not forget the cave of the plaintive Jeremiah—I at length arrived at two of the principal objects of my search, the tombs of the Prophets, and the tombs of the Judges. These are both cavernous excavations, with small arched recesses for receiving bodies, but adorned by no painting and no sculpture of any kind.

The tombs of the Kings are of a more ambitious character. An open court, about fifty feet in breadth, and extremely deep, is excavated out of the rock. One side is formed by a portico, the frieze of which

is sculptured with fruit and flowers in a good Syro-Greek style. There is no grand portal; you crawl into the tombs by a small opening on one of the sides. There are a few small chambers with niches, recesses, and sarcophagi, some sculptured in the same flowing style as the frieze. This is the most important monument at Jerusalem; and Dr. Clarke, who has lavished wonder and admiration on the tombs of Zachariah and Absalom, has announced the tombs of the Kings as one of the marvellous productions of antiquity. But the truth is, all that we see of art in Jerusalem is of the most mean and contemptible character, exhibiting not the slightest feeling for the beautiful or the grand, and not for a moment to be mentioned with the creations of a neighbouring country. It is of course out of the question to speak of the pyramids of Memphis, and the obelisks of Heliopolis, the temples of Karnac, and the palaces of Luxoor, the gigantic cavern temples of Ipsambul, the imaginative Dendera, and the refined Philœ; but it is not too much to say that there are in many Egyptian towns, to which the satiated traveller cannot spare a passing glance, more surprising monuments than in all Jerusalem together; ranges of painted sepulchres infinitely more striking, from their extent and beauty, than the tombs of the Kings; and relics of temples which must have cost more time and treasure than the whole valley of Jehosaphat.

And now, with agitated steps of love and reverence, let us advance to the Holy Sepulchre. In the heart of the city, an unseemly structure, barbarous in style and irregular in design, rises upon the holy ground of Calvary, an uncouth front, garnished with mean ornament, supporting two clumsy domes of different size, and placed at irregular distances. I omit all notice of the long and unsatisfactory controversy as to the real site of Calvary. Dr. Clarke maintains that the ancient Calvary is the modern Sion, and loudly complains that the present site of the sepulchre is not a mount. The champions of its authenticity respond that the mount was levelled to make room for the church; and I may be allowed humbly to inquire for the authority which declares that Calvary was a mount at all.

The court of the church was crowded with the venders of relics and rosaries. The genius of the place did not inspire the clamorous dealers with a silence becoming the solemn character of their sacred wares. I thought of the dove-sellers in the temple. The church itself is spacious, covered with a cupola, once, it is said, supported by rafters of cedar, and columns of marble; but time, and fire, and the infidel, have shorn it of its splendour.

Around the church are the particular chapels of the various sects, and an infinite number of sanctuaries, and shrines, and "holy places." The successful activity of an ingenious imagination has assembled under

this sacred roof the spots sanctified by the most remarkable incidents in the life of the Lord Jesus; and, by a bold violation of the unity of place, the most interesting localities of the gospel pass before you in a succession of magical scenes. The enchanted buildings are crowded with pilgrims, kneeling and gazing, crossing their breasts and telling their beads. All is pious bustle; and the rival friars of the several monasteries are every where seen striving with an emulation which is sometimes more zealous than decorous.

Nearly in the centre of the church of the Holy Sepulchre there rises a very small chapel, built, if I remember right, of various coloured marbles, but which may be truly described, both in design and ornament, as the most unseemly structure in the world. Entering this chapel, you find yourself in a cell about three yards square, cut out of the rock over which this chapel is raised, and flagged with white marble. The cell is nearly filled by a large stone, said to be the one on which the angel sate when the celestial messenger notified to the two Marys that the Lord Jesus had risen. On the opposite side of this cell is a passage in the rock, in height about half a man's stature, and difficult to pass, through which you enter another cell, also covered with marble, about eight feet square, and nearly filled by a tomb about a yard in height, and made in the form of an altar.

The altar is enclosed ; over it a number of lamps perpetually burn before a small picture of the crucifixion, sullyng the marble roof of the cell with a smoky flame, and heating the sanctuary with moderate fervour. A venerable friar, with a long white beard, whiter than the marble, sits by the altar ; before which two or three pilgrims with difficulty find space enough to humiliate themselves ; and, as they kneel, the venerable friar traces on their foreheads the sign of the cross with holy water, says, in a solemn voice, " Behold the face of thy Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, when he was crucified for thy sins ! "

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled ;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling* spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam ;
And here the sunflower† of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famished fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.

* The hedge-sparrow.

† The dandelion.

But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils, in light, the snake ;
And here the fire-tuft* hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh ! then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane !
For, oh ! I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming cloc
And wakes the earliest bee !
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth, secure,
Look here, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature :
A world not scorned by Him who made
E'en weakness by his might ;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light !—not alone on clouds afar,
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read ;
Oh, no ! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—

* The golden-crested wren.

A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand !
And here, O light ! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here !
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood ;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might ?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still ?
'Tis mute as death !—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone !—
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone !
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom-high.
Oh, God of marvels ! who can tell
What myriad living things

On these grey stones unseen may dwell!—
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate, perchance, o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruined realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impelled by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atom's cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of nature's might,
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects sparked with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought!
But should'st thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand
Thy little one will sleep.





Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Engraved by J. Smith





CATO

REASONING ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so : Plato, thou reasonest well !
Else whence this pleasing hope—this fond desire—
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being—
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold ! If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.

* * * * *

Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me :
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds !

ADDISON.

THE TRIALS OF
GRACE HUNTLEY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Virtue is not more exempt than vice from the ills of fate; but it contains within itself always an energy to resist them, and sometimes an anodyne to soothe."

THE DISOWNED.

"WE will call her Grace," said a pale, delicate-looking young woman to her husband, as she raised the white flannel hood, that he might gaze upon the features of their new-born babe. "Abel, I never expected to be the mother of a living child; but God has been merciful; so we will give to her the gentle name of Grace; and, dearest, let us pray that, in all the troubles and trials of life, not the name merely, but the spirit, may dwell with her!"

It was only a few weeks afterwards that the grave closed over the fair young mother; but the blessing wherewith she had blessed her child had been heard and registered in heaven.

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"You are not angry with me, my own dear father—not angry with your poor Grace—and you will forgive Joseph Huntley! Oh!" added the girl playfully, "if we youngsters could but get your wisdom, without your wrinkles, what wonderful creatures we should be!"

"My child, my child! age will bring wrinkles, as autumn brings withered leaves; yet wisdom doth not always come with years. But our hearts do not grow old, girl; so I forgive you!"

"And Joseph too, father?"

The schoolmaster (for such was his calling) shook his head. "Of all the youths it has been my fortune to instruct, I never met with so wilful a boy as Joseph Huntley."

"He is not a boy now, father; you forget he is out of his time."

"So much the worse. His master, worthy Matthew Greenshaw, tells me he spoils more mahogany than any apprentice that ever entered his house; and you know, Grace, the desk he made, as a present for me last Christmas, tumbled to pieces the second time I leant upon it."

"Dear father, you lean your elbows so heavily! But Joseph has made you such a pretty ruler of cherry-tree wood!"

"I believe he is a kind-hearted fellow; but, dear Grace, a kind heart alone will not insure prosperity; there must be forethought and industry,

and discretion. Yet, truth to say, I fear your heart is too much set upon this same Joseph Huntley. Whatever he does, you view in one light, and I in another. I would not judge harshly, my dear child; yet do I wish it had pleased God your mother had lived; it is no easy thing for a man to bring up a daughter, and make her learned in woman's craft, and other matters meet for her to understand. A pains-taking schoolmaster, like myself, has but small opportunity of cultivating a knowledge of female sentiment; yet have I not been a bad father, for never did I harbour the thought of giving a second mother dominion over you; and, albeit you are not skilled in the arts of cross-stitch, back-stitch, or Quaker's hem, which our good neighbour Mrs. Craddock so exceedingly laments, yet is our house clean and well ordered—and few girls comprehend better the first four rules of arithmetic, or can write a fairer hand, than my own Grace." The simple-minded man looked upon his darling child for a few moments, while a feeling of pride irradiated his countenance; a change, however, soon passed over it, a change striking, yet not uncommon—a change from pride to piety; his eye moistened, and his voice faltered, as, laying his hand upon the beautiful head of his only one, he continued: "And when I am laid in my grave, Grace, you will remember that your poor old father taught you more than mere writing and

ciphering ; you will remember our quiet evenings, when you sat upon this footstool, and we conversed together on the piety of the Danish Canute, who showed unto his courtiers the vanity of earthly grandeur by a very simple expedient ;—on the dignity and purity of our English Alfred, whose virtues were so happily tempered, so justly blended, that each prevented the other from exceeding its proper bounds ;—or on the grace and beauty of Cornelia, who regarded her noble children as the richest jewels a matron could possess. You will also call to mind passages of our sublime Milton, which you learned as a recreation from your studies ; but, above all, my child will bear in his memory our holy and simple Sabbath enjoyments—the free, unfettered day, rightly appreciated only by those who toil wearily through the week—the clear breezy morning—the early prayer—the walk to the village church—the evening sacrifice in our own cottage. Ah ! I could never read the story of Joseph and his brethren, or the sweet reply of Ruth to her mother, without weeping ; and you, too, Grace—can you ever forget the parable of the five wise virgins ? How often have I prayed that the Lord when he came, might find us watching ; and surely my prayers are heard, for you are a good girl, Grace, although something wilful in the matter of Joseph Huntley, who, by the way, I see coming over the meadow. Perhaps he can mend my desk.”

"Then you forgive him, father?"

"Forgive him!—why, yes; for, to own the truth, I forget what it was I was angry about! Do you remember?"

"Oh! never mind, dear father, never mind!" and Grace kissed her father affectionately, but too well pleased that his memory was somewhat, and not unfrequently, treacherous on late events.

It would, in all human probability, have been far happier for Grace had her mother lived. Abel had spoke truly in saying he had but small opportunity of cultivating a knowledge of what he designated "female sentiment;" and though he formed his daughter's mind to the best of his ability, yet he formed, or rather directed it, so as to draw forth the higher and nobler faculties, while those that are called into action by the every-day and homely occurrences of life were, comparatively, neglected. It was fortunate for Grace that she was wholly exempt from those small vanities which so often obtain dominion over females who acquire only a moderate degree of information. But she was preserved by the halo and protection of pure and self-denying religious impressions. There are those whose apparent belief emanates from circumstances—the seed is scattered by the way-side, and the fowls of the air may pick or uproot it. But the religion of the schoolmaster's daughter was not of this kind. The seed had been sown in good ground,

and its fruit was peace, hope, love, and a temper for others—the only unquestionable proof of charity. She was, as her father has said, the mother of Joseph Huntley, and it was as him that a mother's watchfulness was more needed. That the old man was dissatisfied with the person on whom her affections had been placed was evident, since observations such as those I have recorded were of frequent occurrence; yet the young child differed in the conclusions drawn from the actions of the lover: and no wonder. As with the schoolmaster's abstracted and peculiar views, young Huntley was less careful before him than before Grace. Now, a mother would have had the skill, had she perceived his evil propensities, to bring them forth palpably in the presence of her child, well knowing that railing at faults whose existence is not credited is the sure way to confirm and excite a youthful bosom—the generous mind being easily roused at the bare idea of injustice. But Abel Darley had no notion of such management; he satisfied his conscience by frequent allusions to Joseph's faults, and then, imagining he had done severe, would, in nearly the same breath, praise on his virtues.

As the lover entered the schoolmaster's stage, it was impossible not to admire his form and excellent carriage. Considerably a

middle height, his head well placed, and his finely-developed features set off to every possible advantage by a scrupulous attention to neat and even gentlemanly attire, Joseph Huntley might well have been pronounced the handsomest youth in the village of Craythorpe. When he took off his hat, however, there was invariably mingled with admiration a feeling for which it was difficult to account. Those skilled in physiognomy would have observed that his forehead was too low, and that a peculiar contraction of the brows denoted the vicinity of stormy passions; the mouth was mean in expression, but as it usually extended into a smile, discovering even and beautiful teeth, the defect escaped general notice; and Joseph Huntley was accounted, as I have said, the handsomest youth in the retired village of Craythorpe. What he was in reality actions will tell better than words; but my readers must permit me to remind them that, in books as well as in actual life, it takes time for character to unfold itself.

About fifteen months after Abel Darley had complained of Joseph Huntley's bad workmanship and careless habits, his zeal for his daughter's happiness triumphed over his fears, and he gave all that he valued upon earth into the keeping of one she loved, "not wisely, but too well."

The father shuddered involuntarily, and turned pale, as he presented her hand to the gay bridegroom;

and all present were dismayed by an oversight of the sexton, who opened the prayer-book at the wrong page instead of at the wedding service. The bride had absolutely read the first few words before the error was discovered. Old women grouped in the churchyard to talk over the unlucky omen; and the bride's companions blessed her with a tearful expression rarely to be seen among the youthful at a wedding.

Alas, for the loneliness of the father when it is deserted by a beloved, an orphan! Often did Abel Darley lift his eyes from the altar whereon (perhaps for the first time since his wife was first left desolate) he looked without instruction—often did he raise them from the page, and gaze upon the long candle, why it waxed dim—and then, remembering the hand which trimmed it was away, and another came heavily, and pore again over the book, with a sigh, ever, brightening the light, or calling to the serving-maiden to do so for him;—then, when the clock chimed ten, he read aloud as usual the usual prayer, and commenced the simple hymn which consecrates the name of Jesus more than the most precious crowns crowned his brows. He had taught Grace to sing with him, alternately, a very gentle strain; and when he finished the line

“Beneath thine own almighty wings,”

he paused for a few moments, expecting to hear her voice, so low, so soft, so like the murmuring music of a young bird's warblings before it knows its own powers of song; then, as if the truth came suddenly upon him, that her melody had gone to delight another's dwelling, the old man burst into a flood of tears, and, covering his face with his hands, wept long and bitterly, even to the solitary hour of one, when, like a troubled child, he retired to his bed, and sobbed and slumbered until morn.

"Grace, what are you in such a bustle about?" inquired her husband, as she busied herself with more than usual diligence to set all things in order in their clean and cheerful-looking cottage.

Grace silently pointed to the watch that hung over the chimney-piece.

"Well," replied he, "and what then? I see it is rather late; but this is Sunday, and we who work must have a holiday sometimes."

"And so we should, Joseph. But do you not hear—"

"What?"

"The church-bell."

"Well?"

"Come then, dearest, and make haste, or we shall be late, and that will not be right."

"Then, I suppose, it will be wrong. But I do not think I shall go to church to-day."

"My dear, are you ill?" inquired his wife, looking affectionately in his face.

"Never was better; but I don't feel inclined—is that so very extraordinary?"

"Oh, Joseph! you will surely not stay from church!—what would the clergyman think?—what would my father say? You will not suffer me to walk all through the lanes by myself, dear Joseph!"

"But you are not obliged to go. It is very proper to attend church; but to tramp such a distance through all weathers!—why it rained almost the whole night!"

"It is beautiful now; the air is so clear, and the birds are singing so gaily! Oh, do come!"

"I will not, so do not tease me; I must take a long walk after dinner."

"Dear Joseph," she continued, kissing him, though her eyes were filled with tears, "and must I indeed go by myself?"

"If you go, you must most certainly," he replied, returning her caress at the same time with all his usual affection.

It was the first solitary walk she had taken during the last seven months—since her marriage, in fact; and she thought that, considering her situation, it was rather unkind of Joseph to permit her to go alone.

Almost every tree—certainly every stile she passed—was hallowed by some remembrance connected with

the playmate of her childhood—the lover of her early youth—the husband of her affections. When she looked on the dew dancing amid the delicate tracery of the field-spider's web—when the joyous whistle of the gay blackbird broke upon her ear—gazing silently on all that was really fresh and beautiful in nature—she felt that, instead of warming, it fell chillily upon her heart. And yet all was as usual—the bright sun, and the smiling landscape. Why, then, was she less cheerful? She was alone! No one she loved was by her side, to whom to say, “How beautiful!”

The knowledge, the painful knowledge, which this, and a few other similar circumstances, conveyed to Grace, as to the real state of her husband's religious sentiments, made her a wiser but a sadder woman. Conscious that he had deceived her in one instance, she dreaded to ask herself if the deception extended also to minor matters. He no longer deemed it necessary to keep up even appearances, and not unfrequently jested at the simplicity of his wife's once believing him “a saint;” although, when she first became a mother, he seemed pleased and amused with the infant, and either was, or affected to be, touched by the earnest prayers and supplications she poured forth, that the child might be blessed, and become worthy of the name and calling of a Christian.

Had Grace made a parade of her feelings, her

husband, judging from his own, might have doubted their sincerity ; but he only heard them when she thought him hushed in sleep. At the midnight watch, when she trimmed her lamp, and looked into the peaceful face of her little one, so tranquil in its slumbers, then her prayers were not loud, but deep ; for a tender mother's hopes, as she gazes on her child, are ever mingled with fears—fears which nothing can dispel, except a true and perfect trustfulness in the all-watchful care of a benevolent God. It may be that, as with the woman in Scripture, her first entreaties have been unanswered. Yet is she not weary ; her voice neither falters nor fails ; the heart is still petitioning, and the pious mother's prayer floats upwards—on, on, from sphere to sphere—until it reaches the throne of the Great Omnipotent, whose dearest attribute is mercy !

I have said that his wife's maternal tenderness affected a heart which every-day occurrences continued to steep more deeply in hardness and sin ; for the progress from idleness to comparative want, from want to vice, whether slow or not, is sure ; and even a disinclination to employment, where there is nothing but industry to look to for support, is in itself a crime that heralds the approach of others more consuming. So that, when the momentary excitement to good feeling was past, Joseph Huntley relaxed into a cold indifference towards those whom it was his duty to cherish.

The rapidity with which love may glide from the heart of man is a moral phenomenon for which it would puzzle philosophers to account. The brief space of a few months not unfrequently converts the devoted into the unkind, or—to a delicate mind still worse—the neglectful husband. Grace knew that Joseph's circumstances, when they married, were prosperous; but very soon after she was made a wife a change came over all things—gradually it came, as a small cloud increases to an overwhelming tempest. In his business young Huntley might have been distinguished; but the orders he received were slighted for the boon companions of the village ale-house; and debts accumulated, which there was no money to pay.

“What sort of bread do you call this?” inquired Joseph, somewhat sulkily, of her who had prepared a homely cake, and baked it over the ashes, for his supper.

“It is nice wholesome food, Joseph, for I made it myself. You used to like my cakes.”

“But the flour is coarse.”

Grace did not reply.

“Did you hear me say the flour is coarse?”

“It is not as fine as usual, for I brought it from my father's—he gave me some; and—and——”

“And what, Grace?—women are seldom slow of speech.”

“The baker, love, has asked so often for his bill,

that, as you told me I should have money to-morrow to pay him, I did not like to get any thing more till then."

"Tell him to-morrow that I cannot pay him for a month; and manage, at the same time, to have properly bouted flour to make your cakes. This eats like saw-dust."

"My dear, dear Joseph! I really cannot put the man off. I promised faithfully, as you told me. I will work night and day, Joseph—I will do any thing you desire; but do not make me the instrument of falsehood—indeed, indeed it will break my heart!"

Her husband looked for a moment into her face; but his countenance expressed no sympathy with her honest feelings.

"Grace, you are a fool! What does a little longer credit signify to such a man as Mealbag? Or—hark ye, Grace—what does it matter if, like my betters, I, one of these days, give leg-bail for my debts, or sleep three months in a well-guarded house, commonly called a jail?"

The colour faded from the young woman's countenance as she returned her husband's gaze; another moment, and the warm red blood rushed back to her cheek, and her fine eyes brightened with an expression that his could not encounter.

"What!" she exclaimed vehemently, "turn rogue, Joseph!—be pointed at as a dishonest tradesman!—

cheat those who labour for their food! If any thing has occurred, not brought on by your own carelessness—do not frown, I did not mean *that*—if any thing has happened, no matter how it has been brought on, to prevent your paying, and that soon, take all—take every thing—the bed from under us—the gown I wear—all, all I have in the world;—sell, and pay—pay to the last farthing. I can work! Oh, yes! I could beg—starve!—but I could not bear any one to call you rogue!—or our child, Joseph—our dear, dear child—a dishonest man's son!" She clasped her boy to her bosom; and then, again looking on her husband, threw herself into his arms, and pressing her cheek, moist with tears, to his, murmured, "But you *did* not mean it, Joseph—you *could* not mean it—you never could mean *that*! You only said it to teaze, to try me; but it was very cruel of you! Just say you did not mean it."

"What a fuss about a simple word! Why, girl, you are more silly than I took you for! Mean it!—no, no! But, Grace, you need not have turned so suddenly on me, even if I *did* mean it. I have heard of women who would bear much more for their husbands' good than that."

"For your good, Joseph!" she replied passionately: "Oh, yes! for your good I would bear any thing; but it could never be for your good to have your name joined by dishonesty to dishonour. Say you did not

mean it, and I will believe you—but just say it : Joseph—just once more ! Thank you. And she added, drawing a heavy breath, and rising his bosom, “ my heart is lighter—and—may I go

“ Yes.”

“ You will pay the baker to-morrow ? ”

“ I cannot. The money I intended for him I been obliged to give elsewhere.”

“ What, to the man who sold you the mahogan

“ Yes, and for other little matters ; so, dear must put off the baker, you see.—Why, my Abel cannot eat this bread !—One of your smiles will put him off ;—or else you must be the money from your father.”

“ I cannot do either,” she replied, shaking her mournfully. “ I *promised* the baker ; and my father has no money, except a small sum laid to purchase a new great-coat and some flannel, for ter : perhaps you could not repay him before that son came. But, Joseph, listen—my silk cloak—do I want with such finery ? The glazier’s wife she would give two pounds for a cloak of the kind so let her have it. I hope you will like me as in a tenpenny print, particularly when you see that I have kept my word.”

There is something so commanding, so holy virtue, that, though the wicked may not imitate, cannot withhold from it their admiration. As Hu

looked upon his wife, he thought she had never appeared so lovely. Some of the affection of earlier and purer years returned warmly to his heart ; and, as he kissed her, words of happier import broke from his lips—" God bless you, Grace ! I am a sad scoundrel, and that's the truth."

" Years rolled into eternity ;" the million, indeed, heeded not their passing, but Grace Huntley had recorded them with tears. Meanwhile her husband sunk deeper and deeper in vice ; yet the misery that followed schooled her still more in the ways of virtue. " They are bitter," she would say, " but perhaps they are useful lessons." It was sad indeed to know that the hearts which once were united had severed—and severed—and severed, until, as with the rich man and Lazarus in the parable, " there was a great gulf" between them. At first distrust, next coldness, then reproaches, ended in—but no ! they did not hate each other ; she could *not* hate him who had received her early and only love—the man to whom, at God's altar, she had sworn duty and affection. The heart she had trusted she would have given worlds to recall to virtue ; and the voice which now seldom spoke but to blaspheme—how she prayed that it might again be restored to the music of former years—the harmony of kindness and sweet communion ! She could not hate him ; and he, base and hardened as he was, could not hate her.

In less than eight years after their marriage, her little family were entirely dependent upon her for support. The workshop, filled with implements and material for labour, had passed into other hands; and the pretty cottage, with its little flower-garden, was tenanted by a more industrious master. For months together, Joseph used to absent himself from home under the pretext of seeking employment. So ruined was his reputation that no one in his own neighbourhood would intrust him with work; and he was but too willing to follow the wandering bent of his disordered mind. How he was really occupied during these excursions was a profound secret even to his wife. Sometimes he returned well dressed and with plenty of money, which he would lavish foolishly, in sudden fits of affection upon his children. On other occasions, he appeared with hardly sufficient clothes to cover him—poor, and suffering bodily and mental misery. Then, when from *her* earnings he was provided and fed, he would again go forth, and neither be seen nor heard of for many months.

When chided by her neighbours for the kindness with which she treated this reckless spendthrift, she would reply calmly, "He is my husband—the father of my children; and, as such, can I see him want?"

From the very day that she parted with her fine portion of dress, to pay the baker's bill, she had told

unceasingly with her own hands for the benefit of her family. Mrs. Craddock could no longer say that she was unskilled in woman's craft; to the astonishment of all, in a little time she was the most exquisite needle-woman in the neighbourhood. Nothing came amiss in the way of labour. Long before day-light she was busied with her housewifery—the earliest smoke of the village was from the chimney of her neat, though plain and scantily furnished, cottage; and so punctual was she in her engagements, that “As true as Grace Huntley” became a proverb in Craythorpe. Humble yet exalted distinction!—one that all desire—so few deserve!

With increasing years, the mind of Abel Darley became more and more absent; nevertheless, though decidedly opposed to all modern innovations (when, indeed, he could be made to consider the import of such things), he still continued to perform his duty of instructing his pupils on the approved old plan—that is to say, with a birch rod in the right hand, and a lesson-book in the left. Yet was the schoolmaster not prone to chastisement, retaining the birch rather as an emblem of authority than for use. He had a ferule for big boys,—a fool's-cap for little ones; and lavished even more, if possible, than the indulgence usually bestowed by grand-papas on their grand-children, upon “the child Abel,” as he was wont to call his daughter's eldest son, who greatly resembled his

father, not only in person, but in mind. The anxiety this resemblance caused his mother may be better imagined than described. The small cottage, which, when Abel was about twelve years old, sufficed for her dwelling, was nearly at the corner of the village churchyard, and about ten minutes' walk from her father's school-house. A small, green lane, that skirted the village, led by her door; and it was pleasant to see the merry, light-hearted boys, full of childish glee, passing along that shady path.

Her second son was a delicate and sickly child; but her girl—her Josephine, as she was named at her father's request, was the miniature resemblance of the still beautiful mother. Often had she watched, till her eyes became dim, and her heart swelled almost to bursting within her bosom, as her eldest-born led his little sister by the hand on his return from school—now chasing, to give her pleasure, the gay butterfly—then hanging from the branches of the sweet hawthorn or golden laburnum that fringed the road, to gather for her the earliest and sweetest flowers. “They are so like us!” she would think,—“so like what we were! How well I can remember his father at his age, when first he came to the school, and used to watch over and play with me, as Abel does with Josephine!”

The increasing wilfulness and restlessness of young Abel's disposition were an additional cause of sorrow to his anxious mother. If any thing could recon-

cile her to her husband's absence, it was the consciousness that, were he living with them, his bad example would operate but too powerfully on their eldest son. Yet one better skilled in the ways of the world, and the rules of modern education, might have envied Grace Huntley the skill she manifested in the management of her children.

"Had *his* mother so tutored her son, Joseph Huntley would have been a different sort of person," said the parish rector, Mr. Glasscott, one Sunday evening to his wife, after young Abel had undergone a long examination, not only in the Church Catechism, but on the great leading doctrines of Christianity.

"True, my dear," replied his lady; "but there are few mothers like Grace Huntley, teaching and practising industry in the most wonderful manner—I may say, disdaining assistance; for I have thought that her lip curled with even more pride than befitted a Christian, when Lady Purseful offered her a dole of meal and money last Christmas."

"It was independence, not pride. They are, in effect, so like each other, that the world confounds them; but in reality they are very different. Grace Huntley is a Christian, and a high-minded woman, whose lot has been cast in low places, whose spirit has struggled nobly through adversity—subdued, but not broken, by the trials she has encountered."

“ It is very long since her husband has been seen in the neighbourhood.”

