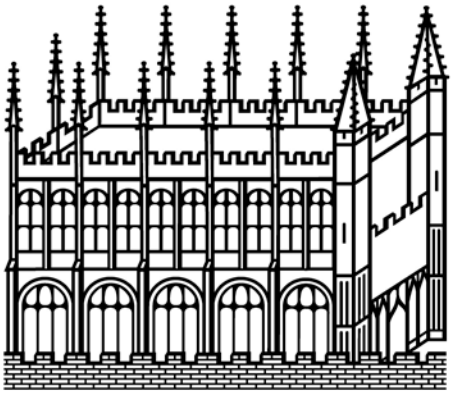

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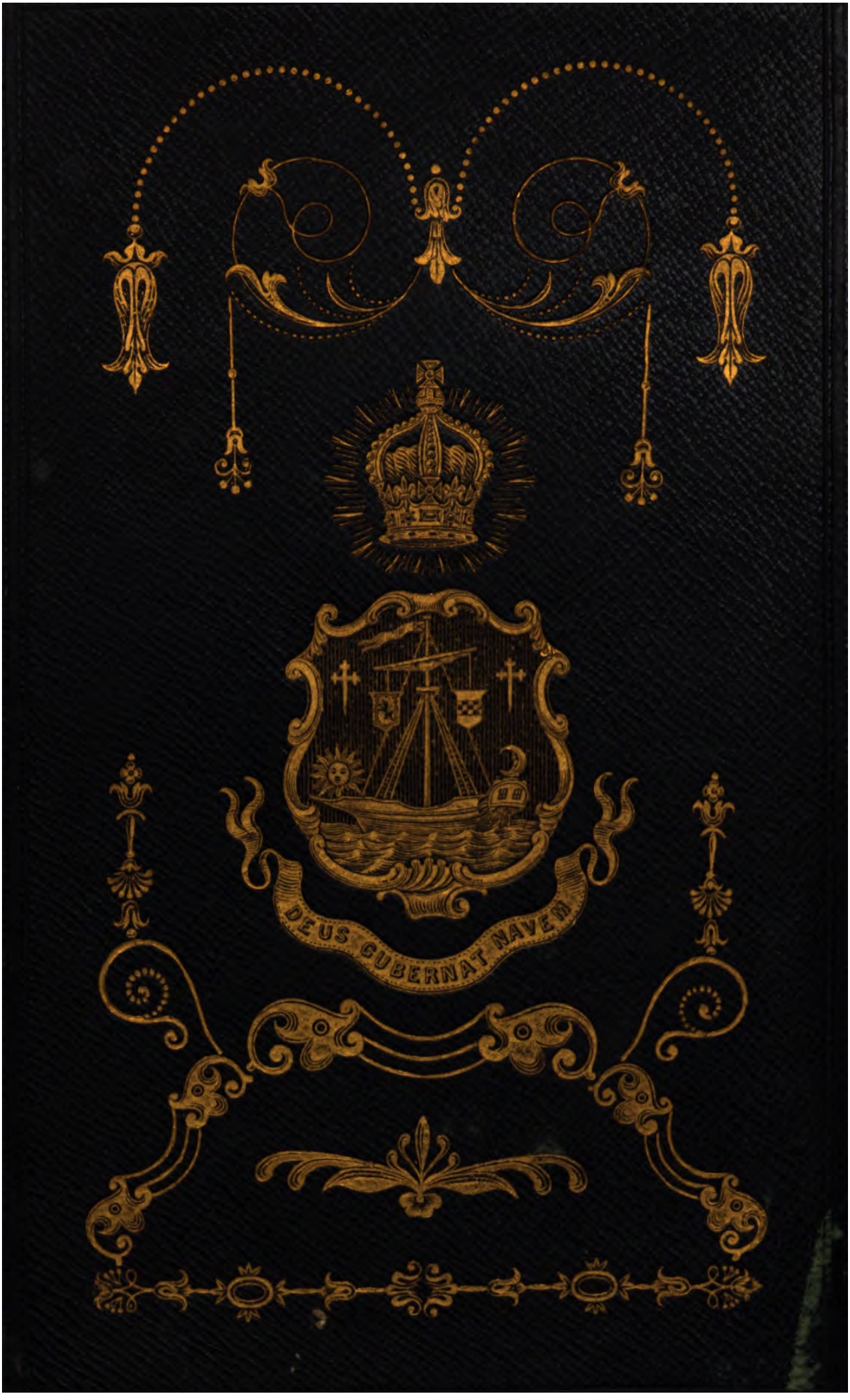
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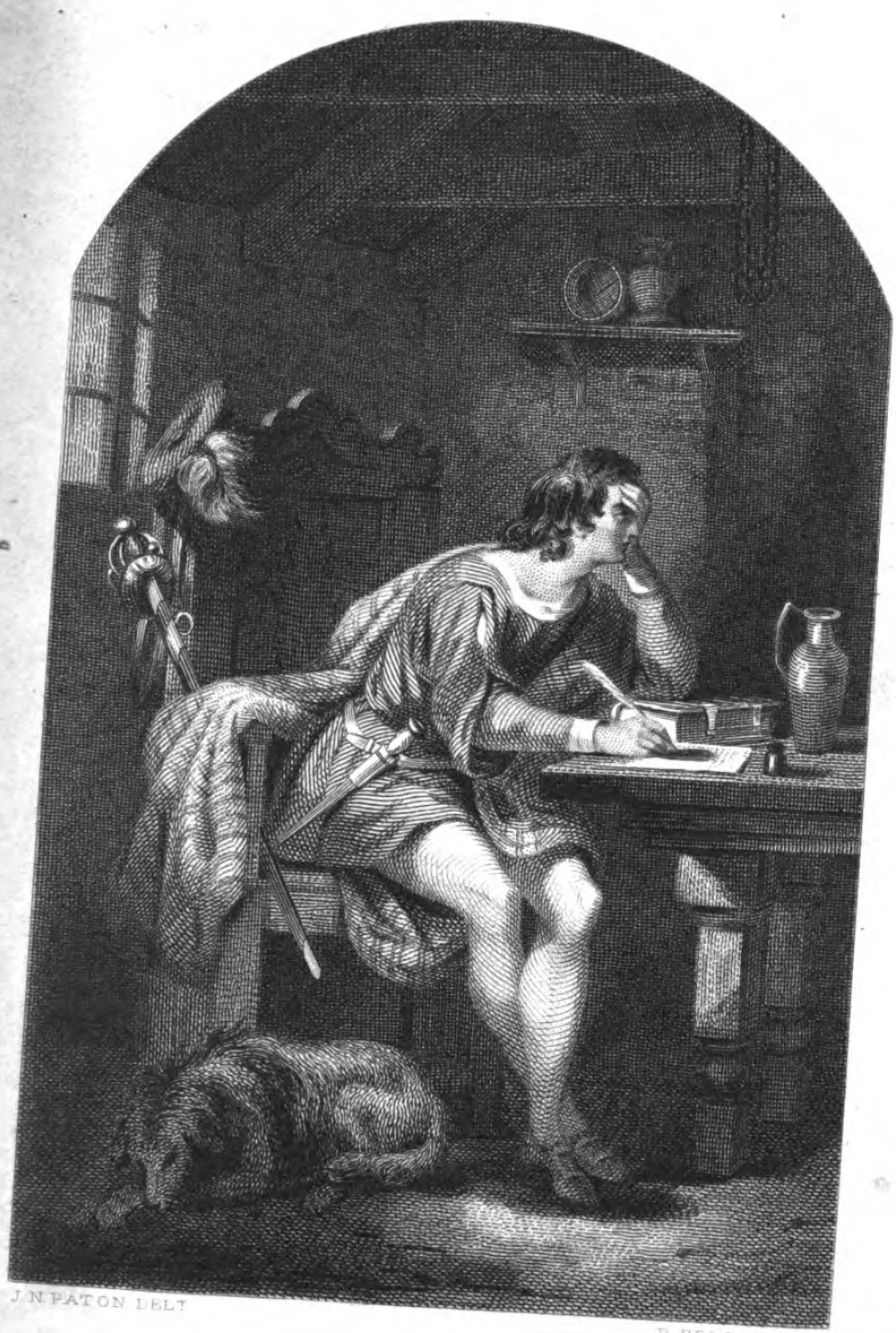

J. N. PATON DELT

P. BELL SCULPT

The Duke of Lennox

THE

RENFREWSHIRE ANNUAL.

MDCCCXLII.

UDINE

Page 160.

PAISLEY:

MURRAY & STEWART AND JOHN NELSON.

THE

RENFREWSHIRE ANNUAL.

MDCCCXLII.

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

CHIEFLY BY NATIVE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY MRS. MAXWELL,
OF BREDILAND AND MERKSWORTH.

PAISLEY:
MURRAY & STEWART AND JOHN NEILSON;
THOMAS MURRAY AND DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW;
JOHN MENZIES, EDINBURGH;
AND TILT & BOGUE, LONDON.
MDCCCXLII.

J. NEILSON, PRINTER, PAISLEY.

BODLEIAN
14 935

TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

VICTORIA,

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER MAJESTY'S

MOST HUMBLE AND LOYAL

SUBJECTS AND SERVANTS,

THE PUBLISHERS.

COURTEOUS READER,

HAVING brought our labours to a conclusion, the RENFREWSHIRE ANNUAL for 1842 is now presented to thee. We have given thee tales of war and chivalry; legends of superstition, fäery-land, and magic-sleight; stories of happy love and eke of broken hearts: nor have we left untouched the sweeter themes of Nature's loveliness and Creation's glories. Therefore, kind reader, if thou seest not the merits of our beloved offspring, the fault, we opine, will be thine, not ours.

But we hope for frequent meetings. The contents of our Balaam-box are multifarious: we have grave subjects for the learned, and lighter themes for the gay of heart; with moral tales and histories not a few. And as it has been and will be our study, to select only what is accordant with true religion and strict morality, we confidently lay claim to the suffrages of those of all classes and grades who love literature.

To unavoidably disappointed contributors, a few words may be expected; but we shall only say, "Wait till another year." Till then, we bid adieu.

9th December, 1841.

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THE

RENFREWSHIRE ANNUAL.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

By Mrs. Barber.

They are bound for their home, and for many a day
Long, long have they sailed on their heart-cheering way;
Some hours of delight on the deep have they seen,
Through the gloom of the tempest full oft have they been.

Yet they slacken not sail for the harbour that lies
So fair and so bright, 'neath the tropical skies;
On, on through the storm and the sunshine they come,
And they change not their course, they are bound for their home!

Glad voices are heard in the cabin below—
On their path through the waters in safety they go;
Yet many an eye from that home-seeking band,
From the dawn to the sunset is turned toward land,

Thus, thus o'er the waters of life as we steer,
Though the loved ones be round, though the skies
should be clear—
May our hearts ever pine for the haven above
As the rest of our spirits, the home of our love!

THE ACCESSION.

By Mrs. Maxwell, of Brediland.

CHAP. I.—RICHMOND.

The tapestried walls of a gorgeous apartment were lined with an array of anxious human beings, the noblest of the land. There was beauty also; holy and wise men; but all regards were centred on one spot in that magnificent chamber. The lover stood by his affianced, without thinking of her loveliness; the statesman forgot that he had swayed the destinies of an empire; and the venerable churchman thought of that awful tribunal where even kings must be judged. Beneath a canopy of cloth of silver, a couch was spread on the ground, and on it was extended a motionless form. The lion-crest of England was visible on all the mouldings and splendid furniture; a blazonry of the arms occupied one end of the apartment, and on a cushion, beside the couch, lay a crown and sceptre. The trappings and adjuncts of royalty were visible wherever the eye rested, but she who lay there heeded them not; it seemed as if the angel of death smiled in mockery on human greatness, as he laid his impress on the strongly marked and now pinched features,

and on the damp and clammy, but still regal brow. Yet authority and pride from time to time, flashed from the glazing eyes, as they opened for an instant, and rested on the glittering emblems of sovereignty beside her, or met the gaze of those who surrounded her, and who had attended her in humility in the days of her prosperous life. Occasionally a suppressed groan seemed to rend her heart, and her ashy lips murmured "Devereux!" and this was followed by a sigh so deep, that the poor sufferer seemed to exhale all that remained of life in the expiration; and tears, that had no power to fall, were visible between her half-shut eyelids. Oh! it was a scene to lay prostrate all human pride!

Yet, though her subjects were loyal, (for hers had been a uniformly prosperous reign, and England, under her sway, had risen to the highest pinnacle of greatness among the nations of Europe,) duty and respect, not affection, were the sentiments of her people. To the qualities of the *sovereign*, she added none of the softness and winning graces of *woman*. Thus, though none of the attentions befitting her state were withheld, *love* had no part in their exhibition. No flowing tears announced sorrow for the approaching dissolution of the childless "MOTHER OF ENGLAND."

A fair girl knelt by the couch of the dying Queen, and wiped the damp from her brow, or moistened her parched lips with a little wine; then, clasping her hands, and raising her dove-like eyes to heaven, she

seemed to forget the presence of the spectators, while her ruby lips moved in prayer for the departing spirit.

"How beautiful Mistress Beatrix looks to-day," whispered Sir Robert Carey to Lord Charles Percy. "To see her kneeling there, with her white arms raised, her golden tresses clustering over her figure, and her eyes of heaven's own azure, we might suppose her one of the angels who, they say, are sent to keep watch and ward over frail mortals."

"I wish she was sent to keep watch over me," replied the gay young nobleman, in the same tone.

* * * * * * * *

"Lord, be thou merciful, and visit not her sins in the day of thy fierce wrath, but even at the eleventh hour, pardon, O God, her transgressions! Thou who art mighty to save, take her not hence till in the depths of thine everlasting mercy she hath found forgiveness!"

Thus prayed the Archbishop of Canterbury, but no sign was made that she joined in the petition.

"How fares her Grace?" inquired Cecil, who had just entered, of the Archbishop.

"As one who hath nearly completed a long journey," replied the venerable person thus addressed. "Her earthly cares are nearly ended,—may the Son of God wash her soul from its stains!"

"Amen!" ejaculated several voices.

"My Lord," said Secretary Cecil to the Archbishop, "would it not be well before our Sovereign hath lost

consciousness, to know her royal will with regard to the succession? Her Grace always eschewed the subject, yet methinks necessity compels us to urge the question now."

"Her Grace's faculties are yet unclouded," replied the Archbishop, "put the question, and disturb her parting spirit no more." The Earl of Surrey and Sir Robert Cecil then moved towards the couch.

"Your Grace's dutiful subjects, madam," said Cecil, "earnestly petition heaven for your recovery, yet, confiding in your maternal anxiety for England, they pray you to name one worthy to fill your throne, when the Most High shall see fit to take you to himself."

The royal sufferer suddenly raised herself on her elbow, and flashes of fire as the scintillations of a meteor sparkled from her eyes, as she exclaimed, "Why trouble ye me? No craven shall wear the crown of England; it descends to my nearest kinsman; JAMES OF SCOTLAND IS MY HEIR."—She fell back exhausted.

"Ha!" ejaculated Lord William Howard, "names she the Stuart? Methinks the blood of Mary is well avenged. Nothing but approaching death could induce the Queen to bequeath the kingdom to that obnoxious race."

"The King of Scots is her Grace's near relative," said Sir Robert Carey; "like her, he is descended from Henry VII., and is a prince of whom report speaks well."

"The death of Mary was a foul deed," replied Howard.

"'Twas political necessity, the throne was endangered," rejoined Carey.

"The cant of despots!—'twas cruelty and womanly jealousy brought the Queen of Scots to the block, and the innocent blood of my kinsman, the noble Norfolk, cries for vengeance against Elizabeth!"

"She was a great monarch!" said Carey.

"She was a heartless *woman*," retorted Howard.