“ So much the better; yet I have heard his poor wife declare that it would cost her less pain to close his eyes, and perform the offices which the dead claim of the living, than to remain in the dreadful uncertainty that rankles in her heart like a rusted dagger.”

“ Poor woman! Has he not been suspected of crimes that the law might take hold of?”

“ He has. I trust he may never be brought before me on any charge of the kind: for her sake, I should feel much grieved at performing a magistrate's duty.”

On the same evening, Grace Huntley was sitting in the seat she had occupied in her father's cottage years before; and such were the schoolmaster's abstracted habits, that it is very doubtful whether the events which had changed the lofty but cheerful girl into the reserved, and, it might be, cold-mannered woman had been at all noted by him. He wondered much why Joseph left his family; although, he observe with his usual simplicity, he never expected to ha seen in him a careful husband; but Grace was patient, so uncomplaining, that he believed her to happy, and was satisfied.

“ You are not going yet, my child?” said old man, checking her affectionately as she ro depart.

"I must go, father; the children, you know, are alone."

"Poor things!—you ought to have brought them with you. Ah, Grace! it is very cruel of you not to come and live entirely here—it would be so much better than moping alone."

Grace smiled sorrowfully. "If I had not a home, where he could be entirely master, to receive him, you know, father, he would never return."

"And no great matter."

"Father, for shame!—he is my husband!"

"My dear child, I beg your pardon—I forgot! You are not angry?"

"No, my dear father! But it was of Abel I wished to speak—he is now twelve years old. I cannot afford, on the probability of his turning out a genius, to keep him in indolence; and Mr. Greythorpe's gardener has offered to take him in spring to—"

"Take the infant from his lessons in spring!" interrupted the old man: "Why, Grace, you are not of the sound judgment you were in former times, or you would never dream of such a thing. The boy is a prodigy—there is nothing he cannot learn. I do not despair—we must never despair—of giving him such knowledge as may, in a few years, fit him, mayhap, for a college gown. Grace, Grace! you will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave

if you take the child from his studies. I watch for his step—I love his voice—I feel my own youth renewed when I look upon him. You must let him 'bide with his books until his fifteenth year, at all events; and then, if he has not accomplished wonders, make him, if you will, a hewer of wood or a drawer of water;—but you would not take from me the hope and comfort of my old age, Grace!"

"Father, believe me! Abel has no taste for books; they may constitute his pastime, but will never be his business; actual labour is the only thing for a mind like his. I cannot afford to apprentice him to a reputable trade, so let him be a husbandman—he is fond of flowers, and takes delight in curious plants: it is an innocent and sweet thing to live as a gardener, amongst the testimonies of God's goodness; it will employ his mind and soften his heart. I have seldom heard of one who spent his life in the pure fields, occupied in training the works of nature to perfection, who was either mean or wicked."

"It is a gentle calling, doubtless; but there are higher ones; and the 'candle,' saith the Holy Scriptures, 'must not be hid under a bushel.'"

"Well, well, sir, it is not yet spring; only, my dear father, do not let him idle when he is here; there is no peace, no honour, no prosperity, for the slothful."

"I will—I will make him industrious; he shall do six sums to-morrow in fractions, and repeat the

multiplication-table as far as nine times, out of class, twice; moreover, he shall read the eighth and ninth chapters of Roman history, with questions, and write——”

“A parcel of idle ballads on the back of his exercises,” interrupted poor Grace, taking up a scrawled and blotted copy-book, and smiling at the list of employments her father marked out for her son.

“No,” replied the schoolmaster, resolutely, “no; albeit poetry, such as Milton’s, softens and elevates the mind. He shall write one copy in text, and one in small-caps, and do two exercises; so that will be sufficient occupation for one day to satisfy you, Grace;—though, methinks, you might leave me to decide the quantity as well as quality of his studies.”

“You are not offended with me, father?”

“Ah, no, Grace! you never, my child, gave me reason to be angry in your life; yet, when I look at you now—it is very strange—my heart grows heavy—not light. There, tie your cloak firmly, my own child; and God bless you! But, as you hope to lay your dying head on a peaceful pillow, do not send the lad away. I will make him work—indeed I will, Grace. Your mother went first; then you deserted your father’s hearth; but the child Abel!—do not bereave me of him, Grace—do not leave me to say, like Jacob of old, ‘If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved!’”

Grace affectionately kissed her father; and in a few minutes her hand was upon the latch of her own cottage-door. Ere she had crossed the threshold, a voice, whose tones could not be mistaken, thrilled to her heart. It was that of her husband! He was standing before the fire, holding his hands over the flame; his figure seemed more muscular than ever, but its fine proportions were lost in the appearance of increased and (if the term may be used) of coarse strength. His hair hung loosely over his brows, so as to convey the idea of habitual carelessness; and his tattered garments bespoke the extreme of poverty. He turned slowly round, as the exclamation of "Mother, dear mother!" burst from the lips of Josephine, who had been gazing from a corner at her father, more than half afraid to approach him.

One look—and one only, was enough to stifle all reproach, and stir up all the affection of Grace's heart. Want was palpably stamped upon his countenance; and, as her eye glanced rapidly over his figure, she shuddered at the alteration which a few months had accomplished. For some minutes neither spoke; at last, he advanced and held out his hand to her: as he walked, she perceived that his feet were shoeless and bleeding. All his faults, his cruelties, were forgotten—she only remembered that he suffered, and was her husband; and she fell upon his bosom and wept bitterly.

Whatever were the sins of Joseph Huntley, either before or after this period of his life, it is but justice to him to believe that the tears he that night mingled with his wife's were those of a contrite heart. When she asked him how and where he had spent his time during the past months, he entreated her to forbear such questions for a little while, and that then he would satisfy her: but the period never came; and the dislike he evinced to afford her any information on the subject, together with his speedy relapse into intemperate and dissolute habits, checked her inquiries, and renewed with increased vigour her fears for the future well-doing of her eldest son.

In the vicinity of gentlemen's seats there are always a proportionate number of poachers; and it requires more than magisterial vigilance to restrain their devastations. Although it was impossible to fix a stigma of this kind on any particular person in the village of Craythorpe, there were two men, basket-makers by trade, who were strongly suspected of such practices. John and Sandy Smith lived together in a wretched hut on the skirts of Craythorpe Common. No one knew whence they came. Lonely and reserved in their habits, they seldom mingled with the villagers. Little children loved not their approach; and the large Newfoundland dog, at "the Swinging Hen," would never form acquaintance with them or their mongrel lurcher: the latter, to confess the truth, was

as reserved as his masters, and made but few friendly overtures towards the nobler animal. The only thing connected with the strangers that made a respectable appearance was a fleet and firm-footed black pony, which they maintained and treated with great care, for the ostensible purpose of hawking their brooms through the country;—but people did talk; and, indeed, it was difficult to account for various petty speculations that had occurred; or how the landlord of the same “Swinging Hen” obtained his exquisite French brandy. Grace learned with regret that an acquaintance had commenced, and quickly ripened into intimacy, between her husband and these men. Joseph was no sooner clothed, and reinstated in his humble cottage, than his bad habits returned, and his evil propensities grew stronger and stronger.

Yet the ill-temper so constantly manifested towards his wife and younger children was never extended to his eldest boy, who, happy in the removal of all restraint, and heedless of the misery his conduct inflicted on his aged grandfather, flung aside his books, and, careless of his mother’s injunctions, appealed to a higher power when he was reproved for his frequently repeated faults. He galloped on the Smiths’ pony, and made friends with their dog Covey; began by shooting sparrows and tit-mice with bow and arrows, and ended by bringing

home a hare as a present to his mother, which she resolutely refused to dress, notwithstanding the entreaties of the son and the commands of his father.

"Did you see, or take any silver away from hence?" inquired Grace, who had been anxiously occupied in looking over her small chest of drawers.

"How could we get at the drawer, mother?" replied Abel quickly; but reddening at the same time.

"Oh, Abel!" exclaimed Josephine.

"If you have taken the money, tell the truth," enjoined his mother, in her clear quiet voice.

Abel made a sign of silence to his little sister. "Why should I take it?" he said, sullenly, at last.

"Abel, Abel!" screamed Josephine, attempting to put her hand on his mouth at the same time, "God will hate you if you lie! I saw you take the money—all mother's white shillings; but I thought she bid you do so."

Grace turned slowly round from the table: her face was of an unearthly paleness: no word—no sound passed from between her parted lips; but she stood, like the cold fixed statue of Despair, gazing upon her children. Josephine rose, and, climbing on the table, endeavoured to win her mother's attention. Gerald, the sickly brother, getting up from his chair, clasped and kissed her hand. With Abel, there was a struggle—not of long duration, but nevertheless powerful—the

struggle of bad habit with good principle; the conquered, and he fell at his mother's feet.

"Forgive me—forgive me! God knows I am
It was not for myself I took it—father told——

"Hush!" interrupted Grace, "do not say before *these*"—and she pointed to the children
ing, with great presence of mind, "It was
father's money, if it was mine, Abel; but you
wrong in not telling me of it. There, Joseph
Gerald, go out into the lane, if you will; I will
speak to your brother."

With almost inconceivable agony, this ex-
woman learned that her son was far gone in
hood. His heart was opened by the sight
mother's distress; and it takes time to make a
tised deceiver. With the earnestness of truth
poured forth the wicked knowledge he had acquired
and Grace shuddered, while she prayed that
Almighty would watch over her son in this
and dangerous extremity.

And now came one of her bitterest trials.
had guarded Abel from the effects of his first
sin, as an angel watches over the destinies of a
beloved object,—unceasingly, but unseen. She
never alluded to her husband's faults, nor
to his unkindness, before her children; yet
the time had arrived when she must rend the veil
—she must expose his shame: and to what

To his own son! Now it became her duty, her painful but imperative duty, to caution Abel openly against his own father—against his influences and habits; and to show the child that the parent was guiding him in the way that leadeth to destruction.

If any thing like justice has been done to the development of Grace Huntley's character, this sacrifice will be appreciated. How many a deed of unostentatious but devoted virtue is performed beneath a peasant's roof—amid the lanes and alleys of humble life, unknown to, or unheeded by, the world!

Huntley soon discovered that his wife had been influencing their child's conduct: indeed, the sacred law of truth formed so completely the basis of her words and actions that she did not attempt for a moment to conceal it.

"Then you mean to set yourself in opposition to me!" he said, all evil passions gathering at his heart and storming on his brow.

"Not to you, but to your sins, Joseph," was her meek but firm reply: whereupon he swore a deep and bitter oath, that he would bring up his own child in the way which best suited him; and dared her interference.

"As sure as you are a living woman," he continued—with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury—"as sure as you are a living woman, you shall repent of this! I see the way to punish your wilfulness: if you

oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes! You may look for them in vain; until (he added, with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the Newgate Calendar."

That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money. The children crowded round their mother's knee to repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless heavy kind which yields no refreshment; once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream—or was it, indeed, reality—and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Gerald was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room—"Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother's blessing, speak!" There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband's horrid threat indeed fulfilled—and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin! She opened the door, and looked out upon the night: it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate

the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her lips separated, yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature; her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth:—had God deserted her?—would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy—her first-born? Her heart swelled and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband's words rang in her ears—"One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes!" Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashing with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity. She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision; and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips: like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange or even remember a form of words; but she repeated, again and again, the emphatic appeal, "Lord, save me; I perish!" until she

felt sufficient strength to enable her to look into the night. As if hope had set its beam on the sky, calmly and brightly the moon was shining upon her cottage. With the sudden change at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven ; numerous stars were visible where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul—she gazed steadily upwards—her mind regained its clearness—her resolve was taken. She returned to her bed-room—dressed—and, wrapping her cloak close to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Swan-dwelling, on Craythorpe Common.

The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village ; the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stumps of underwood, and, at one particular point, interrupted by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace crossed this stream, she came in view of the cottage looking like a misshapen mound of earth ; and, peering in at the window, which was only partially open by a broken shutter, Covey, the lurcher, uttered, from the inside, a sharp muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had, certainly, been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth ; the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old and two or three dilapidated chairs ; there was

a fowling-piece lying across the table ; but it was evident none of the inmates were at home ; and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling, till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather : she climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the look-out ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband ; but where was her son ? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the sheeling had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view ; but in this she was mistaken—for while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form ; however, he surveyed the spot without ascending further, and then retreated, muttering something about corbies and ravens ; and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding-place ; and, crawling along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window, so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was

conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger.

Merciful powers!—had Grace Huntley suffered so long, so patiently, only to witness such a scene! She almost wished that God, in his mercy, had stricken her with blindness; she prayed for insensibility—for death—for any thing save the knowledge now imparted with such fearful truth. Would that it were a dream! But no—the horrid proofs were before her eyes—in her ears; and the one drop of comfort, the only one, was the information that her son had returned home by a shorter path—that the ruffians feared yet (oh, the import, the dreadful import, that little word carried with it!)—that they feared *yet* to trust him with all their secrets: they feared to bring him *yet* to their den.

“Then there is hope for my poor child,” she thought, “and I can—I *will* save him!” With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of pheasant, hare, and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking-song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

The first grey uncertain light of morning was visible through the old church-yard trees, as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and

saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer—came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly and so long.

"I will sleep, Grace," he said, when their meal was finished—"I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast." He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after, Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper; but her lips moved as if in prayer; and even her children still remember that, as she passed out of the cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Huntley," said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock: "Have you heard the news? Ah! these are sad times—bad people going—"

"True, true!" replied poor Grace, as she hurried onwards, "I know—I heard it all—"

Mrs. Craddock looked after her, much surprised at her abruptness.

"I was coming down to you, Grace," said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; "I wished to see

if there was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises; as this is a holiday, I thought——"

"Come with me," interrupted Grace, "come with me, father; and we will make a rare holiday."

She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory; but returned no answer to his inquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and, as the man spoke, the study door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

"Come back with me, sir!" exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly; "I can tell you all you want to know."

The baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm as if she were a maniac. Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. "I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel," she continued, in a suppressed tremulous voice, "not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people, and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad!"

She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter; her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him, and at his daughter, with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

"Back, back, I say!" she repeated, "I need no witnesses, there will be enough of them soon. Mr.

Glasscott," she continued, closing the door, "hear me, while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness—woman's weakness—overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage, across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole—a den; there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed."

"I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think they call themselves; yet they are but two. Now, we have abundant proof that *three* men absolutely entered the house——"

"There was a third," murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

"Who?"

"My—my—my husband!" and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

The clergyman groaned audibly; he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast in a sterner mould. "We are put clearly upon the track, Mr. Glasscott," he said, "and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction——"

"It was to save my children from sin," exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled

them all: "God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows, that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what! I tried—I laboured to give my offspring honest bread; I neither asked nor received charity; with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim and my boast; but he—my husband, returned; he taught my boy to lie—to steal; and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, *our* child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children, if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame! Gentlemen, this was no idle threat—last night Abel was taken from me——"

"I knew there must have been a fourth," interrupted Sir Thomas, coldly; "we must have the boy also secured."

The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her—her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his

grandchild's danger, or disappearance, he knew not which, took possession of his mind; and, filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated; and, respectfully uncovering his grey hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonized iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate:—

“I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour.”

He repeated this sentence at least half a dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons assembled for the apprehension of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last, Sir Thomas Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and, in his stentorian tone, bawled out, “And who are you?”

“The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman's father—and one whose heart is broken!”

So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd—a murmur—and then two officers ushered Joseph Huntley and his son into the apartment.

He walked boldly up to the magistrate's table, placed his hand upon it, before he perceived him to whom consciousness had not yet returned. At that moment he beheld her, he started back, and said, "Whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman."

"Nor have we," replied Sir Thomas; "she is the accuser!"

The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. "She accuses me against me! Not—not if I were to attend to her murder her!" he answered firmly.

"Grace!" exclaimed her father joyfully, "the child Abel—he is found!" and, seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, led him to the door. The effect of this act of the poor simple man was electrical—the mother instantly revived, turned her face from her husband; and, entering her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her bosom. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner, but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes fixed upon his wife and child. In the meantime the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty: the Smiths were apprehended in the village; and the greater portion of the property from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

When the preparations were sufficiently far

to conduct the unfortunate men to prison, Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful, as well as undaunted, expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips, without articulating a single syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes at last encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony; her husband saw it, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how truly he had once been loved, and how much of happiness he had sacrificed to sin.

"'Twas to save my children!" was the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured; and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears. The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bed-side, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

* * * * *

It might be some fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, that an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect,

sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel that was steering its course from the shores of "Merrie England," to some land far over sea. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck arm in arm, frequently passed her. The elder one, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, "You bear the voyage well, dame."

"Thank God, yes, sir!"

"Ah! you will wish yourself back in old England before you are landed six weeks."

"I did not wish to leave it, sir; but my duty obliged me to do so."

The gentlemen walked on.

"Who is she?" inquired the younger.

"A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved notwithstanding his coldness and his crimes. She had, at that time, three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them in prospective, her warnings and entreaties being alike unregarded; so she made her election—sacrificed the husband, and saved the children!"

"But what does she here?"

"Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him; her second boy, and a father whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are

dead ; her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk ; and Mrs. Huntley, having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, 'whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together.' It is only justice to the criminal to say that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed."

"And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?"

"She does ! She argues that, as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die ; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life ; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of again beholding its white cliffs."

THE ENGLISH SEA-CAPTAIN'S

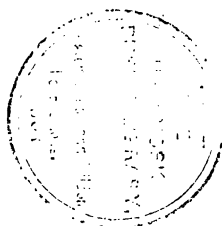
BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Now the sea-raven mute
On the water is lying ;
Now the night-wind's last sob
On the billow is dying ;
And the full Moon is up,
Whom no dark clouds encumber,
While the numberless stars
Lie around her in slumber.
All beneath us is bright—
All above us is glowing—
And the night's in her prime,
And the tide in the flowing.
Lo ! a land-breeze awakens,
And shakes mast and pennon ;

Loud the mariner shouts,
With his hand on the cannon,
"Up balsters! with foam
See the ocean is hoary!"
And away shoots my ship
In her pride and her glory!

How we love the black storm!
How we tread on the billows!
How our strong timbers quake,
And our masts bend like willows!
See, the moon hides her head,
And the waves rise in mountains;
Clouds spout liquid fire,
Heaven opes all her fountains:
Yet our ship rides as safely
As when, in dews nourished,
An oak, mid the forests
Of Chatsworth, she flourished!
See! see! how the flame-crested
Billows she's cleaving!—
See! see! in the van how
Old England she's leaving!
She was wood when she grew
In the depth of the forest:
Now a sea-queen she smiles
When the tempest is sorest!

How she smiles mid the tempest
And longs for the rattle
Of gun and of musquet
To burst into battle !
At the thrust of her pike,
At the glance of her pennon,
At a move of her helm,
At the flash of her cannon,—
The eagle of Russia
Plies landward her pinion,
Nor dares on the ocean
To found her dominion.
The lilies of Bourbon
Seem withered and dying,
Like weeds in the sun,
Where her banner is flying.
Blake, Raleigh, Monk, Nelson,
Reign kings in sea-story ;
And Britain breeds none
Will diminish their glory !





Engraved by W. Murray Esq.

Suggested by the

THEIR LIVING BAPTISMS.

Suggested by the *Illustrations of the American*

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THE YOUTHFUL MARINERS

BY L. E. L.

How now, my youthful mariners !

Where will ye sail to-day ?

Seek ye the southern latitudes,

And Spice Isles far away ?

Manilla and the Philippines,

To have your canvass fanned

By a thousand fragrant odours

Before you see the land ?

With Sindbad for your guide-book,

Will ye go sailing on,

To gather cinnamon, and pearls,

And nutmegs in Ceylon ?

Or are ye for a bolder quest,

Upon the Northern Seas ;

And, on your passage to the pole,

See even ocean freeze ?

And watch the restless waters
Turned into solid stone,
Like granite, and like porphyry,
In wild confusion thrown ?

Or do ye bear a battle-flag,
And thunder at your side,
So that the foreign foe may quail,
Where'er your navies ride ?

I cannot tell what enterprise
Might haunt that childish crew—
What, with their little fairy ships,
It was their dream to do :

But be what will the enterprise,
That carries men afar,
Through danger, death, through calm and storm
For commerce, science, war ;

They could not go more heart in hand,
Their purpose to fulfil,
Than launched those boyish mariners
Their fleet upon the rill.

The sunbeam glittered on the waves,
And danced within their eyes :
Whose bark shall reach yon willow first,
His is the victor's prize.

And each one lends his voice and breath,
To urge the tiny sail ;
No sailor in a calm e'er watched
More anxious for a gale.

And though they are but paper boats,
Launched on a village brook ;
How earnest is each beating heart !
How eager is each look !

Oh, happy age ! that thus can find,
In trifles and in toys,
The pleasure of a new delight—
The freshness that enjoys !

Oh ! why should life bring weariness,
And languor, and disdain ?
Ah ! would to God that I could be
An eager child again !

SOME ACCOUNT OF
MR. THOMAS HARCOURT AND HIS FATHER.

(Taken from his own Papers.)

BY MARY HOWITT.

IN surveying my life—now in the seventieth year of my age—my mind has been so impressed with the merciful dealings of God on my behalf, that I have hoped it might be serviceable to the present generation to put down that part of my history which particularly relates to my father's captivity, and the great temptation which beset me, when a prisoner also, among the Algerines.

To make this relation more intelligible, it will be necessary to state that my father was a merchant who traded to most of the European ports; and also frequented all the considerable cities of the interior whenever he had a prospect of gain by so doing. He was a prosperous trader, and had accumulated, early in life, a handsome fortune, principally by his

own industry. But on the occasion of his marriage, which took place in the thirty-seventh year of his age, to a gentlewoman of a good and wealthy family, he declined taking any longer an active part in his trade, and retired into Durham, where he had purchased a handsome property.

In this state of almost perfect earthly felicity my father looked forward to pass the remainder of life; but his hopes were unexpectedly clouded by the death of his wife, which happened in less than two years after his marriage. My father received two bequests at her death—myself, then but a few months old, and inconsolable sorrow for her loss. Indeed, so great was his grief that his health was impaired by it, and he was recommended by his physicians to try the benefit of change of scene; accordingly he resumed the care of his foreign ~~trade~~, consigning me to the charge of my maternal grandfather, whose only child my mother had been, and who, residing with us, was strongly attached to my father.

The return to his old habits and occupations, to a certain degree, diverted my father's grief; and strong hopes were entertained that he would in time overcome it so entirely as to return to his home, and assume again that quiet domestic life which was far more accordant with his temper than the careful and unsettled one of a foreign trader. I believe he, however, never encouraged the idea; but set out again on

a voyage which was to occupy him a considerable time, as he intended to visit most of the capitals. From this journey he did not return singular as it may seem, no intelligence was from him after leaving Hamburgh, at which he consigned his ship to a Dutch merchant, proceeded forward by land. The uncertainty of and the anxiety which my grandfather naturally about him, cast a gloom over the old man's life which, however, I was not aware till long after his kindness and love to me were unabated. perfectly did he perform the part of both father and friend, that, in my early life, I never knew the loss of him.

Of my father, at this period, I have no recollection nor is it probable I should, as his last voyage was when I was scarcely more than three years old. shall we, I believe, find that the memory of a child is capable of retaining impressions for any time at that early age.

The first time I was made sensible of the excellence of my father's character, and the uncertainty that involved his fate—I remember it was in the mid-winter of 1695, or thereabouts, when I was then in my seventh or eighth year. a strong impression on my mind; for it was an awakening to human sympathy, and that paternal affection which I suppose every child feels towards its parents, were it not too often

unkindness or evil example. It may appear strange that my grandfather did not make me acquainted earlier with a subject that so nearly concerned me ; but I suppose he had reasons for so doing, though I never knew them ; whatever they were, however, they must have appeared important to him, as I have recollected since that the servants, and the few guests who came to the house, maintained the same reserve on the subject, though it is reasonable to suppose it was often talked of among themselves. Perhaps the kind old man was unwilling to check the gladness of my early years by anxieties which we all know come soon enough of themselves ; or perhaps he determined to keep the knowledge from me till it could make a stronger impression, or till I was old enough to take measures for ascertaining his fate. But it is useless conjecturing—suffice it to say, so it was ; and though we often spoke of my father, it was never in definite terms of sorrow till the memorable evening I have mentioned.

But before I relate this event, which formed an era in my life, let me premise a few words about myself. I was a sedate child, and of studious habits ; for as my grandfather rarely received guests, and those only of a staid character and principally ancient men, and never went from home himself, I had no companions of my own age ; nor did I spend my time in the sports and more lively occupations of other

children, but sat on my low seat reading some grave book while he read his—the book which was seldom out of his hands, the best of books, the Bible—and from which he drew support in that untold sorrow which, I afterwards learned, had eaten into the vigour of strong old age, like the canker-worm at the heart of the tree.

I was reading that evening, in a folio volume, the voyages of Sir Francis Drake; I had come to that incident which has left a blot on his memory—the murder of Mr. Thomas Doughty on the coast of Brazil. I was much struck with the enormity of the act; and the relation being accompanied by a large print, showing that calm, gentlemanly person, Mr. Thomas Doughty, with his hands tied behind him, and his fine head covered with a profusion of rich hair, standing in the midst of his determined and cruel enemies, so wrought upon my imagination that the tears streamed from my eyes. My grandfather, whose mind, however occupied, never lost thought of me for a moment, turning his eyes upon me, and observing the tears chasing each other down my cheeks, inquired the cause of my emotion. Without replying, for I recollect my heart was too full to leave me the power of utterance, I laid the print before him. “Alas!” said he, pursuing unconsciously the thought which was ever present with him, “Alas! even now, perhaps, thy father is

in such perilous circumstances; for manifold are the sorrows of the voyager, and great and cruel his sufferings; and fearful are the oppressions beyond sea, which no man redresses, and only God witnesses!" And then, raising his clasped hands above my head, and turning his eyes upwards, he besought heaven to restore his son, in such vehement and passionate grief as almost alarmed me—"yet thy will, not mine be done!" he piously ejaculated in conclusion. Then calming himself, and bidding me be seated beside him, he revealed the sad story of my father—the uncertainty of his fate, and his own unsuccessful inquiries after him—painting, at the same time, such a picture of his virtues, his endowments, and tender affections, as awoke that yearning love which never again slumbered, and which in after time was blessed with the crowning favour of heaven.

From this time to the death of the old man, which occurred about twelve months afterwards, we talked of my father almost daily. I do not recollect that I ever had a description of his person, but he ever lived in my mind as Mr. Thomas Doughty—the same gentlemanly figure, in the prime of life, and with such flowing locks as painters give to our first parent, descending gracefully upon his shoulders.

After my grandfather's death I was removed, by guardians he had appointed, to a noted school of those days, preparatory to my entering the university. If,

before my knowledge of sorrow, I had been a grave and thoughtful boy, I became still more so as I pondered on my father's singular fate; and felt so much my now almost desolate condition, that I could sympathize little with the bold and inconsiderate spirits of my companions; and, on their part, was, I believe, regarded with aversion, as a gloomy unsocial being. Yet I was not slow in my learning, but made great progress in the more solid branches of education.

I believe at that time Homer was not translated into English,* or, if it were, it was not among my grandfather's books, and thus my first knowledge of that poet was in the original tongue. I remember that it was about my fifteenth year when I first became acquainted with the fine adventurous story of the Odyssey; a story which harmonized singularly with the complexion of my mind, far more than the battles and taking of Troy, though I often wept over the parting of Hector and his wife, and felt in their sad story some little resemblance to that of my own family; but the perils, and sufferings, and wanderings of Ulysses were more accordant with my feelings, filled as my mind was with the sad uncertainty of my father's fate.

I look upon it as the ordination of Providence that I read that poem, which to my sensitive imagination

* Mr. Thomas Harcourt was, it seems, unacquainted with Chapmans' English version.

was like a voice from afar calling out to me the path I should go. I remember well laying down the book when I came to that part which treats of the youthful Telemachus seeking his lost father, and resolving to do likewise ; and, in my youthful enthusiasm, I bound myself by a vow to perform the part of that pious son the first opportunity I could find for making my escape. I thought not of the displeasure of my guardians, nor of the dangers I must encounter, nor of the sagacity and learning requisite to carry me, I knew not whither, into strange lands and among strange people. The idea of redeeming my father from some undefined misery was all that filled my mind, and I did not reason about it. It is with sorrow, however, that I recollect the presumption of my enthusiasm. I demanded a token from heaven, as a sign of its favour and the success of my undertaking ;—nor would I relate it, except to warn the visionary and inexperienced against the error I was suffered to fall into, and which brought its own punishment, as will hereafter be seen. The evening of my making the vow I have mentioned was cloudy ; and, on my knees, I petitioned that if my determination was pleasing to God he would give me a sign thereof, and I asked that it might be made known by the moon, which was then near the full, travelling at midnight through a cloudless heaven. Like some astrologer, I looked to the heavens that night as to

the book of my destiny; and at midnight not a cloud obscured the sky. The confidence of my soul was established, and I regarded myself as a favourite of Heaven. What an inflation of mind followed! Yet I locked up the glorious secret within my own bosom. Well had it been for me had I had a prudent counsellor; but many errors were punished in the consequences of this one mistake, and it involved me also in after difficulties which I had long cause bitterly to lament, and which almost might have prevented the prosecution of my great plan.

But let me pursue my narrative. I made, secretly, what few preparations I thought necessary; and, without fully determining what places to visit, I merely resolved to get to Hamburgh, and then shape my course forward as might seem best.

Accordingly, when the moon was next at the full with a small bundle in my hand containing the few articles of wearing apparel I thought indispensable and but a feeble provision of cash in my pocket, I set out secretly for London. The journey was long, but the ardour of my mind bore me above fatigue. It was six days before I reached London. It was a little past midnight on the morning of the Monday that I began my journey, and it was sunset on the Saturday evening that I entered the great bustle of London. It is wonderful what a deep religious fervour was through all my actions at this time. I

obtained lodgings for the night with a decent woman in Holborn ; and I attended divine service the next morning in St. Paul's Church with feelings akin to those of a pilgrim to the holy sepulchre. My mind was awed by the solemn majesty of the building, and by the concourse of people assembled ; and never did worshipper kneel before his Maker with more sincere devotion than I did that day. Early on the Monday I went down among the shipping, and soon found the master of a vessel bound for Hamburgh who was willing to take me to that place.

My scheme, however, was prosecuted no further. I had been traced by one of my guardians, who, following me to the river, and even upon the deck of the vessel, pounced upon me as a hungry hound might pounce upon its prey ; and I was conveyed back to school as an incorrigible offender.

It was unfortunate for me that my guardians were both men who could not understand what indeed was a pious wish in itself, and only faulty in its premature execution. I was treated with great severity ; and thus the melancholy and unsociality of my nature was still more fostered. I cannot even now look back to that time without feelings of horror. I was indeed a mourner and miserable ; I felt like one abandoned by Heaven, and I thought of my father only as consigned to another term of hopeless misery by men who could not comprehend the piety of a son ready to die for him.

If, however, through the remaining years of my minority, I endured persecution from my guardians, with whom I now had ceased to have any feeling in common, I became acquainted with Mr. Miles Elliot, with whom I formed that firm friendship which endured for upwards of forty years—indeed, through the whole course of his life.

My friendship with this excellent man was at this time of incalculable comfort and benefit to me. Himself one of the finest scholars and most finished gentlemen I ever had the happiness to know, and several years my senior, he was capable of counselling me wisely, and tempering, while he entered ardently into my views, the somewhat too vehement disposition of my mind. By his advice, I spent several years in acquiring the European tongues; and as he was admitted into the best circles in society and lived mostly in London, and I was generally there also for the benefit of able masters in the languages, he took every opportunity of making me acquainted with all the distinguished and intelligent foreigner who visited the capital; and these connexions I afterwards found of the greatest benefit. Indeed, what did I not owe to this excellent and prudent man!—a pure and ardent friendship which never wavered, and counsel, sympathy, and support, when they were of the greatest use to me.

After the expiration of my minority, and when I had perfected myself sufficiently in the modern tongues, we began to make preparation for the immediate commencement of my great enterprise. I left in the faithful custody of my friend the care of my estate ; and, unknown to him, a sealed packet in the hands of the Bishop of London, who was a mutual friend, containing my will, demising to him and his heirs the whole of my property, in case of my death being authenticated. And thus having arranged my worldly affairs, 'at the age of two and twenty I set out in search of my father, being furnished with letters of introduction to the principal merchants throughout Europe, and to the ambassadors at the different courts.

The first place at which I received intelligence of my father was at Geneva, from a venerable old gentleman, long time a banker there, and who had transacted business with him for many years, and even on his last journey. From him I learnt that my father was then on his way to Vienna. In Vienna my inquiries were for a long time ineffectual. At length, after my affairs began to be talked of pretty generally, I was visited one day by a middle-aged man, who introduced himself as having been my father's servant, in confirmation whereof he produced a Bible wherein my father had inscribed his name, with a testimonial of his fidelity, when he had left him behind in St. Peters-

burgh, owing to his being ill of fever, but however he recovered. From this man, served my father a considerable time and I have shared a good deal of his confidence many anecdotes which proved to me the excellence of his heart, as well as his deep pleasure did I take in this honest conversation, that I would gladly have engaged my attendant could I have prevailed upon his consent to his leaving her ; but in this I could not succeed. As I could obtain here no further clue to my father's route, I went to St. Petersburg where I hoped to have made further discovery ; but all my inquiries were all in vain. And here I met some singular adventures and hardships which I will not relate ; but as they are foreign to the immediate subject I am upon, I shall insert them in my book " Private Events," if I am spared to go forward with that work.*

After leaving St. Petersburg, I lost sight of my father altogether for a long time. I visited the ports and capitals of Spain, Portugal, and Tuscany, all of which I knew he traded, but in none of them I gain the least information ; and at length I fear that, after having left St. Petersburg,

* This work, upon which the writer appears to have spent much time and pains, fills near half a ream of paper, and contains much matter.

have fallen the victim of sickness in some obscure spot, and that I should never discover even the place of his sepulture.

For two years I thus traversed Europe, from port to port, and from city to city, till my health began to droop; and I was not only urged by my friend, Mr. Miles Elliot, but by the desponding state of my own mind, which began to be the victim of hope deferred, to return to England, and recruit my strength, before I undertook a more continued pilgrimage. For this purpose, therefore, I hastened to Leghorn; but not finding a vessel ready to sail, I was detained there for several weeks, which, as will be seen, prevented my return to England at that time. I fell in, by chance, one day with an old priest, who, upon hearing my story, recollected that my father had come to him about eighteen years before (and that after having left Russia), requesting him to return thanks to God in his behalf, the next Sabbath, for a signal deliverance from shipwreck. He related that my father had taken a house in Leghorn, the site of which only I saw, the house itself having been destroyed by fire; that he remained there the greater part of a year, living in great privacy; and that he finally left Italy to visit Egypt, but whether for trade or curiosity he knew not. This information, vague as it was, was sufficient for me, and was as a cordial to restore my health. I no longer felt it needful to return to

England; I was capable of again enduring travel and fatigue, and accordingly embarked in a vessel bound to Alexandria.

We were for some time detained by adverse winds in the narrow seas between Tunis and Sicily; and, after having encountered great danger of wreck on the Island of Malta, we were, in the second week of our disastrous voyage, taken by an Algerine corsair, who had pursued us for several days, and all carried into captivity on board their vessel, excepting a little ship-boy, who in his despair leaped overboard and perished. The ship from Leghorn, after having been pillaged of all its valuables, was set fire to and burnt upon the sea.

How little do we understand the ways of Providence! I bewailed myself as the most unfortunate of men; I was ready to hurl reproaches against Heaven; and, had not my hands been secured by heavy fetters, I know not how soon I might have cast my soul into perdition by committing self-destruction. I could not at first comprehend the patient submission of my fellow-captives; but time blunts the edge of the keenest afflictions, and accordingly, after my mind was a little accustomed to the sad change in my circumstances, it began to take consolation to itself, to nourish hope, though it knew not upon what hope was founded; and in great measure my faith in the all-wise ordinations of Providence re-

But this was a dark season—as the passing through the valley of the shadow of death !

We were detained at Algiers only a short time ; and I, with two hundred more Christian slaves, was removed many days' journey inland, where we were compelled to labour like beasts of burden, under the intolerable heat of a torrid sun, in the erection of a town, and the sinking of innumerable wells to supply the inhabitants with water. Every day witnessed the miserable death of some poor captive, worn out with hard labour and that cruel bondage, the iron of which might indeed be said to enter the soul. Oh ! what wretched objects surrounded me !—what doleful sounds pierced my ears in the stillness of night !—and how grievous a burden, and hard to be borne, did life become to us all !

After two years of this heavy captivity, I was ordered again to Algiers, and, from the hard labour of my former abject condition, had into attendance on the person of the Dey. I then took the opportunity of urging again the request I had before often made in vain, that I might be permitted to ransom myself ; but this desire was only, as before, indifferently listened to, and at last positively refused.

In the city I found many renegadoes, who, having embraced Mahometanism, had risen high in the government, and appeared to possess great influence with the Dey himself. These men, from whom, as traitors to their religion, I at first turned with abhorrence,

sedulously sought my company, and by great temptations of wealth and honour, and offers of favour from the Dey, endeavoured to prevail upon me to renounce Christianity also. The minute history of the tried and dubious state of my feelings for many months I will not give; suffice it to say, that from abhorrence of these men, and a belief of my entire power to resist them, I at first endured, and at length submitted to, their persuasions. Let me not be judged of too severely; none know how deeply I was tried—how cunningly I was tempted! And let not human pride and confidence think to say to his own spirit, “Thus far thou shalt go, but no farther!” My belief in the true faith certainly never was shaken; but my determination to adhere to the profession of it, I confess with sorrow and shame, grew fainter and fainter, until at length I persuaded myself that there could be no guilt in the mere form of abjuration, unless my heart assented to the words spoken by my lips.

Fortunately for my soul's peace, when my tempters had carried me thus far, they allowed me a breathing space, as it were; nor was the act of public renunciation immediately required, though it was generally understood that I had adopted the faith of Mahomet. Perhaps I owed my deliverance from this great sin to a public calamity which just then befel the nation, and which absorbed all lesser interests in one general

terror. This was the breaking out of the plague with unusual violence. No more was said to me of my imperfect conversion, but I was immediately advanced to a post of some importance and trust, and ordered, with several other officers, to the shore, to superintend the erection of a mole. Whether we carried with us the terrible disease I know not, but we had not been many days in our new situation, when the plague made its appearance among the slaves with aggravated features; nor was it wonderful, considering the wretched condition of these poor beings—destitute of every comfort of life, broken-spirited, and squalid as they were—that the disorder made such terrible havoc among them. All the officers who were sufficiently independent of any superior power fled to their own abodes from the scene of contagion, and consequently I was left much more my own master than I had ever before been. The idea of delivering myself altogether was now continually with me; but I dreaded there being watchful eyes upon me of which I was not aware, as I knew all new converts were kept under the strictest surveillance, and horrible vengeance was taken upon them even if suspicion were excited. I therefore resolved to appear satisfied and trust-worthy till suspicion should be lulled, or till I more perfectly understood my situation, and then, if a favourable opportunity occurred, to embrace it.

The captives, when we first came to this place,

amounted to some hundreds, many of them old and decrepid objects, who appeared to have spent their whole lives in bondage. These men seemed to have become patient under suffering, or rather perhaps callous ; I hardly heard from them a louder complaint than a groan ; and though their limbs were contracted by the heavy and painful fetters they had so long worn, they moved about unrepiningly, with downcast eyes, and almost immobile features. Among them was an old man, bent double with years and suffering, who particularly drew my regard ; his thin locks were white as snow ; and his voice, which I only heard when he recited prayers, morning and night, to a small and melancholy company of Christians, mostly old men, who knelt around him, was low and persuasive as that of a pleading angel. As I began to gain confidence from the indifference of the officers, who from terror of the contagion never trusted themselves where many slaves were assembled, I sometimes stole among the group, to listen to the out-pourings of Christian worship, to which my heart responded, though I did not trust my lips to utter a syllable.

The plague continuing to rage in Algiers, the Dey fled with his court to a palace four days' journey inland ; and the people, who had been oppressed by the cruellest of despotism, began to show signs of revolt. The same spirit soon reached the slaves, and many of them took bloody vengeance upon their

oppressors; and thus insurrection and tumult were added to the horrors of a devastating pestilence. In this season of general disorganization, I again began to think seriously of delivering myself, even though an increased guard of soldiers had been placed near us; less, however, to prevent revolt than desertion, which at this time was punished, when detected, with unwonted severity. One instance of which, out of many that are appalling even to remember, may suffice. There was among the slaves one Mr. Francis Latimer, of Portsmouth, who, with his young son, had been in captivity about six years. The child was motherless, and tenderly beloved by his father. He was of a tender constitution, and appeared to have been delicately brought up; so that he but ill could sustain the rigours of captivity. Soon after the breaking out of the disorders I have mentioned, the father was missed, and it was immediately supposed that he had made his escape; though that a father so fondly attached to his child would leave him in such melancholy circumstances, and provide only for his own deliverance, was very improbable. A pursuit, however, was instituted, and the unhappy man brought back, after three days, heavily ironed; and appeared to be suffering from some malady, though not the plague, as the symptoms were very different. Never shall I forget the meeting of the father and his child: the speechless agony of the one and the heart-rending cries of the

other would have pierced any souls but those of the cruel Algerines. Whether it was ascertained that he had been effecting means for his deliverance, I know not; there was no form of trial among these barbarous people, nor was he suffered to have any communication with his fellow-sufferers; but it appears most probable to me that he had been seized with the disease at some distance from our station, and was thus disabled from returning. They, however, made his absence the plea of his guilt, and he was punished as a warning to his companions. But let me hasten through these scenes, which are horrible to recal. The poor man was bastinadoed, notwithstanding the disease under which he was labouring, with such severity that death was the certain consequence. What fiend can be more cruel than man! They saw his agony without pity; they saw, too, the misery of that abandoned child without emotion.

On the second night of this poor wretch's anguish, the guard which had surrounded him left their post; wearied out, perhaps, by his protracted death. None remained with him but the child, who, indeed, had never left him since the moment he was restored, and had moistened his parched lips, and screened him with a tattered mat from the burning heat of the sun, with an affection unwearied and full of the most touching tenderness; but who now, with his face buried in his hands, sat beside him, and showed no sense or life,

saving by the convulsive shudder that shook every limb, when the faint groans of his father, heard at intervals, broke the melancholy silence. In the morning all was still: the man had died in the night, and the boy remained in his bowed attitude; but when the soldiers struck him to make him rise, he moved not—he too was dead. Some said he had taken poison—some that he had died of hunger—and others that he had perished of the bite of an aspic which he had held to his breast; but I do not believe this; nor did I ever hear that traces of poison, or the bite of the venomous creature, were discovered: he died, no doubt, of a broken heart; and the mercy of God removed his spirit, with that of his beloved father, to a happy kingdom, where there was neither captivity nor death. But let me return to my own narrative.

While the plan for effecting my escape was agitating my mind, I attended one evening again the place of Christian worship; and after I had retired to my own tent, and was busied devising some scheme for my return to Christian society, for which I began to yearn now more than ever, I was surprised by the entrance of the old man I have mentioned. He looked sorrowfully upon me for some moments in silence, yet with an expression of the most tender compassion, and then said, in a low voice, “My son, rememberest thou the awful saying of Christ—‘They who deny me before men, them

will I deny before my Father and his holy angels?" How was my heart smitten at these words! I took the old Christian's hand, and gave way to my emotion in a torrent of tears. We were alone, and I did not fear interruption; I, therefore, seated him beside me, and prayed him to counsel me for my soul's salvation. "My son," he replied, "what I say, I say not in vain-glory, but in the truth of Christian experience. I have been in captivity a quarter of a century; my body is bowed with labour—my limbs are cramped by fetters; I have been tempted with offers of gold and great honour; and I have received the stripes of the oppressor;—yet would not I renounce my Saviour. God has given me great peace of mind in my afflictions; and I look forward to that exceeding weight of glory which will make all present suffering less than the dust in the balance!"

There was something in the old man's voice which affected me more than his words; but so little did his wretched and bowed form accord with my vision of my father, that when, in relating the history of his life, he mentioned his name, I fell down with astonishment as one dead; and so great was my emotion that, after I had recovered my senses, it was long before I could make myself known; and then, throwing myself at his feet, I exclaimed, "Bless me, O my father! for I am thy son—thy prodigal, erring son, whom the mercy of God has restored to thee

twofold!" He raised me from before him; and, like the father in the parable, fell upon my neck and kissed me, weeping and giving God thanks by turns.

After the almost agonizing joy of meeting had subsided, we agreed not to reveal the discovery we had made, but to effect our deliverance the first opportunity. This, however, as I have said before, was not easy to perform, by reason of the additional guard stationed on the coast, and because there was not a vessel within reach, not even a fishing-boat. We, therefore, after many plans formed and again abandoned, resolved to construct a raft; and for this purpose we secretly collected as much light timber as we thought sufficient, and this we conveyed to a cave some distance up the shore. Great precaution, however, was necessary, both that we might not be seen frequenting the place, nor yet together; and we flattered ourselves that, if we once could finish the raft, the conveying ourselves away would be comparatively easy, because, as the plague became still more fatal, and the dead were now hardly numbered, we hoped, if we were missed, it might be supposed we had fallen victims to the contagion, and that our bodies had been carried off by the wild beasts, as not unfrequently happened.

Through the nights of three weeks we worked at our raft, which we buried by day in the sand; and as we had hoped, so, I afterwards learned, it fell out; for we were not pursued.

When we had thus escaped the horrors of captivity, we had still to encounter new and untried dangers, and to meet death, perhaps, only in another form. We, however, had made what provision we could for preserving life. We took with us considerable store of food and water ; and a pole of great strength, and a mat, which we intended to use as a mast and sail as soon as we should be sufficiently distant from the shore to hoist them without danger.

There was yet another difficulty which oppressed our minds no little ; this was, that probably we carried with us that dreadful contagion which had almost depopulated Algiers : how could we, therefore, enter any Christian harbour, supposing we should reach one, or how even suffer ourselves to be taken on board any Christian vessel we might meet, which, under other circumstances, would have been the thing of all others we should have desired ? The providence of God, however, went with us ; the wind was fair, the sea calm, and, on the evening of the third day, we made a creek on an uninhabited part of the coast of Sardinia, where we resolved to abide till all danger from the contagion should be over. The shore abounded with fish ; and, as we found abundance of fresh water, we were sustained without difficulty. The fetters which my father had worn we found means of releasing him from before we left Africa, so that he had full power to assist in providing for our

sustenance. How, in that solitary place, did we enjoy the luxury of life and liberty ! The longings of many years were satisfied ; and, sitting with that dear old man beside me, though on a stone, in a strange and desolate country, I could have said, with Simeon of old, “ Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation ! ”

My father, owing to the contraction of his limbs, was unable to proceed far on foot, so that it was only after many days’ tedious journeyings that we arrived at Cagliari, the chief town of the island, where we found a trading vessel bound to Leghorn, in which we embarked, upon my engaging to assist in working the ship as payment for our passage. At Leghorn, I had again reason to see the hand of the Merciful extended in our behalf, by finding the old priest alive whom I had seen, and to whom my father had been known so many years before. By his means we were lodged in a monastery, where we were well accommodated, and where, with the pious brethren, we again enjoyed the comforts and benefits of a Christian community.

On my first arrival here, I wrote to my friend, Mr. Miles Elliot, acquainting him with the history of the last few years, and desiring him to send me letters of credit to cover all the expenses of our return, and the debt which we must necessarily incur before we left Italy. After many weeks were elapsed, and I received no answer, I began to apprehend that my friend was

no more. Beside the anxiety I felt on this account, my circumstances were becoming very embarrassing; the debt we had already contracted was very considerable, and I saw no means of defraying it, or of reaching England, without the assistance of my friend. In this emergency, I bethought myself of making our case known to the English ambassador who was stationed at Naples, and of consulting him on the best means of relieving our difficulties. I found him a very gentlemanly person, to whom our story was already known, as I doubt not it was through the whole of Italy. He informed me that dispatches were expected almost daily from England, and that most probably my letters would arrive by that means, as, owing to the war which waged throughout nearly the whole of Europe, conveyance across the Continent was extremely hazardous. To this encouraging suggestion he added the kindest proposal he could possibly make, which was that I should remain under his care, and also that my father should be sent for, to the arrival of the ship, which would be our best of returning to England. He moreover promised that if our letters failed to come by this vessel, he would provide for our return at his own proper charges. We engaged to defray immediately on our arrival in England. He furthermore satisfied all my wishes at Naples; and thus, through unlooked-for means, we were enabled to maintain our credit as

gentlemen, though reduced, through severe misfortunes, to the want of bread.

Shortly after we were established under the hospitable roof of our new friend, the expected vessel arrived, and in it not only the letters of credit I had requested, but that kindest and best of men, Mr. Miles Elliot, who, immediately on receiving my letter, had hastened to London, and himself come across seas to welcome us. Our meeting was one of unalloyed pleasure ; and as the ship merely brought dispatches, and immediately returned, we took a grateful leave of our kind friend, the ambassador, and, after satisfying all demands upon us, set sail for England, where we arrived safely after a short and prosperous voyage.

The news of our singular adventures had reached England before us. The Bishop of London received us into his house ; and his Majesty was graciously pleased to signify, through one of the Lords of the Treasury, his desire to see men of whom he had heard so much. We accordingly were presented at one of the levees, where we received many distinguished marks of royal favour, especially my father, whose appearance bore so many testimonies of his cruel captivity.

Notwithstanding the many honourable attentions we received in London, we made but a short stay, for we were impatient to enter again the home in which

we had been strangers so long, and to which we were both restored in so wonderful a manner.

We therefore travelled northward by easy stages, and found our house and property in excellent preservation, having been intrusted to the care of so honest a steward, from whose hands I moreover received a considerable sum, which remained after all the expenses of our return were paid. This money I sent to the ambassador at Naples, of whose excellent heart and understanding we had had such abundant proof, begging he would see it applied to the ransoming of Christian slaves ; and I had the satisfaction of meeting afterwards, in London, two of these poor men, who came to return me their acknowledgment.

The latter years of my father's life were like those of a venerable forest-tree, which, when branch and trunk appear outwardly decayed, yet puts forth green and pleasant leaves. He was a cheerful-hearted and thankful old man, who loved his fellow-beings, and did them good, and returned thanks, many were the times in the day, to that God who had crowned his life with goodness !

AGATHA.

BY L. E. L.

*A tale of patient sorrow, and of faith,
Which taught that patience.*

An ancient chamber in a castle old :
The oaken wainscoting is black with age ;
The tapestry, worked with Scripture histories,
Has lost its colours ; and the books that fill
Those carved arches, show both care and time.
And yet the room is cheerful—for the sun
Looks through the casements, where bright flowers
 are placed
In graceful order ; and the cultured plant
Bears ever witness to a calm delight
Shed o'er the hours of such as nurse its bloom.
Two lean beside the window : one whose brow
Bears evidence of many a chastened grief,
For it is sad but calm—her cheek is pale,
And touching in its beauty—'tis so meek,
So kind, with light that suits an angel's face
Who dreams of heaven. By her side is one

Younger, and exquisitely beautiful,
With large blue eyes, the darker for their tears ;
And with the red rose reign upon her face,
Paramount as in youth.

Agatha Loquitur.

Nay, Bertha, turn from gazing on the road
Which winds amid the lime-trees—'tis in vain ;
The last hoof-tramp has perished on the wind
Two hours ago. Now dry thy tears, dear child ;
I would not check the natural tenderness,
The grief, the young and loved at parting feel ;
But I must blame this utter yielding woe,
Which feeds upon indulgence, and forgets
Womanly fortitude and gentleness,
Making the strength it finds in patient hope.
But then the dangers of the red campaign—
The weary march—the night-watch when the snow
Drives on a northern wind !—My Bertha, yes,
All these, and more, are in thy Ernest's lot ;
Yet not the less his life is in God's hand,
As much as when he wandered through our vales
With thy sweet eyes upon him : trust in heaven—
Prayer and submission bring their blessing down.
Dear child ! I know your sorrow, though my heart
Now only beats unto a measured time ;
Yet once its pulse was agony ; I wept
Tears passionate and vain. Oft have you asked

My early history ; I'll tell it now,
That it may bring its lessons—faith and hope ;
Show how the heart is schooled by suffering,
And how earth's sorrow may be guide to heaven !
You know that I am not a native here ;
These quiet valleys, where security
Seems like a birthright, and the circling year
Is marked but by the seasons and their change—
The green ear ripening into yellow wheat,
The opening blossoms and the falling leaves—
These are our chronicles of passing time !
This was my mother's soil—this Saxon land :
She was the very being such a home
Would form to gentle beauty—calm and meek,
Yet steadfast ; filled with all harmonious thoughts,
Her nature and religion were content—
Content which learnt submission from its hope—
Hope, high and holy hope, beyond the grave !
But I was born beside the winding Rhone,
And lived from infancy 'mid glittering scenes
Of falsehoods, follies, and appearances.
No kindly influences from solitude,
No communings with nature filled the heart
With thought, and mystery, and memories,
Which childhood doth unconsciously imbibe,
Till the mind, strengthened by such intercourse,
Finds its own power, and doth rejoice to find.
For never was it meant that we should be

Formed only by the artificial world.
We grow there selfish and indifferent ;
We take up cunning for defence, and deem—
How foolishly !—'tis wisdom : vanity,
Too strongly nourished and too early taught,
Makes every object, like a mirror, yield
Some likeness of ourselves ; and we but see
Our own small interests, and our weak desires,
In all around ; and we exaggerate
Our merits and our claims ; unsatisfied,
As the false estimate must ever be,
It ends in disappointment ; and then comes
Envy and hate, anger and bitterness ;
While life, a constant fever, has no joy
In nature, or in meditation lone.
Such was my youth : I lived but for myself ;
My gentle mother only asked to see
A smile upon the face she loved so well ;
And my proud father, in his bold career
Of war and council, had but time to think
Indulgence was affection. Yet not glad,
Albeit so glittering, was my hour of youth ;
It had its vain desires, hopes mortified,
Its envyings and repinings. I was young,
And rich, and (I may say so now) was beautiful ;
But so were many ; and to vanity
The triumph which it shares is incomplete.
Before a year of festival had passed,

There came a stranger to our halls ; he bore
High rank and honour in the emperor's court,
From whom he brought a greeting to our king.
It doth not need to paint his lofty step,
His falcon eye ; he won him many hearts ;
Such triumphs then were surest road to mine.
I loved Count Herman—passionately loved ;
And I, methinks, grew better for that love ;
For early love brings with it gentleness,
And self-distrust, and timid cares ; love feels
Its own unworthiness, and I felt mine—
Conscious of faults I never dreamed before.
Had my affection been less rashly placed
It had been better for my happiness ;
But Herman loved in that frivolity
Which most destroys our nature's higher part.
He woke in me no great and noble thoughts,
No generous imaginings ; the mind,
Stirred by the feelings to its inward depths,
Was a mysterious sea he sounded not ;
His choice was but a worldly preference,
And mutable like other worldly things ;
It had no soul, and thence no certainty :
For constancy is but love's spiritual part.
Count Herman left our court with many vows ;
How he fulfilled them one short summer taught,
Which saw him wedded in his native land.
Not 'mid the quiet influences around—

The solemn light of evening on the hills,
So tranquil in their beauty—can I paint
My fierce despair, or my impetuous grief;
Vexed pride and anger, grief and lingering love,
Mingled together in wild sobs and words ;—
Thank God I have forgotten them ! Again
My evil nature had the mastery ;
I thought but of myself ; and, worst of all,
There rose before me that deep burning shame
Which I must meet : I could have borne the loss
Of my false lover's faith, but could not bear
'To think that others knew his falsehood too.
I shrank abashed, and shunned all social life :
I thought not of my mother's lonely hours ;
Remembered not a home made desolate
By the lost presence of a darling child ;
But, reckless in my grief as in my love,
Entered the convent of the Carmelites ;
I vowed a heart to God that was not God's ;
And, as the veil the novice wears doth hide
Her face from every eye, so did the veil
Of proud resentment hide me from myself.
How eagerly I entered my new state !
How strict was I in its observances !—
Night brought its vigil, and day brought its fast.
Till (so the human heart deceives itself).
I deemed myself half martyr and half saint,
Rejoicing in my early holiness.