"Let us not think of the *woman*, but of the *Queen*," interposed the Bishop of London; "if blood was wrongously shed, may God absolve her! She established the pure Church; she threw down the mother of abominations, and extinguished the fires of Smithfield."

The murmured prayers which the Archbishop continued to offer up, by the couch of departing majesty, met no response from the sufferer. Still and motionless she lay, and agonizing thoughts passed over her mind, as she breathed the name of one so much beloved, and whose death, doomed by her own rash deed, planted the scorpions of burning love, and never-dying remorse in her heart of hearts. And was there no hope of release from this agony? What were her prospects for ETERNITY in this her extreme distress? Oh! it needs religion to smooth the dying bed, and enable even Kings to appear before a just and terrible God!

CHAP. II. — GREENWICH.

The young maiden known by the name of Beatrix Langton, was the offspring of the Lady Arabella Stuart, (cousin to King James,) and the Earl of Hertford, of whose marriage Queen Elizabeth denied the validity, and the noble and hapless pair were arrested by her order, and sent to separate prisons. The mind of the Countess sunk under this cruel infliction, and it was soon after announced that she had died in a madhouse. The Earl did not long survive the loss of his beloved wife. Either from caprice or some latent feeling of remorse, Elizabeth caused their child to be brought to the palace, and had ever since retained her near her person. The damsel grew up adorned with all the graces that embellish woman. Exquisite beauty was joined to the most winning modesty, and she excelled in all the accomplishments wherein the sex were at that time instructed. Beatrix could not remain ignorant of the fate of her parents, and her own early destitution; but, though shuddering with horror at the cold-hearted cruelty of the Queen, she performed her daily duties with unrepining meekness and patience. Her dependant condition and extraordinary beauty, rendered her an object of pursuit to the young nobles of Elizabeth's court, who, although seeming to regard Beatrix with some affection, could not

bear that another should carry away the palm of beauty, which she wished to appropriate to herself.

But although univerally admired, none of the courtiers had the good fortune to make an impression on her young heart. She rejected every proposal of marriage, in a manner that left no hope to her suitors ; and some of the most celebrated beauties saw with dismay, the rejection of more than one lover, whom they themselves would have gladly accepted.

One of the most magnificent, and, at the same time, most unprincipled noblemen at the court of England, was the Earl of Exeter, and on him the charms of the beautiful orphan made a powerful impression. His eyes followed Beatrix with a wolfish glare whenever they met, which rendered him an object of such horror to her, that, as much as possible, she shunned those assemblages where he always attended. Guarded by instinctive modesty, he had no opportunity of accosting her ; but, determined to possess her, he implored the Queen to sanction his suit, but Beatrix firmly, yet respectfully, declined the profferred honour.

During one of the Queen's visits to her palace at Greenwich, the Earl learned, by means of a domestic, that by sunrise Beatrix was accustomed to walk alone in the palace gardens, and he took his measures accordingly.

The fair orphan, as was her wont, arose to enjoy that magnificent spectacle, when, as she was slowly walking and musing, she was suddenly accosted by

Exeter. His presence was always hateful, but now the libertine gaze with which he regarded her, struck her with terror.

"Fair Mistress Langton," said he, seizing her hand, "thine eyes are to me what the sun is to the earth! Surely thou wilt reward a lover who adores thee; thou shalt be my sovereign, and I will be the humblest of thy slaves."

"Unhand me, my Lord!" cried Beatrix in extreme terror, "I cannot listen to such language; leave me this instant, or dread the vengeance of the Queen!"

"The Queen, dearest, is growing old and peevish; let us leave her to fancy that Essex idolizes her decaying charms, and—"

"Hold!" interrupted Beatrix; "dare not to mention my royal mistress with irreverence, nor think that I will listen to sarcasms coupled with her august name. Begone to those who may permit such language, if such there be, and insult me no longer by thy presence."

"Scornful beauty," answered Exeter, "I forgot all but thee. Give me thy love, fair Beatrix, and I will vow to the Queen's face, that she is lovely as Venus rising from the sea. Oh! I will think of thee when I pay my homage to her Grace." Here he again seized her hand.

"Insolent!" cried Beatrix, "this audacity shall not pass unpunished! Begone, or I will call for assistance!"

"Softly, my fair one," said Exeter, "this scorn is

very becoming, and doubtless thy Scottish minion would think it so; but he sets a higher value on his forfeit life than on thy charms; and wisely, for the death of a traitor cannot be very pleasant. Ha! ha! Methinks I see his head dancing on Towerhill!"

The indignant blood which had rushed to the beautiful face of Beatrix, retreated to her heart, leaving her pale as sculptured marble. Exeter seeing the effect produced by his words, said with a sneer, "What! can the cold-hearted Mistress Langton show signs of human feeling? But fear not, sweet one; for thy sake he may escape for me. Nay, I will even aid his concealment if thou wilt be kind. I have endured thy scorn long enough,—now, thou canst not escape me; I have a barge in readiness, and go with me thou must."

Here he caught her in his arms, and dragged her through a door which opened towards the river. The maiden shrieked in agony, when a rapid and stunning blow from an unseen hand, brought the brutal Exeter to the ground.

The person who so unceremoniously intruded, was a tall youth, in the very flower of manhood. His lithe and graceful figure promised equal strength and agility; his dark eye flashed, and his perfect features seemed writhing and quivering with rage. His dark auburn hair curled gracefully about his temples, and an air of high command, contrasted singularly with the coarseness of his attire, which was that of a Scot-

tish peasant or shepherd. On seeing him supporting Beatrix, who clung to his arm, the vile Exeter, who had risen to his feet, exhibited the countenance of a fiend. Disappointment, however, soon gave place to demoniacal exultation, as he exclaimed, "Ha! traitor, have I caught thee? Now is my triumph complete!"

"Fly," cried Beatrix, in an agony of grief, "fly, and save thyself!"

"And leave thee to a villain? Fear not for me. Let me guide thee to the palace; afterwards I shall take care of myself."

Here Exeter sounded a bugle, on which a barge shot from behind a small headland, and several men were about to spring on shore.

"Seize the traitor," cried Exeter, "and bear away the girl."

The youth held Beatrix in one arm, while, with his dagger in the other, he menaced the ruffians. Exeter drew his sword and rushed upon him; at that instant the door was opened, and Queen Elizabeth stood before them.

After a few moments of silence, the Queen exclaimed, "What! ruffling it so near our palace! God's death, my masters, think ye we are so powerless that we cannot punish? For you, Sir Traitor, look to your head."

"Traitor belongs to none of my name," replied the person addressed; "I came but to protect this maiden from yonder ruffian, who has invaded the precincts of the palace to carry her off."

"My Lord Exeter, what means this?" cried the Queen. "I charge thee, on thy allegiance, to let me know the truth."

"Gracious madam," replied Exeter, "as I was airing in my barge, I saw this youth and maiden pass hastily through the private door of the garden, and, knowing thy watchful care of Mistress Langton, I accosted her, and endeavoured to persuade her to return; but my arguments were useless, and when I attempted to lead her back, this gallant made a furious attack on me, which forced me to draw my sword in self-defence. This is a true account of what you have now witnessed, and your Grace, who excel in wisdom, will know what course to pursue with them."

"Liar!" cried the youth, "liar and coward alike, first to seek the ruin of helpless innocence, and then, by thy vile slanders, to belie her spotless fame! Though the Queen be my enemy, I know her Grace's wisdom, if she condescend to hear me, will recognise thee as a false traitor and knave."

"By the rood thou art a bold youth," said Elizabeth, "but that shall not save thee. Exeter, lead the damsel to the palace. I know how to deal with this ruffler as he deserves."

She raised her finger, and a band of the household guards rapidly advanced and surrounded them.

"Seize the boy traitor; to the tower with him! His next journey shall be to the scaffold."

Beatrix, uttering a cry of despair, threw herself at the

feet of the Queen, and grasped her robe—"Save him! He is innocent! I,—I only am to blame! Oh! as you hope for mercy at the last day, spare his life, and shed not innocent blood!"

"Thou art a bold huzzy to show thy foolish partialities thus," said Elizabeth. "Go to thy chamber, minx, I shall find a time to teach thee thy duty."

"My gracious Sovereign," said Exeter, "permit me to escort Mistress Langton, and leave her in safety at the palace."

He bowed low to the Queen, who replied by a startling box on the ear, which had the instantaneous effect of restoring him to an erect position.

"Officious fellow!" cried the Queen, "take that for thy pains, and think not that England is blind; there are more traitors than the Scot. Away with him!" turning to her guards. "For you, my Lord, go to your house, and await our further pleasure."

The crest-fallen peer was slowly walking away; Beatrix and her deliverer exchanged looks of anguish, as the order was repeated to convey him to the tower. A full tide of misery rushed through his heart, as he looked on Beatrix, and thought of her, lovely, confiding, and innocent as she was, clinging to him as her future refuge and protector. He broke from his guards, and clasped her to his heart:—"Beatrix! Beatrix! what will be thy agony!"

They were forcibly separated. At that instant a female, who had been crouching among some furze

bushes, rose from her lurking-place, and sprang upon Exeter, who, starting back, fell headlong into the river, and sank among the boats. Amid the confusion caused by this incident, the prisoner caught up Beatrix in his arms, carried her hastily into the garden, and, threading the mazes of the alleys, set her down on the steps of the palace. Meantime the assailant, like a lioness raging for her prey, turned to Elizabeth, who made a hasty retreat through the door so often mentioned, and closed it with speed against the intruder. She next rushed among the soldiers, who tumbled over each other in their amazement and haste to escape from this unexpected and redoubted enemy. When the youth had placed Beatrix in safety, he was seized by two of the guards, who had followed him. By an effort of almost superhuman strength, he freed himself by a sudden wrench, shot away like an arrow from a bow—bounded over the garden wall, and disappeared.

Whether Exeter was drowned or picked up we have never thought it worth while to ascertain, but we may explain that Beatrix's lover escaped to a cottage in the vicinity of London, inhabited by a faithful adherent of his family, where he lay some time concealed. From thence he wrote a letter to Beatrix, wherein he detailed his future plans ; advised her, if possible, to take refuge in Scotland, and concluded by the strongest expressions of unalterable love, and a firm hope that, notwithstand-

ing the gloom of their present prospects, they would yet be happy.

* * * * * * * *

A shadowy figure stood near the couch of Elizabeth; none saw her enter, and she looked not a being of this world. The Queen opened her dying eyes, which seemed suddenly fascinated by the mysterious visitant. The figure raised a hand so thin that the light of the tapers shone through it, and slowly, slowly, pointed to the sky. The sufferer, with a shivering sob, buried her face in the pillows; the apparition went as she came,—the spectators knew not how.

The prayers of the holy men who knelt by the dying Queen, were heard throughout the spacious apartment, so still and breathless were the silent listeners. The lamp of life burned dimly in the socket;—it flashed an instant, and all was still.—*She died and made no sign.*

CHAP. III.—HOLYROOD.

A GOODLY company of nobles and gentlemen were assembled in the great gallery of Holyrood, that ancient structure where so many kings have lived and *died.* The walls of the gallery were hung round with portraits real or imaginary, of all the Sovereigns of Scotland, down to the unfortunate Mary, and equally

hapless Darnley. These portraits now formed the subject of much pleasant conversation.

"By my saul," said King James, "but some of my ancestors have been grim-looking loons. No wonder they kept our neighbours at bay, for some of them might pass for *Sathanus* himself. I'se warrant they made clean heels over the border."

"With an army of incarnate fiends behind them;" said the Earl of Argyle, "the adage says, 'they run fast whom the devil drives.'"

"Your Highness hath better friends to help you," rejoined Lord Archibald Hamilton; "Surrey, Cecil, and all Queen Elizabeth's Council stand us in better stead than Diabolus and his legion. Rumour says her Grace carries herself but delicately. I trust she hath named your Highness her successor, for the English nation have high expectations from a prince of your Highness's wisdom, justice, and learning."

"By my troth, man, ye speak like a clerk," answered James, "but we have better claims than her Grace's *dictum*. We claim the crown of England by virtue of our descent from Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, and spouse of Malcolm Canmore, as well as by our great-grand-dam, aunt to our sister Elizabeth; so that her Grace could only confirm what is established by law."

"And mother Simpson, who is, or pretends to be a prophetess, says, a great change awaits Scotland, and that your Highness will shortly be a nursing-father to others than the Scots," rejoined Argyle.

"None can ever equal my countrymen in my affections," said the King solemnly; "leal hearts and strong arms have hedged me round as with a panoply of mail. May He"—here James reverently raised his jewelled cap—"may He who bestows and takes away crowns and sceptres, direct all for the best!"

At this instant, a wild-looking female figure rushed into the gallery. Her glaring eyes shot lurid flashes—she gasped for breath, and her tangled locks writhed and twisted about her temples, and fell in disordered masses over her shoulders. Her head and feet were uncovered, as well as her arms, which she tossed with frantic gestures. The intruder was well known, being the identical mother Simpson mentioned above; but her extraordinary excitement occasioned no small astonishment to the beholders. Advancing to the King, she exclaimed, "I see an empty throne! I see a fallen crown! I see *her* not! I see a pageant at Whitehall—thou art there. Woe! woe to Scotland!"

At these words she sank down in utter exhaustion on a bench. Her eyes became suffused with tears, and the wildness of her looks gradually gave place to a settled sorrow.

"What means the fule body?" cried the King; "has she seen any one from England, or are there news of the Queen's health?"

"Sire," replied the Earl of Argyle, "your Highness knows that a courier arrived this morning, with letters from Secretary Cecil and the Earl of Surrey.

They stated that the Queen was poorly; there can be no new arrivals."

"The ravings of a bedlamite!" said Lord Morton.

"There may be method in her madness," replied Argyle; "some are of opinion that those whom the world pronounces mad, are only inspired."

A few days thereafter, Sir Robert Carey arrived with tidings of the Queen's death, having ridden night and day, in order to be the first to communicate that event to the King. In three days more, arrived Sir Charles Percy and Thomas Somerset, with official intelligence of the same.*

CHAP. IV.—STRANGERS—LONDON.

Two days before the King's departure for England, James, with some of his nobles, was walking in the piazzas of the palace, when a horseman gallopped up to the grand entrance, sprung from his steed, and hastening through the porch, threw himself at James's feet. The dress and equipments of the cavalier denoted him a noble of the highest rank. Taking off his plumed hat, his noble and expressive features radiant with joy, together with his majestic height and faultless figure, elicited murmurs of admiration from the spectators.

---

* Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond on the 24th of March, 1603.

"Ha!" cried James, "our kinsman Lennox! Saul o' my body, man, but ye are welcome! Troth, we feared ye would have been shorter by the head ere this; but our deceased sister, peace be to her *manes*, had some respect for our remonstrance."

"To your Majesty's interference I am indeed much indebted," replied the Duke; "and now, my Liege, receive the homage of the last of your father's house;" (he again knelt before the King,) "permit me to hail your accession, and say, 'God save James, King of Britain!'"* He kissed the hand which James extended to him and arose.

"My kingdom to a bodle, cousin Lennox," cried the King, looking up the Canongate, through which a goodly cavalcade was approaching the palace, "you had a *fair* reason for not coming with the ambassadors; say I not true?"

The Duke blushed, smiled, and bowed. "My Liege," said he, "I arrived at Leith only an hour since. Some of your Highness's fair subjects have come with me to pay their duty to the Queen."

As he spoke, the strangers advanced to the porch, and dismounting, were courteously received by James, who, with Lennox, escorted them directly to the Queen's apartment. There were about twenty noble

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* The titles were King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. In Queen Anne's reign, the island was first called Great Britain.

ladies, and several of Elizabeth's late courtiers. The Queen had been much incensed against the King for the affair of the Ruthvens.* Thus, when congratulated on his accession, she had angrily said, "she wished not to be indebted to him for a crown," but she received the strangers with the affability and graciousness becoming their deserts and her high station.