Alas ! the novelty wore off : I grew,
First languid, and then weary, and then turned
Repining to the world I had resigned.
Yet good for me the listless solitude
Of my low cell : lonely are serious thoughts,
And such mine were. I thought on wasted hours,
And wasted gifts, with penitential fear.
Day filled with its unsatisfying round
Of forms and words, how precious grew the night !
Then, leaning from my lattice, I could watch
The pale stars growing bright in the dim air ;
Spoke not their mystery to my inmost soul ?
Found they not language in my own deep thoughts ?
Then was I humble in my nothingness—
An atom in the path of many worlds.
Then was I hopeful in the scented weed
That, clustering at my casement, filled the cell
With its sweet breathings. I could see a Power
As watchful of the little as the great :
The fragile flower was cared for as the star.
Yet I had moments of despondency—
Many and bitter ; and remorse awoke
As from a dream. At last a summons came—
'Twas from my dying father ; and I went
(My year's novitiate was not past) and knelt,
For the first time, beside the bed of death.
How my heart smote me when I saw the cheek
Of my pale mother ! I, her wilful child,

How much I might have soothed her, had I shar
Her patient vigils ! Many a weary night
Had she bent lonely o'er my father's couch,
And now it was too late for me to aid.
I wept in agony ; I called the saints
To witness to the depth of my despair ;
I vowed wild penances ; my grief,
Still selfish, half forgot my mother's woe.
Yet now not all in vain for me her meek
And beautiful example ; I was touched
By the calm sweetness of humility,
Though sorrowing, resigned : yet in my heart
There was a struggle ; pride forbade to change,
And bade me straight resume the veil and vow ;
But still, the image of my mother, left
To solitude and solitary tears,
Softened me with reproachful tenderness ;
I longed to throw me at her feet, and say,
Mother, dear mother, take your child again !
One evening—'twas the first we bent our way
To that ancestral chapel where the dead
Of all our race reposed,—how many tears
Had fallen upon those cold and quiet stones !
The tablets to the memories of the tomb
Were mostly worn with time ; but one was there
Fresh—'twas the bitter work of yesterday !
There knelt my mother, but in prayer, not tears ;
And pale, as with some sad yet solemn thought,

AGATHA.

At length she rose ; and, taking tenderly
My hand in hers, said, " Shall we part, my child ?"
My tears were readier than my words ; we sat
Together in the dim and holy eve,
And then my mother told me that her heart
Had long been opened to the truths divine
The German Luther taught ; and by that faith
Had my departed father died in hope.
The tie was broken now that bound to France,
And she desired to see her native land,
Own the true creed, and die. " My Agatha,"
She said, in her own sweet peculiar tone,
" Read you the pages which I offer now,
And then decide." I kissed the silver clasp
Of the small Bible :—Bertha, from that hour
It has to me been as a bosom friend !
We sought this castle ; and our pilgrimage
Brought its own blessing. Years have passed away
In our most dear home circle ; and we trace,
Each day succeeding, an accustomed round
Of duties, pleasures, charities, and cares,
Which make their own delight. My mother's age,
How beautiful it is !—such deep repose !—
Solemn as if the shadow of the grave
Were resting on it ; yet rejoiced to stay,
For my sake and for yours—her orphan charge !
Though faint the pilgrim, yet the heart is strong.
Bertha, my soul, the contrite and subducd,

Is stirred with thankfulness and love to God :
E'en as the vale reflects the sunshine bright
With golden light—and as the lake gives back
The bright blue sky unbroken by a cloud—
As outward earth mirrors the outward heaven—
So doth the soul return the spiritual light,
Even from the shadow of the inward world.
Many things trouble, many things destroy,
The image God has stamped on every mind ;
Sorrows, and strife, and passions, o'er it pass,
In feverish, yet dark obscurity.
And then we struggle vainly, unless faith,
With tears and prayers, creates a holy calm—
And only in such mood may we hope peace.
But, Bertha, see the light leaves of the lime
Are trembling, heavy with the darkness flung
By twilight ; 'tis the hour my mother loves
To pace the terrace ; she will need the aid
Of your young arm—I would not trust such charge
To any but our Bertha !





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Portrait of the author, General.

AGE AND YOUTH.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together."

SHAKESPEARE.

SUBTLE Master, fine Unraveller
Of the golden web of truth !
Nature's never-tiring Traveller—
Poet !—thou hast spoken sooth.
Let who doubt, resolve me whether
Crabbed age and careless youth
Ever lived in love together !

Crabbed Age !—ah, Youth ! I grant you
Crabbed Age can ne'er enchant you :
But the Age that is not soured,
Though its hopes were all deflowered ;
Age that, laughing, limpeth on,
When its speed and strength are gone ;
Age whose brow of sagest form
Whitens as the heart grows warm ;
Age that deigns to jest and smile,
Looking wisdom all the while ;
Age that feels its blood run brightly,
Romping with mad Childhood nightly ;

That devotes its latest leisure,
Not to hoard, but give its treasure ;
Age that, hailing endless blessings,
Hangs on Time with fond caressings—
Loving life, and all that's in it,
More and more each golden minute :
Age like this—ah ! tell me, Youth—
Tell me now a pleasant truth—
Cannot Youth and Age like this
Live together—linked in bliss ?

Age is sacred : but the morrow,
That o'erlooks thy twilight, Earth,—
Is it one of shade and sorrow,
That old Life should lose its mirth,
Like a hermit, counting years
On a rosary of tears ?
No : upon its pilgrimage,
Sunny Youth or autumned Age,
Still should lead our life along,
Whispering aye this self-same song—
“ Nature is a joyous thing ! ”
This, if Age should fail to sing,
Youth, with warm and happy veins,
Carols such enchanting strains,
Age might aye delighted live
On the echoes that they give !

WANDERINGS OF THE ISRAELITES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

THERE is perhaps no country, save that of the "promise," more hallowed by tradition, or more deeply changed by long neglect, than Egypt. Surely there is no other for which nature has done so little, and the industry and energies of man have achieved so much. Time, the destroyer, has not been idle; but the curse of heaven seems also to have fallen witheringly on all its pleasant places. The prediction that the feller should come up against her noble palm-groves, the pride of the land, has been fulfilled. The little strip of cultivable domain—never more extensive than now, in width a few miles only, from the river to the foot of the rocky hills on either side—was once filled with excess of vegetation, from one cause only—excess of moisture and irrigation. The eye seeks for vales, and forests, and sloping pasture-grounds, in vain :

were it not for the burning sky, and the orientalism of the whole scene, the traveller might fancy himself in the flat and patient Holland, amidst dykes, sluices, and an endless passing of waters.

The tract where the Israelites are supposed to have built some of the treasure-cities of Pharaoh, is on the Lybian side of the Nile, between the pyramids of Gizeh and Saccara ; now a dreary and interminable plain. The present ruins, slender and shadowy as they are, of the ancient Memphis, are believed by some to be the remains of one of these cities. The Pharaohs of old seem to have gloried in vanquishing nature. If the now existing remains of temple and town look so sad and striking—on the verge of naked wastes, and at times amidst an ocean of sand—what must have been the appearance of these places even in their greatness?—magnificence amidst a frightful sterility—the tower of the Chaldean, the bowers of the Seraglio, where the desert thirsted for its prey ! Yet here did luxury, voluptuousness, and even science, choose their home.

At the time we passed the night on this spot, no travellers, save a wandering group of Bedouins, were in sight. Their fire was kindled, their tents were pitched ; and they knelt down in the sand, in the open air, before the tent door, and prayed to God and the prophet amidst the dim remnants of former time where every false and absurd deity had once had hi

temple, and where the Israelite also poured out his sorrows before the Lord. Land of miracles, of triumphs, and of divine vengeance! pity that no localities, even the slightest, of nature exist, to point to a single scene of old! In Palestine, hills, vales, caverns, and mountains, of every form and character, identify each eternal deed; but in the single vast and weary plain that constitutes Egypt nothing can be either traced or imagined. The only hand that has conveyed to the mind an idea of this vastness is that of Martin, in whose picture of the Plague of the Tempest the gigantic temples, and majestic Nile, and the far and unvaried shores, are vividly given.

The Bedouins, after having finished their prayers, and supped round the fire, entered their tents to seek repose. The faint sound of their voices, heard amidst the stillness from afar, was hushed; it was but the halt of a night, and the ensuing break of day would see them on the march. Far as the eye wandered, there was not a single elevation, save that of the pyramids, whose summits, loftier to the fancy than in the glare of day, now rose into the midnight sky; no tree, or dwelling, or shrub, was visible.

The toil of the Israelites must have been the more cruel and severe, from the contrast of the soil and scene with the land of Goshen, which they were compelled to leave to be the slaves of the task-master. Goshen, a rich and fertile territory of flocks,

herds, and pastures, could not have been situated near the capital of Pharaoh, or near the seats of his power. It was evidently at a distance, even on the borders of Egypt. The patriarch Jacob sent one of his sons to direct Joseph to meet him there, and the latter made ready his chariot for the journey; on his return from the interview he said to Pharaoh, "My father, and my brethren, and all that they have, are in the land of Goshen." In their subsequent trials and sufferings in the wilderness, their appeal to the comforts and flesh-pots of Egypt could not allude to the residence on the arid shores of the Nile, and the burning heat and toil, but to the pastoral and plentiful life in Goshen. In what part of the country could this domain have been situated?—somewhat apart even from the rest of the people, for "every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians." It lay, most probably, at the very entrance into Egypt from Canaan, on the verge of the desert, as the family of Israel halted in Goshen ere he advanced to the court of the king. It was evidently the will of heaven to prove the Israelites amidst the long delays and privations of the deserts of Sinai, as well as to exhibit its care and mercy, in the succession of miracles of so many years; otherwise, how far more easy and rapid would have been the passage to the land of Canaan by the route pursued by the patriarch and his sons, and afterwards by Joseph and the courtiers of Pharaoh. In

this direction, there were few terrors by the way; "the fearful land of drought, and not inhabited," was little formidable or prolonged. Did no tradition exist of the passage formerly chosen—part of which was along the sea-shore? When Israel was buried "in his own burial-place in Hebron, all his people went up also, even beyond the Jordan, with chariots and horsemen," and penetrated into the heart of Canaan, by a sure and easy progress; while his posterity wandered forty years without ever attaining this object, at the same time that a straight and continued advance of a few weeks would have ended their suspense. While at Mount Sinai, we enquired of the superior of the convent how many days would suffice to arrive at Jerusalem; he replied, that it could be easily travelled on camels in twelve days. Such was the just and mysterious will of God, to prove and to punish his chosen people as by an ordeal of fire; for what could be more exquisitely bitter and agonizing than the conviction that the beautiful land of all their hope and desire was, during the term of a whole life, within a few days' journey, and yet never, never must they behold it, or enter it? The direct distance from Mount Sinai to the Red Sea is about four days' journey; so that, allowing for a slow and lingering progress, on account of the women and children, the pilgrimage might have been accomplished in two months. But the strength and wisdom of the host

were taken away, and every obstacle and peril exaggerated a thousand-fold by their own troubled fancies.

Their first progress of three days, to the Waters of Marah, may give an idea of the speed with which so great a multitude advanced; the caravan distance is fifteen hours, a very long day's journey. The complaint of the "bitter waters" was the more natural from a people so long accustomed to the sweet water of the Nile; even to this day, when the Egyptians quit the shores of their beloved river, and are compelled to drink of the wells of Arabia, they never fail to regret the excellent water they have left behind. The Valley of Hirondel, beneath the shelter of whose stunted palms we were glad to rest some hours, was most probably the scene of the second encampment of the Israelites, on the white and arid shores of the Red Sea; a sad and dreary resting-place, save that springs and trees were there. The wilderness that intervenes between the sea and Sinai is a succession of withered and mountainous country, deep valleys, with acacia, tamarisk, and date trees, small sandy plains, and calcareous rocks and sandstone. The whole progress is a gentle and almost imperceptible ascent. Here and there are noble mountains; and the spectacle and the hour are most animating when the red light first breaks on their summits, and the delicious breeze of early morn comes over the desert. Often do the Arabs, when there

is no shelter of trees in the day's journey, regulate their progress so as to arrive at noon where there is some high and impending precipice, that they may rest and slumber awhile beneath; thus beautifully fulfilling the encomium of Scripture on "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

No doubt the Israelites, in their painful progress, often availed themselves of the same welcome refuge. On entering the long and narrow valleys of the chain of Sinai, the mountains begin to be composed of granite and porphyry. In many of these places the Arabs are employed, during part of the year, in collecting brushwood, which they burn into charcoal, and carry to Egypt to sell. Whole caravans are sometimes met, with no other burden save this charcoal, of which vast quantities are made. Is it not more than probable that the people of Israel procured fuel in the same way, for the many sacrifices, as well as to dress their few meals? It was impossible to obtain wood for so great a host, on account of the scarcity of trees. A few of the vales are covered with pasturage, where numerous flocks might graze for a time. Four or five days' journey east from the Sacred Mountain is the Gulf of Akaba, in whose region the people encamped and wandered a long time. Here lay Ezion-geber, and some other scenes of the pilgrimage. The shores also of the Gulf of Akaba, which is a branch of the Red Sea, are more fruitful

and sheltered than those of the latter, with water as well as pasturage, woods of date trees, little fertile vales opening on the sea here abounds in fish. No allusion has been made to an article of sustenance of which, there is no doubt, the Israelites availed themselves—of the date tree. Groves of this tree, a species of palm, were numerous in some parts of their journey and offered a grateful nourishment; even to the date is like the manna to the people of Israel.

Near the termination of the gulf stands the Castle of Akaba, in the midst of a plain covered with pasturage. Encompassed by palm trees and massive walls, it looks like the residence of a feudal chieftain. A small garrison is kept there, the caravan gladly halts beneath the walls to drink of the water of the wells. The gates are open to the weary people and their beasts of burden into the courts. The Castle of Akaba—in the bosom of hallowed and memorable scenes, a shadow of trees and a rich plain, the sea in the distance, mountains on each side—is a noble retreat for an inquiring and enterprising pilgrim, who will need to complain of hardship in the castle, but every day he might vary his excursions, all full of the deepest interest. The little garrison consists of Turks from Cairo, whose civility, and even their hospitality, a recompense can easily propitiate.

It ought not to be imagined that the sojourn or the wanderings of the Israelites were always in the "great and terrible wilderness" spoken of by the prophet; there were intervals of comparative ease, of a more kind and fertile region of grass and pasture land, of plentiful springs, and even groves: else how could the cattle and flocks necessary for the sacrifices be sustained? The whole region of Paran and Horeb, for very many days' circuit, is in truth a sublime yet fearful domain—the very seat of desolation. During the greater part of the year, a cloudless sky and ever-brilliant sun, with all the exquisite splendours of an eastern morn and eve, give a kind of beauty even to this barrenness. But, during the short rainy season, the torrents suddenly pour down the mountain-channels with such violence that the slender date-wood, and even the rocks, are sometimes swept away; and when the tempest wakes, and the thunder-peal is echoed amidst the awful solitudes, one is almost tempted to imagine that the terrors of the Almighty are once more to be let loose on the scene. Yet, at long intervals, there are a few vales, in the very bosom of the dark precipices, of a singular beauty; such is that of Erbayn, which is filled with olive, and palm, and cyprus, and orange trees, that shed a rich perfume around. It is difficult to conceive any thing more delicious to the fancy, more instructive to the heart, than to rest in the shadow of these groves, and

to pass hour after hour in gazing on the black and terrific mountains on every side, hallowed by so many sublime and everlasting events. Here marched the host of Israel, and the awful pillar of fire rose at night before them; here they encamped, and stood in their tent doors, a countless multitude, and worshipped the true and living God. The peal of the silver trumpet was echoed at morn and eve from rock and cave. Surely, in a desolate and all-impressive region such as this, the heart and the imagination are raised more earnestly and easily to heaven; it is almost a spiritual land, where earth and its allurements are apt to be forgotten. No living sight or sound—a loneliness so deep, and yet “one that speaketh!” The beautiful trees of the grove of Erbayn seemed to blossom and bear fruit in vain; no hand plucked it—save that of the rare and chance wanderer, who alone sat beneath their shadow, and blessed its coolness. Roses in full blossom are often found here; so that the fable of the choice flowers and trees found on the shores of the Dead Sea, whose treacherous beauty disappears at the touch, belongs rather to this charmed valley; whose luxuries are, however, tangible and enduring.

On some of the declivities on the opposite vicinity of the Sacred Mountain the ruins of low towers are very visible—in one part so numerous as to give the appearance of a line of battlements. These, as

well as the inscriptions on many hills and rocks, are probably results of the labour of the earlier Christians, pilgrims, or anchorites. Of the latter, a considerable number anciently resided in this region; this, the remains, half entire, of two or three monasteries, sufficiently prove.

During our stay in the convent, the nephew of the superior paid us great attention. He was a young man of accomplished mind and gentlemanly manners, and had resided here about two years. His religion had little of the bigotry of his more ignorant companions. He loved to wander about the neighbouring mountains and vales; and had dwelt for some days in one of the ruined monasteries. Much of his time was occupied in study; for in the library were some valuable works. His cell was more luxurious than the abodes of the other monks; there was a carpet, a little silver lamp, some excellent wine, and fruits; yet it was a dreary residence for an intelligent man. As to society, it was limited to the ignorant inmates; the face or form of woman never entered the "window," for gate or door there was none. The arrival of some chance pilgrims or travellers alone broke the sad sameness of the scene. If the latter were intelligent men, with what joy the superior and his nephew would converse with them, and inquire the news of the world, and listen to their opinions and details! The coming of the Mahometan pilgrims was another

but less welcome event. There was a little mosque within the strong walls that surround the convent, regarded with peculiar reverence by the followers of the prophet, who came over the wilderness to worship here. It was strange to hear the deep and low sounds of their worship at the same time that the praises of God rose at early morn from the Christian church. These devotees are of various ages and ranks ; old as well as wealthy men sometimes come here and pass a few days. On more than one occasion they have given up the ghost here. The dying Turk gazed on the precipices and summit of Sinai, with the full belief, as told in his Koran, in the glory it once displayed ; yet he sternly rejected every offer of the cross—every mention of the ineffable love it purchased. His companions bore him to the grave, and mourned over him in the manner of the East, beating their breasts, and uttering a loud and deep wail.

The recluses of the monastery sometimes leave their strong walls and sure defences, when the wild and odoriferous herbs are in bloom, and seek them far up the mountains, believing them to be of excellent efficacy in certain diseases. They are preserved with care, and sent to Cairo, where they are greatly prized.

The present route from Jerusalem to Sinai is in many points the same as that followed by the ancient

people. A band of Armenians or Greeks come, though rarely, across the deserts to the convent; it is rather a perilous enterprise, and exposed to the attacks of the Bedouins. The route towards Palestine leads on over a succession of plains of sand or hard gravel, bounded by mountainous ranges, and intersected by valleys, of partial verdure. The Great Valley, supposed to be the ancient Kadesh Barnea, is entered in a few days after leaving the monastery. Encampments of the Arabs are met with at long intervals; their good will it is necessary to secure: the pilgrims pay them a tribute. One small town only is found in the midst of this wilderness, whose people are supported chiefly by selling provisions to the caravans, many of which pass by here on their way to Mecca. There are gardens and vineyards around this lonely town, and several kinds of fruit, which are dearly purchased by the weary passengers. On every side beyond is a wild and rocky region, without the least cultivation. Two days' journey hence Mount Hor is seen to rise conspicuous above the numerous summits around. In the valley at its foot are the ruins of dwellings of early Christians, drawn, probably, as well as the Mahometans, by devotion to the vicinity. An ancient, and now ruinous, road leads up the face of the rock; scattered tombs are on each side—for it was an object of ambition to the people that their remains might rest near to so

hallowed a spot. Sepulchres also are numerous, hewn out of the rock, as in the Valley of Hinnom; the ashes they once contained are now scattered to the winds.

The ascent to the summit of Mount Hor is fatiguing. Half way up is a plain, over which are scattered many heaps of stones, like cromlas; and grottos are hewn out of the sides of the rocks. No trees or verdure of any kind gladdens the eye—it is a sad and withered scene; nor is there a single delicious well of water to quench the burning thirst. It is also dangerous ground; the foot of the Arab, whose hand may here be said to be against every man from whom plunder may be gained, continually hovers around. The little dark groups of tents may be seen pitched, at long intervals, over the waste beneath. Less than another hour of weary ascent, and the summit is gained, where stands the tomb of Aaron, venerated and adored by all the Mahometans, who here offer sacrifices, and pass hours in prayer.

Tradition can hardly have erred respecting the identity of the mountain, that it is the Hor where Aaron died and was buried; but as to the tomb, it is of Arabian origin. The veneration for the spot must have existed for very many ages, from the number of scattered ruins of ancient homes and graves.

After passing the region of Hor, the desert plains become more extensive, and better adapted for the

encampment of a vast multitude ; a few towns, at long intervals, are in the way ; the climate grows cooler, the night-wind being often keen and piercing. After wandering so many days in these weary scenes, the joy may be conceived when, on gaining the summit of a mountain, the Dead Sea is seen stretched out beneath—still, bright, and breezeless ; no ripple on its breast, no murmur on its shore ; about six miles wide, and of a length far beyond what the eye can follow. Beautiful the deadly sheet of water looks, and the wanderer turns again and again from the white and sandy ocean that has so long been his rest, and follows each creek, and gulf, and hoary precipice of the fatal scene. A few hours hence is the Bedouin village of Safye, where, it is supposed, once stood Zoar, to which Lot entreated to be allowed to fly. There is every reason to believe that the flight from “the cities of the plain” must have been to the high mountains south of the sea ; the valley of the Jordan, and the wilderness of Ziph, in the other directions, being either fertile tracts or inhabited by shepherds, where a refuge and a home might easily be found. The air all around this celebrated sea is dreadfully oppressive ; even the Arab almost faints beneath it. The plain on the west side of the lake is covered with sand, and no dweller comes there ; but on the east there are some spots of fertility, and even groups of trees. Here the Bedouin peasant

comes and builds his hut of rushes, and cultivates a few scanty fields. It is not a little strange that no allusion is made, in the writings of Moses, to this noble and fearful sea—the monument of the just judgments of God, over whose shores the Israelites must have stood and gazed in admiration on emerging from their desert homes of forty years. The rapid rushing of the Jordan during the rainy season, and the strange and ghastly stillness of the waters into whose bosom the sacred river pours, is one of the finest contrasts conceivable; no outlet, no increase, no diminution—for ever the same. Such will the Dead Sea ever be, the indelible witness of the terrors of the Lord, that changed “the glorious plain, the garden of beauty,” into the valley of the shadow of death.

The finest point of view of the Dead Sea is from the wilderness of St. Saba, whose precipices form its western boundary, and amidst whose arid vales, ravines, and caves, David concealed himself for a time from the pursuit of Saul. Oh, when shall my feet wander there again! The loveliest and softest scenes could never have given such enthusiasm—such indelible feeling! It was in the stillness and deep beauty of a moonlight night that we passed on our way over this wilderness; the light was like that of day, so pure and brilliant. Yet even this beauty was terrible—so ineffaceably riven on every mount,

and vale, and precipice, was the curse of God—the withering passage of his vengeance. More than once, weary with the walk, we sat down on a bank, silently, for the heart was too full for many words : there was no sound in the air ; the sea was now near at hand—a rapid advance of a few minutes more and we should be by its side ; but its silence was unbroken as that of the grave. The lofty towers and strong walls of the monastery of St. Saba had long since faded from view ; even the Bedouin spoiler had sought his tent or his cave, and his shrill cry no longer came from afar. This was the hour, above all others, in which to wander around the memorable scene whose ancient judgments were at last succeeded by infinite mercies : for here were composed some of the finest songs of the Psalmist ; and prophet, as well as apostle, were acquainted with its solitudes.

A BROTHER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BROTHER, alas! our life
Was one unending strife!
And there thou liest now,
Death's seal upon thy brow,
Stretched on thy pallet-bed,
Cold straw beneath thy head!
I shall lie down to sleep
In soft state pillowed deep;
In fine and silvery lawn,
With damask curtains drawn!
Yet thou art gone to rest,
Like Lazarus in Abraham's breast;
And I, another Dives, shall awake
Within the ever-burning lake.
Wretch that I am!—through life have been!—
Now comes the first reward of sin,—
Remorse, that with relentless ire
Gnaweth my soul like fire;

And, pointing to this death-bed state,
Crieth, "Repentance comes too late!"

My soul is tortured thus to see,
Brother, thy latest misery!—
These panes, of poverty the proof;
Those naked rafters in the roof;
That fireless grate, this broken floor;
And here thy miserable store—
The last drop in the pitcher drained;
The bread from charity obtained,
Dry, tasteless morsel, at thy side!—
And thus my brother died!

Well, life and all its wants are o'er;
His heart will ache no more!
And no more in the street
Will he my chariot meet,
And say, indignant at my pride,
To the poor beggar at his side:—
"Yon rich man is my brother,
The first-born of my mother.
Our father died; and he
Possessed our property.
A tyrant was he from a boy,
Dominion was his life's sole joy;
And with an iron sway he broke
At first my spirit to his yoke.

Oh, happy were the three
That died in infancy !
They felt not what my life has borne—
Capricious enmity and scorn.
I was a trampled slave for years,
I craved mine own with bitter tears ;
And, after long and cold neglect,
'Twas offered me—for what ?—my self-respect !
Oh, happy were the three
That died in infancy !
For they knew not the bitter feud—
The life-long strife that thence ensued ;
And saw not, as I daily see,
His pride insult my poverty !”

Thus wilt thou say no more—no more !
The hatred and the pride are o'er ;
And I would give my luxury
As low as thou to lie,
Could that the lost regain,
Or from my soul remove the guilty stain !

Oh ! what a dread amount,
'Fore me, to judgment went on his account !
And he, this day, hath stood before the throne,
To testify of evil I have done :
And judgment is gone forth—therefore in dread
Stand I accused and trembling with the dead !

Ay, I would give my golden luxury,
Brother, to be like thee !—
To meet without despair
The old man with the silver hair,—
To say, “ Thy words I did obey,
And kept through life the narrow way !”—
To fly, with garments undefiled,
To that pure mother, her redeemed child,—
To say, “ Thy prayers were heard ;
And, at the eleventh hour, I was restored ;”—
And then to hear her say triumphantly,
“ Thank God ! the sons he gave are all with me !”

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

"Oh, thou, who sitt'st, a smiling bride,
By valour's armed and awful side!"

COLLINS.

ONE of the sweetest creatures I ever saw was a soldier's wife: indeed, whenever I hear the expression, "a soldier's wife," my imagination raises before me a very lovely vision. Some persons may tell me that the only idea they have of a soldier's wife is a bold, bad wanton, who can drink and swear like a trooper. I do not speak of such wives; for such are a disgrace to their sex and to their husbands. Nor would I say much of those officers' ladies who avail themselves of all the licence open to them, who go to the very verge of propriety—in short, as far as a woman can go without positively ruining her character. I do not speak of the bold, the forward, the unfeminine. A soldier's wife, such as she ought to be, is no rare character. She is usually gentle, modest, and feminine among women; just as her husband, if true to

his profession and calling, is brave, bold, enterprising, and unboastful among men. How lovely an object is the woman, who, in the midst of the liberty necessarily attaching to her situation as a soldier's wife, creates around her a circle within which purity, and delicacy, and simplest modesty are always found; beyond which she has no wish to venture! There are few men who do not respect a really modest woman; and it is not the licence of opportunities, but the licence given in spite of opportunities by a woman herself, that makes a faithless or foolish wife.

"Let her fear loose looks to scatter,
And loose men will fear to flatter."

What makes a soldier's wife so peculiarly interesting is, that she is constantly placed in situations where her feelings are deeply and affectingly tried, and where she sees it is her duty to rise superior to those feelings. She is called upon to suffer many a sad surprise of sorrow: to part at a short notice from the being dearest to her on earth—to fear that their parting may be for ever on this side the grave—to weep over his departure—to think of him, in her unprotected loneliness, as probably exposed to hunger and fatigue, to dangers by sea and by land—perhaps to find his name, in the battle-return of the newspaper, among the dangerously wounded, among the prisoners, among the dead. Are not these trials for

the soft heart of a gentle loving woman? A not the common every-day trials of the soldier in time of war? But does she not feel it and a sacred duty which she would not, ay not fail to perform—not to unman her husband by yielding to the force of anguish thus so very heavily upon her heart?—to which instead of fears, at parting—and, if her tears restrained, to smile through them?—not to resign, but cheerful—nay, the inspirer of heroism? How finely Byron touches on the hour of the soldier's hour of parting! What for noble line, in the midst of his florid description of the beauty and chivalry of Brussels, all assembled in the city for the purpose of the most glorious and gladsome revelry!—when soft eyes looked on the eyes which spake again:—

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising wind,
and how soon after we hear of

“—— hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise

Reader! if you have made it a practice to read
poetry, as if you found it in your way—if

done so now, turn back to read those lines, fancy them a plain prose description, and read them for their truth ; their natural but exquisite feeling will steal into your heart.

Many a soldier's gentle wife has proved herself a true heroine, and even fit to take her husband's place on a sudden emergency. The noble Constance de Barri was an instance of such heroism. Her husband, who was governor of a town in Languedoc, during the wars of the League, was treacherously taken prisoner ; the party of the enemy that besieged the town, pretending they sought an interview with him, having seized his person. He contrived, however, to write a few words to his wife, desiring her to defend the town to the last extremity. Without a moment's delay, she obeyed him, and went forth to take his place on the ramparts. Seeing how brave and how resolved she was, and that the garrison still held out under her spirited command, the besiegers thought to subdue her by threatening to put her husband to death unless the gates were thrown open to them. Constance was rich, and she offered to give up all she possessed to ransom her beloved husband ; but she knew that he would never submit to buy his life at the price of his fidelity and honour. She therefore refused their terms : they would not agree to her's. They then put the husband to the torture, that they might force him, if possible, to command his wife to open the gates to

them. He was enabled to endure their cruelty without submitting to them ; and, being at last obliged to give up the siege, they savagely strangled the brave officer in prison. In the midst of her grief, the proposition was made to the incensed widow that she should avenge her husband's death by destroying some gentlemen who were prisoners in the garrison ; but Constance was a Christian heroine ; she not only forbade their execution, but, wretched and disconsolate as she was, she exerted herself to save their lives and protect them.—Henry the Fourth rewarded this pious and heroic woman by giving to her the government of the town she had so bravely defended, and she held it for twenty-seven years.

In more than one instance a soldier's wife has been among the loveliest creations of the masters of song. The Andromache and Penelope of Homer, the Imogen and Desdemona of Shakspeare, were soldiers' wives ; nay, what was it that won the gentle Desdemona, whom her father so exquisitely describes ?—

“ A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself ; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on !”

What was it that won her ? What, in fact, but that “ what she feared to look on ” was a soldier, that he told of “ battles, sieges, fortunes, that he had passed ”—

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe."

Spenser's fair and holy Una, that "lovely ladie," pure and innocent, was a soldier's bride, and by her husband's absence "left to mourne."

What a fine subject for a picture would be the last parting of the heroic and even stoical Porcia (who was also a soldier's wife) from her husband Brutus ! I mean at that moment when, having accompanied him to the sea-shore without betraying any emotion, she burst into tears on seeing a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. Far too dreadful a situation for a picture was that of the wife of Captain Lietirn, the Prussian officer, when she received her husband's last letter. Frederic II., intending to make in the night an important movement in his camp, which was in sight of the enemy, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the time was past, he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a light in the tent of Captain Lietirn, which he entered just as the officer was folding up a letter. Lietirn knew him, and instantly fell on his knees to entreat his mercy. The king asked to whom he had

been writing ; he said it was a letter to his wife, which he had retained the candle these few minutes beyond the time in order to finish. The king coolly ordered him to rise, and write one line more, which he should dictate. The line was to inform his wife, without any explanation, that, by such an hour the next day, he should be a dead man. The letter was then sealed and dispatched as it had been intended ; and the next day the captain was executed.

A touching description is given of a soldier's wife in an account I remember to have read of the battle of Waterloo. A young Irish officer had married a very young and very lovely Flemish lady. They were residing in cantonments at Rivelles, when he was suddenly and unexpectedly called off to the field of battle. All he could leave with his wife was his servant, one horse, and an ass to carry her baggage. Very soon after his departure, her husband sent her word that a retreat was ordered, and begged her to set off to Brussels with as little delay as possible. The servant, who was a foreigner, deserted his mistress like a villain, and went off with the horse. She did not hesitate to obey her husband's commands ; but, forlorn and unprotected as she was, she set off alone with quiet resolution on her journey of five-and-twenty miles : she set off on foot, leading the ass laden with

her baggage. She passed along through the retreating British army, exposed at times to great danger from the firing of the artillery. When she reached the great road to Brussels, the army were falling into line for the terrible conflict. She had walked on through the dreadful storm which raged on that evening—the evening before the battle—the rain pouring in torrents, and the lightning hurling its forked and deadly fires round her defenceless head. She had come up to the spot where perhaps all that would be soon left of her husband would be a cold and disfigured corpse, and he was then perhaps within a few hundred yards of the young and unprotected wife ; but she did not attempt to seek him among that immense army of 80,000 men ; nay, she did not wish to unman or distress him by her presence. Quietly and slowly she kept on her toilsome way during the whole of the Saturday night. The road from Waterloo, till within a few miles of Brussels, is through the forest of Soignèe, and hemmed in on both sides by the tall trees. Here the young wife met with many difficulties ; the whole road was crowded by waggons and horses, and carriages of various sorts, by wounded soldiers, and by the terrified inhabitants of the country ; and still the storm continued with unabated fury. Patiently, and with quiet perseverance, the gentle lady went on, still leading the ass, but now barefoot, and almost wearied out with fatigue and dismay. At length she entered Brussels



on the Sunday morning. She had been mercifully protected by Him who is ever at the side of the destitute and the friendless. She was in safety and unhurt, and even the poor ass and the baggage had arrived uninjured. Her husband, too, was spared to thank God for his wife's safety and his own.

At the night of the splendid illuminations in London after the battle of ———, there sat one in an inner chamber of her house in Upper G——r street, whose heart was well nigh broken by that very victory. The Lady Isabel R—— wished not to intrude her griefs upon the public eye, nor to dim the blaze of that rejoicing night by what might seem a sullen want of sympathy with the public joy: besides, her sorrow was too great, too real, too deep in her heart, to turn one thought upon what merely passed before the eye.

Her servants led her to the quiet chamber which they had prepared for her, where not a gleam of the resplendent light, nor a sound of the glad popular voice, could reach her: but she scarcely noticed or knew of their attention. They might have placed her in the midst of the full glare of the illuminations; she would not have shuddered, or closed her eyes, or asked a question why the world rejoiced. She would have sat, just as she did, bowed beneath the weight of woe which had fallen upon her, calm with hopelessness.

like one who had done with the world, and every thing on this side the grave.—Her husband had fallen in that dreadful battle, and she was yet almost a bride. But a few weeks before, he had left her, in the pride and vigour of manhood; the tone of his last joyful words was still sounding in her ears, when they told her she was a widow, that he was quite, quite gone, never to return.

The very next evening the same fair and delicate lady was standing on the deck of a small vessel that went dancing over the waves of the broad sea, all her canvass spread to the fresh and favourable wind. The same lady did I say? The very same as to mere personal identity, but oh, how different a being!

She is alone in her feelings now, as she was then; for who could share them with her? But smiles have come back into her beautiful face, except when her trembling hand wipes away tears, the tears of the heart's speechless gratitude, from her cheek, now bright with the eloquent blood.

It was false news they brought; her husband was not dead. He was dangerously wounded, but he might recover—at least he might die in her arms. The decision was formed, and executed at the same time. The Lady Isabel set off within a few hours for Spain. Objections had been made, advice seriously given, all to no purpose: duty and love, strong as death, called her to her husband's side.

The soldier's wife is not only exposed to these great trials of the heart, which must be met by a spirit of high and noble endurance, but she is beset by a thousand little trials to the temper which are almost as difficult to be borne; because human nature is accustomed to view them as trifles, and yet, when they come, to bear with them most ungraciously—to despise them in theory, but to feel them poignantly in practice. . . . She is seldom permitted to enjoy with her husband the sweet privacy of domestic habits and a settled home.—She must be always ready to pack up every thing, and remove with her children and her servants from one lodging to another. She is always at the mercy of strangers, always amidst a new neighbourhood, never free from interruptions.

I delight in a print that I have seen, after a painting by Metz, or Terburgh, or some Flemish or Dutch painter of that school. A fine martial-looking fellow is delivering his orders to a herald or trumpeter, who has come, perhaps with important tidings, and been ushered up in haste to the very chamber of the officer. The officer himself looks as if he had not been an hour in his lady's presence; his martial trappings still cumber him, his heavy boots, and long large spurs, and clanking sword. He has not yet had time even to draw off his stiff and high-topped gloves. His

wife is seated at his feet, the very image of delicate, modest womanhood, her soft cheek resting on as soft a palm, the arm of that same hand resting on her husband's knee. The perfect contrast of her face in contour and expression to his—of her manner, her attitude, and her dress to his, give a peculiar charm to the picture. The flurry of their first meeting is evidently over; but she has scarcely had time to speak to her loved husband, or to ask her many questions, or even look into his dear face. She sits, however, at his feet, and leans against him, and looks perfectly happy, knowing that she is with him once again.

There is a sense, which I would not pass unnoticed, in which the spouse of every Christian man is a soldier's wife. The life of every Christian man, while he continues on earth, is a state of warfare, and he, "as a good soldier," is expected to be ever armed from head to foot. As the head of every man and the captain of his salvation is Christ, so the husband is the head of the wife; and "as the church," or whole body of Christians, "is subject unto Christ, so must the wife be to her husband in every thing."—In this character of a spiritual soldier must every Christian wife regard her husband, and she must act as the spiritual wife of such a soldier. Neither by look, nor

word, nor action of hers, must she unfit him for the active service of his glorious calling.

Nay, like the Lady Una, in the legend of the Red-cross Knight, she must be very ready and diligent to arm him for the enterprise before him. * “ In the end the ladye told him that unless the armour which she brought would serve him (that is the armour of a Christian man, specified by St. Paul in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians), that he could not succeed.”

* Spenser's Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, introductory to “The Faery Queene.”

THE PORTRAIT.

Written on seeing a Portrait of a Lady, painted by Sir Thomas
Lawrence.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

A PORTRAIT is a mournful thing,
A shadow of a joy,—
An echo of some silenced string,—
A feather from love's sunny wing,
Snatched as it wanders by.
Oh! echoes are as sad as sighs,
Though gladness give them birth ;
And even beauty's shadow lies
Like darkness on the earth.
(Still, by the fading light is thrown
The broadest shadow round,
And echo, with her sweetest tone,
Proclaims the death of sound.)
And feathers from the bright-plumed things
That round our life-paths play,
Are tokens of the very wings
That bore the birds away!

A portrait !—is it not a tale,
 Told ever of the past ?—
 A flower all scentless, sad, and pale,
 But culled in some once-happy vale
 That storms have made a waste !—
 A vision, when most fair and bright,
 As mournful as the moon,
 That has no beauty till the night,
 And owes her very charm of light
 To splendours dimmed or gone !—
 A mystic glass to show the mind
 Some lost familiar face,
 Some pilgrim who has stayed behind,
 Or strayed and left no trace ;
 Who, like Barzillai,* shed love's ray
 Upon our path "a little way,"
 Then took again the gleam he gave,
 And, o'er the Jordan of the grave,
 "Returned unto his place !"—
 An unsealed charm, a half-wrought spell,
 Till life or light depart ;
 And then it rings a passing-bell

* "And Barzillai said unto the king— * * * *

"Thy servant will go a *little way* over Jordan with the king. *

"Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father, and of my mother. ~ * * * *

"And when the king was come over, the king kissed Barzillai, and blessed him ; and he *returned unto his own place.*"—2 Samuel, ch. xix.

For ever in the heart ;
Whose knelling—like the wizard's call
That shook the prophet's bed—
Brings up—as rose the sage to Saul—
But “covered with a mantle”*—all
The distant and the dead !

A picture !—'tis a mournful thing
While those it paints are near ;
For all the clouds and smiles that spring,
In mingled light and shadowing,
The hope, the doubt, the fear ;
The thousand, thousand thoughts that play,
Like birds that come, and pass away,
Upon a restless wing ;
The crowding, fleeting fancies given,
That, like the winking stars of heaven,
Flash, fade, and re-appear ;
The looks that round the heart-strings creep,
Until they almost make us weep,
They are so wildly dear !
It has a single chain alone,—
Of all, it can but treasure *one* !—
But one, to tell of all the rest,
And picture to the pining breast
The myriads that are gone.

* “And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is *covered with a mantle*.”—1 *Samuel*, ch. xxviii.

Oh! all as soon may mortal write
Life's legend on the sky,
Or stay each wandering breeze's flight,
That floats in fragrance by,—
As soon arrest each glancing gleam
That sports on yon blue river,
And chain it to the murmuring stream,
To glisten there for ever,—
As bind, within the spell of art,
The varied thoughts that haunt the heart,
That climb the lips, the brow, the eyes,
To take their beauty by surprise,
And, as they rest, or mix, or move,
Make up the thing we love !

A picture is a mournful thing,
While those it paints are nigh ;
A torch—that shows time's gloomy wing
In darkness sailing by ;
A lamp—by whose unchanging ray
We watch the working of decay,
And see, beneath its steady light,
How fast comes down the night ;
An index—by whose aid we count
The charms that, one by one,
Have withered, till the dark amount
Proclaims that all is done ;
A sun—beneath whose beams we trace

The dial of the living face,
And mark how fast time's finger steals
O'er all that tell-tale ray reveals,
And watch the hours of deepening gloom,
Whose midnight is the tomb.
A mournful, yet a precious thing,
Through all those days of sorrowing,
That keeps the early vision bright,
In all its young unclouded light ;
And, as the tints that made it dear
Grow pale, and perish, year by year,
Still for the memory loves to save
Each grace that finds a grave,—
That, treasured in the soul of truth,
The undimmed form we knew in youth,
That form, renewed, may meet our eyes,
No stranger, in the skies.

A precious thing it is, though sad,
When those it paints are gone ;
As manna made the murmurers glad,
When other food was none.
A covenant 'twixt those who stay
And those who must depart ;
An envoy from the far-away,
To keep them in the heart ;
A form—with incense in its hands,
Like that from Aaron's censer shed,

To stay the plague of grief—that stands
Betwixt the living and the dead !
Oh ! precious but for what has been,
And most for what is not ;
Beloved for many a treasured scene,
And many a scene forgot !
Oh ! dear for feelings that remain,
And feelings that are o'er ;
For what it gives, and what again
It never can restore !
A relic rescued from the spoils
Of desolating years,
That wakens tears as sweet as smiles,
And smiles as sad as tears !
At once a prophet and a priest,
The muse of joy and gloom,
That sings of graves, but shows, at least,
An angel by the tomb !

When that is dim which should be bright,
And that which should be eve is night,—
And Time has taken Ruin's part,
And Silence sits upon the heart,—
And chilled by age, or worn with care,
Along the earth we go,
To seek the peace that, every-where,
Lies but a foot below,—
How sweet to pause before some shrine,

Whose image is a form like thine,
Oh, lady of a gentle strain,
Thus pictured—not in vain !
To catch the hope that brightly lies,
Hid in the darkness of thine eyes,
And dream the days are come again
When angels walked with men !
To think, if earth have guests so fair,
How bright, perchance, the spirits are !
If smiles like thine, and things like thee,
To this parched scene be given,
How beautiful must beauty be
Amid the dews of heaven !
Thy pictured sweetness, like some key
That “opes the gates of memory,”
Calls many a pleasant vision out,
And gentle forms that glide about,
As beautiful as once in youth,
Though darkened by a mournful truth,
And clad in smiles, however sad,
That make the spirit glad ;—
Or wakens harps within the breast,
That almost sing it into rest,
And raise its softened thoughts, through thee,
From what has been to what shall be.

And HE—the wizard who has shrined
Thine image by his spells,

That almost seem to snatch thy mind
From Time and Time's farewells,
And even for thy mortal eye
Have wrought out immortality ;—
He who hath charmed each earthly charm,
Till in his work they stand,
At once a marvel, glowing warm
From Art's and Nature's hand ;
A type at once of him and thee,
A seal of double memory—
Of Genius in its day of power,
And Beauty in her haunted hour ;
A beacon to the world of art,
A talisman to touch the heart,
That leaves our wonder shifting still
Between the subject and the skill ;
Whose soul had fed on beauty's light,
And worshipped beauty's trace,
Till loveliness grew one with sight,
And every thought a grace ;
Till to his dreams the common air,
(As once the Grecian valleys were,)
With forms, and eyes, and lips like thine—
Though earthly, more than half divine—
Was peopled near and far ;
And every ringlet of the fair,
Like Berenice's shining hair,
Translated to a star !

Oh ! well and wisely did he toil,
To mock the marring grave,
Who took the half of every spoil,
And shared the gift he gave ;
Who knew that every leaf of bloom
His hand could gather from the tomb,
Was, still, another flower to breathe
Amid his own immortal wreath ;
Who—when he drew the magic rings,
In which he placed earth's brightest things
Beyond the reach and touch of time,
And, from the circles, with their slime,
Oblivion and its brood defied,—
Still placed himself by beauty's side ;
And, from those baffled spirits' yell,
Took refuge in his proper spell !

LINES ON THE BUST OF A LADY.

BY L. E. L.

[The Sculptor, H. B. Burlowe.]

A FACE of perfect beauty, such as haunts
The poet's dream, what time the shadowy limes
Have their light leaves stirred by some gentle wind ;
And their soft bloom, their small, pale yellow flowers,
Grow golden in the sunshine of the noon.
Then shapes are flitting round, which only wear
The likeness of our earth, but scarce its look ;
So spiritual the light which gives a soul
To each fair face, and to each starry eye.
This face is such a one : the open brow
(The parted hair obscures it not) is proud,
As if unconscious of life's meaner things ;
And on the lip is scorn—but generous scorn—
Which blends with sweetness ; and the loveliest smile,
So soft, so gracious, and so feminine,
Is on the dimpled cheek. Methinks the sculptor's skill
Has caught, most happily, the fine ideal
Both of the heart and mind.







THE FIVE QUESTIONS

How long did it
take to get to
the city?
What was the
weather like?
How many
people were
there?

And how many
more questions
did you have?

For the first time
in the history of
the world
the five questions
were asked.

And

1

THE EVENING STAR.

BY L. E. L.

How beautiful the twilight sky,
Whose starry worlds now spread,
Amid the purple depths of eve,
Their glory o'er my head !

And there is one—a radiant one—
Amid the rest shines he,
As if just risen from his sleep,
Within the mighty sea.

The clouds fall off in glittering flakes
Before his shining brow ;
So moves a ship that flings the waves
In bright foam from its prow.

I marvel not in former days,
Ere purer light was given,
That men fell down and worshipped thee,
A spirit-king in heaven.

But now that knowledge great and high
Is kindled in man's soul,
We know thee but the glorious part
Of a more glorious whole.

Oh, mysteries of night ! that fill
The mind with awe and love !
How visibly the power of God
Is manifest above !

Oh ! might and majesty that reign
Upon the midnight sky !—
Creed of my hope ! I feel thy truth
Whene'er I gaze on high.



THE PERSECUTOR.

A TALE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

It was night, in the most dreary part of that district of Scotland which religious persecution had rendered the scene of many a foul and many a heroic deed ; and night, in all the horrors of a winter storm.

The road wound at the foot of a range of high, rude rocks ; and, always rough from being covered with stones and shingle, was now rendered slippery by the rain that fell in torrents. The lightning alone broke the heavy darkness that otherwise prevailed ; and, darting along the rocky crags and battlements, or diving, as it were, into their chasms and abysses, or again spreading such a vivid glance over the heavens as for a moment to resemble a fiery sunset—gave, when combined with the rolling, often-echoed thunder, a character of infernal grandeur to the whole scene. The wind, even more than either the lightning or thunder, seemed to triumph as the spirit of the storm,

and superstition might have imagined every cry of horror in its blast, from the howl of the prisoned fiend to the shriek of the drowning mariner. It was one of those nights that seem an anticipation of the time when the elements shall dissolve, and when, the sea and its waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear, heaven and earth shall pass away with a great noise, to be looked for and found no more. It is well known that when the Covenanters were under the displeasure of the English government, or rather, when all who had no religion had license to persecute all who had any, the proscribed sufferers were accustomed to choose the most tempestuous nights for assembling, in remote and almost inaccessible places, "for spiritual exercises." The storm was to them a friend; for it often shrouded their meetings from discovery, and enabled them (which man would not do) to worship God in peace. To an assembly of this nature, three individuals were, on the night in question, making their way with extreme difficulty, although each was provided with a strong staff, and an iron lantern. Two of the party evidently depended on the guidance of the third—a stalwart, stately man, who, wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, preceded them like one perfectly secure in his knowledge of the way, and occupied with far other thoughts than concerned the storm.

"An awful night this!" said one of the two, whom

we may as well characterize at once as serving-men to the Lord Kildinning, whose castle stood at the head of the glen.

"I never was out in its fellow!" rejoined his companion.

"Yes, yes, Davie," said the leader of the party, turning suddenly round; "ye were out in its fellow, when ye showed Strahan's dragoons the way to Willie's Crag, and would have tied the pastor under your horse's belly, but that even a red-coat—may *his* soul find mercy!—cried shame upon ye!"

"I was not in that fray, shepherd!" said the other serving-man.

"No, Jock!" replied the individual addressed; "Ye say right, man; ye were too busy following the baron to Air's Moss; there was better and bloodier work there than at Willie's Crag. Was it Thomas Weir's head or hands that were cut off by thee, Jock, after he was shot?"

"I only did my lord's bidding," replied the fellow, sulkily; "and if he were over his sickness and his fit of fear, where may thy head and hands be, master shepherd, now it is known the Lady Isabel walked so often to thy hut, and listened to thy old tales to such bonny purpose? Ha!—ha!—ye may well pray for the baron's sound conversion, or for his death, better like."

"Whist, Jock!" exclaimed his fellow-servant;

“ don't talk so freely about death on such a night as this ! Mercy, mercy ! but it's worth something to be as stedfast as that carle before us ; why, he minds the storm no more than the rocks do !—save us, if he is not leading us to a precipice ! I saw it by that last flash of lightning. Jock, Jock, I say, stand still ; and let him go to his people by himself. They'll kill us when we're once fairly among them—they won't believe his errand. Jock, my man, strike up a prayer, or a song, or something to keep the spirit in one. Hist, hark !—that's a voice from the world above or below us ; I don't know which.”

The more timorous and the more hardy companion of his journey were now alike commanded by the shepherd to remain where they were, and abide his return.

The sound which had climaxed Davie's fears was produced by no supernatural agency. It was a sound that the shepherd knew well, which he had often assisted to raise, and which now assured him that he was near his journey's end. It was a hymn of praise uplifted by his brethren in the faith, now congregated in a cave hard by ; and its melody floated forth on the wings of the wind, “ smoothing the raven down of darkness.” His practised ear even discerned the words sung, and he took up the strain with a bold triumphant voice, as he proceeded to join the assembled band. Their place of rendezvous was admirably adapted as

a place of concealment—and, under existing circumstances, even of comfort. It was a natural cave, the entrance to which was not level with the ground, but placed about ten or fifteen feet above it ; on the outside, the ascent was easy to mountaineers ; and, in the inside, the descent was managed by means of a ladder, concealed when not in immediate use. This cave, accidentally discovered by one of the persecuted, had sometimes been occupied as a secure retreat, and, at others, as a place of religious assembly. The aperture in the side of the rock seemed, to the glance of a casual observer, no more than a long accidental fissure ; but, to prevent surprise, a watcher was in general stationed on a high point of the rock outside, as he could thence command the road for a considerable distance. On the present occasion, however, relying on the inclemency of the weather, no watcher was at his post, and the shepherd climbed to the opening, and shouted lustily to his brethren below, before they were aware that any one approached them. As soon as they recognised his voice to be that of a friend bound on urgent business, they interrupted their worship, and, placing the ladder, permitted him to descend.

The scene in the interior was too familiar to the shepherd to excite more than ordinary interest in a mind fully occupied with its errand, and with the devotional feeling that formed its habit ; but a stranger,

surveying the scene more imaginatively, and forgetting the lapse of time, might have supposed himself in the midst of a band of primitive Christians, gathered round their presbyter in one of the grottos of Upper Egypt.

The company consisted of from twenty to thirty persons, of both sexes, varying in years, from extreme youth to advanced age. All seemed nearly of equal rank; none, except the minister, independent of the labour of their hands; homely, hardy individuals, who, seen at the plough, or in the ingle nook, might have excited no remark, but who now appeared endued with mind and power, consequent on familiarity with those grave and lofty subjects—religion and danger. Something of human pride there might be in their conceiving themselves followers of those who had of old been “persecuted, afflicted, tormented;” but it was only a shade upon feelings, the substance of which was holy. Had the poet of our own day stood in the midst of them, and beheld the gravity that had tamed down the play of youthful features, and the resolution, almost settling into sternness, stamped upon the aged ones, he might have said—

“It is not quiet—is not ease,
But something deeper far than these;
The separation that is here,
Is of the grave—and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead.”