The King looked earnestly at Beatrix, and strong emotion was portrayed on his countenance, as he said, "What a resemblance! This must be offspring of my dear Arabella," and unwonted tears streamed over his face, as he embraced Beatrix with paternal tenderness. "Welcome, sole remains of her who was to me as a darling sister. Her Grace, cruel in some things, hath, we are informed, not neglected thy training; and truly thou art a flower our proudest noble may covet to wear in his bosom."

Beatrix gave an involuntary glance at Lennox, and her beautiful face coloured the deepest crimson, as she bent her swan-like neck to hide her confusion. The King, observing the looks of both, smiled and said, "We have heard something of this; Lennox, thy hand; our fair cousin will not withhold hers."

At that moment a thin figure glided from behind

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* Young Ruthven, brother to the Earl of Gowrie, had been discovered by the King asleep, a portrait of the Queen hanging at his bosom; soon after the young men were murdered in an affray in Gowrie house.

the arras, and taking the hands of the young pair, joined them together; then raising her eyes to heaven, her colourless lips moved as if invoking a solemn benediction. Astonishment kept the spectators silent; some of them recognised the Sibyl, though madness no longer burned in her eyes, which now shone with the soft light of recovered reason. Her attire, too, betokened that her mind had recovered its tone, being a flowing garment of pure white linen, fastened at the waist by a ceinture of the same; a veil of snowy white thrown over her head, so as to leave the face visible, fell in graceful folds over her fragile figure. The singular visitant held the hands of the lovers locked in hers, as she fixed her mild eyes on Beatrix. The maiden gazed on her in amazement mingled with awe, and her features, as she earnestly scanned the wan and wasted, but lovely countenance, gradually exhibited an intensity of mysterious interest. For many minutes their looks were rivetted on each other. At length Beatrix, sinking at the feet of the stranger, faltered out "Mother!" and fell in a swoon on the ground.

It was indeed Arabella Stuart, Countess of Hertford, that long suffering and persecuted woman. It seemed that Elizabeth, in determining to abstain from matrimony herself, exhibited a decided hostility to all her kindred who entered that state. Thus the Earl and Countess of Hertford were the objects of her persecution, solely because they cemented a lawful affection by the seal of wedlock. We have said that the Countess

was reported to have died in a madhouse ; but, with the cunning peculiar to insanity, she had contrived to make her escape, and in her lucid intervals, to watch over her daughter, whom she knew to be in the palace. She it was who had brought the Duke of Lennox so opportunely, to counteract the villanous scheme of Exeter ; she also was the mysterious visitant of the death-chamber of Elizabeth. She eluded search in various mean disguises, till a former domestic of her family found and sheltered her.

When the first emotions of wonder had subsided, the King urged his kinswoman to remain at court, where every honour due to her virtue, and her relationship to himself, should be paid her.

"No, James Stuart," said the meek sufferer, "with this world I have done. My child's happiness secured, I go hence to visit courts no more. I leave her safe, and happy in the love of the noble Lennox. Happy she will be as her mother has been, and she will never know the misery I have suffered."

Next day the Duke of Lennox and Beatrix were united by Mr. John Hall, minister of St. Giles, in presence of their Majesties and the whole court. Thus, this faithful and long-tried pair were rewarded for all they had suffered.

As they knelt before the Countess of Hertford to receive her blessing, she said, "Beatrix, my beloved child, sole remains of thy sainted father, and thou, the son of my adoption, be blest in all things ;—blest in

mutual love, and in the protection of Him who rules the destinies of men! May all things combine to bless you, and may your union be perpetuated there, where the weary Arabella hopes soon to be at rest!"

Beatrix threw herself on the neck of her saint-like parent, in a burst of passionate grief. Her husband drew her to his breast, and mingled his tears with hers; and next day the Countess went on board a vessel which carried her to France. There she lived a year in close retirement, at the expiry of which, the sorrows of Arabella Stuart were ended.

A little explanation of the foregoing scenes may be necessary here. The father of the youth now designated Duke of Lennox, was Lord Charles Stuart, brother to the unfortunate Darnley. He married an English lady, which marriage the cruel Elizabeth denied to be legal, and jealousy of Stuart's propinquity to herself, (next to the King of Scots and his issue, he was heir to the crown of England, as the Lady Arabella Stuart was to that of Scotland;) impelled her to separate the noble pair, as she had done the Earl and Countess of Hertford. Lord Charles and his lady being both dead, Elizabeth sought, in like manner, to destroy the life, or at least the claims, of their son, Henry Stuart, Duke of Lennox by the death of his grandfather. He was arraigned on a frivolous charge of treason, for having gone to visit his cousin, King James, and some other charges equally unfounded. We have not time for farther explanation.

Our limits compel us to pass over the departure of King James, and the lamentations of his subjects, who saw their sovereign about to fix his residence in a country, which, with all her wealth and mighty armies opposed to their poverty and small population, had never been able to subdue them. To be deprived of their court and distinction as a nation, seemed to the Scots in general a calamity so grievous, that the yet unreaped advantages of an alliance with fertile and magnificent England, seemed trivial and valueless. James's tears flowed fast, as his subjects crowded around him, clinging to his stirrups and entreating him not to leave them. "Nearly two thousand years your Highness's ancestors have reigned over Scotland, and dwelt in the midst of their subjects," said a venerable old man; "now we are to be left as sheep wanting a shepherd!"

"Not so, not so, my faithful people. I will return in three years, if the Most High spares my life; and every three years, while I live, I will return and dwell a while among ye."

Vain words! bootless promises!

The journey to London, with which James was so pleased that he compared it to a continued hunting excursion, endured thirty-two days; and everywhere along the route, people seemed to forget their regret for the deceased monarch, in anticipations as to her successor. Pageants were everywhere prepared, and all ranks vied in exhibiting their loyalty.

On the 7th of May, 1603, James entered the metropolis of England, and proceeded to Whitehall, and from thence to the Tower, the Duke of Lennox, as first prince of the blood, carrying the sword of state. Jubilant shouts, the roar of cannon, the voice of trumpets, and the acclamations of assembled thousands, hailed the accession of the King of Scots. "God save James, King of Britain!" mingled with the thunder of the cannon, and the sounds of the clarions. "God save James, King of Britain!" exclaimed with one accord English and Scots. The ancient structure re-echoed the unwonted sound. The acclaim floated on the waters, and was carried on the air—the heart-felt acclaim of a loyal people—"God save James, King of Britain!"

JOY.

Say, where is joy? Doth she impart
Her thrillings to the tyrant's heart,
When revelling in luxurious ease,
With countless cringing slaves to please
His gross dull lusts? Or when proud kings
Bend the low knee to him, like things
Which crawl on the earth, and kiss the red hand
That, like a simoon, swept their native land?
Ah! No.

Doth she blaze in that fierce light
That illumes the warrior's eye in fight,
When th' earth drinks deep in human blood,
Fast gushing in a purple flood,
Whose thund'ring cannons' with'ring fire,
Alike in death lays son and sire?—
His brow may be wreathed with laurels by men,
But will young Joy smile 'mid the green leaves then
Ah! No.

Doth she dwell in the regal hall,
In the pomp of feast, of mask, or ball,
With the libertine and debauchee,
In the roar of midnight revelry?—

On the statesman's brow, his noblest aim
A niche in glory's lofty fane?
On the ruby rim of the drunkard's bowl,
In the golden dreams of the miser's soul?
Ah! No.

Then, where is she?—In the peasant's home,
When sunset notes that labour's done;
In the home-bound bark when shrill and high
Rings the shout of land! a welcome cry;
In the free heart of the mountaineer,
Who ne'er felt slavery's chain nor fear;
In the lover's long impassioned kiss,
When their tale is of coming years of bliss,—
There she dwells.

And in a mother's glistening eye,
When she sings her babe's sweet lullaby;
In a maiden's wild voice gushing free
In her pride of virgin purity: —
But more than all in the poet's soul,
When he bursts the thrall of earth's control,
And soaring away on Fancy's bright wings,
Quaffs the flood of bliss that in glory springs
From Joy's own throne.

ARIEL.

THE LATE DUKE OF KENT, FATHER OF HER MAJESTY.

By William Rae Wilson, Esq., of Kelvinbank, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London.

The mind of his Royal Highness was cast in a peculiar mould. He was endowed with a vigorous understanding, to which a lofty and fearless independence of soul gave free scope; and whatever his hand found to do, it was pursued with an indefatigable ardour and perseverance, and "with all his might," regardless of all those taunts and frowns which he had encountered from many who were jealous of his superior talents, firm political principles, and growing popularity.

It cannot fail to be in the recollection of all who have heard him pleading in behalf of the free circulation of the mighty word of God, "without note or comment," and in the cause of the oppressed and wretched, who were always the objects of his deep solicitude, how much his heart was in their cause, when his dignified appearance and glowing eloquence so rousing and commanding, yet distinguished for sympathy, never failed to make the deepest impression on all around. In the estimation of the thinking class of

mankind, no man stood on higher ground than the Duke, or exhibited a brighter example to persons of all ranks. In him there was nothing of duplicity or worldly calculation, but a most open, urbane frankness, and straight-forwardness, which characterised his deportment on all occasions. But to enter into particulars, the habits of his Royal Highness were most regular and systematical. He was the very reverse of a *bon-vivant* or *gourmand,* a gambler, horse-racer, or idler. As he was highly distinguished for sobriety, after the example of his father, guarding in his most convivial moments against the slightest degree of excess, so did he strongly reprobate such vices, when he found them to be practised by others.

Never was it known that at any time he lent his countenance or company to profligates, or persons of immoral character, but on the contrary he courted the society of the benevolent, and those who were useful in the world, of "good report," and promoted the glory of God. I have the best access to know, that when he was forming an intimacy with any man, the first question he put to those who knew him personally was, if he was sober and correct in his conduct; should he have discovered him to be otherwise, he would at once withdraw his attentions from him.

Like his venerable parent he rose at an early hour, and was at his desk laboriously occupied like a common clerk, commencing his labours at four o'clock in the morning. With respect to punctuality of cor-

respondence, no prince of the blood, nay few men in any situation of life, could approach him; indeed his accuracy in this respect was universally acknowledged to be altogether unrivalled, nay it was proverbial, and although the written dispatches the Prince received daily were often laid before him in heaps, an answer was instantly returned to each. To mention merely one proof of his most extraordinary activity, during the year previous to his lamented death he wrote 550 letters on a multiplicity of topics; as for instance, his regiment; the various benevolent institutions he patronized at home and abroad; to his friends, and on his own private affairs and household, which were copied into a book with all the regularity of a merchant. Never was there a more firm and true friend than his Royal Highness, and it was one most peculiar trait in his character which has been universally acknowledged—and would his noble example was followed by others—that he never was known to have deserted, under any circumstances, however adverse, those whom he took by the hand or befriended. Many are the monuments that exist at this moment, of persons in the navy, army, and other situations, holding high appointments, who were, on being first made known to him, in the humblest walks of life. Again, in the Duke there was no assumed hauteur, air of superiority, or vain-glory; no measured language at an interview and "bowing you out," after a few words of conversation; but a patient hearing of every narrative, a

kindness that won the hearts of all who approached him, and in his very countenance there were exhibited mildness and benevolence. Strong was he in affection. He never was the cause of the ruin of any one by a smile; his heart was warm, generous; he felt keenly for the sufferings of his fellow creatures, and had a "hand open as day to melting charity." The streams indeed of the Duke's liberality were poured forth into an infinite number of channels, having that "charity which is kind and never faileth;" and his ear was ever open to those who were "distressed in mind, body, or estate." I am not at liberty to relate the sums he transmitted to me, to distribute among the oppressed in those extensive travels I have made in foreign lands. He was in all parts the tried friend of the lonely widow, the miserable orphan, and also the true British soldier. But I cannot omit the earnest instructions imparted to me, to use the utmost exertions to extend a knowledge of the plan of instruction, founded on the British system, by training children in the way they should go, after the example of his revered father, whose ardent wish was, "that every child in his dominions should be taught to read his bible."

Further, the Duke of Kent never "fashioned his doctrines to the varying hour," but was most immovable and steady to the principles which he had embraced, and no power, place, or interest, could shake or prevail on him to depart from them for one moment. I never can forget on one occasion when the Prince Regent had re-

ceived to his councils those who had supported formerly his father's government, and to whom he was once hostile, his Royal Highness expressed to me his deep regret, adding, "my brother has deserted his friends, but I have never abandoned *my* friends."

In reference to public acts of benevolence, where, I would ask, is there one charitable institution in the city of London he was solicited to patronize, which he did not support by all that powerful and flowing eloquence and influence he could command? Was he not the great mainspring, nay the very life and soul of them? Those affecting and strong addresses he delivered when presiding at their meetings, where he was so much idolized, never failed to open wide the purse of all who heard him, and promoted greatly the success of those noble institutions.

But without going into a further detail, (for a volume might be written of the god-like acts of the Duke of Kent,) I would observe that in what I have described, I speak not the language of flattery, but of "truth and soberness;" and I know there are at this moment thousands, who can vouch for the authenticity of this imperfect sketch of one of the first princes of the blood of Great Britain, whose noble example still speaketh from the tomb to persons not only of his own exalted rank, but to others in a subordinate situation in life, "Go and do likewise." To imitate his virtues, will indeed be considered as the best proof of remembering them.

To conclude. Alas! a mighty man hath fallen! His sun, instead of performing the usual course, set in its meridian; for in the mysterious visit of the Almighty, quickly was his Royal Highness snatched from us, in the midst of a benevolent career in the vineyard of his master; but thousands unborn will lisp his praise for those wonderful exertions he made, not only in the grand plan of education, but in the cause of the wretched and miserable.

Shade of the wise and good, receive this humble tribute justly due to thee—the testimony of one who personally knew thy virtue, was long in thy private confidence, and by whom thy memory will ever be held most dear. Thine ashes will be moistened with the tears of our country—thy exalted name be embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity, and kept alive in the faithful page of history, along with those of other enlightened and distinguished benefactors of their species, amidst associations of the most endearing nature.

Perpetuus sopor
Urguet! cui pudor et justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides; nudaque veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

TIME.

By the late Dugald Moore, Esq.*

There is an ocean on whose tide
All earthly grandeur meets decay;
And human hopes, and human pride,
Like sunsets melt away.

The gorgeous city desolate—
The broken arch—the tower sublime—
The skeleton of many a state—
Whisper out, Time.

Yes! Time hath made himself to all
A fearful visitant; he waves
His wings o'er empires, and they fall
Into their graves.

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* This beautiful poem was one of three sent us last year by the lamented and gifted Author, and, we believe, was among the latest of his productions. One of these, "The Broken Vow," appeared in our Annual for 1841, but, before its publication, the Author was no more.

He stands alone; his touch can rend
The diadem from the loftiest brow;
He has an eye before whose bend
All, all must bow.

'Mid empires to oblivion hurl'd,
He hovers like a thunder cloud;
His only banner in the world,
The sable shroud.

His plumage are the shadows cast
Upon the perish'd hero's name;
His voice, the long, dull tempest's blast,
That smothers fame.

He breathes contagion as he flies
On millions who but dream of mirth,
And famine from his hollow eyes
Poisons the earth.

The future, who can tell the woe
That mantles in life's secret cup?
All we can prophesy or know,
Is—we must drink it up!

Time has his hours to build, but he
Has his long night to overturn;
And hearts that have their days of glee,
Have years to mourn.

The marble and the chisel'd brass
  May tell an empire's pride or grief;
But in the grave, alas! alas!
    The worm is chief.

The pyramids all vainly swell
  Above some old despotic head;
Those mountains hewn to tombs, but tell,
    "We hold the dead."