And such expression harmonised well with the place and circumstances; with their oratory hewn in the

dark and rugged rock, and with the midnight storm howling around it with wild but ineffectual fury, fit emblem of the wrath of man when directed against religious truth. The shepherd had disturbed the assembly as the members were kneeling down to their concluding prayer, and there was just that degree of confusion induced by his entrance which rendered the grouping more picturesque. Some remained on their knees, some advanced to meet the new comer; whilst the women, with an instinct divided between timidity and affection, gathered round the pastor, who stood calmly waiting an explanation of the whole. A projecting ledge of rock, from its convenience as a reading-desk, had naturally suggested his choice of station. By some rude workmanship, two huge flambeaux had been appended thereto, and cast a fitful glare both on his own figure and the Bible that lay open before him. He was not an old, but he was a worn man; one who, it was evident, had been "in perils often, in watchings and in fastings often, in labours more abundant;" a fair specimen of that calumniated band, of whom, with all their alloy, "the world was not worthy." His countenance expressed what we remark in most of the divines who lived in the troubled days of strife and controversy; a habit of mind subtle, searching, acute, watchful, uncompromising. Ascetic in his habits, bold in his bearing, considering men's souls that were to be saved, and the

truth that was to save them, as the only realities—living, too, at a period when a profession of religion did in very deed oftentimes subject a man to the “loss of all things,” it might be that the meek and lowly graces of the gospel were not always evidenced in his manner. But he was a noble and a valiant spirit; terrible to the profane, hateful to the worldly, but to the sheep of his fold a patient and wise shepherd, binding up the torn, healing the sick, and carrying the weak in his bosom.

The messenger advanced towards him with a reverent manner, that sat with peculiar grace on one so habitually independent, and declared his errand. Surprise, amounting to astonishment, flushed the cheek of the auditor. The remainder of the assembly heard likewise—kept silence for a moment—when, their feelings as men overpowering their principles as Christians, the cavern rang with a shout of triumph.

“In the fulness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits—a fire not blown shall consume him!” exclaimed Robin Hawickshaw.

“His eyes shall see his destruction, and he shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty!” responded Stephen Wishart.

Their pastor interposed with a loud stern voice—“If thy brother sin against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day shall turn to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt *forgive* him.”

"I can hardly reckon Kildinning a brother yet, though !" said the shepherd, drily.

"Ah, God forgive us all !" exclaimed old Mabel Scott ; "this is a cutting off the skirt of Saul's robe !"

"And a saying vengeance is mine," observed her daughter.

"Ye are right," said the manly Hawickshaw, a farmer who had suffered much worldly damage for conscience' sake ; "but I thought of my burnt barns, and helpless little ones, when I spoke !"

"And I of boot and screw," said Stephen of the Glen, who had really been thus tortured ; "the Lord send the baron a better ending than I wished him when I spoke !"

"Amen !" responded the minister, fervently ; "and now, before I do the bidding, which I may not gain-say, let us pray for his soul now about to pass into eternity with a conscience crying out against blood-guiltiness." All knelt down, and joined with truth and simplicity in a brief and solemn supplication, pronounced by their minister on behalf of their late persecutor.

We must now transport the reader to a scene of a very different nature, passing at the same moment in the castle of Kildinning, situate about two miles from the Covenanters' cave. From casual hints, in the course of this narrative, the reader will have gathered that the baron of the above name had been a bitter

enemy to the Covenanters and their creed. There can be little doubt that many, who lent themselves to the disgraceful measures pursued by the government of that period, did so from a mistaken sense of duty, and were, in other respects, men of honour and humanity. But Kildinning, apart from official command, had his heart engaged in the cruel work. As an imperious man, fraught with the feudal notions that limited the exercise of mind to the possessors of power, the bold, questioning, independent spirit of the plebeian Covenanters was singularly offensive. In addition to this, he was hurried on by that hatred to the professors of all true religion, which is the sure result of a licentious life; and if there need yet another motive to account for his conduct, it must be found in his anxiety to render himself acceptable to the authorities of the time being. There came an hour, however, wherein these motives lost their value, and when all his cruel deeds against a persecuted sect stood revealed in their dark proportions. The hour of death, which, as Abubeker well said, "makes the liar speak truth, the infidel begin to believe, and the wicked begin to doubt," came suddenly on the baron, and filled him with vague consternation. A general conviction of unfitness for passing to his final audit, a remembered life that looked but grimly in connexion with anticipated eternity, together with a profound ignorance of the way whereby even the guiltiest may

be saved, made the proud man as stubble before the devouring flame, as the bulrush bowing beneath the wind. In a paroxysm of horror and dismay, or it may be in real sorrow for the past, he muttered a wish that one of the ejected ministers were at hand, to give his parting spirit the benefit of those exercises at which he had so long scoffed. It was an ignorant homage to the power of truth ; and, as there is no human limit to the power of that Spirit which worketh repentance, it might be tinctured with a holier influence. The wish, whatever its source, was addressed to one better able and more willing to give it furtherance than the speaker was aware when he uttered it. The Lady Isabel, his only and motherless daughter, had been much neglected during the excitements and occupations which had marked the bold and active career of the baron. Required only to be docile and silent, ready to appear when called for, and depart when not wanted—which formed in her father's mind the sum total of feminine excellence—Isabel had been left to occupy her time, and fashion her mind, pretty much as she would. A tender heart, a taste for nature, and the lack of modern accomplishments, which have at least the merit of supplying in-door excitement, first induced her to take frequent walks amongst the neighbouring peasantry. By degrees she became interested in their concerns, and gratified by their homage ; whilst, on their part, the simple, unostentatious

manners, even more than the rank of their visitant, gradually awoke attachment towards her, deeper and purer because existing in connexion with indignant feelings towards her father. Of the points in dispute between the government and the Covenanters she heard much, and understood little; but she witnessed the sufferings induced by them, and could well comprehend that cruelty in any cause was a crime.

Many of those she noticed, particularly the shepherd, with whom the reader is already acquainted, were what was then termed "mountain-folk;" but of this fact Isabel chose to be ignorant. Their conversations with her were imbued with religious opinion, and their tales were all of persecution and triumphant suffering; and, though scrupulously removed to past times, referring to heathen persecutors and apostolic martyrs, they were yet tales of suffering for "conscience' sake," told and heard without comment, but not without effect. When, therefore, the baron expressed to Isabel a vague desire to see one of the Covenant ministers, her local knowledge and popularity enabled her to procure the execution of the wish; and, at her bidding, the shepherd readily engaged to summon a pastor to the castle. It was for this purpose that he had disturbed the meeting in the cavern, as already narrated.

Time, however, that to the happy seems doubly

winged, to the suffering appears to move with dull, slow steps; and many were the sighs of Isabel, and many the groans of her father, before the return of the messenger. The scene disclosed by the room, in which the unhappy man lay waiting his summons from the flesh, was an appalling comment on the world's vanity. The carved bedstead, and canopy of Florentine fabrication—the rich arras hanging on the walls—the intervening windows, stained and storied with splendid blazonry—the flagons, ewers, goblets, and candelabrum, of massy and enchased silver—even the ceiling painted over with armorial bearings—all to the eye of sense was grand and gorgeous: but, to the mind's eye, the occupant presented a fearful contrast. The brodered coverlet, and couch of eider down, could not win him a moment's sleep; nor could the foreign empiric, with his arrogant claims to be one “whom God had specially endued with the knowledge of all herbs, roots, and waters, and the ministering of them in all customable diseases;” a pretension backed by a mysterious deportment, and an array of drugs declared, with truth, to be “unknown to the faculty,” — alas! not even he could persuade the dying man into a belief of his amendment! Writhing alike under bodily and mental anguish, he lay there, terrified and a terror—now struggling to call up a desperate spirit of defiance, and now realizing the fearful delineation of the prophet, “Thou shalt be brought

down, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit: thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." One object alone relieved the horror of the scene, and that was Isabel, the gentle, weeping girl, who hung over the conscience-stricken baron, like a star trembling amongst dark clouds, or like a seraph sent to soothe, but able only to grieve and pity. From time to time the empiric, or, as he styled himself, Ferrand of Corduba, took his turn in endeavouring to mitigate the sufferings of his patient;—it was now by a word of ghostly counsel, and now by the offer of some "notable and glorious medicine," some "quintessent elixir," or "most precious and delectable balsam," which only required supreme faith on the part of the recipient to revive the age of miracles. With these professional notices, he threw in, as he saw occasion, quotations from Nicolas de Lyra, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, and other ancient authors of his own creed, adding a verse from the Bible, when he perceived his other remedies, moral and medicinal, fail in gaining credence. Isabel in vain endeavoured to check the wearying babble of the Spanish luminary of physic; the baron, who became every hour more conscious of his approaching end, and consequently less disposed to be trifled with, was on the point of ending the discussion in a summary manner, when steady, measured footsteps were heard in the gallery adjoining.

The hand was still uplifted which had been raised to dash down the doctor's offered goblet, containing a "nectareous drink," and an imperious "begone, fool!" was half pronounced, when the door opened, and the minister entered the room. Silence and embarrassment prevailed for a few moments. The sage of Corduba shrunk back to recover his self-possession amongst his simples—the baron folded his arms, and looked fixedly on the stranger, whilst the expression of his late anger became strangely blent with shame. The stranger, on the other hand, regarded him with a keen and scrutinizing, if not suspicious glance. Isabel was the first to speak. She offered her hand to the pastor, and said, in an agitated whisper, "Comfort my father."

"That is the work of God, maiden," replied he in a solemn manner. Isabel shrunk away.

"Your name?" inquired the baron; as if aroused by the minister's voice to sudden and painful recollection.

"Walter Hamilton," was the reply.

"And you were the placed minister at Langside?"

"I was, till imprisoned by your lordship."

"By order of council—by order of council. I was but an obedient agent—the axe, not the hand."

"Hand and axe both, my lord. Was there an order for putting kindled matches between the fingers of a wife who refused to betray her husband?"

"M'Kenzie and the Duke did the like. Are the sins of all to be visited on me? And who saved Marion Weir from the question—your beautiful enthusiast, Marion Weir, of the Holmes?"

Hamilton cast on the speaker a searching, it might almost have been called a blasting look, as he replied, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!"

"Man! man!" exclaimed the baron, tossing his hitherto folded arms with a wild gesture of affright, "she was liberated!"

"True, my lord, she was liberated, because God took her; you could not harm the dead."

The conscience-stricken man groaned in spirit, and even the stiff curtains of his bed shook with his trembling. Isabel, to whom the foregoing dialogue had been nearly unintelligible, again addressed Hamilton in the touching language of entreaty: "Oh, sir, comfort my father!—tell him he need not fear dying—make his mind easy—pray comfort my father!" The minister's eyes filled with tears, as the gentle creature thus evidenced both her worldly and spiritual ignorance.

"My child," said he, "this is no scene for you; I had forgotten your presence."

Isabel renewed her entreaties with tears. "My poor lamb, who can comfort wounded spirits but God?—and who but he can give repentance unto life? He can give it, though in the hour of death; but leave

this room, Lady Isabel, for your own sake—for your father's. Here, sir," said he, with something like an air of command, to the Spanish doctor, "lead this lady to her attendants."

"And then," interrupted the professor, "I will instantly return; his lordship will doubtless require some restorative mixture. See you not how pale and languid he is grown all at once?"

"Return not at all," said the minister, waving his hand with far less the air of a proscribed religionist, than of a king dismissing an attendant. But, truly, Walter Hamilton was a worthy disciple of him "who never feared the face of man." Lady Isabel, under the influence of entreaty, the doctor under that of command, left the room as desired, and the minister returned to the bed-side of the baron, who was indeed rapidly sinking.

"Walter Hamilton," said he, in a low, interrupted voice, "I have injured you, and you have had your triumph. Now speak as a Christian. I know I am dying fast—I know I have lived a bold, bad life;—but what! my father lived one before me, and *he* suffered no remorse on his death-bed, and *I* am willing to make atonement. Yes; I, the Lord of Kildinning, am ready to ask pardon of the poor I have wronged—to weigh my power and rank as nothing, and desire the prayer of a Covenanter. Power! rank! miserable comforters! what avail thee now! Oh, for one unblemished

deed, to hold up as a shield between me and heaven's justice !" In this strain he continued for some minutes, alternately accusing and palliating his conduct.

"Kildinning," said the minister, when he ceased, "my soul grieves for you ; if I spoke at first in seeming harshness, it was only to arouse your conscience to its work. There must be smiting before healing—but, God forbid !—thy Judge and mine, Kildinning, forbid—that I should stand here to triumph over and tread down a fellow sinner !—there is yet hope, my lord !" So saying, he took the dying man by the hand, and preached unto him the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

But the numbing influence of death made rapid inroads on the listener. He urged his faculties to the task of attention, but they failed more and more ; there was the will, but not the power, to comprehend ; spiritual anxiety struggled with spiritual ignorance ; his soul gasped to receive the words of hope pronouncing in his ear, just as the burning sand drinks in the falling shower ; but his mind was on the wane, and he complained that shapes and sounds of former days flitted before his sight ; and that a spectre stood beside him, mingling the words of the gospel with scoffs and curses.

Hamilton felt the moments freighted with eternity, and sunk on his knees—the agony of supplication was in his prayer. An occasional groan was all that

betrayed the consciousness of him for whom it was uttered ; and, at last, even that ceased. The suppliant sprang to his feet, and looked earnestly on the baron—his breathing was interrupted—there was a haze gathering over his eyes—the death-damp on his brow. Hamilton stooped his mouth to the ear of the departing, and said in a loud voice, “ Jesus Christ can save you now, my lord ; say, do you trust in him ? ”

There was a moving of the lips in reply, but no sound issued from them.

Hamilton repeated his words more emphatically, “ Jesus Christ can save you *now*, my lord ; raise your hand in token of belief.”

The hand stirred, but whether in dissent or acquiescence was dubious.

Hamilton repeated his words yet a third time, but no gesture followed—life’s last spark was extinct—the dying man was dead !

THE GENTLE STUDENT.*

BEND, gentle student, o'er the page,
Although thine be a joyous age—
An age, when hope lifts up its eyes,
And sees but summer in the skies ;
And youth leads on its sunny hours,
Like painted ones, whose links are flowers.
Yet bend thy sweet and earnest look
Above that old and holy book.

For there will come another time,
When hope will need a faith sublime,
To lead it on the thorny path
That weary mortal ever bath.
When vain delights have left behind
A fevered and exhausted mind,
And life, with few and wasted years,
Treads mournfully its vale of tears.

* Vide the Frontispiece.

Bend o'er the leaf thy graceful brow,
For every word thou readest now
Will sink within thine inmost heart,
Like good seed, never to depart :
A glorious and a great reward,
A sacred and eternal guard,
A sun amid our earthly gloom,
That sets to rise beyond the tomb !

L. E. L.

NOTICES OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY THE LATE EDWARD WALSH, M.D., PHYSICIAN TO
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

THE disappearance and extinction of an entire and peculiar race of people cannot fail to be a subject of curiosity and interest. It is true, the history of the human race has made us abundantly acquainted with its vicissitudes and fate; but there are no people of the old world, whose ancient state and condition have passed away, that have not left some traces of feature, colour, manners, or language, that may be observed or studied in the inhabitants of those countries at this day. Some nations have not changed at all:—the Tartars, Arabs, and Hindoos are the identical race that existed two thousand years ago. The Jews have lost their country, but not their character and identity;

they are as unsocial and as numerous as they were in the reign of King David ; and even the old Egyptian may be discovered in the semblance and name of the modern peasantry—the Copt—that is, Gypt. The character and features of the modern inhabitants of Italy and Greece bear, indeed, but a faint resemblance to their ancestors—the Greeks and Romans, having been almost effaced by barbarian commixtures ; but they flourish in sempiternal vigour in the relics of ancient arts, in their immortal works, and in their imperishable languages.

The discordant opinions and conflicting hypotheses concerning the origin of the American aborigines have filled volumes, and might fill more. Arius Montanus makes out that Joctan, the son of Heber, was the progenitor of the red people, and places Ophir in Mexico. His opinion had many supporters. Ovieda, one of the first discoverers, asserts that King Hesperus colonized the country—that St. James and St. Paul preached the gospel there, and that, consequently—as the ancient name of Spain was Hesperia—the pope and the King of Spain had an undoubted and just claim to the whole western hemisphere. Others argue that, from the Mexicans sacrificing their children to Moloch, the natives must be descended from the Canaanites who fled from before Joshua. The beautiful description of Plato, of the island of Atalantis, deserves a more detailed notice than can

be given in this brief memoir. In fine, there are no ancient nations that have not found writers in support of their pretensions to be the progenitors of this singular people; and, of the moderns, the Norwegians, Chinese, and Tartars, have found advocates no less decisive. Among these, the discoveries of Prince Madoc and his Welshmen, which make the subject of the early epic of Dr. Southey, seem as plausible as the best.

There are, however, two opinions which, in a manner, supersede all the others, and which are maintained with great pertinacity by modern authors. The first is, that the western continent was peopled by the ten tribes that were led away captive by Shelmanezer. The other, that it was colonized by Tartar migrations from the opposite continent. This supposition is strenuously supported by Dr. Robertson, in his history, and by Raynal, and others. Yet it is strange that they should follow De Pauw, Buffon, and Lord Kaimes, in maintaining that the aborigines of America are a beardless, imbecile, torpid race, which were never predicated of Tartars or Jews. George Margrave travelled in America in 1654; he says he was an eye-witness to the natives extirpating the hairs from their faces and bodies by means of a bivalve shell. "*Et enim,*" he adds, "*non tantum e mento et genis, sed et pudendæ partibus omnes pilos evellunt tam mares quam fœminæ.*" Dr. Robertson and the

rest write from hearsay: it is a pity they did not consult better authorities.

With the Jews, there is no doubt that the American Indians had many remarkable rites and ceremonies in common; but one rite, and that a principal and essential one, was unknown to them, namely, circumcision: further, no vestige of Hebrew can fairly be traced in any of their numerous dialects. They could not have lost a written alphabet if they ever possessed one. Their Jewish descent, therefore, I think, must be abandoned. The objections to the Tartar origin are no less strong. Here the field is open,—for the comparison may be made at this day. In complexion, face, person, dress, manners, customs, and language, the two nations totally differ. In colour, the Tartar has the tinge of rancid tallow; that of the American approaches to light copper. In person, the Tartar is broad and squat, the American tall and slim. The features of the least mixed tribes of American Indians are high and prominent, with, in general, aquiline noses; the Tartar face is broad, flat, and short, with a low forehead, and turn-up nose. In dress, the Tartar wears trowsers, which are only assumed by the Indian from extreme necessity in their degraded state. The Asiatic cherishes his beard, which in some hordes, as the Cossack, is very abundant. The American extirpates his. So much for face and person, of which no contrast can be greater, except

in the Negro. Attempts have been made to trace a resemblance in the respective languages, but unsuccessfully. Sounds may be found, in merely oral tongues, like to Greek, Latin, English, or French words; and Swift has, long ago, held up such etymologies to supreme ridicule, in his "All Eggs under the Grate," "Pail up and Ease us," "Andrew Mackay," and "A Pot I Carry," &c. Their habits and manners are still more removed. The Tartars are, and have been from the remotest times, pastoral Nomades; the American aborigines are hunters, yet possessing permanent locations. The first subsist chiefly on milk, which the others never used, or could endure. The felt tents of the Tartars are occupied by the most hideous idols, which they worship; the American adores the Great Spirit, without an image, and, except on certain festivals, in the open air. They agree only in one thing—both nations have jugglers; and what nation is without them? We are not to infer that, because some predatory tribes of Indians plundered the Spaniards of New Mexico of their horses—which they deemed *feræ naturæ*, like deer—that they derived their chivalry from the Tartars. The acquisition of that noble animal is, comparatively, of recent date, for the horse is not indigenous to America. Montezuma was carried in his palanquin on men's shoulders; and well might he be terrified at seeing the double monsters of the Spanish cavalry,

cased in steel, and vomiting fire and smoke. The total want of some animals, and the difference in others, are strong proofs that no connexion formerly existed between the two hemispheres. The nobler domesticated animals—the horse, ass, camel, elephant, as well as the ox, sheep, and goat—were unknown in America, until some of them were naturalized there by colonists. The physical organization of the western Indians is no less strongly marked. They are not a mixed breed, but the self-same race, unchanged by the variety of climates, from the Polar Sea to Cape Horn. The Eskeemo people, indeed, are very distinct. Nature has placed them in the Arctic regions round the Pole, and they cannot exist elsewhere; but they are the same race in manners and language, whether in Europe, Asia, or America. The copper-mine and dog-ribbed Indians touch on the Eskeemos, with whom they are in a state of constant hostility; but they differ from them exactly as a Swede differs from a Laplander. In fine, we may readily suppose that, at some distant period, certain hordes of Tartars emigrated to Americaa cross Bhering's Straits, either on the ice or in canoes; but we cannot suppose that they would leave their horses or cattle, on which their existence depended, behind them. If they could not convey them across, they surely would not go without them. Nor can we suppose that emigrants from any people would have

omitted to have brought samples, for sowing, of wheat, barley, or rye, to an uninhabited wilderness, where no such nutritive grain was naturally produced. In spite of the progress in civilization made about the period of the Hegira, by the new-founded empires of Mexico and Peru; notwithstanding the astonishing structure of pyramids and sculptured stones in the Egyptian taste found there, Baron de Humboldt (and who could be a better judge?) confesses, with seeming reluctance, that the first peopling of America remained a problem still to be solved.

After all, we are not to conclude that the depopulation of America is *solely* owing to the introduction of European diseases, ardent spirits, or European quarrels. It is mainly to be attributed to the gradual and imperceptible absorption of the native Indian into the white colonies. M. Penere, a French emigrant, who resided four years in Louisiania, among the Indians, recommends strongly intermarriages to improve the breed of the whites. The second generation, he says, would be wholly fair and beautiful. He adds, that the Indians in general are better shaped, and more robust, than the whites. In the Metifs, or mixed breed, there are no Mullattos—they pass at once into whites. Yet is there a nameless something in the look that betrays Indian descent. Many families in Virginia, descended from the children of King Pochontas by the female side, have this cast of coun-

tenance, among whom was the illustrious Washington, whose visage, and temperament also, partook of the Indian character.

Sir William Johnson was an Irishman, of large personal proportions, and great energy of mind. Just prior to the American revolution he settled on the Mohawk river, and he so ingratiated himself with the remains of the six nations, the Irrekees, that they elected him their chief. During the war he distinguished himself, with his Indians, as a loyal partisan; and, when all that fine country was given up to the United States by the peace of 1783, Sir William conducted and planted his Indians in lands assigned them in Upper Canada. These made a great sacrifice in quitting their fertile grounds for a wilderness, and espousing, like Cato, the conquered cause of their good father, King George. Sir William Johnson had early married an English lady, by whom he had the present Sir John Johnson, Bart., superintendent of Indian affairs. Several of his natural descendants are prosperously settled in the Canadas, and are not to be distinguished from European settlers. Sir William's character and achievements are well and truly drawn in "*Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea.*"

Joseph Brandt, the celebrated Mohawk warrior, was an elev   of Sir William Johnson. He was so named from a Dutch foster-father, who took care of

the little savage while a child. When grown up he became the head of a band of intrepid Mohawks, and the terror of the long knives,—so they call the Americans; and when at length he was disarmed by the peace, he again took up the hatchet against the Indians who had joined the hostile side. The late Marquis of Hastings, Earl Moira, admired the address and courage of Brandt, and became his patron. His lordship more than once brought him over to England, and introduced him to the beau monde. On one occasion he took our Indian to a grand masked ball, painted, plumed, armed, and dressed out, at all points, in the real costume of an Indian warrior. He far eclipsed the motley groups, and became the lion of the rooms. We are told that a stately Turk, accompanied by two houris, wished to ascertain if the sachem really wore a mask, one half the face being painted black, and the other red. He, therefore, cautiously touched the top of the nose, with the intent of just raising the mask. Of all people, an American Indian cannot tolerate any personal freedom. Brandt took fire at once, and in good earnest; he supposed they wanted to make a butt of him for their buffooneries. He assumed a most frightful aspect, flourished his tomahawk, and gave the war-whoop with such a terrific yell, that the entire assemblage were seized with a panic, and thrown into great confusion. Turks, Jews, and gypsies; bear-leaders,

and their bears; Falstaffs, friars, and fortune-tellers; sultanas, nuns, and columbines, scudded away, huddling and tumbling over each other, to leave a clear stage for the Mohawk. Never was there such a scene since the Knight of La Mancha rescued the fugitive lovers, sword in hand, in the puppet-show of Giles Passiamento. Brandt obtained a captain's commission and pay from her late majesty. He always wore the gorget with the royal arms, under which hung a large medal of his patron, Lord Moira. But he was by no means a favourable specimen of the Indian character; his passions were ungovernable; and, being employed on Indian affairs, he gave in to official peculations, for which he was called to account by his own tribe. An Indian congress assembled on the grand river, where Brandt had a house and lands. There was a great display of eloquence, Brandt himself being a good orator; but public opinion set strong against him, upon which he wrote me to Fort George the following letter.

SIR,—My acquaintance with you has not been long, but, as I found you friendly whenever I had cause to go to Fort George, I have thought of troubling you with these lines.

I have been told that my public character has been talked about very rudely at the late Indian council held at Niagara, when I was not present myself, and could not speak in my own defence. I have been



told that the officers of Fort George were there. I should be much satisfied if both sides of the question should be known; and I now do send, with this letter, all the proceedings and speeches of the Mohawks, and other tribes, which held a grand council in this place; please to keep them safe for me.

This letter was accompanied with copies of the debate, and with those of Brandt's speeches; though curious, they are too voluminous to be given in this account. Brandt's final career was miserable. He was married to a good and amiable woman, half bred, by whom he had two sons; with these he had constant disputes. In one of his riotous drinking-parties he had a violent quarrel with his eldest son, who was so exasperated that he attacked his father; they struggled, and rolled on the floor together, with their dirks drawn; and, before they could be parted, the father, in his own defence, inflicted a mortal wound on the young man. Brandt did not long survive this fatal event, but hastened his own death by intoxication.

We are not to judge of the qualities and characters of these people, in their pristine state, by their reduced abject condition at present. The numerous Hispano-Mexican peasantry have only passed from the despotism and superstitions of Montezuma to those of the Spaniard. In Canada, many straggling parties are occasionally employed in the fur-trade

navigation on the lakes ; others, of the Messuagues and Mukmaks, wander about exactly like our gypsies, picking up a precarious subsistence ; all these are exclusive of Mestifs or half-breeds, or those demi-civilized into a kind of Christianity, who have villages and agriculture. But there are yet a few modern American Indians to be met with in the more remote parts of the northern continent that bear a stamp of their original character. Of these, Captain Franklin, in his very interesting narrative of his journey to the Polar Sea, gives favourable sketches ; but even these are melting, like their own snows, fast away, in all the vast regions round Hudson's Bay, and westward to the rocky mountains. Those primitive tribes, the Krees, the stone, the copper-mine, and the dog-ribbed Indians, could not muster one thousand individuals, men, women, and children.