Gigantic works of nature's prime,
  Though long they've laugh'd at hoary age,
What are they?—dial stones for Time's
    First title-page.

The tomes where fire and genius lurk,
  The labours of the mighty few,
Time opes; he breathes upon the work,
    And blots it through,

And hands it to oblivion, who
  Flings it where earth's old treasures rust,
And all that meets the aching view,
    Is doubt or dust.

LUCY DARWIN.

WHOEVER has applied himself, even but superficially, to the study of human nature, will, doubtless, have found interesting matter for his speculations, in the singular contrasts which the character of the same individual frequently presents at different periods of life. If we look around the circle of our school or college companions, or of the friends of our youth, there are few among us, probably, but can call to mind instances where what was once the petulant, overbearing, or still worse the morose, selfish disposition in the boy, has been as remarkable for mildness, benevolence, and generosity, in the man. Where the bountiful or the careless spendthrift has become the cautious prudent economist, perhaps the niggardly miser; and where reckless levity of conduct, or even apparent depravity of moral tastes and habits, has been superseded by grave and exemplary correctness of life. To this list of anomalies many others might be added—from either sex—each of which, like those already enumerated, would supply, in the converse of its own features, as it were, a duplicate of itself. When such changes can be brought home to a definite cause, to the effects of some corrective discipline, the trials of adversity, re-

ligious impressions, the example or authority of friends, or any other of those secondary influences to which the character of every man is more or less subjected in passing through life, although they may afford matter for reflection, they can offer but little for surprise to the philosophic mind. But in not a few cases they admit of no such explanation, seeming to proceed altogether from internal causes, from the natural working of the human mind, perhaps in spite, rather than by favour, of external circumstances; as if realizing that article of Arabian mythology, where the destinies of each man are committed to the joint charge of a good and an evil genius, struggling with alternate success for the mastery. In the great majority of instances, the effect, whatever may be the cause, is brought about slowly and gradually. But there are exceptions to this rule, offering, perhaps, the most interesting examples of all, where the transition is sudden and instantaneous, the result, as may be supposed, of some equally sudden catastrophe of fate or conduct. These cases occur chiefly in early youth, the most susceptible period of life. The most afflicting are those where an adverse destiny for the future has been irrevocably fixed, by indiscretions originating in past defects of character, before the favourable change has taken place. Of the latter of the foregoing series of moral reflections, the following story supplies an interesting illustration.

During the early part of a season spent in Rome some years ago, I devoted an afternoon to a stroll over that

region of the ancient city, which, projecting in the form of a triangle between the Tiber, the Circus Maximus, and the wall of Aurelian, comprises within its bounds the whole Aventine hill, together with another beautiful and singular eminence, called the Monte Testaccio, from the fragments of ancient pottery of which it is entirely composed. This region forms part of that extensive tract of ill-cultivated gardens, vineyards, and olive grounds, interspersed with ruins and waste land, and studded here and there with a convent, a church, or a dilapidated villa, overshadowed with cypress or imbedded in thickets of evergreens, which, though comprehended during the last 1600 years within the venerable walls of the ancient city, and occupying, in fact, the greater portion of the space which they enclose, can hardly now be considered as part of the modern town, in so far at least, as that term applies to a continuous mass of inhabited buildings. The spleen which the present deserted aspect of this former scene of life and activity excites in the mind of the political economist, is well compensated to the man of taste, by its classic interest and picturesque beauty. It was now the season of the year, the first week in October, when the climate of Rome combines, in greatest perfection, all that climate can offer to delight the senses, to warm the imagination, and to render the mere consciousness of "living and moving and having one's being," in itself an exquisite enjoyment; when a bright, but not a burning sun, beams through a balmy and refreshing

air, and when the atmosphere of the Campagna, at all times so remarkable for its transparency, has been purged by the autumnal rains, of those noxious but invisible elements, which, in summer, poison its salubrity without impairing its beauty. This is also the season when the city itself, and its objects of interest, hold forth the most powerful attractions to those who are qualified to appreciate them. The sombre gloom of which some complain as weighing heavily on the spirits, is now enlivened by the festivities of the vine-dresser celebrating his harvest-home by the merry sound of the tambarine, and the tread of the graceful Saltarello. That air of classic solemnity and repose, on the other hand, which distinguishes Rome from other great capitals, and so powerfully enhances the effect of her associations, has not yet been too rudely interrupted, by the full influx of those hordes of idlers and loungers from all parts of Europe, whom Horace has so aptly, one might almost say so prophetically, described, as "possessed by a strenuous indolence which impels them to seek for good living in coaches and packet boats;"* and who, during the winter months, do their best to convert this temple of history and art into a hotbed of revelling and frivolous dissipation.

The sun was just setting, as the conclusion of my ramble brought me to the Protestant cemetery, situ-

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* Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque,
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.

ated near the gate of San Paolo, under the lofty sepulchral pyramid of Caius Cestius, the earliest, and now the best preserved monument of the marble magnificence of ancient Rome, from whence I was to regain the road leading into the interior of the city. Complete solitude prevailed around this spot. The peasantry of the neighbouring vineyards had flocked to the distant villa Borghese, at this season the favourite place of festive resort, and no sound was to be heard but the gentle toll of the Ave Maria from the neighbouring sanctuaries. As the hour approached, so beautifully described by Dante in one of his happiest moments of tenderness :—

Che il nuovo pellegrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla da lontano,
Che paja il giorno pianger che si muore.*

On entering the gate, my attention was arrested by a figure seated at the foot of a newly erected monument, in one of the recesses of the enclosure. The tomb was a small quadrangular *cippus* or altar of white marble, surmounted by an urn or vase of black basalt, the summit of which was carved in imitation of a lambent flame rising from its interior. The mourner, for such I assumed him to be, partly from the suit of sables he wore, partly from his air and attitude,

* This image has been borrowed and imitated by Gray in the opening verse of his celebrated ode, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

which could not fail at once to connect itself, in the mind of every observer, with the sepulchre on which he leant, was reclining on the turf, his arm resting as a support for his head on the basement of the tomb, his back towards me, and seemed lost in deep melancholy abstraction. A letter lay open on the ground by his side. I halted involuntarily for a moment, to observe his motions and then, with that instinctive feeling of repugnance to act the spy, however innocently, on a scene which was evidently not intended for the view of a stranger, I advanced with a slight noise, sufficient to apprise him of my presence. He looked round, and perceiving that he was not alone, calmly lifted up and folded the letter; and, after a pause, arose, made a circuit of the cemetery, and left it by the gate through which I had just entered.

He did not look at me as he passed, but I caught a fair enough view of his person to recognise in it the earliest and most valued friend of my youth; although I had at first some difficulty in identifying his wan, pallid countenance and dejected air, with the features I had, little more than a year ago, seen beaming with health and animation. My natural impulse was to start forward and accost him, but the surprise, the shock occasioned by the change in his appearance, and the same involuntary feeling of delicacy, arising from the peculiar circumstances under which our meeting would have taken place, withheld me, and I stood

motionless, gazing after him till he disappeared in the distance.

Charles Evelyn was born heir to a fine estate, on the enjoyment of which he entered on attaining the age of majority. Our friendship had commenced at school, been continued at college, and as fellow travellers on our first continental tour, and had been maintained by correspondence, or by meetings at intervals, during the ten years that had since elapsed. Nature had not been less bountiful than fortune in her gifts to my friend. She had bestowed on him a handsome person, generous temper, and fine taste and talents, with an agreeable faculty of displaying them to the best advantage; all which qualities had been cultivated and improved by every refinement of education, travel, and good company. The charm of his society was no way diminished to his intimate acquaintance by a certain share of eccentricity, an attribute which, unless where in itself of an offensive kind, seldom fails, partly by the zest it adds to familiar intercourse, partly by the opportunities it seems to afford for insight into the character of its possessor, to form a strong rivet to the bonds of personal friendship. One peculiarity on which he prided himself, was an iron insensibility to the influence of the tender passion, and not without apparent reason, having, to the certain knowledge of his intimates, passed his thirtieth year without having yet been subjected to its power. He was, however, at the same time, professedly fond of

the society of women—anxious to attract their favour—piqued himself on his exquisite taste in all that regards female person, character, or manners, and was jealously alive to the mortification of any thing like successful rivalry, in cases where he was himself ambitious of pleasing. He admitted it indeed to be his intention, on passing the prime of manhood, to select some amiable and accomplished person as the mother of his family, and the companion of his declining years. But apart from such prudential motives, he disclaimed all power of female fascination to induce him to sacrifice his personal freedom. It is of the very essence of such characters that they should be callous to the uneasiness they may frequently cause to others; in his case, however, it were unfair to consider this spirit of male-coquetry as any index of a bad heart. Exempt as he was himself from the influence of Cupid, he did not appreciate his power in other quarters; and it is but justice to say, that his attentions were never, in the case of unmarried women, carried such a length as would have rendered it *ungentlemanly* to draw back, without, what the Mamas call—*coming to the point.* Although, in his ordinary demeanour, remarkable for vivacity, and quick temper and feeling, Evelyn was born to an ample share of our national disorder of morbid sensibility, which indeed, as a general rule, displays itself most frequently and most powerfully in persons highly favoured by nature and fortune; as if the full possession of all the blessings of this life were an antidote to

their full enjoyment; and the severity of the attacks of this kind, to which we had seen him subjected, without apparent cause, or on comparatively trivial occasions, had often rendered his friends apprehensive of the effects of any serious disaster, especially if connected with wounded pride or injured feelings. The last letter I had received from him was dated Naples, upwards of a year prior to our present meeting. His subsequent neglect to reply to the one I wrote in answer, though somewhat unusually prolonged, had yet not particularly struck me, as he never was a very regular correspondent.

My surprise at this encounter, so unexpected, and under such peculiar circumstances, speedily gave way to curiosity, to learn whose were the mortal spoils which appeared so deeply to engage the attention of my friend. But instead of eagerly hastening to procure at once such knowledge as I felt assured the inscription on the monument would supply, I preferred, as one is apt to do in such cases, tantalizing myself for a while with conjectures, sitting down leisurely on a neighbouring stone, with my eyes fixed on the object of my speculations. Was it a parent—a brother—a sister—a friend—or an object of still more tender interest? Every other hypothesis was very soon discarded in favour of the last, and as it assumed the ascendant, I must acknowledge, though not without some feeling of remorse, that sympathy with the distress under which my poor friend was evidently labour-

ing, was mingled with a small degree of malicious satisfaction, at the thought of his proud spirit having at last become so humble a slave of that tender folly, which I had so often heard him select as the subject of his lively and amusing satire. I shall, however, look for indulgence from those who reflect how seldom love-sorrows prove incurable, in this our unromantic age, and how little ground my previous experience of Evelyn's stern philosophic mood afforded, for the belief that his case would offer an exception to the general rule. I figured to myself some interesting victim of consumption, sent from beyond the Alps to seek a renewal of health in this favoured clime, or at least a less painful passage to the other world, than amid our own hibernal mists and storms. One in whose case compassion may have combined with admiration, temporarily to soften this hitherto impenetrable heart; and that but a small exercise of the influence of that sovereign soother of all human sorrows—time—would suffice to supersede his present feelings by shame, for having himself given way to a weakness he had so often ridiculed in others, possibly by the claims of some new object of equally tender interest. Here, however, the question suggested itself, Is it not unjust as well as unfeeling to assume, that one, whom you have so long known proof against all the ordinary assaults of this most irresistible foe to human tranquillity, should at last have submitted so easily to his power? Is it not more likely that such a heart should be broken, than merely softened, when

forced at length to give way, like the oak-tree in the fable, which, after resisting a thousand lesser storms, snaps in sunder before the virulence of the last, while the reed by its side bends to the gale, and rises unskathed when its fury is overpassed? On arriving at this stage of my self-dialogue, I arose and proceeded to the monument.

I first approached the side on which Evelyn had been reclining. On its surface was inscribed this text of Revelation: –

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Beneath was the subjoined passage of Petrarch, among the most touchingly pathetic of that most pathetic of poets—one I had often heard Evelyn admire; and which embodies as beautiful a paraphrase as profane literature could supply, of the inspired writer's description of the state of a beatified spirit:—

Oimé! terra é fatta il suo bel viso,
Che solea far del cielo,
E del ben di la sú fede fra noi.
L' invisībil sua forma è in paradiso,
Disciolta da quel velo,
Che qui fec 'ombra al fior degli anni suoi.

Per rivestirsen poi
Un 'altra volta, e mai non piú spogliarsi ;
Quand 'alma e bella farsi
Tanto piú la vedrem, quanto piú vale,
Sempiterna bellezza che mortale.

On the other side of the cippus was the dedication in the customary English form, bearing date but a few months back. It was " To the memory of Lucy Darwin, only daughter of the late Capt. J. Darwin, R.N., and Amelia, his spouse ; who died at Frascati, of lingering consumption, in the 22d year of her age."

The perusal of this inscription shed an instantaneous ray of light on the whole affair. The name of the fair deceased was familiar to me, and a moment's reflection reminded me that her character and fate had been the subject—although, as appeared to me at the time, carelessly and incidentally—of a portion of the last interchange of letters between myself and Evelyn. All remains of levity were now banished at once from my mind, giving place to a train of gloomy forebodings, and to a restless anxiety for a better knowledge of the real connexion between the destinies of my friend, and those of the unfortunate young lady, over whose remains I was now standing.

The next morning I ordered my servant to be at the Police, by the opening of the office, in order to ascertain Evelyn's address, and proceeded to his lodgings at an early hour in the forenoon. He received me with a mixture of surprise, warm feeling, and

embarrassment. After the awkwardness of our first salute was over, "This is an unexpected pleasure," said he. "It is long since I have met even an old acquaintance; but to find my oldest and dearest friend in the place where we have spent so many happy days together, is a most unlooked for gratification. How long have you been in Rome?"

"Upwards of a month. You know my partiality for this place during the dull season, and that I would willingly run the very slight risk of fever, to which a man used to Italian habits exposes himself, for the sake of an autumn within its walls. But I ought to have asked you the same question. Your stay here has of course been but short, or we should have met sooner"

"I came scarcely a week ago. How did you find me out so soon?"

This was an embarrassing question. I was afraid to grapple with it openly; but neither my presence of mind nor my duplicity suggested a loop-hole to escape it altogether, and I answered:—"I met you—I saw you, yesterday afternoon near the Porta di San Paolo."

He observed at once, and understood my dilemma. "You saw me at the English cemetery?" "I did." After a short pause he added: "And yet you did not accost me; how was this? I did not observe *you*."

"I shall be on no ceremony with you, Charles," said I. "I saw you, at first without recognising you, engaged in a manner which excited not only my curiosity, but my deep sympathy. You were too much engross-

ed with your own thoughts, or your own occupation, to observe me; and I was too much taken by surprise, and too loath to wound your feelings, by suddenly intruding on you under such delicate circumstances. I have, however, as you see, lost no time in finding another, and I trust, a more fitting opportunity of renewing our somewhat too long interrupted intercourse."

Here, another rather embarrassing pause; after which he took my hand, and said, "You must forgive me, Frank, if I seemed to doubt for a moment the delicacy or the warmth of your feelings towards me, for nothing could really be farther from my intention. But I am, I fear, become both selfish and irritable of late, perhaps from having been for some time past leading a solitary life, with more leisure and inclination to brood over my own affairs, than to attend to the duties either of society or friendship."

"Solitude, however," I replied, endeavouring to give a more easy turn to the conversation, "is no new thing to you, Charles; I have frequently known you shut yourself up for weeks—never, I admit, for months—when in one of your wayward fits. I, however, have more reason to complain of the effects of this last attack of testiness on your epistolary, than your social duties. You are not perhaps aware that your last letter dates a full year back; while you have no reason to complain of me, as my answer to it was returned a post or two after its receipt."

He remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then rejoined with more open and earnest voice and manner than before, "I have but one apology for my silence, and that a very simple one—the morbid indifference to all that previously delighted me, under which I have laboured ever since the day on which I received your letter. There were little use in attempting to maintain either mystery or reserve with you, Frank, even were I so disposed. You remember the contents of our two last letters; you have connected them with my visit to the Cemetery; you see that I have been sadly unsettled—sorely afflicted both in body and mind. I need not be ashamed to tell a friend all, who already knows so much; and I now feel for the first time, that there may be comfort in confiding real woes to a real friend. But it cannot be just now. You have taken me too much by surprise, and it requires some little preparation, and well-strung nerves to enter upon this painful subject. We shall, however, I hope, spend much of our time together, during the short period of my residence here, and opportunity will not be wanting for confidential conversation. In the meanwhile we can revisit some of our old haunts, and renew our old dilettanti habits in the Vatican or the Forum by day, or the Colisseum by moonlight; and in the evening we can listen together to the music of Rossini."

All this was evidently said with an effort, a painful effort, but it was said with frankness and sincerity;

and I took him at his word. It was but too apparent that he was labouring under a settled melancholy, far more affecting, I might almost say alarming, to one who knew him well, than any more vehement display of feeling. Yet his mind was vigorous, and his taste and fancy could act, if they would not enjoy. In the afternoon of the second day he proposed a walk to the Cemetery. On arriving, he was quite calm and collected. As we approached the tomb, he said with a faint smile, "You have divined for yourself in part, the source of the interest I take in this little memorial. If you have patience to listen to a long egotistical tale, I will presently explain to you the whole." We then removed to some little distance, and sitting down on a bank of turf, he entered on the following narrative:—

"In the spring of last year, when on my way to Naples, I arrived in this city, for the purpose of attending the ceremonies of the holy week, or rather, of hearing the Miserere sung in the Sistine Chapel, the only one of those functions which, now that they are no longer a novelty to me, would of itself attract me to the Vatican. It was a dull season in Rome, and I had few or no acquaintances within its walls whom I cared to cultivate, so that most of my rambles were solitary. On one of the busiest days in the Vatican, I happened to be following the stream of the curious or the devout, through some of the most intricate mazes of that labyrinth of saloons, galleries, corridors, and chapels, when a division of the column to which I had

attached myself, took the direction of a doorway, through which a portion of the leaders were allowed to pass, and then, whether owing to the thoroughfare not being altogether public, or from whatever other cause, the valves were shut in our faces, and we were ordered by the yeomen of the guard to pursue our course in another direction. The interference was so sudden, as to divide in sunder a party who happened at the moment to occupy the threshold, leaving one of its members, a young English lady, as I discovered by her exclamation of surprise and alarm, alone in the midst of a crowd of strangers. All expostulations on her own part, or on that of myself and others, who interfered in her favour, were vain; and her moving supplications to be permitted to regain her friends, uttered in pure and elegant Italian, and with all the charm of female grace, modesty, and tears, produced no relaxation in the stern discipline of the Swiss yeomen. I then stepped forward and begged her to permit me to take charge of her, and adopt the necessary means for restoring her to her party; but this proposal seemed in no degree to diminish her distress or embarrassment. She looked up timidly, and eyed me from head to foot, as if to examine who, and what the person might be to whom she was to be indebted for protection; but the result of her survey, somewhat to my surprise and chagrin, appeared but to increase her repugnance to my proffered services. I then ventured to expostulate, and to show her the propriety—

the absolute necessity, under the circumstances, of confiding in one whom she saw to be a countryman, and whom, I trusted, she would believe to be a gentleman, and that, I had no doubt, I should be able to restore her to her friends. She looked round, and asked if there was no English lady present;—but there was none; and then, though with evident reluctance, she accepted my offer.

"I knew that the approaches from the apartments in this portion of the building, however widely separated in the interior, all issued in a given direction, at one common vestibule communicating with the outer court. To this point, therefore, I hastened, and, after anxiously watching the different inlets for a few minutes, she recognised her party, to whom I re-consigned her. It consisted of an uncle and aunt, and a female cousin much younger than herself. You know, my dear Frank, my old foibles on the subject of the other sex. I need scarcely tell you that they are now not only corrected, but severely punished. I remind you of them, not for the purpose of conciliating your indulgence, for you are too generous to exult in a victory which has cost your friend so dear, although achieved over him by an adversary whose cause you have so often espoused against him; but to enable you the better to appreciate the mortification I suffered, on observing that her joy for her restoration to her friends, seemed to be at least equalled by her satisfaction at disembarrassing herself of the escort to whom she was indebted for that service.

She thanked me, however, gratefully, if not, to my apprehension, graciously. The uncle and aunt, who introduced themselves to me as Sir John and Lady Crossbie, were more cordial. Sir John asked to whose attention their niece and her friends were so much indebted? My name was familiar to him, and it appeared he had been intimate with my father. He expressed a hope that we should be better acquainted. I accompanied them to their carriage and we parted.

"The person of my fair partner in the late adventure, had not less strongly excited my admiration, than her conduct, my curiosity and interest. Her figure was graceful, but fragile, and her whole appearance bespoke delicate health. Her complexion was of that pure but not pallid white, which, combined with perfect regularity of feature, relieved by dark hair and eyes, and vermillion lips, and softened by a feminine air and expression, has always been with me the ideal perfection of female beauty. Her general appearance, manner, and address, were those of the high-bred lady, in spite of the eccentricity of her conduct to myself, which struck me above all most forcibly. Any young person might be expected to feel shy, at being suddenly obliged to place herself under the protection of a complete stranger, in a crowded place of public resort. But there was much more than this in the repugnance, it might almost be called aversion, with which she recoiled from my respectful offers of service. There was not a symptom of affected coyness or coquetry,

scarcely even of natural bashfulness, for she was throughout collected, and in so far at her ease. I had never yet felt so strongly attracted by the most winning graces of seduction, as by the efforts here so strenuously made to repel, and which in any other similar case would doubtless have produced their effect.

"I called the next day on the Crossbies, and was well received. Miss Darwin was not in the reception room, engaged, as I was informed, according to her usual custom, with her young cousins in their morning occupations. Her aunt, however, sent for her, and on entering, she again made her acknowledgments gracefully, but still, I thought, coldly, for my late attention; and her manner continued to be marked by the same distant reserve to me as an acquaintance, which I had experienced from her as a stranger. I improved my intimacy, however, with the rest of the family, and received an invitation to dinner for an early day; when I was disappointed to find that Miss Darwin did not appear. On inquiry, I found that she seldom or ever came to table when the party exceeded the family circle; her delicate health disinclined her to hot or crowded rooms, and a hint was given, half in joke, by Lady Crossbie, of something of a natural reserve of character, which might sometimes induce her to avail herself of this plea, as much in the way of excuse as of reason. And hence, her uncle and aunt, with whom she seemed to be an object of the tenderest interest, assured me that they seldom invited large companies to their

house. I also remarked on my morning visits, that she rarely appeared, unless her young cousins happened to be engaged in their work or amusements in the public apartment. A considerable share of her time was devoted to the superintendence of their education. The last season was the second the family had passed in Rome, chiefly on Miss Darwin's account. She had been brought to Italy, apparently in an advanced stage of consumption, and her recovery during the first winter was still considered very doubtful. Her health, however, had since so greatly improved, that the physicians were sanguine that another year of the Italian climate, would completely re-establish it.

"You who know me, at least as I formerly was, will be able to understand, how the difficulties which circumstances seemed to interpose in the way of a better acquaintance with Miss Darwin, were just so many additional motives for desiring it. I put off my departure from Rome, and determined to cultivate the Crossbies, from a point of honour, as I persuaded myself at the time, to soften the stony heart of their niece. Another strong inducement, as I also imagined, was curiosity to obtain some better insight into the peculiarities of her character. But in truth, whatever force I might be disposed to ascribe to such considerations, I could scarcely hide from myself, that I was, for the first time, subjected to a far more powerful influence than that either of curiosity or vanity. As my acquaintance with the Crossbies improved, I gradually

became an habitual frequenter of their evening family circle. Both aunt and uncle were evidently pleased with my attentions to their niece, and desirous to give me fair opportunity and encouragement; nor was I long disappointed in my endeavours to excite some degree of correspondence on her part. She gradually relaxed something of her previous cold distance of manner, seemed to take pleasure in being present at my visits, and I soon perceived that my society afforded her enjoyment. What tended much to promote this greater freedom of intercourse, was the deep interest she took, and the fine taste she displayed, in those objects of elegant pursuit which render Rome so delightful a residence. There can, indeed, be no more powerful bond of sympathy between two minds, than that peculiar taste—it might, perhaps, better be called affection—which Italy and its objects of past and present attraction excite, in minds capable of enjoying and appreciating them, which binds us as it were by a spell to its soil; so that even when retracing our steps, after long absence, to our own still dearer home, we cannot cross her frontier without a bitter pang; and that, in absence, the mind can never revert to the towers of her fair cities, or the waving lines of her dark blue hills, without an unutterable longing to behold them once more. In addition, however, to the mere graces of her person or mind, I had now opportunity to appreciate qualities of a still more valuable description; a sound and chastened judgment, and a pure simple and

unaffected piety, which was rendered the more beautiful, by the total absence of that self-righteous and exacting spirit towards others, which so commonly marks the influence, even of sincere religious impressions upon ordinary minds. Their very opposite effect upon hers was displayed in a striking, and in one so young, unusual trait of character: the singularly low estimation in which she held human nature at large, and, as its consequence, the deepest personal humility, or even self-contempt, accompanied by an almost over-indulgence for the failings of others.

"To make short of a long story, I fell deeply, unalterably, desperately in love; and although disappointed in my efforts to elicit the wished for degree of correspondence, I had yet sufficient insight into female character to discover, partly through the very medium of her own guarded and delicate restraint, and of her evident purpose to withhold the smallest indication of sympathy, with feelings which could no longer be a secret to her, that I had succeeded in exciting a similar, if not an equally powerful interest in her bosom. The gratification, however, which this conviction afforded, was seriously damped by my inability to advance a single step farther in her confidence, or in my endeavours to penetrate that singularity of disposition and manner, which had at first so strongly excited my curiosity, and which still continued to display itself in the same form and colours, as on our first acquaintance. To natural reserve and timidity I could hardly

attribute it—the less, tempered as I now found it to be, by dark shades of melancholy, and frequent fits of abstraction, which seemed to reflect some deeper and more mysterious source. At times, however, it would entirely disappear, giving place to ease and gaiety; but certain subjects or allusions, more especially if we happened to be alone, or conversing apart from the rest of the family, would suddenly call it forth again in its broadest features. This I more especially observed to be the case, where the conversation led back to any associations of her early youth or childhood. I knew she was an orphan, and had been deeply affected not many years ago by the death of her father and mother, which indeed was the immediate cause of her delicate health; and the allusion to either, I had sometimes observed to produce an effect upon her, hardly referable to feelings of mere filial affection or grief, and which almost bore the appearance of remorse. I had at least the satisfaction to feel sure, that these peculiarities did not arise from a more tender source, of a nature calculated to wound my feelings or excite my jealousy. Of this much indirect evidence had been supplied by her own conduct and conversation, and I had frequently heard her aunt and uncle declare, in terms which could leave no doubt of their sincerity, that their niece's heart had hitherto escaped free from every species of tender engagement.

"As summer approached, the Crossbie family removed to Naples, and settled for the season in a villa

situated in the airy heights of the Vomero, above the city, to which I also transferred my residence. Habit, it is said, can reconcile to anything, more especially where one is predisposed to submit to its influence. Miss Darwin's peculiarities soon became habitual to me; and as my passion obtained the ascendant, I felt careless of such little impediments to the full enjoyment of her free confidence, in the hope that the time was fast approaching, when I should be entitled to claim it as a right. I resolved therefore to bring the matter to a crisis, and made a distinct declaration of my feelings and intentions. The effect upon her was as mysterious and incomprehensible as the rest of her conduct. She was greatly agitated, trembled violently, and clung as if for support, to the side of the sofa on which she was sitting. I asked if what I had said had offended her? She shook her head. I asked if it had displeased her? She replied faintly, 'she could not tell—but felt it could not be—at least——;' and here she faultered and paused. Her state of distress was now such as to excite both my surprise and alarm, and I said, that as she seemed to have been taken by surprise, and the subject was painful to her, I would not press it further, and besought her to forgive me if I had unwittingly caused her uneasiness. She now seemed partially to recover her composure, and looking up in my face with an expression in which I could not but think affection was largely combined with embarrassment, burst into tears Encouraged by this

change of manner, I ventured to take her hand, but she withdrew it gently; and apologising for being so much overcome, arose and withdrew to her own apartment.

"I felt quite bewildered by what had taken place. I was sensible that I had not been *accepted;* yet I could not consider myself as having been *refused.* During the next day or two, I did not see her, but discovered that she had confided what happened to her aunt, who spoke to me on the subject. She assured me, how greatly she herself felt gratified by the compliment that had been paid her niece and the family, and how convinced she was that Lucy's happiness was deeply at stake, in the favourable issue of the affair between us. That so far from my having any reason to be discouraged, she was certain that the girl's feelings amply corresponded with my own, but that she appeared to have been taken by surprise, for which I must make allowance, as well as for her natural reserve and eccentricity of character, of which I was previously aware. That she felt confident all would turn out well, but that it were perhaps better not immediately to renew the subject, at least not for a few days. All this was, though not perhaps in the same words in which I should have expressed it—very much what was passing in my own mind. But although convinced that I was far from an object of indifference to Miss Darwin, I could not but feel seriously mortified by her inexplicable conduct, for which I found it dif-

ficult satisfactorily to account, merely by the 'surprise,' and 'reserve,' or 'waywardness' of the good aunt. The result, however, was, that if what had taken place could not increase my affection for the niece, it had the effect of convincing me the more of its irresistible, unalterable hold on my mind, and of the impossibility of peace or happiness in this world, apart from the ultimate possession of the object of all this chagrin and anxiety.

"In the mean while, my intercourse with the family continued much as before. The previous easy footing between myself and Miss D. was, as you may suppose, slightly interrupted, but with a fair prospect of its gradual restoration; and after the expiry of about ten days, Lady Crossbie assured me, that, from several conversations lately held with her niece, she was now satisfied of her speedy acquiescence in an arrangement, which it was certain in the bottom of her heart she desired, and that she would apprise me as soon as the favourable moment arrived for renewing the subject.

"Not long after, a concert was given at the British Ambassador's. As the music was expected to be of the highest order, and the room not unpleasantly crowded, Miss Darwin was induced to accompany her uncle and aunt. I attached myself to their party, which was joined in the course of the evening by our common acquaintance, George Riley, also an intimate friend of the Crossbies. He had arrived the day before at Naples from Corfú, where his regiment was stationed, on his

route to England, on leave of absence. On the breaking up of the assembly, we walked home together, talking over the music and the company by the way; and, among other topics, touched upon the Crossbie family. You know Riley's careless, off-hand manner, and his blunt and often little delicate way of expressing himself. When Miss Darwin came in her turn to be mentioned, he said, she was 'an uncommon fine girl; but odd, very odd. I suppose, by the way, you may have heard that there is something not quite right about her?' 'Not quite right about her!' said I, with involuntary vehemence; 'what do you mean by that?' 'Oh!' said he, catching me up at once, 'is that it? If you take so deep an interest in her, of course I must not be so free in my remarks.' 'Surely,' said I, recollecting myself, 'it may be supposed possible for a man to dislike hearing a fair acquaintance spoken of in a slighting manner, even although he may not take any deeper interest in her than in other people equally handsome and agreeable; but come,' I added, endeavouring to pass the matter off indifferently, 'what *do* you mean by *not quite right about her?* Has she too thick an ankle, or too large a foot, or do you allude to her delicate health? or'—'No, no,' said he, interrupting me; 'do not think I am the man to let out any thing against a pretty girl, especially to a decided admirer, as you do not deny yourself to be, although you will not admit any thing more. I would not have said a word on the subject, had I not supposed you were in all

probability as well informed as myself. But, I'll tell you what, Frank F. (we had been talking of you just before,) knows as much, or more than I do; ask him the next time you write, if you are so curious. And now, my dear fellow, good night. I am off at six to-morrow morning by the steamer, so shall have but a short allowance of sleep, and have no more time to stand talking scandal here at this hour of the night.' He then shook me by the hand, and ran into the hotel where he lodged, the gate of which we had reached just at this stage of the conversation, leaving me in a state of mind, which only those who have found themselves placed in the same or similar circumstances will be able to appreciate.

"'Something not quite right about her!'—the hateful sentence haunted my brain, and rankled like a putrid sore in my breast. To what could it allude? It might mean nothing at all, at least nothing more than the trifles I had jokingly mentioned, and I felt almost ashamed of attaching importance to a mere hasty expression of a hair-brained coxcomb, who talked of a woman as he would of a racehorse, a hunter, or a phaeton. Yet I felt that Riley, with all his outward frivolity, was not the man to use such a phrase altogether at random. And then the word *scandal*, by which, in his odious spirit of levity, he had wound up the discussion; how would that be explained away of any trifling matter? What then could he mean? Had there been some previous attachment, some engage-

ment where she had been jilted or otherwise compromised? This I could hardly suspect, convinced as I was, for the reasons already given, that her heart had hitherto been free. Was there madness in the family? Had she herself been afflicted by it? Was there some hereditary disease, of such a nature, that a man would rather sacrifice all his own hopes of happiness, than select one of its victims as the mother of his children? I cannot describe to you the train of horrid visions which these few words of midnight gossip conjured up into my brain; or the torturing variety of shapes in which her *reserve*, her *waywardness*, as her good aunt called it, all that mysterious peculiarity which I had experienced in her intercourse with myself since the day of our first meeting, now connected itself with this *something not quite right*, as I lay feverishly ruminating on my sleepless couch.

"The result of my meditations was a resolution to take measures for ascertaining the truth. Explanation from the Crossbies could not be expected, even were I disposed to seek it; and the task was too indelicate, too odious. Still more so that of hunting for it in other indifferent quarters; and when I thought of herself, I felt so humbled—I so hated myself for my baseness, my want of confidence in her purity and excellence, that I again determined to discard the whole matter, as a mere piece of idle gossip on the part of our giddy acquaintance. But it would not do, and in the end I determined to write to yourself. I need

not remind you how cautiously, how artfully, I worded my letter; of the pains I took, by an easy familiar style, by the casual introduction of the principal subject, in disguise, amid a mass of other common-place matter, to conceal my real object, and yet to place the all-important question in such a form, as should ensure from you a specific and candid reply. I kept no copy, and you must remember its contents as well as I do."

He paused and looked at me. I felt an involuntary shudder pass over my frame, at the share I had so innocently taken in this distressing business. His letter, as he said, was devoted apparently to ordinary topics; remarks on society at large, native or foreign; novelties in art or antiquity; public or private amusements, &c.; in the midst of which was the following passage:—

"By the way, do you know any thing of a family named Crossbie, who are now here? I believe they are country neighbours of yours; very pleasant people, and keep an agreeable house. One of my reasons for asking is, that they have a niece with them in delicate health, a Miss Darwin, of whom a friend of mine here is a great admirer. But there are some curious stories abroad concerning her, of the truth of which it might be to his interest to have some more certain knowledge. I shall not tell you what they are; for, if you do not know, it matters not; and, if you do, it were needless; as I am applying to you, not you to me, for information. You know me well enough to be satisfied, that

nothing but the most delicate and honourable use will be made of any thing you may communicate."

The following was my answer :—

"Although I have no particular interest in the Crossbie family, I might yet have felt unwilling, in the case of any but so confidential a friend as yourself, to have answered your question relative to Miss Darwin ; but the motive you assign for applying to me, and my conviction—apart from your own assurance—that you are not likely to make an indiscreet or unfair use of any information I may send you, are sufficient to obviate my scruples to appear as a retailer of gossip. The fact is, that some years ago, when a very young girl, Miss D. eloped from her father's house at Scarborough with Lord William Somerville, then attached to the —— hussars quartered in the district. She remained absent two nights, when she was discovered by her father at Durham, in a house of no great respectability, and brought back to her home. It was said to be Captain Darwin's intention at the time, to institute a criminal prosecution against the seducer, who, however, was killed in a duel, as you may remember, a few months afterwards ; so there was nothing for it but to hush the matter up. The family soon after removed their residence to a distant part of England ; and the affair was in fact much less talked of than is usual in such cases. I happen, however, myself, to have had the story, in so far at least as regards the simple facts above recapitulated, for I inquired no more, on what

I consider unquestionable authority. I have since heard that both Captain and Mrs. D. are dead, and that the young lady now resides with her uncle and aunt."

"Such is the anomaly of human nature," continued Evelyn, "that the effect produced by this communication, was perhaps more tolerable than my previous state of mind. I had from the first foreboded evil; and certainty, even combined with despair, will produce a species of calm resignation to the worst of fates, better, for the moment at least, than the agonizing, jealous suspense, by which I had been tormented since my conversation with Riley. A new conflict, however, awaited me, worse still than the last. It seemed incomprehensible that such apparent purity would be delusive: might not some satisfactory explanation yet be found? Instances, I reflected, are not unknown, where silly young girls have been kidnapped, as it were, under false pretences, by designing villains, into situations from which, however discreditable, they have been rescued without loss of honour. But then she was not—never could have been a foolish, thoughtless girl. Was she not remarkable for solid judgment, and decision of character? and apparently the last person in the world to take any step, for good or for evil, otherwise than deliberately. And even admitting the possibility of such an explanation, my pride interposed insuperable obstacles to its validity. Could I ever submit to have for my wife one who, whatever the fact, was, in the eyes of the world at least, the cast-off mistress of another?

I spurned the very thought. And besides, had there been room for this explanation, would not the Crossbies, who were evidently in the secret, have been at pains to afford it, before they allowed matters to go so far between us? They must have known the story would reach my ears sooner or later, and would they not have been anxious it should be conveyed to them in their own more favourable version, rather than with the colouring which public rumour delights to give to such adventures?

In short, such a struggle between jealousy, pride, mortification, and unconquerable, unalterable love, never did poor mortal undergo. It ended where it began, in the conclusion that all was over between us; but before we parted, although unable from the first, desirous as I was, seriously to doubt the accuracy of your report, I resolved at least to have either confirmation or denial from her own lips. This was managed by introducing Lord W.'s name, and an allusion to his character and fate, as if casually, in the course of conversation, and watching the effect upon her. It was as I expected; she became terribly agitated. I asked her the cause. No answer. I then spoke out—'Is it true what I have heard concerning yourself and the person whose name has just been mentioned?' Still no reply; and she appeared to be sinking under the double pressure of mental distress, and bodily relaxation—(it was one of the hottest days of a burning Italian August)—but my breast was now deadened to all feeling

of compassion, by the virulence of its other emotions, and I repeated my question with vehemence, almost with violence; 'Is it true? I insist upon knowing; I have a right to know from yourself.' She seemed at this to summon a slight degree of energy, and looked up, with an expression in which something of anger was mingled with terror and distress; it was, however, but momentary; her usual meek humility soon regained the ascendant in her countenance, and she answered calmly, but emphatically, 'Although you have *no right* to know, I fear, if I understand your question, that it is true.' She then, overcome by the effort, dropped her head on the back of the chair and fainted. I was half distracted, but had presence of mind enough to ring the bell, and step at once into the adjoining room, where Sir J. and Lady Crossbie were sitting, mentioning to them that their niece was unwell, apparently overpowered by the heat of the weather, and that I would run for their medical attendant; I did so, but never returned to the house. In the afternoon I sent to inquire of the physician how she was, and received for answer, that he trusted it was only a temporary effect of relaxation, and that no unpleasant consequences were to be apprehended.

"I left Naples the following morning. Before I had reached Florence, remorse from my cruel treatment of one who had so little merited it at my hands, had taken place of every other feeling. How could she be held responsible for what had happened? Had I not

forced on the intimacy, while she had done all in her power to check it, and in the end rejected my proposal? Had I not then run my head into the noose in spite of all her friendly warnings; and had she not reason on her side, when she denied my right to pry into her secrets, or to insult over her misfortunes? Under the impulse of these painful reflections, and of a reluctance to break off from her for ever without one word of friendly farewell, I addressed to her the following letter:—

"'Averse, as I am, to be guilty, deliberately, of any thing calculated to wound your feelings, or disturb your peace, I cannot yet abstain from renewing the painful subject which, at our parting interview, so deeply affected you, for the purpose of asking your pardon for my late conduct towards you, which I am now sensible, was cruel, unmanly, ungenerous. You will grant it, from pity for the victim of a fatal, a hopeless, an incurable passion; and from indulgence, for the overwhelming effect on his judgment, of a discovery which gave the death-blow to all his hopes of happiness.'

"Nothing now remained, but, by every intellectual or physical resource, by variety of climate, scene, and occupation, to distract my attention, and wean, if possible, my mind from this one all-engrossing fatal subject. The only resource I did not seek, was society. Even my correspondence was neglected, my sufferings were not of a nature on which I could be communica-

tive, even with a beloved brother; and I felt that if I was silent on that subject, I could not write at my ease upon any other. Circumstances are now changed, as you have already experienced. You will be able the better, in the sequel of my narrative, to appreciate the cause.

"Of the many conflicting passions within my breast, the only one which I found proof against all my philosophy, was that of love. Its power seemed to augment as that of the others diminished. Jealousy and pride gradually gave way before it. The old argument, lately so contemptuously discarded—'might not her conduct be capable of some favourable explanation?' returned with constantly increasing force; while the repugnance to entertain it subsided in a corresponding degree. I soon began to reproach myself with having so recklessly allowed my vanity, and a fastidious, but servile, deference to the sneers of a frivolous world, to interfere with my own peace of mind, or with that of her whose interests lay still nearer my heart than my own; and I began seriously to contemplate measures for arriving at the whole truth—propitious or doubly fatal as the disclosure might prove. It was while my mind was thus occupied, about a year after my departure from Naples, that this letter reached me, at Seville in Spain, near three months after the date; having been addressed to my place in England, and travelled subsequently far and wide in search of me." As he placed the letter in my hands, he gave way, for the first time,

to a violent burst of feeling, which, however, he immediately checked. It was the same I had seen on the ground by his side, the first day of our meeting at the Cemetery, and I read it as follows:—

"FRASCATI, *July.*

"Long before you can peruse the contents of this paper, the hand which traced them will be torpid in the grave: otherwise you had never received it. Whatever you may think of me, you know at least that it is not my habit to force my confidence, even on those I love and esteem. But, apart from this, motives of female delicacy, if you can believe me susceptible of such influences, would have precluded the possibility of my ever renewing the subject which broke off our acquaintance in this life. But the intercourse between the inhabitants of that world to which I am now hastening, knows no such restraint, and I do but anticipate a privilege, on the possession of which I am fast entering, and which I trust we may hereafter enjoy in common, in thus endeavouring to remove from the mind of one, to part from whom, had our joint destinies been cast in a more favourable mould, would have been the severest pang of death, any harsher impression than it deserves, of the weakness or wickedness of my past life.

"Since we parted, my frame has at last given way before the virulence of the disease with which, for years, it has struggled; and in a few months, perhaps weeks, I shall be delivered from a world which has

been to me but a scene of humiliation or of sorrow. Whatever portion of my little remnant of strength can be spared from my duty to Heaven, shall be devoted to him whose concerns upon earth chiefly engage my attention. But the fatigue of mind I undergo in collecting my thoughts, added to the bodily effort of committing them to writing, renders the task a severe one. I will endeavour to make my story concise; I trust it will be intelligible.

"My mother was, as you know, a Fitzherbert, sister of Lady Crossbie—my father an officer in the navy. But you may not have heard the circumstances attending their marriage. Although a gentleman by education and profession, neither his birth nor his connexions were such, as to place him on a level with my mother's family. Hence the marriage, having been objected to on their part, was the result of an elopement. A reconciliation took place, but it never led to that cordiality which ought to prevail between near relatives. The fault, however, lay more on the Darwin than the Fitzherbert side. My father's leading peculiarity was personal pride, and sensitiveness to the point of honour. He felt that he had been slighted, was not at his ease with his wife's relations, and mixed but little in their society. He was in other respects an amiable man, of quiet retired habits, and mild and placid disposition; an affectionate and indulgent parent, and devotedly fond of my mother, whose every wish he humoured even to a faulty excess. She was also the object of

most ardent, all-engrossing affection, on the part of her only child, on whom she doated as fondly in return. Her claims, however, either to love or esteem—may I be forgiven if I seem to speak slightingly of a parent—lay in the qualities of the heart, rather than of the judgment. She had, throughout life, courted the amusements and frivolities of the world, with a zeal in the inverse ratio of the slender opportunities her lot had afforded for their enjoyment. My education was neglected in my childhood, partly from her insensibility to the necessity of attending to it, partly from her time being engrossed with her own pleasurable pursuits; in my girlish years it was neglected, in addition to the same causes, lest any portion of the slender surplus of our annual income, that remained after providing for our necessary wants, should be abstracted from dress and other expenses calculated to enable me to shine in company, at the very immature period of youth at which I was forced abroad.

"When I was about sixteen years of age, my father, seeing no immediate prospect of employment, took a small house near Scarborough, a residence agreeable to his habits as a naval officer, and which equally suited my mother as a rendezvous of gay society. I was at this time by nature, as well as by education—whatever you may since have thought or expressed, in jest or in earnest, of my reserve, my stiffness, my prudery—the most frivolous, thoughtless, worldly-minded, but at the same time the most simple and innocent of beings;

unless, indeed, in so far as the gratification of a childish vanity can be considered as guilt. In a routine of idleness and dissipation, associating with the most foolish, often no doubt the most profligate company, I sought and found nothing but amusement. Much evil there must have been daily and nightly presented to my view; but I saw it not, or understood it not. Dress, dancing, admiration, merry conversation, appeared to me the only serious concerns in life. Even that ulterior object—to which, in the case of both mother and daughter of such a character, the others are usually but subordinate—a good settlement, and which with my mother certainly was not the least important, scarcely entered into my girlish speculations.

"During the second season of our residence at this place, among other visitors in search of health from sea air, was the man, my acquaintance with whom has been, in one sense, my greatest misfortune; in another, perhaps, my greatest blessing. Had I never known him, I might have been creditably established in life; and with equal credit have journeyed through it, the same useless, trifling being, as I began it. The different turn which he was the means of giving to my destinies, if it has been to me a source of much bitter misery, perhaps of premature death, has proved at least the human means by which I have been made better in this world, and obtained the right to look forward with confidence, to peace and happiness in another.

"Lord W. Somerville was, as you doubtless know, the second son of the Marquis of C.; but as his elder brother was sickly, imbecile, and little likely to live, he might, in some degree, be looked upon as heir presumptive to the family honours. He was handsome and agreeable, and although not yet of age, a consummate master of the arts of intrigue, and most unscrupulous in their exercise. Among the young ladies of the place, I was selected as the object of his devoted attention. Although he never made the smallest impression on my heart, yet, the preference of a man combining so many holds on the vanity or ambition of a young female, had the very natural effect of turning my head. As our acquaintance advanced, I sometimes thought his manner and language strange, but attributed it to my ignorance of the ways of the higher circles in which he habitually moved. At length, on one occasion, when we happened to be alone in a small side apartment of a suite of rooms at an Assembly, he declared his passion in such terms, and conducted himself in such a manner, that I thought he had made a proposal, which I accepted; adding, however, according to what I had heard was proper in such cases, that he must apply to my father and mother. He seemed, I thought, a little surprised and disconcerted at this reply; and as I felt abashed and embarrassed by what had taken place, I moved forward into the public saloon, and we parted without further explanation.