The dreadful torments which the various tribes were accustomed to inflict on their war prisoners are no longer heard of, and this favourable change must be wholly attributed to the spread of Christianity ; which, though there are tribes still unconverted, has yet so diffused its divine spirit and influence among the red people, that those cruelties are, I believe, every where disused. I am, therefore, induced to transcribe the account of a scene of this nature, by an eye-witness and a Frenchman, which, though having taken place long since, may, probably, be the

last that will be recorded.* The Irrekees, or six nations, supported by the English, were at war with the Indian allies of the French at Michillimakinak. A famous Irrekee warrior was taken prisoner in a skirmish, and doomed to the stake. The execution took place in front of the fort, and, by order of the commander, the Outiaks, an allied tribe, were invited "to drink the broth of their enemies." A strong post was fixed firmly in the earth, fires were prepared, and ramrods and old gun-barrels were heated. The Irrekee chief, naked and painted black, was marched into the middle of the circle, singing his death-song. He was fastened to the post strongly, by his hands and feet, yet with liberty to move about. Then commenced the operations. A French trader seized a ramrod, being made red-hot at one end, and an Outiak chief another; they drew the irons across the feet, and slowly up the insides of the legs and thighs, the victim singing his death-song all the time without flinching; they then suddenly applied the bottom of a metal pan, heated red-hot, to his thighs, rubbing it on his hips and loins. He now shouted out loud, that fire was powerful; upon which the whole assemblage gave a shout of triumph: "You a warrior chief, indeed!" they cried, "you shrink from the fire like a child—you are no man!" An Outiak then

* *Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale* par M. de la Potherie, tom. ii.

made a long slash down his side, and stuffed the wound with gunpowder, to which he set fire. The prisoner, scorched and parched to a cinder, cried out for water, which was given him, not for his relief, but to enable him to suffer still worse. An Indian with a scalping-knife now stepped forward and tore off the scalp, which hung down his neck, whilst another clapped a platter of red-hot gravel on the denuded cranium. The tortured wretch now lost all his fortitude, and abandoned himself to despair, attempting to beat out his brains against the post. His tormentors all the time were shouting with joy, and insulting him with the most cutting railleries. He was thus tortured without the least relaxation for more than two hours! At length, when he became feeble and faint, they unloosed him, and said, "Now be off, we give you your life!" He, bleeding and burnt at every pore and fibre, tumbled about, rising and falling like a drunken man. They drove him towards the setting sun, the road to the shades, pelting him with stones, which he had still spirit enough to return on his pursuers. At length he was crushed to death under a heap of stones, and every one cut off a small slice of flesh to be broiled, and thus to finish the horrible feast.

THE FALLING OF THE LEAF.

BY THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, LL. D.

OH, mortal man! the falling leaf,
In solemn silence, speaks to thee :—
“ Thy stay on earth, like our's, is brief,
And man is but a fading tree.

Thy spring of youth is quickly past ;
Thy manhood's summer sheds its bloom ;
Then age, like autumn's chilling blast,
Brings on the winter of the tomb.”

But spring returns, and trees again
Put on their foliage, fresh and green ;
But nought of man shall e'er remain
To mark the place where he hath been.

Yet, in a brighter, happier state,
They that believe in Jesus rise ;
A fairer spring shall them await,
And endless summer in the skies.





2. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* contents were determined by spectrophotometry using the following equations:

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THE ENGLISH MOTHER.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M.A.

An English Mother !—at that name
How many thoughts arise !
Some sacred as an altar's flame,
Aspiring to the skies ;
And some that make the spirit weep
With its own joy, profound and deep ;
Or prompt the patriot vow that starts,
The watchword of our English hearts.

And some, the earliest born of mind —
Love's syllables of thought,—
The dew of blessing that we find
In after seasons wrought
Into those golden cords that wreath
Together all the forms that breathe—
The good, the beautiful, the bright—
And earth with heaven—and love with light.

THE ENGLISH MOTHER.

But, still and tranquilly, a train
Of tender memories come—
Heralds of gladness—nor in vain
They whisper now of home.
An English Mother!—fair and bland,
In sweet composure round her stand,
Peace, hope, and beauty, fond to shed
Their mingled glories o'er her head.

Hail, happy dream!—with joy I see
The tranquil, home fireside;
And hear the voice of evening glee,
Mirth's deep, but gentle tide;
That drowns each day-born, sullen care,
But mars not true love's thoughtful air,
Nor that deep peace which ever tells
Where'er an English Mother dwells.

The seasons change, but still the same
Her sympathies and joy;
The first that to her bosom came,
Her bosom still employ:
Some gentle care, some fond design—
The golden ore of her heart's mine—
Giving to every mood of thought,
A sweetness from affection caught.

And now, in mind, I wander round
The small and quiet glade,
Whose green and flowery hedge-rows bound
A little nook of shade :
An English Mother's garden-bower !
And there she sits, from hour to hour,
Filling, with visions soft and mild,
The innocent bosom of her child.

An English Mother !—blessed name !
The brave, the good, the free,
May link their virtues and their fame—
Their hopes and vows with thee !
And base be he, and base shall prove,
Who knows an English Mother's love,
And hath not from its fountain drawn
Of truth the love—of ill the scorn !

POOR ROSALIE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

“ Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

[The following pages record a remarkable circumstance which occurred a few years ago in some part of France ; but, as I made no memorandum of it at the time, I have forgotten the *when* and the *where* ; nor can I recollect the names of the persons concerned. All I can vouch for is, that the *outline* of the story, and the leading events, are perfectly true.]

IN a small village in, as I believe, the south of France, lived an elderly lady, who was supposed to be rich, though her style of living was rather penurious. But as her charities were many, and she denied no one but herself, she was regarded with affectionate respect ; and was particularly commended when she took into her house a young girl, whom I shall call Rosalie, the daughter of humble but of very estimable parents.

Rosalie's childhood was happy ; and so might her youth have been, had she not lost one of the best of mothers when she was only twelve years old : a mother who, having had rather a superior education,

sedulously endeavoured to impart her knowledge to her daughter. Rosalie's father, for some years after the death of his wife, seemed to think his child sufficient for his happiness; but at length he married again; and, in his second choice, he gave to himself and his daughter a domestic tyrant. Poor Rosalie toiled all the day, and sometimes half the night, to please her task-mistress, who, as soon as she had a child, insisted that her husband's daughter should be its nurse, and do the chief part of the household work besides.

As child succeeded to child, Rosalie's fatigues increased every year; and if her father ventured to repay her patient industry by an affectionate caress, his wife desired him not to spoil still more, by his foolish fondness, a girl whom he had sufficiently spoiled already.

Happily, Rosalie's mother had been enabled to instil into her mind the duty of entire submission to the divine will; she, therefore, bore her hard lot with cheerful resignation.

But, however little her harsh and unkind step-mother appreciated her worth, Rosalie was beheld by the whole neighbourhood with affectionate pity and esteem, except, perhaps, by those mothers who were mortified to hear her called the prettiest as well as the best girl in the village; yet even they were forced to own she was pious and dutiful, "though certainly they

could not think her a beauty;" and every one was pleased when the old lady, before mentioned, offered to take her as a sort of companion. At first, the step-mother declared she could not afford to lose her services; but, on the kind friend's promising to pay all the expense of a servant in her place, and on her giving handsome presents to the children, the selfish woman consented to give up Rosalie, and the dear pleasure of tormenting her.

It was a great trial to Rosalie and to her father to be separated; he, however, was consoled by the belief that his ill-treated child would be happier away from home; but she had no such comfort. On the contrary, she feared that her too yielding parent would miss her ready duty and filial fondness. Still, as her health was beginning to suffer for want of sufficient rest, she felt the necessity of the removal, and was deeply thankful to her benefactress.

As the old lady had only one female servant Rosalie became her waiting-maid as well as amanensis; and the gardener, a married man, who did not live in the house, officiated sometimes as her footman. The chief part of her fortune was settled on a nephew and niece who lived at a distance; but she informed Rosalie and her friends, that she had left her in will a comfortable independence. Her motive in mentioning this bequest was, probably, the suspicion which she was known to entertain, that a young

in the village, of a higher rank than Rosalie, beheld her with admiration ; and she hoped that his parents might not object to the marriage, should a mutual attachment take place, if they knew that she had provided for her protégé.

The poor girl herself was too humble to suspect that any one admired her. She only knew that Auguste St. Beuve, who was a general favourite, spoke to her with great kindness, and that he sometimes stopped to converse with her when he met her on the road. But there is reason to believe she had overheard him pass some encomiums on her person on the memorable evening when they met at her cousin's wedding—the only festival she had ever been permitted to attend—and that she had remembered and repeated these praises at a moment, which, as it afterwards appeared, was big with her future fate.

Rosalie left those nuptial festivities at no late hour, yet long after the gardener had gone home. The other servant, who was always deaf, and who then was more than usually sleepy, let her in, and immediately went to her own bed ; while Rosalie, who slept in the old lady's apartment, undressed in the sitting-room adjoining, for fear of disturbing her. Never had the poor Rosalie looked so well, and never (for some years at least) had she felt so happy. It was the first marriage that she had ever witnessed ; the first time she had ever worn a dress that was

peculiarly pretty and becoming; and her youth, for she was only just eighteen, made her pleasure in both these things natural, and perhaps excusable. But still, her greatest delight had been derived from her father's presence. He had been with her all the day, and without his wife! And she had hung on his arm; he had told her she looked well, and danced well; and, what was far more precious, he had said she was a good girl, that he missed her every day, and that he loved her dearly!

Certain it is, that, lost in agreeable thought, she stood looking at herself in a glass far longer than she had ever done before; and, in the intoxication of her vanity, newly awakened by the praises which she had overheard, she exclaimed aloud, as she drew off her gown, "Oh, le joli bras! Oh, le joli bras!" (Oh, the pretty arm!) and she prepared for bed that night, vain and conscious of her person's beauty. But her heart soon reproached her for having given way to a mean, unworthy pride; and she said to herself, "Well, if weddings and entertainments always turn heads as these have turned mine, I hope I shall never go to another: but then," she modestly added, "perhaps I am weaker than other girls!" Finally, prayer relieved the burdened heart of the young and humble penitent, and she soon sunk into the unconscious slumbers of healthy innocence. To what overwhelming agony did she awake!

risen, spite of her fatigue, at the usual time, she was quitting the room with as light a step as she entered it, looking back to be certain that she had not disturbed the old lady, when she saw that the curtains of her bed were turned back, that the bell-rope was tied up, and, on approaching nearer, she found that something was drawn quite close round the neck of her benefactress; and that, while she slept, probably, some murderous hand had deprived her of life!

At first she stood motionless, paralyzed with horror, but restored only too soon to a sense of feeling. She rent the air with her shrieks! The gardener, who was already at work, immediately rushed into the room, followed by the other servant; and they were as distracted as she was when they found what had happened. In a short time the room was filled with many who mourned, more who wondered, and some who began to suspect and accuse. "Who had done this cruel deed? Who had a motive to do it?" The first thing was to ascertain if she was quite dead; and they proved she had been dead some hours. The next duty was to see whether she had been robbed; and it was discovered that her pockets had been turned inside out, and some old plate had been removed from a closet below. There was no trace of any footstep in the garden; but the window of the lower room was open.

Doubtless she had died by strangulation ; but was it possible that Rosalie had heard no noise, no struggles ? And she was strictly interrogated ; but her eye was wild, and her senses so disordered, she seemed incapable of understanding the questions put to her.

There were some persons present who believed that this was consummate acting ; and when, on being asked if she knew what the old lady had in her pocket, she said, " Yes ;" and taking her murdered friend's purse out of her own pocket, exclaimed, " Here, take it, take it !" It was thought that, actuated by remorse, she had desired them to remove from her what she had endangered her soul to gain.

" But where is the pocket-book, and plate ?"

" What pocket-book—what plate ?" was her agitated reply.

" Surely she who knew where to find the purse, knows where to find the rest of the stolen goods !"

" Stolen !" repeated the poor girl, uttering a piercing shriek, as the consciousness of being suspected came over her mind, " stolen !—the purse was given me to buy faggots for the poor—the poor—the poor indeed, now ! Oh ! my dear, lost, murdered benefactress !" Then throwing herself on the body, she gave way to such a burst of agony that even the most suspicious of her observers could scarcely believe she was even privy to the murder.

It was now discovered that the piece of linen which lay near the corpse, was an apron of Rosalie's ; and though it was contrary to all probability, that, if she had been guilty, she would not have removed this fancied evidence out of sight, still, agitation of mind was said to account satisfactorily for this suspicious circumstance ; and ere one half hour more had elapsed, Rosalie, stunned, bewildered, and unable to do any thing but weep, was committed to the prison of the next town on the charge of having **STRANGLED HER BENEFACTRESS !**

The gardener and the other servant had both been examined ; but he was able to prove an alibi, and there was no reason to suspect the deaf woman. It was some time before Rosalie entirely recovered the use of her reason ; and she almost lost it again when she recollected where she was, and why she was there. But Rosalie now felt the advantage of being habitually pious ; for, knowing in whom to trust, she was at length able to look her accusers in the face with calmness and resignation. To her solemn assurances that she was innocent, the reply was : " Then if you did not commit the murder, who did ? "

" I neither know nor suspect," she answered ; " and I could have no motive to commit it, for to whom was my poor friend's life of such consequence as to me ? "

" Nay, nay, you knew she had provided handsomely for you in her will."

"I had forgotten that," she exclaimed. "Oh! my best, my only friend!" and she sobbed with renewed agony.

A further trial awaited Rosalie. She expected that her step-mother would believe her guilty; but she was not prepared to hear that her father refused to see her—he who, but a few hours before, had said he loved her so tenderly: and her health sunk under this blow. But, as the surgeon said her life was in danger, he went to the prison, though reluctantly; as his wife had tormented him into believing, or admitting, that Rosalie might, possibly, be privy to the murder; still, the moment that he saw her, and that rushing into those arms which vainly endeavoured not to close on her, she exclaimed, in a tone which truth alone can give, "Father, I am innocent, quite innocent!" he pressed the poor sufferer to his bosom again and again, saying, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "I believe thee! I believe thee!" from that moment Rosalie's health revived. However, he visited her no more, as he was again worried into an acknowledgment that it was just possible she might be implicated in the black deed, though he could not conceive how; but the reason of his absence was concealed from her, lest she should have a relapse.

There was another person whom Rosalie vainly hoped would visit her in her distress, Auguste St. Beuve—whose praises had betrayed her into the

weakness of self-admiration—neither came nor sent !
And the poor girl was frequently repeating to herself,
“ And does *he*, too, believe me guilty ? ”

Her trial had been delayed, in order to give time to discover the plate and pocket-book, and also to find out who, amongst the young men in the village, were the most intimate associates of Rosalie. Accordingly, the strictest inquiries were instituted ; but the virtuous and modest girl had no associates whatever of the other sex ; and though one young man visited her in prison, it was believed that he had no previous acquaintance with her. Auguste St. Beuve was the only one who had ever paid her any attention, and his situation in life placed him above suspicion.

At length, after she had been for many days persecuted by the entreaties of her priest and others, that she would confess, the hour for her appearance at the awful bar arrived ; and she stood there unsupported by any earthly aid, save that of conscious innocence. The trial was long—the examination severe—and the circumstances were deemed strong against her. To every question, she answered in a modest, humble, but firm manner ; and whether it was that her youth, her beauty, and gentle graces, prepossessed her judges in her favour, or whether the legal proof was not sufficient, she was, at the end of some painful hours, unanimously acquitted, and instantly discharged. Alas ! the delight of being declared innocent was

damped to poor Rosalie, by the fear that she should not be permitted to find shelter under a parent's roof.

Avarice, however, did for her what justice should have done. The heir of her poor friend, convinced of Rosalie's innocence, and pitying her sufferings, offered to pay her immediately the legacy which his aunt had left her; but the sensitive girl shrunk from accepting it. She was suspected of having committed, or concerted the murder of her benefactress in order to hasten her possession of the sum in question. She, therefore, positively refused to run the risk of confirming any one in the belief of her guilt by receiving it. And she persevered in her delicate and well-motivated refusal, till her father, instigated by his wife, commanded her to accept the money; then she complied, and not reluctantly, when she found that, on condition of her paying for her board, she would be again received into his house.

Once more, therefore, she was under her father's roof; and she tried to bear, in the pleasure of being near him, and still beloved by him, the increased persecutions which she had now to undergo. Her tyrant was continually telling her that she still believed her to be the murderer's accomplice; at least, therefore, she could not do too much to show her gratitude for being admitted under the roof of a respectable person; and there were times when Rosalie had reason to

believe her father was persuaded to be of his wife's opinion. She had, also, the misery of finding herself sometimes shunned by those who had once professed a friendship for her. Auguste St. Beuve no longer stopped to talk with her when they met; and it was evident that, till it should please heaven to bring the real murderer to justice, a stain would always rest on her character.

At length, her daily trials, spite of her trust in providence, deprived her of strength sufficient to labour as usual; and she had soon the added misery of being told by her brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, that their mother said, she was a very wicked woman, and they ought not to love her. It was at the foot of the cross that Rosalie sought refuge on these occasions, and there she found it!—there she found power to bear her trials without murmuring, though she could not conquer the increasing debility which anxiety of mind and over fatigue had brought upon her. She had, meanwhile, one solace dear to her heart—that of visiting the graves of her mother and of her friend, of decorating them with funeral wreaths, and of weeding, with pious hand, the flowers which she had there planted. As her health was now evidently too delicate to permit her to perform her wonted tasks, her step-mother insisted on being paid more for her board; and she would soon have left her penniless, but for the following

circumstance:—One young man, as I have related above, and one only, had visited her in prison; led thither, for he was not acquainted with her, merely by the generous wish to prove his entire belief in her innocence.

This young man left the village suddenly, soon after Rosalie's acquittal took place, after having, for some time, appeared disturbed in mind. A few weeks subsequent to his departure, he informed his relations that he should return no more, having left France for America. It was instantly reported and believed that he and Rosalie had secretly been lovers and accomplices in the murder; that when she had received her legacy she had refused to marry him, and that he had gone away in order to conquer an unsuccessful attachment, and also to avoid all chance of detection. This event put the finishing stroke to poor Rosalie's misfortunes. She was now almost universally shunned; and even her father, when he witnessed her sorrow at the young man's mysterious departure—the effect of gratitude merely—was sometimes induced to believe it was the result of self-upbraiding.

“And is it possible,” said Rosalie, “that you can think him a murderer, and me his accomplice?”

“Why no—not positively so; but appearances are strong against you both.”

The truth was, that, having repeatedly admitted to his wife the possibility of Rosalie's guilt, he had tri-

to reconcile his weakness to his conscience, by believing that he might have admitted a truth.

And it was a father whom she tenderly loved, her only earthly hope, who had thus spoken to her! It was almost more than the poor Rosalie could bear; but she remembered that she had a Father in heaven, and was comforted.

To remain where she was, was now impossible; nor could her step-mother allow her to stay, as she was told it would be a disadvantage to her own daughters if she harboured such a creature. Accordingly, Rosalie was told that she must seek a distant home.

This was now no trial to her. Her father had owned that he thought she might be guilty; she therefore wished to fly even from his presence. But whither should she go? There was one friend who would, as her father thought, receive her for her poor mother's sake, even in her degraded state; and to her care, by a letter which she was to deliver herself, her father consigned her. Nothing now remained but to take as affectionate a farewell of her kindred as might be permitted her, to visit the grave of her mother and her friend, breathe her last prayer beside them, and take her place in the Diligence which was to bear her far from her native village, in order to remain an exile from her home; till He, who is able to bring "light out of darkness," should deign to make manifest her innocence. She was going to

a small town in Burgandy ; and it was with a beating heart that the injured girl quitted the Diligence, and, with her little bundle, asked where her mother's friend resided. The question was soon answered, and the residence pointed out ; but she had the pain of hearing that she was dead, and had even been buried some days. However, she found that her son-in-law and his wife were at the house, and she ventured thither. But no sooner had the master and mistress, in her presence, read the letter together, than they both changed colour, and, with an expression of aversion in their countenances, declared that, under her circumstance, they could not admit her into their family ; and Rosalie, in silence and in sorrow, turned from the door. Whither should she go now ? The evening was then far spent ; therefore, for that night, she hired a bed at a small guinguette, or ale-house. In the morning she decided on quitting the town, and proceeding on foot to the next village, lest those who had denied her entrance into their house, should prejudice the townsfolk against her. Accordingly, she set off quite early in the morning ; and arrived, after a few hours, at so pretty a village, that she resolved to stay there ; and, if possible, hire a small room, and try to procure a service or some employment.

She was not long in procuring the first, and hoped she had procured the second ; but, when the person

who was going to hire her heard her name was Rosalie Mirbel, and whence she came, she regarded her with a look of painful suspicion, and, saying she would not suit her, shut the door in her face.

What was it now expedient for her to do? Should she change her name, as it was evident that it was only too well known? But this the principle of truth, inculcated in her by her mother at a very early age, forbade her to do. All she could do, therefore, was to go forward, and as far as she could from her native place, in hopes that, the further she went, the less likely it was that she would be recognized. The next day, when she paid for her night's lodging, she saw, by the countenance of the man of the house, that he had been told who she was; and, on going out, she saw a crowd evidently waiting to look at her; nor could she, though she walked very fast, escape from the misery of hearing some abusive names applied to her, and execrations of her supposed crime.

Rosalie clasped her crucifix only more closely to her breast, and continued to trust that the hour of her deliverance from unjust suspicion would, in time, arrive.

It was noon before the faint and weary sufferer reached the suburbs of the next town, and saw a kind-looking woman, in deep mourning, sitting at work at the door of a cottage. Her pale, care-worn cheek, and her dress, encouraged her to accost her.



Perhaps the recent loss which she had sustained had softened her heart; and Rosalie ventured to request, first, a draught of milk, and then a lodging, if she had one to let.

"Thou shalt have both, my child," was the ready answer. "Come in and sit down, for I am sure thou art tired."

Rosalie did so; and, as soon as she was rested, she was shown the neat apartment which, at a moderate rent, she was to occupy, and which had only just been vacated. She then told the good woman her name was Mirbel, Rosalie Mirbel; and she anxiously fixed her eyes on her face to see what effect that name had on her. To Rosalie's great alarm, she, too, started, but not with any sign of aversion; on the contrary, she took her hand, and, gazing on her with tearful eyes, said, "I am glad thy name is Rosalie. It was that of my dear lost child, and I shall like thee the better for it;" then, throwing herself on her neck, she wept the dead Rosalie in the arms of the living one. It was with a heart full of thankfulness that Rosalie lay down that night; hoping that she had not only found a permanent home, but a second mother. When Rosalie had been some days in her new abode, and had obtained as much employment as she required, through the exertions of her hostess, she wrote to her father, giving him her address, and begging to

hear from him. She had long resolved not to spend any of the money still remaining of her legacy : that she reserved for her brothers and sisters. " I shall not live long," thought Rosalie ; " my heart is nearly broken, but one day my father and they will love me again : one day my innocence will be made known ; and they will be very sorry to think how cruelly they judged the poor Rosalie, who, as they will then find, loved and forgave them."

At length, she could not be easy without telling her kind friend who she was ; accordingly she said, " Dear Madelon, I have a sad secret weighing on my mind, and I cannot be satisfied without revealing it to thee."

" Nonsense !" replied she, " I hate secrets !—I will not hear it, darling !"

" Oh, but you must !—you do not yet know who I am "

" I know," returned Madelon with deep feeling, " that thou art the child of sorrow, and that is enough for me !"

" Good, generous being !" cried Rosalie ; " but I am called more than the child of sorrow, I am, though falsely, accused of—of ——"

" I know it, I know it already ! Some one passing through the village saw thee, and knew thee, and came to tell me what thou wast said to be ; but I did not believe thee guilty !—no, no, dear child, how

could I? She a murderess?—said I, when I have seen her averse even to kill the bee that stung her! No, no—and I sent him off with his wicked tales!”

“Then you will not cast me from you, my best friend!” said the poor girl, bursting into a flood of soothing tears, and throwing herself into her arms.

“Never, never!” And this was the happiest day that Rosalie had known since her misfortunes. But no reply came from her father; and, though she wrote to him every year for five years successively, she never received an answer. “Well, then,” said she to her indignant companion, “I will write no more, and try to be contented with knowing I have a parent in you, Madelon.” Still, spite of her habitual trust in the goodness of providence, this neglect of a beloved parent had a pernicious effect on her health, and it continued to decline.

Her beauty, which had been chiefly derived from the brilliant colouring and plumpness of youth, was now considerably faded; still, occasional fever sometimes restored to her eyes their wonted lustre, by giving a crimson flush to her cheek, which even exceeded in tint the vanished bloom of health. Another trial was now hanging over her. Her adopted mother was evidently labouring with some secret uneasiness—she was restless—she often went out—and she saw her frequently talking apart with her landlord; and, when Rosalie went with the poor

woman, as usual, to pray at the grave of her daughter, she used to throw herself along the turf, and weep with a degree of violence such as Rosalie had never witnessed in her before ; and she once overheard her say, " While I can—while I can." Still she continued to assure Rosalie that nothing material was the matter. She was too soon, however, acquainted with the truth. Madelon's landlord unexpectedly appeared before her during the good woman's absence, and when she was almost too ill to see any one. He then abruptly told her that, having found out who she was, he had given Madelon notice to quit in so many days, unless she sent Rosalie away. " This," added he, " I tell thee myself, for I suspect Madelon has not had strength of mind enough to do it."

" She has had too much kindness to do it," she faintly replied.

" Indeed !" rejoined the landlord ; " I suspect she means, old as she is, to seek some distant home with thee."

" Ha !" cried Rosalie, remembering her late uneasiness, " I believe you are right, and that she does mean to quit a house which she could keep only on such terms. Oh, it is very hard on us both !"

" Not on thee, girl ; thou hast only what thou hast deserved. It is hard on the good Madelon, especially as she has saved some money ; and how could her

friends be easy to let her live alone with a young woman who ——”

“Hold!” exclaimed Rosalie, trembling with indignant emotion, “I understand the vile insinuation, and I will depart!—and secretly, as this is the case. But at present I am too unwell to undertake a journey: and who knows but I may be in mercy permitted to die here, and then my unmerited persecutions will be ended.”

“Girl! girl!” replied the landlord, “thou hast been only too much favoured in being permitted to live so long.” So saying, he withdrew, leaving Rosalie more miserable than ever. When Madelon returned, she was alarmed at finding her worse than when she left her; and she was surprised at the more than usually affectionate manner in which Rosalie welcomed her.

“My dear child,” said the good woman, “I trust that nothing shall ever part thee and me. I could not now bear to separate from thee!” And Rosalie, bursting into tears, shut herself up in her own room.

“Ah! I see she thinks she is going to die,” said Madelon to herself; “and I think so too sometimes. Well, if she does I shall not long survive her; it will be like burying my own Rosalie again!” Little did she suspect that Rosalie was intending to quit her for ever. “Thy will be done!” said Rosalie, in

the secret of her heart, that night, "and I will again go forth a friendless wanderer!" comforting herself with the remembrance of what the preacher said in his sermon the preceding Sabbath-day, "that God judgeth not as man judgeth;" and with the text which he took from Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!"

The next morning, as she was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her that she left the window, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again; but she withdrew immediately, because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as

on the preceeding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the same man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from evident intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, "*Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!*" and then ran out of the garden. At first, Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered; but, the next moment, conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone, and on the night of the murder! But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated must have overheard them—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them, and must consequently have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction; and, in Rosalie's mind, it amounted to positive conviction: but was it sufficient to convince others? There was

the difficulty; but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going away from that spot. What could she do?—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost; therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road to the town mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she run a risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message, and was told the magistrate would see her in a few minutes, that she recollected in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of such weak self-admiration, she was going to appear; but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and which she must not shrink from. When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so overcome that she could not speak, but burst into tears.