"The next morning I informed my mother of what had happened, whose only feeling was that of delight at the brilliant destiny that awaited me. His lordship, however, did not, much to her disappointment, make his appearance the whole of that or the following day, and we heard that he had gone into the country. On the third morning, however, he called, and declared to my mother his ardent affection for me, and that the possession of my hand and person was indispensable to his happiness, but that he feared it would be impossible for the present to obtain his father's deliberate consent; without which, being under age, it would be difficult to comply with the formalities necessary in this country to the validity of a marriage. He therefore proposed an expedition to Scotland; after which, the die having been once cast, he could confidently look to an early reconciliation with his parents, and to my reception as their daughter. All this reasoning was quite satisfactory to my mother, and when recapitulated by her, equally so to me. She was to inform my father after we were gone, and undertook to satisfy him; and I left my home under Lord W.'s escort and protection.

"To my girlish fancy, an elopement to Scotland was a journey of uninterrupted speed by day and night, on the wings of alarm and impatience, until the frontier was crossed, and the indissoluble knot was tied. I knew it was a twenty hours' drive to Carlisle, and felt therefore some surprise when, on arriving in the evening at a considerable town, which I after-

wards learned was Durham, he informed me that we were to remain there that night. His reasons—fear of over-fatiguing me—his own delicate health—and the little likelihood of pursuit or interruption from any quarter—were plausible, and we accordingly took up our abode in a lodging which had evidently been prepared for us, but which did not altogether look like an inn.

His manner was again that evening marked by a levity which offended me, but which I had sufficient courage and pride to check, while I excused it on the plea he urged, of the violence of his passion, and of considering me already as virtually his own. But I retired to my chamber depressed and mortified upon the whole, by the result of our day's journey, and with an involuntary sense of the forlorn nature of my situation, though still free from any serious doubt of the ultimately prosperous issue of the adventure. I passed, however, but a comfortless night, and betimes in the morning, feeling restless and wakeful, I rose and commenced a letter to my mother, when I was disturbed by a gentle tap at the door. It was the housemaid, come, as I supposed, to light the fire or set the room in order. But she approached the table where I was sitting, and asked me respectfully, if I did not recollect her. Looking into her countenance, I recognised the features of a young person who had formerly been dismissed for levity of conduct, from the service of my own family; but, whom I also remembered, to have

liked as a good-humoured girl, and particularly kind and affectionate towards myself. 'I beg pardon for disturbing you, ma'am,' she said, 'but I feared that at any other time I might not have so good an opportunity of speaking to you alone. I could hardly have looked to see my *old young lady* in this place, had she known what sort of a one it was, and made bold to inquire from herself what it was that brought her here.' I answered in the simplicity of my heart, that I was on my way to Scotland to be married to Lord William Somerville. She shook her head and replied—'Ah, Miss, you are deceived, and I warn you to be on your guard. He has brought you here for no good, for he is a bad man, and this is not a house for the like of you to set your foot in, unless you be very different from what you was, or from what I still take you to be.' 'What do you mean?' said I in terror; 'what house is this?' She smiled and said, 'a place not fit for you. You may believe me or no, madam, but you will find it so to your cost, if you are not on your guard. You will never reach Scotland with him; at least never to any good purpose. And now I have at least given you fair warning, and if you want a friend, I will do my best to save you.'

"I cannot describe the dismay which this conversation left on my mind. Although I could hardly at once place implicit confidence in the girl's report, yet, coupled with my misgivings of the previous afternoon, it seemed to have but too much in its favour. I had read in novels

affecting histories of innocent victims of intrigue and profligacy; but while I wept over them, I scarcely understood them. I read them as I danced, dressed, or coquetted, solely for amusement; but never thought of connecting them seriously with real life, still less with the possibility of my ever being selected as the object of such villany. If I had no steady principle of conduct, I possessed, at least, that virtue which consists in a sense of personal honour, and an innate horror of actual vice or immorality; and the novelty and apparent danger of my situation, seemed to inspire me with an energy and presence of mind, to which my nature had hitherto been a stranger. But what was to be done? The first thing was to ascertain the accuracy of the girl's account of my position. How this was to be effected I scarcely saw, unless through the medium of his own conduct—a fearful test no doubt. Breakfast had been appointed for an early hour; and on my joining him in the parlour, he saved me the trouble of devising expedients, by giving, himself, the necessary turn to the conversation. He said he had been reflecting all night on our prospects, and on the best means of obtaining the object we had in view; that he feared the publicity and disrespectability of a Gretna Green marriage might offend his relations, and indispose them towards me; that he himself was averse to it; and proposed that I should make him happy by a clandestine union, which could be managed with greater facility, and less risk of offence or objection on the part of

his family. I reminded him of one of his previous arguments to my mother in favour of an elopement—that, according to the English law, marriages solemnized in the way he proposed were illegal, and could be set aside. He was evidently disconcerted by this remark, which admitted of no answer, and had recourse to appeals to his honour, and the inviolability of the sacred rite apart from all legal subtleties; and that we should thus be man and wife by a far more binding tie, than one of so irregular a kind as a Scotch marriage. Upon this I took courage, and with as much calmness and firmness as I could command, told him plainly that I was convinced I had been betrayed; that at least I mistrusted his intentions, and was determined to return to my father. He broke out into protestations of his sincerity and love; affected surprise and mortification at my want of confidence in him; offered, if I preferred, to continue our journey, and carry into effect our original intention; represented the shame and disgrace of a return to my friends under such circumstances; in short, urged every argument or appeal calculated to work on my folly, my vanity, or my fears—but in vain. I was now proof against his artifices, and retired to my apartment to concert measures for my escape.

"On the stair I passed the girl to whom I already owed so much, and beckoned her to follow me. She undertook to convey to the post a letter to my father, imploring him to come without a moment's delay to my

rescue. It would be delivered to him, I knew, early the next morning, and by the afternoon of the same day, he might be with me. I need not describe the horror of my state during the interval, now that I had leisure to reflect on the full extent of my present wretchedness, or on the possibility of far worse. I refused every request on the part of Lord W. for another interview, and he had neither the boldness nor the insolence to intrude on my privacy. My father arrived within the time I had anticipated. After what I have said of his character, you may conceive how cruel was the blow inflicted on him; and what agony was mingled with my own joy at being restored to his arms. But his reception of me was marked by nothing but affection, and with equal tenderness and delicacy he assured me, that he felt I had been but the dupe of a mother's weakness, and the arts of a villain, and that to my own virtuous and spirited conduct, as he called it, I was indebted for my preservation. Lord W. was absent, at which I rejoiced, fearful of the consequences of a meeting. I persuaded my father to conduct me home at once. My mother took the affair, if possible, still more to heart than himself. It was the first time I had ever known her deeply and permanently affected. We succeeded, though not without difficulty, in restraining my father from any immediate personal steps against Lord W.; and his farther deliberations, as to whether the affair should be made the subject of judicial proceedings, were speedily brought to a close,

by the death of that wretched man in a duel, not many weeks afterwards.

"As it was, the publicity given to my disgrace was less than might have been supposed. It happened that, within a few days after my restoration to my home, my father had an offer of service, which was accepted. This afforded a favourable opportunity for a change of abode, and an escape from the busy tongues of our previous residence. We accordingly removed to Devonport, while my father was putting his ship in order, and settled permanently there after his departure. This too was in the neighbourhood of my dear aunt Crossbie, who received and treated my mother with more than sisterly affection. A year after we parted from him, my father died of fever in the West Indies. My mother's health, which had never been strong, soon after declined, and she fell a victim of consumption, the family disorder, partly perhaps of a broken heart. On her deathbed she committed me to the care of my aunt, who promised to be a second mother to me, and has kept her word. From the moment, indeed, of our settlement in Devonshire she had taken the warmest interest in me. She knew all the particulars of my misfortune, and it was to her but a source of additional sympathy and affection.

"From the day, from the hour, I might say, of my discovery of Lord W.'s treachery, I felt as if a complete change had come over my character—as if the first serious, sudden call, to judge and to act for my-

self, had as suddenly brought some portion of my intellectual faculties into operation, which had hitherto lain dormant. My previous all-engrossing objects of interest, now became objects of contempt or disgust. Levity and worldly vanity gave place to reserve and distaste for society and its amusements; idleness and frivolity to a desire, by self-examination and self-instruction, to correct the faults, and make good the neglect of my early education.

"The winter subsequent to my mother's death, whether from close attendance on her, or from native constitution, symptoms of her disease appeared in my own case. The Crossbies had long talked of going abroad, and we all removed to Upper Italy at the close of the summer. We settled in Rome for the winter, during which my health still remained in a precarious state, but before the termination of the next season, when I made your acquaintance, had greatly improved.

"Whatever peculiarities of conduct or of character, may have excited your curiosity in the course of our subsequent intercourse, will receive their explanation from the above sketch of my previous life. My behaviour to you at our first meeting in the Vatican, cannot be matter of surprise to one who reflects that it was the first occasion—since that *fatal* one—that I had found myself alone and forlorn, under the protection of a single male companion, or one who can appreciate the many painful recollections which crowded on my mind. With regard to the sequel, I had from prin-

ciple, as well as from feeling, made up my mind, into whatever society I might happen to be thrown, to discourage every species of social relation calculated to lead to a tender attachment; and you must do me the justice to admit, that if this resolution was in any degree infringed in respect to yourself, it was against, rather than with my own consent. I saw the duty — the absolute necessity, in every such case, of implicit confidence. I felt this the more, when I found the relation I wished to avoid, had insensibly sprung up between us, and that I had, in spite of myself, allowed visions of future happiness to float before my eyes! Could you, I argued, be fully apprized of the whole truth in all its simple nakedness, might I not still look forward to a brighter future!—Yet how could I possibly be the involuntary agent of such a disclosure? At least prior to the period of your declaration, and, even then, I shrunk from the task; I urged my aunt, however, to be open with you, and bring our fate to a crisis. But she scarcely viewed the matter in the same light with myself; at least she hesitated—temporized; —and, in the mean time, the truth reached you through another channel. The rest is more fully known to yourself than to me. Farewell; and whatever you may have thought of her when living, be just to the memory of LUCY DARWIN."

"On the receipt of this heart-breaking letter," continued Evelyn, after I had finished its perusal, "I hastened direct to Rome, with a fond but faint hope,

that it might have been prematurely forwarded, and that I might arrive in time to receive her forgiveness from her own lips, possibly to be the means of prolonging her existence. But on arrival, I found from the resident English, for the Crossbies were gone, her own report and my worst fears too fully realized. She had been brought to Rome from Naples at the close of the autumn, in a feeble state, and in spring was too weak to admit of a journey to a purer climate. The family therefore settled at Frascati for the summer, from whence she was removed to a better world about a month subsequent to the date of her letter.

"I have now concluded this lamentable history. It admits of but little comment, and my own share in it of neither palliation nor consolation. To the disease of the heart are now superadded, others still more incurable, of the conscience; sensible as I am that the fatal catastrophe is to be attributed solely or chiefly to the cruel, reckless facility, with which I have yielded to the dictates of a morbid, selfish, vanity and pride; blindly spurning from me, and trampling under foot, the best, the only real blessing which Heaven had stored up for me in this life, on account of those very excellencies which ought to have rendered it doubly precious in my eyes."

We remained in Rome about ten days longer, at the expiry of which period Evelyn returned to Spain. I had frequently heard him speak with enthusiasm of the war then carrying on in that country, in assertion of their

native rights by the Basque mountaineers, and of the character of Zumala Carreguy, their leader. Within six months after we parted, not many days prior to the death of that chieftain, he was slain fighting under his command in the ranks of the patriots.

F. F.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

By John Pattison, Esq.

Hail Disappointment! Tho' I fear
The wreath I twine thy eye may sear,
And wither ere it flower;
For I, alas! too oft through life,
In sorrow, care, and trouble rife,
Have felt thy blighting power.

When in life's morn I sought the bowers,
Where lightly danced the tip-toe hours,
And all was revelry:
Thy hand would draw the veil aside,
And daunt the still undaunted pride,
That lov'd to cope with thee.

The War-Fiend raged 'neath Glory's sun,
My heart's first love!—I doted on
Her splendid, mad career;
But Duty and Affection came
With thee, low skulking in their train,
And shattered brand and spear.

Oft when bright JOY had clad the wild,
When CARE had slumber'd—SORROW smil'd,
And all was vernal bloom,
Thy horrid shade would intervene,
To blast the fleeting fevered dream,
With trophies from the tomb.

The TOMB!—wo's me!—the greedy grave,
Hath torn the lovely, bright, and brave,
From my fond anxious eyes:
Those precious ones have passed away,
Nor would I, if I might, them stay
From mansions in the skies.

Then would sweet EXPECTATION cast
A sunny gleam on sorrow past,
To cheer my solitude;
But thy misshapen form would stride
Before me, and my peace deride
With scoffs both long and loud.

But then I bask'd in WEALTH'S vain smile,
When PRIDE would oft thy vengeance foil:
Of Pride thou art afraid!—
And tho' 'tis said the last's accurst,
To him once cozened of the first,
I would not lose thy aid.

'Twas then in FOLLY's cap and bells
I joined the boisterous laugh that swells
The midnight sacrifice;
REPENTANCE came, but thy fell frown
Would chase the blush that should have shown
Such orgies I despise.

How oft when HOPE had anchor'd fast
The barque, wherein my bliss was cast,
On some smooth summer sea,
Thy devilish art would drag below
The tiny ship—or cause to blow
The tempest—MISERY!

'Tis thus ANTICIPATION sends
The rainbow wonders of her lens,—
All glowing, warm and bright;
The dazzled sense can scarce invoke
The brilliant bauble, till it's broke,
All shivered by thy spite.

Oft too, when ROSES strewed my path,
Whose perfumes seemed to stay thy wrath,
And sooth my throbbing veins;
Thy siroc breath the flowers would blight,
And shed that dark Egyptian night
Where desolation reigns.

And when impassioned I would burn,
And yielding love refused to spurn,
Nay, woo'd me to her feet,
Thy torturing influence would invade
The curtain'd chamber—mystic shade,
And all our joys defeat.

Yet I have met the burning kiss,
And swimming in a sea of bliss,
Have quaff'd wild rapture's bowl;
Thy withering power was then o'erthrown,
And LOVE triumphant made thee own
His power above control.

What else on earth with thee may cope?
But young possession palls, and HOPE,
The charmer, flies from me;
Let me then seek some other spell
To drug my cup—to others tell,
How they may baffle thee.

WISDOM, alas! I've yet to seek
Her treasures, at her jewelled feet
Beneath that living tree,
Where David's son in his distress
Found "*ways of peace and pleasantness,*"
From sin and error free.

Meek CHARITY at length appears,
Her April face of smiles and tears
Sheds gladness all around.
In vain, in vain, I strive to wile
One soft regard—thy powers beguile—
I'm still in fetters bound.

Now FAITH approached with eye serene,
All holy, calm, her gentle mien,
I trembling begg'd a boon:
But some loose thought was sent by thee
To drive the heaven-born maid from me,
And all was sin and gloom.

Let MERCY with her dewy eyes
Hear my heart-stricken, broken sighs,
And yield—Oh! yield relief!
But no, unworthy as I am,
She spurns me, and thy powers disarm
The tears that speak my grief.

RELIGION comes enrobed in light,
Her silver taper burning bright,
"*Glad Tidings*" she proclaims:
On bended knee I speechless turn
To trim my lamp—it scarce will burn,
And flickering dull remains.