“What is the matter, my poor girl,” said he; “and who are you? Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!”

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her

emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollected to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

"To be sure I do," said he; "and a young girl, who lived with her, was tried for the murder."

"Yes—and *acquitted!*"

"True; but *I* thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie, something or other, was guilty."

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself; then, raising her meek eyes to his, she said in a firm voice, "She was *innocent*, Sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel."

"Thou! then looks are indeed deceitful," replied the magistrate, fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

"Not so, if I look innocent," she answered.

"But what can be thy business with me, young woman?"

"I am sure I have discovered the *real* murderer; and I come to require that you take him into custody on my charge."

"He! what! oh, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled; so thou art going to turn informer—is that the case?"

"I am innocent, I tell you, Sir, therefore can have no accomplice; and I never saw this man in my life till three days ago."

"Girl! girl! dost thou expect me to believe this? What is he?"

"A carpenter."

"What is his name?"

"I do not know."

"And where is he?"

"In the neighbourhood."

"But where could I find him?"

"I do not know."

"Then how could I take him up?—and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!"

"Not till you have heard me." Then, rendered fluent by a feeling akin to despair, she told what even to herself began to seem her improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect on the magistrate was such as to overwhelm her with shame; for, repeating over and over again, "Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!" he gave way to the most immoderate laughter; but, when he recovered himself, he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she could dare to expect that, on such trumpery evidence as this is, he should take up any man, and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring; and against a man, too, of whom she knew neither the name nor the abode. Rosalie, now, for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself the proof of the man's guilt must

be, sunk back upon a seat in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

"And you do not believe me?—and you will not take him up!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Certainly not. Recollect thyself! What! is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm a proof that he has committed a murder?"

"But you know that is not all."

"No; but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thy self-praise—heard thee"—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed, "Do not laugh—I cannot bear it! You will drive me out of my senses!"

"Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee, does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee, and repeated them to him, and he, recognising thee"—

"But I never saw him in my life till now."

"Indeed!—recollect thyself! He must have known thee, personally at least; that thou canst not deny."

"Certainly not; and he saw and heard me, also, that fatal night; and I tell you again he is the murderer!"

"But listen, young woman; art thou prepared to assert that on that night, and that night only, thou *wast* ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?"

"I am—it was the first and only time."

“And thou expectest me to believe this?”

“I do.”

“Why, girl, it is most unnatural and most improbable!”

“But it is *true*: and even then I was only repeating the praises I had overheard.”

“Well, then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection?—and that will not help thy suit at all, I can assure thee. Besides, in this case the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm, as seen at the window.”

“Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. See!” she cried, baring her now meagre arm, “Is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, Sir; and, if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me!”

“Young woman,” he replied in a gentler tone, “I see thou art unwell and unhappy, and I would oblige thee if I could do so conscientiously; but recollect, the charge is one affecting life!”

“So was the charge against me; but, being innocent, I was acquitted; and, if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must *he* be.”

“But then a stain will rest on the poor man’s character.”

"So it does on the poor girl's, as I know from fatal experience," replied Rosalie in the voice of broken-heartedness. "Oh, Sir! had you seen this man, and heard him, as *I* did, mimicking both the voice and manner of a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar, and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say."

"I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet that is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial."

"But cannot he be confronted with me?"

"Surely ——" here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek, for she heard the well-remembered song; and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate as if for protection, exclaiming, "There he is! Oh, seize him!—seize him!"

"Where, where?" cried he, running to the window. Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out as he staggered along the road to the town.

"What! that man with the scarlet handkerchief tied round his hat?"

"Yes; that is he."

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if he should know that man again, pointing to him as he spoke.

"Know him again, Sir?—I know him already!" replied the servant. "His name is Caumont, and he is

the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window-shutters."

"And what sort of man is he?"

"A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place, I hear—and is much given to drinking; but he is a good workman, and is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him."

"So, so," said the magistrate thoughtfully (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks); "A queer man!—does not stay long in a place!—given to drinking! You may go now, François; but do not be out of the way."

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie for a considerable time in the strictest manner; and he also dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction.

"Without difficulty!" said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning though modest glance; "Have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?"

"Well put, young woman," replied the magistrate smiling; "perhaps the man confided in the caution and conscientious scruples of a magistrate; but, what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did; and, at all events, I now feel authorised to apprehend him."



Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him ; while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officers reached the guinguette, or public-house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance ; and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent on exhaustion. The moment that he saw them enter he changed colour ; and, subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed in a faltering voice, “ I know what you come for, and I have done for myself ! But I am weary of life ; ” then, without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who, very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie, she looked like the guilty, and he like the innocent person, so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony, but more especially his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment ; and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison to take his trial the ensuing week. The heir of the old lady was then written to, and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest ; and *Rosalie* passed the intervening time in a state of *agitating* suspense. At length the day of trial

arrived, and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges. With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of justice now, to those which she experienced on a former occasion! Then she was alone, now she was accompanied by the generous, confiding Madelon; now she was the accuser, not the accused, and her mild eye was raised up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

The proceedings had not been long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither resolved to speak the whole truth; and he confessed, without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone planned, and he alone committed the murder in question. At these words, a murmur of satisfaction went round the court; and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who, unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the exulting Madelon.

He then gave the following detail:—He said that, as he passed through the village, he had heard at a public-house that the old lady was miserly and rich; that, having lost his last penny at a gaming-table, he resolved to rob the house when he heard how ill it was guarded, but had no intention to commit murder unless it was necessary; that he stole in in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting-room before Rosalie returned; that from the window of

that closet he had seen and heard Rosalie ; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two murders, and kill Rosalie first ; but that, when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him ; besides, she was in such a sound sleep there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her ; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face in order to stifle her breath, and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket-book, searched the plate-closet, carried away some pieces of plate, and buried them a few miles off, and had only dared to sell them one piece at a time ; that he had never ventured to offer the draft at the banker's—that he had, therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for risking his precious soul—and that, unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could ; but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him and the young girl, who had, he knew, been tried for his crime, thus strangely and unexpectedly together at this far distant place, and where he seemed to run no risk of detection ; that then the evil one, intending to destroy him, had prompted

him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. "But," said he, addressing Rosalie, "it is rather hard that you should be the means of my losing my life, as I spared your's. I might have murdered you, but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold!"

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judges assure her she had only done her duty; she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow-creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal from whose sentence there is no appeal; and "Have mercy on him!—don't condemn him to death!" burst from her quivering lips. No wonder, therefore, that, before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness, met death with every sign of penitence and remorse, and was engaged in prayer with the priest till the awful axe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie to learn from the priest that Caumont desired the young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greater part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul.

The next day all ranks and conditions of persons in the village thronged the door of Madelon, to congratu-

late Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances ; but her gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favour ; while her apparent melancholy and declining health inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes ; and the landlord of Madelon, ashamed of his unjust severity, was desirous to give a village fête on the occasion, as some reparation for his past conduct.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice in in the death of a sinful fellow-creature, however just might be his punishment ; and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation was a little damped by the consciousness that it had been purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation to commemorate it otherwise than by prayer and thanksgiving, breathed at the foot of the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed ; and, as she had not heard of him for more than a year, and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty respecting him which proved a

counterbalance to her joy. "But I will write to him," said she to Madelon, "and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet, oh! there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!"

"Shame on him for it!" cried Madelon, "he does not deserve thee, darling!"

"Hush!" cried Rosalie, "remember he is my father; and I will write this moment."

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage-door, and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father!—and the first words that met her eyes were, "My dearest, much-injured, and innocent child!"

"Oh!" said Rosalie faintly, "as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial, and—but no!" she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, "no—this letter is dated days before even the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him!"

"To be sure," said Madelon, "the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago, but had been ill!"

"Oh, merciful providence!—Oh, blessed Virgin!" cried Rosalie: "how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded! Now is the rankling wound in my heart healed, and for ever! My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont!"

Madelon, that I shall now soon recover I doubt not. But what is this?" she cried, reading on: "My wife is dead, and on her death-bed she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to thy letters, and then had suppressed thy letters themselves; so I was led to believe thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew thou wast alive, as one of our villagers had seen thee several times during the last five years; but judge how pleased, though shocked, I was, when she gave me one of the intercepted letters, and I read there the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child! Long had I repented of having *seemed* to think thee guilty, for, indeed, it was always seeming. Come, come directly to my arms and home! Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee; and, if our neighbours still look cold on thee, no matter, we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee."

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through without being blinded by tears of thankfulness for this proof of a father's love; nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her constant enemy, her step-mother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died penitent, and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

"Well, then," said Rosalie, "now I shall return to my native village, and so happy! And who knows

but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly? Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now such a happy home!—and how ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly! —Auguste St. Beuve, and every one! Madelon, dear Madelon! is not this a blessed day?"

Madelon replied not—she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out, "It may be a blessed day to thee, yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart! Thy home may be a happy one, but what will mine be? Unkind girl!—to be so very glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee, and believed thee innocent even when thy own father ——"

"Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck: "Indeed, I have no idea of home unconnected with thee; my home will not be complete unless it is thine also—and thou must go with me!"

"What! and leave my dear Rosalie?"

"To be sure; I know thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon."

"Yes, darling; but then thou wast friendless and unhappy; but now ——"

"I shall be unhappy still, if she who would so kindly have shared my adversity does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes, thou must go with me;

and we will come, from time to time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave."

"But if thy father will not let me live with you?"

"Then we will live in a cottage near him."

"Enough!" cried Madelon, "I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling!"

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening, and their meeting was indeed a happy one. Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one else should be equally convinced; and he took care that the papers which contained the proceedings should be widely circulated.

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money, not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice—as in that she only did her duty—but as some amends for all the unmerited suffering which she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home, accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom the former had warmly invited to live with them, was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbours—nay, the whole village, came out to meet them. Amongst the rest, Rosalie observed Auguste St. Beuve; but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her

previous character against every suspicious circumstance, had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. This young man had suddenly followed to America, unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had long loved. He had married and buried her there; and, on his return to his native village, he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him, and had thereby rendered some service to Rosalie.

But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer under unmerited obloquy was considerably damped by the alarming change in her appearance. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind; and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having "fought a good fight," restored her to health.

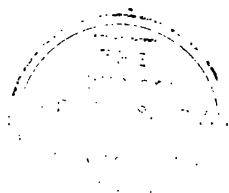
While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating those words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul:—"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM!"

SLEEP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

SLEEP ! to the homeless, thou art home ;
The friendless find in thee a friend ;
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
Thy stillness is the planet's speed ;
Thy weakness is unmeasured might ;
Sparks from the hoof of death's pale steed,—
Worlds flash and perish in thy sight.
The daring will to thee alone—
The will and power are given to thee—
To lift the veil of the unknown,
The curtain of eternity—
To look uncensured, though unbidden,
On marvels from the seraph hidden !
Alone to be—where none have been !
Alone to see—what none have seen !
And to astonished reason tell
The secrets of th' Unsearchable !







LA MEXICANA.

Painted by J. H. P. and engraved by G. B. S.

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LA MEXICANA.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A vision from the world of thought—
A dream of golden bowers ;
When Youth and Time, like happy friends,
Were wandering 'mid the flowers :
When Love came like an angel down,
His radiant spells to weave ;
And Hope sang like the lark at morn—
The nightingale at eve.

Within the mirror of the past,
How beautiful arise
The long-lost hues of early life—
The stars of Memory's skies !
When *one* bright beam of maiden's eye
Was sunlight to the mind ;
One voice, a melody more sweet
Than Poesy may find !

Our painter's hand hath caught the power
And spirit of romance ;
How graceful that declining head !
How soft the downcast glance !
She lists !—'tis not the vesper-hymn
Along the valley borne,
Nor distant voice of forest-streams—
'Tis for her hunter's horn !

Her hunter's horn !—at break of day,
She heard his signal sound ;
She saw across the misty hills
His own proud courser bound :
With rifle, lance, and bended bow,
To hunt the Llama there ;
Or chace, perchance, a nobler foe—
The panther from his lair.

Why stays he yet ?—the lonely moon
Looks o'er the mountains blue ;
The wild swan seeks her reedy nest ;
The stars gleam faint and few ;
The deer lie slumbering by the stream,
Half hid their crested brow ;
And dreary chime the midnight bells :—
Where stays her hunter now ?

Why spring the startled deer afoot?
Why wake the wild birds near?
She lists!—but, save the midnight chime,
No whisper meets her ear.
Hark!—hark! they *are* his bugle-notes
That up the river glide!
And, swift as echo to the sound,
Her hunter's at her side!

SONNET.

BY F. TENNYSON.

THE violet-mantled Spring is here again:
Oh! let me gaze upon her while I can,
And win from fears and care a little span;
While winged hopes come flocking to my brain,
Merrily as the swallows in her train;
And fresh as the fresh green, which airs of May
Breathe on the topmost osiers in their way.
My dreamful mood will not go by in vain,
If with the past I can recal the shine
Of this bright morn, its music and its flowers,
Sometime at winter-noon, when I shall pine
For light; and, like sweet Bells, departed hours,
Out of the holy place of memory's pale,
Shall chime unto me, down my life's dim vale.

HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS.*

BY LORD MAHON.

THE supposed discovery of a religious relic, and the miracles attending it, are events so common in Roman Catholic legends as to deserve but little attention, even on the ground of curiosity; but the real changes and vicissitudes of one of these relics, for twelve centuries after its discovery, may perhaps excite some interest, more especially as its singular adventures, very distant in time, and recorded by different writers, have never yet been brought together, and formed into one connected narrative.

In the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Helena, when almost an octogenarian, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her pious zeal was particularly directed to the search of the holy sepulchre, and of the cross on which Jesus Christ had suffered; and, according to her own judgment at least, she was successful in both. A vision,

* This essay was read at the Royal Society of Antiquaries, on the 10th of February, 1831. The author, previous to giving it publicity in "The Amulet," has added a few observations that have since occurred to him.

or perhaps a dream, disclosed the place of the Holy Sepulchre; the three crosses were found buried near it, and that of the Saviour is said to have been distinguished from the others by its healing powers on the sick, and even restoring a corpse to life. This discovery caused great and general rejoicing throughout Christendom.* The spot was immediately consecrated by a church, called the New Jerusalem, and of such magnificence that the celebrated Eusebius is strongly inclined to look upon its building as the fulfilment of the prophecies in the Scriptures for a city of that name.† A verse of the sibyl was also remembered or composed, which, like all predictions after the event, tallied in a surprising manner with the holy object so happily revealed.‡ The greater share of the cross was left at Jerusalem, set in a case of silver, and the remainder was sent to Constantine, who, in hopes of securing the prosperity and duration of his empire, enclosed it within his own statue on the Byzantine Forum. The pilgrims also, who thronged to Jerusalem during a long course of years, were always eager, and often successful, in obtaining a small fragment of the cross for themselves; so that at length, according to the strong expression of St. Cyril, the whole earth

* For the discovery of the cross, compare Theodoret, lib. i. c. 16; Socrates, lib. i. c. 17; and Sozomen, lib. ii. c. 1, &c.

† De Vita Constant., lib. iii. c. 32.

‡ The verse was as follows:—

Ὁ ξύλον μακαρίων ἐφ' οὗ θεοὶ ἐξέτανασθη.

was filled with this sacred wood. Even at present there is scarcely a Roman Catholic cathedral which does not display some pretended pieces of this relic; and it has been computed, with some exaggeration, that, were they all collected together, they might prove sufficient for building a ship of the line. To account for this extraordinary diffusion of so limited a quantity, the Catholic writers have been obliged to assert its preternatural growth and vegetation, which the saint already quoted ingeniously compares to the miracle of the loaves and fishes.* That the guardians of this cross at Jerusalem should have had recourse to such evident and undoubted falsehood, should, I think, very much increase our doubts whether the cross itself was genuine, and whether the old age and credulity of Helena may not have been grossly imposed upon. Where we see one fraud, we may justly suspect another. From this period, however, the history of this fragment of wood may be clearly and accurately traced during the twelve succeeding centuries.

In spite of its frequent partitions, the holy cross, say the monkish writers, thus remained undiminished at Jerusalem, receiving the homage of innumerable pilgrims, until the year 614, when this city was besieged and taken by the Persians. Their bar-

* St. Cyril ap. Baronium, *Annal. Eccles.* A.D. 326, No. 80. One whole epistle of St. Paulinus of Nola (the eleventh) is also devoted to this subject.

barous fanaticism reduced to ruins or burnt to the ground nearly all the sacred buildings, and made a great slaughter of the Christians, in which they are said to have been actively assisted by the resident Jews.* The bishop and the relic in question were removed into Persia, and continued in that country fourteen years, until the victories of the Emperor Heraclius led to an honourable peace, in which the restoration of this most precious treasure was expressly stipulated. During its captivity it had happily escaped the pollution of infidel hands; the case which contained it was brought back unopened to Jerusalem, and Heraclius himself undertook a journey in order to replace it in its former station on Mount Calvary. The prelude to this religious ceremony was a general massacre of the Jews, which the emperor had long withstood, but at length granted to the earnest and renewed entreaties of the monks of Alsik. The fact itself, and all its details, are so disgraceful to the parties concerned, that I would gladly reject it as false or overcharged, did it not rest on the authority of a patriarch of Alexandria.† Heraclius then, attended by a solemn procession, but laying aside his diadem and purple, bore the cross on his own shoulders towards the holy sepulchre. An officer

* The participation of the Jews is positively asserted by Eutychius (Annal. vol. ii. p. 212), but doubted by Theophanes (Chronograph. p. 252): *ως φασι τινες*, are his words.

† Eutychius, Annal. vol. ii. p. 242—247.

was appointed to its peculiar care, with the title of **STAUBOPHULAX**;^{*} and the anniversary of this event, the 14th of September, is still celebrated in the Greek Church as a festival, under the name of the **Exaltation of the Cross**.

The relic did not long continue in the place to which the valour and piety of Heraclius had restored it, but was doomed to undergo still further vicissitudes of fortune. Only eight years afterwards (A.D. 636), an army of Arabs, the new and fervent proselytes of Mahomet, invaded Palestine. At the battle of Yermuk, the imperial forces were totally routed, and Heraclius, downcast and dismayed, returned to Constantinople, bearing with him, as a source of consolation, the invaluable fragment, whose alleged miraculous powers were never exerted for its own protection.† It is rarely that, when a sovereign despairs of success, his subjects have the courage (it would, perhaps, be termed the disloyal presumption) to prolong their resistance; but the inhabitants of Jerusalem were animated by religious zeal and local associations, and did not, till after a doubtful siege of several months, yield the holy city to the Saracens. The event soon justified the prudent foresight of Heraclius in removing the cross from the danger of Mahometan masters. The Caliph of Omar

* Ducange, *Gloss. Med. Græc.*, p. 1437.

† Theophanes, *Chronograph.* p. 280.

experienced some difficulties in the construction of a mosque at Jerusalem: he immediately supposed those difficulties to be supernatural, and, by the advice of the Jews, destroyed a great number of the neighbouring crosses; so that it seems certain that the wood of the real crucifixion could still less have escaped the effects of his ignorant fanaticism.* At Constantinople, on the contrary, it was preserved with the utmost veneration in the metropolitan church of St. Sophia, and the honours paid to it are attested and described by the father of English historians.† Never, but on the three most solemn festivals of the year, was its costly case unclosed. On the first day, it received the adoration of the emperor and principal officers of state; on the next, the empress and chief ladies repeated the same ceremony; and the bishops and clergy were admitted on the third. While exposed to view on the altar, a grateful odour pervaded the whole church, and a fluid resembling oil distilled from the knots in the wood, of which the least drop was thought sufficient to cure the most inveterate disease. This precious fluid is also mentioned by Pope Gregory the Great in one of his letters to Leontius. "I have received your present," writes the pope, "some oil of the holy cross and some wood of aloes, of which the one confers blessing by its very

* Baronius, *Annal. Eccles.* A.D. 643. No. 1—4.

† Bede, *Op.* vol. iii. p. 370. Ed. Colon. Agripp. 1688.

touch, and the other, when burnt, diffuses a pleasant perfume."*

In a period of several centuries, during which this relic remained at Constantinople, we find it occasionally mentioned in the annals of the time. It was on the holy cross that Heracleonas swore to cherish and defend his nephews ;† it was to the same fragment that the son of Justinian the Second clung for protection, in the revolution which hurled his father from the throne ;‡ and we might entertain more respect for the superstition of the Greeks, if the supposed sanctity of this relic had produced either the observance of the oath or the safety of the suppliant. At length, in the year 1078, the object of my narrative recommenced its travels. A wealthy citizen of Amalfi, whose name is not recorded, had long felt a wish to exchange active life for the cloister, and had selected the monastery of Casinum as the place of his future retirement. Being present in the Eastern capital during the tumultuous deposition of Michael the Seventh, he perceived in the general confusion a favourable opportunity for appropriating this precious fragment to himself. His zeal did not forget at the same time to secure the golden case, richly embossed with jewels, which contained it, and both were laid

* Epist. lib. 7. indict. 1. ep. 34.

† Nicephor. Constantinopolit. p. 20.

‡ Theophanes, Chronograph. p. 318.

as a welcome offering before the shrine of St. Benedict, at Casinum.* The good fathers must have felt no little pride when strangers beheld, in their secluded and obscure retreat, a relic which a long succession of the most illustrious princes had gloried in possessing.

The next place to which we can trace the cross is Palestine, during the crusades, to which it had doubtless been conveyed for the purpose of restoring it to its more ancient and appropriate station at Jerusalem. In that country it was exposed to frequent hazards, as the crusaders appear to have been in the habit of bearing it in the van of their armies, when marching against the Mussulmans, hoping by its presence amongst them to secure the victory. One of their battles against the forces of Saladin by no means fulfilled their expectations, and in the course of it the sacred relic itself was unfortunately severed; one half of it being captured by the enemy, and most probably destroyed.† This untoward accident, however, by no means impaired their veneration for the remaining fragment; and, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is again recorded as taking the field with the King of Hungary and the Duke

* *Chronicon Casinense*, lib. iii. c. 55.

† There is some account of its recovery by a Genoese, but it is clouded with miracles. He walked over the sea, as over dry land, &c. See Muratori, *Dissert.* 58. vol. v. p. 10, ed. 1741.

of Austria.* From these it passed into the hands of their brother crusaders, the Latin sovereigns of Constantinople; and thus, by a singular train of circumstances, a change of dynasty restored this precious relic to the people which had so long enjoyed its possession. It does not, however, appear to have received the full measure of its ancient veneration, and a new crown of thorns, alleged to be that of the passion, held at this period a far higher rank with the public.

In the year 1238, the pressure of poverty and impending ruin compelled the Emperor Baldwin the Second to sell what the piety of St. Louis, King of France, induced him as eagerly to purchase.† A very considerable sum was given in exchange for the holy wood, and, on its arrival in Paris, it was deposited by King Louis in a chapel which he built on this occasion. There the cross remained for above three hundred years, until at length, on the 20th of May, 1575, it disappeared from its station. The most anxious researches failed in tracing the robber, or recovering the spoil, and the report which accused King Henry the Third of having secretly sold it to

* See Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles.* A.D. 1217, No. 39, and Pagi, *Critic.* A.D. 1187, No. 4.

† See Duplex, *Historie de France*, vol. ii. p. 257. ed. 1634. The original authority is Nangis (*Annales de St. Louis*, p. 174, ed. 1761). Rigord, who speaks of the sale of this relic to Philip Augustus, appears to be guilty of a fable or anachronism, in which he is followed by Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles.* A.D. 1203. No. 60.

the Venetians may be considered as a proof of the popular animosity rather than of royal avarice.* To appease in some degree the loud and angry murmurs of his subjects, Henry, the next year, on Easter day, announced that a new cross had been prepared for their consolation, of the same shape, size, and appearance as the stolen relic, and asserted, most probably with perfect truth, that in divine powers, or claim to religious worship, it was but little inferior to its model. "The people of Paris," says Estolle, an eye-witness of this transaction, "being very devout, and of easy faith on such subjects" (he is speaking of the sixteenth century), "gratefully hailed the restoration of some tangible and immediate object for their prayers. Of the original fragment I can discern no further authentic trace; and here, then, it seems to have ended its long and adventurous career.

Before I conclude, I ought, perhaps, to make some mention of the pretended nails of the passion, which were obtained by Constantine the Great at the same time with the cross. He melted a part of them into a helmet for himself, and the other part was converted into a bridle for his horse, in supposed obedience to a prophetic text of Zechariah: "In that day shall there be upon the bells (bridles) of the horses, holiness unto the Lord."† Yet, though the helmet alone might

* See L'Estolle, *Journal de Henri III.*, vol. i. p. 126, 161, ed. 1744.

† Zech. ch. xiv. v. 20.

appear to have required all the nails which could possibly be employed in a crucifixion, it is not unusual in southern Europe to meet with fragments of old iron, for which the same sacred origin is claimed. Thus, for instance, at Catania, in Sicily, I have seen one of these nails, which is believed to possess miraculous powers, and exhibited only once a year with great solemnity. There is another in a private oratory of the Escorial; and I was surprised in observing in the same case a relic of St. Thomas à Becket. All the nails, from the time of Constantine, are rejected as spurious by Cardinal Baronius;* yet a former pope had expressed his belief in their authenticity;† and the ingenious idea of miraculous vegetation might have been easily applied to them. But to trace the other parts of this real or fabulous history, and more especially their insertion in the iron crown of Lombardy, would require, though scarcely deserve, a separate essay.

* Annal. Eccles. A.D. 326. No. 54.

† See a letter from Innocent VI. ap. Raynald. Annal. Eccles. A.D. 1354. No. 18.

THE LUTE.

BY L. E. L.

OH ! sing again that mournful song,
That song of other times !
The music bears my soul along,
To other, dearer climes.

I love its low and broken tone ;
The music seems to me
Like the wild wind when singing lone
Over a twilight sea.

It may not sound so sweet to you,
To you it cannot bring
The valleys where your childhood grew,
The memories of your spring.

My father's house, my infancy,
Rise present to my mind,
As if I had not crossed the sea,
Or left my youth behind.

I heard it, at the evening's close,
Upon my native shore ;
It was a favourite song with those
Whom I shall see no more.

How many worldly thoughts and cares
Have melted at the strain !
'Tis fraught with early hopes and prayers—
Oh, sing that song again !



Drawn by H. Lavett

Engraved by



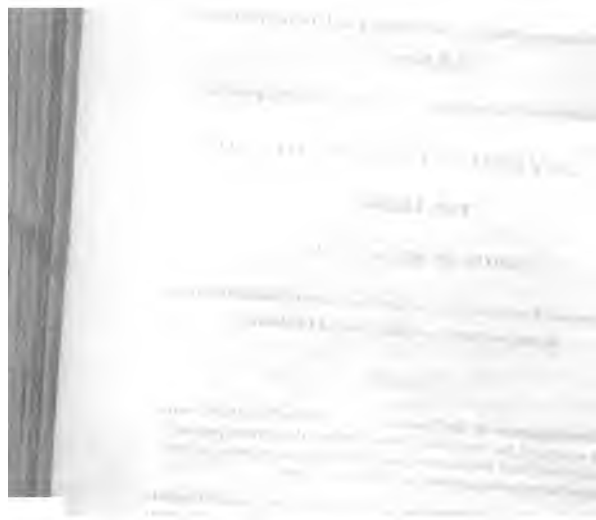
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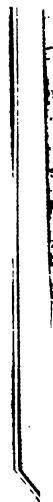
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