But there is light and life above,
Eternal mercy—boundless love,
REDEMPTION'S glorious plan!
There DISAPPOINTMENT cannot dwell,
Nor can a host of angels tell,
What GOD has done for man.

A LEGEND OF ANGUSSHIRE.

By W. W. Fyfe, Esq.

The following story was once current and popular in Angusshire; but the days to which it belongs have passed away. The very recesses of the Esk, and of the hills of Cathlane, have been visited by the march of intellect, and taste, even there, has undergone a revolution. The honest simplicity of feeling that brought into play the memories, and imaginations of the old who recited, and strained and rivetted the attention of the young who listened, to the lays and legends of the olden time, has cowered beneath the Dominie's birch. Yet I should not wonder for all that, if the very romances of former years, oracles and auditors both, driven from the ingle, have still a correspondency in laziness, and far more than a correspondency in numbers and dissipation, in the would-be political economists of the modern alehouse. Of this I am no exact judge. Unacquainted in (not with) the district to which I allude, I cannot tell if the honest men of the Braes of Angus, have been like their more clamorous countrymen, reform-foolish. But I like to hope that the schoolmaster has not thrashed out of their progeny, the broad doric accent of their banks and braes; no, nor introduced a

distaste, by inculcating a contempt, for the tales and legends that so long beguiled the busy cares of industry, and chased away with many a pleasant dream, the weariness induced by labour.

The narrator of this story was my own mother, the daughter of an Angusshire farmer, and the descendant of long established occupiers of a particular portion of that thorny vineyard. She was imbued with much of the spirit of its romance, and love recollections of its fireside songs, and tales, and gossip. The present story has no family or local connections, however, to detain me on this subject, and I therefore proceed with it.

There was a beautiful lady lived in an enchanted castle; for a great wizard and giant had sought her in marriage, but she denied him, and by the power of his magic he had succeeded in shutting her up in enchantment, until one should be found brave enough to attempt her rescue.

Her rescue was only to be effected by him whose love and devotion for herself, should prove so entire as to enable him for one night to defend the haunted chamber of the castle, against the spirits of darkness who nightly revelled in it.

The castle stood in the midst of a wood. It was seldom therefore there were any passers by, and the lady, between the narrow chance of release and the importunities of the giant, had almost resigned the hope of an escape from his power.

It chanced however, upon a day, that there passed by three British knights, who inquiring at an old woodman the name of the castle, and learning that it was enchanted, and that a fair lady was here kept under the spells of a wizard, resolved to perish or accomplish her deliverance.

They therefore stabled their steeds in a thicket, and having drawn lots, two of them lay down to watch, while the third, completely armed, advanced towards the place of confinement.

He had not given three knocks at the gate, when he was interrogated by a voice, "Who goes there?" His answer was, "A bold British knight." "Enter, bold knight," replied the voice. The gate opened, and he found himself hurried by unseen hands into the court within. Nothing daunted, he began willingly to ascend the stairs, towards which he felt himself impelled. He had not gone far, when he found that they led towards a spacious chamber, which was ornamented with the most gorgeous paintings the eye ever beheld. The knight was so surprised at the illusive splendour and effect of these paintings, in which the figures seemed so instinct with life as no mortal hand could depict, that he did not at first observe that there was any person in the apartment. As he stood gazing on these astonishing creations of art, he heard a faint sigh, and turning in the direction whence it proceeded, he perceived a lady reclining on a couch, and regarding him with a melancholy smile. Her features were of exquisite

beauty, but plainly had become paler than was natural to them, through the long endurance of some touching sadness; and now that this peculiar smile animated her countenance, they seemed stirred up into an expression of supernatural feeling. It was not grief, it was not joy; it seemed a mixture of both combined into a species of wild emotion. The knight gazed more at the lady than he had done at the pictures; if he was mute before, he felt it more and more impossible to be otherwise now. The lady was the first to break the silence; she arose from her reclining position, and stood with her hand extended towards the knight. Her attire was simple and graceful, and in addition to the attractions of her countenance, were now displayed a form and proportions such as the knight had never beheld before. "Welcome, bold knight," said the lady, "how long have I wished you would come!" The knight bowed, but remained silent; yet the lady, unabashed, and heedless of his awkwardness, took him by the hand, and having conducted him round the principal pictures in the chamber, desired to know which of them he considered the most beautiful. The knight was not long in fixing upon one, which he had no sooner done than he felt the lady's hand withdrawn from his, and to his utter dismay heard over head a loud peal of laughter. Turning to the lady for an explanation, he was surprised to behold her bright eyes flashing with indignation, her cheeks flushed, and her lips quivering with anger; emotions which, after a

struggle to suppress, finally overcame her, and she quitted the room. The knight was left alone, and after exhausting his patience on perusing and re-perusing the life-like features, which, although he did not at first remark so, he now found to be those of females,—and what was strange, strikingly like the lady of the castle,—and stranger still, every eye seemed flashing indignation, every cheek flushed, and every lip quivering with anger. Wherever he turned, he was met by this one resemblance; it seemed to start from the very canvass, and would often mingle in its expression all the peculiarities of contempt, indignation, and disgust. Nay, the images even seemed to vivify and multiply. More and more they disconcerted him. Their rage transformed to fury, and their numbers to crowds. His brain reeled, and he rushed madly out of the room. To his astonishment, the lady stood attired in a walking habit on the landing place, with that identical calm and melancholy smile on her features, that had first lighted them up, as the knight beheld her reclined upon the couch. She had a flower basket in her left hand, and extending her right to the knight, she led him down a flight of steps, which he certainly had not perceived on his entrance, but which shortly led to a flower garden. Every clime and country had contributed, as it seemed, to the beauty with which this place was adorned; for the shapes and hues of the flowers, in brilliancy, delicacy, and variety, exceeded description. The knight and the lady walked through the alleys

and shady groves, and the pathways embowered with flowering shrubs, whose profusion of blossoms and perfume delighted the senses; or they traced the mazes of fairy labyrinths of flower beds, fringed with all the grace and loveliness of colouring that bloom in every combination could present; or by the margin of the cool fountains that threw up slender jets of pure pearly water, they watched the light breezes toying with the spray, and gratifying the humble water flowers around with congenial refreshment.

"Now," said the lady, after she had conducted the knight all over this paradise, "which is the fairest flower in the garden?" The knight saw there was something peculiar in the question; he remembered the scene in the picture chamber, and therefore taxed his ingenuity to aid him with a reply. He remembered having heard that taste was often esteemed most excellent, when it preferred the chaste and secluded, to the glaring and exaggerated, or what appears so in nature, and he plucked a little violet and presented it in silence. The lady's displeasure he thought scarcely so extreme, nor the peal of derisive laughter quite so loud, though both were repeated. Nor did the lady quit him as before, but re-conducting him to the castle, showed him the apartment that he was to occupy, and explained to him the danger to which he was about to be exposed. "This," she said, so soon as she had introduced him into an apartment, whose antique tapestries displayed figures of the most hideous

and grotesque description, "this is the haunted chamber in which you have only to keep guard till cock-crow, when the spell will be broke, and the rescue complete." So saying, she left him alone.

The twilight soon began to fall. While it was yet light, the knight had employed himself in examining the subjects and designs upon the tapestry with which the walls were hung; and he soon perceived that they all related to necromancy. To his uninitiated eyes half the scenes were inexplicable; but clerks had told him enough of the black art and its secrets, to afford him a general notion of the various kinds and characters, of the spells and incantations represented. The tapestry covered also the floor and roof of the apartment; and the long narrow windows admitted just as much light through their deep recesses in the massy wall, as so many slits or chinks. In proportion as the daylight died away, the fearful orgies and symbols of magic brightened in every quarter of the room; and the knight now noticed in the centre of the floor, the mystic syllable

ART

flaming as if in characters of sulphureous fire. Gazing upwards to the roof, he saw the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the twelve astrological houses of the heavens, with every planet and constellation known in the hemisphere, crowded together in most portentous proximities and conjunctions. Stretched upon the floor, were represented many girdled astrologers, their

high-peaked caps and long stiff tunics, covered with innumerable cyphers, red as if burning. The astrologers recumbent on their backs, had their faces upturned to the mimic skies, which they seemed to contemplate with anxious scrutiny. From the side walls, bursts of intermittent light, as if effected by the aid of transparencies in the hangings, showed where the alchymist hung sweltering over the furnace, surrounded by the signs and elements of his mystic art. And such an assemblage! The blue lion, and green lion—the red man, and the white woman—the toad—the crow—the dragon, and the panther—all alchymical signs, were blended in strong and glaring colours, drawn with such rude hieroglyphical art, as rendered them the more hideous. At the upper end of the chamber hung the mysterious veil of the Egyptian Isis.

The knight had held vigil over his arms in the chancel of St. Mark; had splintered a lance in many a joust, and, as became a good knight and true, had measured swords with many a foe. But his stout heart quailed within him, when the odious creatures on the walls began to assume living shapes, and the fiery furnaces and cabalistic names began to flare and glimmer, and the deep red ciphers to glow around him. To augment his terror, retreat seemed cut off; the entrance concealed by the tapestry was nowhere to be seen; and after vain and fruitless endeavours to find it, the knight gave himself up to the belief that he had fallen a prey to the machinations of the sorcerer.

To think this, however, was no consolation. The fires and fiery characters were deepening each instant in their intensity; the frightful phantoms were grinning and gibbering in the midst of them. To crown the whole, a dead silence prevailed, that rendered the scene more terrifically imposing. The knight wiped the sweats from his brow; they were cold, though the heat of the chamber was oppressive. He was quite unconscious that he had gradually approached the centre of the room, and now stood upon the flaming motto. The awful silence was broken by the solitary sound of a distant bell; the hour was twelve, and a wild yell ushered it in. The knight involuntarily sprang from his position, as the awful characters ARC burst up from other places, in as many images of fire, tall, terrible, and erect, casting a lurid glare over the awfully distinct objects above—around—below! The veil of Isis fell with a horrid crash, as if it had been composed of fulminating materials, and the horrible goddess with the ox' head, was beheld nodding on her tripod. The astrologers slowly arose from the floor, the alchymists and their creatures bestirred themselves to motion, and fiery meteors shot athwart the roof. The whole assemblage, amidst appalling noises, was slowly, but surely, closing in the devoted knight from every side. Fear took possession of his soul, and with a deep and despairing groan, he sunk into the magic circle. He was found next morning by the two knights, his companions, lying dead at the portal of the enchanted castle, covered

with ghastly wounds, blotches, and bruises, as if some fiends, glutting their malice, had scorched, crushed, and slain him, in all the wantonness of their malignant nature.

At this disastrous issue of their companion's adventure, the two knights were grieved. They dug him a grave in the forest, and having bemoaned his untimely fate, and commended his soul to Heaven, they consulted what it were best for them now to do, and it was agreed they should yet tempt the adventure, having, as they viewed it, a double incentive to undo the sorceries of the powerful and wicked magician. After drawing lots, the second knight buckled on his armour to go on the venturous quest, leaving his only companion as before, on watch for his return at the thicket in the wood.

Three knocks were scarcely given by the second knight at the castle gate, when the interrogatory voice demanded, "Who goes there?" He answered in the identical words of his predecessor,—"A bold British knight." "Enter, bold knight," said the voice. The gate of the castle swung back on its hinges, and unseen hands hurried the knight across the court towards the stair, which he straightway began to ascend. This knight, who was of a bolder cast than the other, entered these precincts with every prepossession of being about to behold something extraordinary, and had, therefore, made up his mind to regard whatever he might see, with the utmost indifference. On entering

the picture-chamber, he looked calmly around on the captivating figures of the nymphs; approached the lady reclining on her couch, as if he had familiarly known her for a thousand years, and as soon as he was satisfied that she was a real creature of flesh and blood, attempted to imprint a kiss on her lips. This rudeness, the lady, while she evaded, seemed rather inclined to excuse, a thing not at all wonderful in her condition; —nay, she put the question, "Which is the most beautiful picture in the room?" with a degree of archness, which seemed to insinuate that a little flattery would have produced a concession. But the knight, with a pretence of pettishness, simply and carelessly responded, that he "did not know." For the first time since his entrance, he was somewhat startled by a peal of loud laughter over head, in which the painted images seemed to join; while the lady murmuring displeasure, tremblingly conducted him towards the delightful garden. The knight's eye wandered carelessly over the flowers. He kept sauntering amongst them at will—sometimes in the sun, sometimes in the shade, and quite heedless though he trod the most fragile and elegant things in the garden, beneath his iron heel. The lady slowly approached him, and gazing wistfully in his countenance inquired, "which is the prettiest flower in the garden?" "Pshaw, how should I know?" replied the knight, and louder than before the peal of laughter rung. Its effect on the nerves of the lady was such, that had not the knight caught her in his arms,

she would have sunk upon the ground. The knight was not very ceremonious, for he dragged her towards the fountain, and having sustained her face towards the spray till her revival, began to chide her for her woman's fears. The lady now led him back to the castle. He was a reckless and cheerful knight, and he followed his conductress, chanting a martial stave. "Now," said the lady, as she ushered him into the haunted chamber, "this is the place of trial; be bold, be cautious!" "Bold! aye, but cautious never," replied the knight. "Come forth, true steel." He unsheathed his sword, and barring his vizor, took up an attitude of defence. He waited in vain for assailants, and turning, as he imagined, to the lady, she was nowhere to be seen. The very place of her exit was uncertain; but she was not particularly the object of the impetuous knight's expectations; he panted for the encounter with his unearthly foe, and shouted loud defiance till his voice grew hoarse. The twilight descended, and the fiery forms that tenanted the interior surfaces of the chamber, were giving evidence of their peculiarities. On all these appearances the knight set no estimation, they only excited his risibility, or called for his scorn, as he perambulated the apartment; and as they flickered, and glowed, and grinned, he sometimes would grin back in mimicry, or with a blow of his sword injure the portion of tapestry that gave offence to his eye. It was not long before he was vaulting up towards the sideral system and its constellations

displayed upon the roof; and then intermitting his attempts to reach them, by disdainfully treading on the burning syllables, and glowing ciphers in the caps of the old astrologers on the floor. In short, he believed that nothing of all he beheld was reality, but the effect of some optical illusion, and he was resolved not to yield to the mere power of magical imposture.

But he found request for all his spirit and courage when the hour of midnight arrived, for the images, transformed to the fury of one lurid blaze, encircled him in crowds—trooping as they hemmed him in, and forced him towards the centre, with the most menacing and savage vehemence. The knight fought manfully, but against such foes and odds, mere bravery was unavailing; and, covered with wounds, many of them received from rearward assailants, he sunk exhausted into the magic circle. His solitary companion found him in the morning, stretched on the forest-sward in front of the castle, with his broken sword clenched in his grasp, so as not to be wrenched from the dead gripe in which it was retained. He buried the brave knight, still clutching the fragment of his sword, beneath a majestic oak-tree, and swore to avenge his death on the hated sorcerer and his crew.

The third knight lost no time in proceeding to put his purpose in execution. He knocked and answered, and was admitted in the same manner as his hapless companions had been. He was ushered into the chamber of pictures, and as that splendid gallery of super-

human creatures burst upon his view, he felt somewhat under the influence of dread, but only for a moment. Directing his eyes around, in search of some intelligent object, his glance fell on the lady reclining on her couch. Deadly pale, her features betrayed the symptoms of a heart which, amidst all the peculiarities of her situation, was pained with new and recent griefs. The knight had never beheld an object more interestingly beautiful, and felt, what he had never felt in the presence of vain and frivolous woman before, that she was a being he could love. The blood danced round his heart at the anticipation of her deliverance, for he instinctively knew her to be the fair lady kept in the durance of enchantment; and forgetting the whole impediments to the proposal, he knelt before her, entreating her to fly that place, through aid of his protection. The lady thanked him with a look, but by a solemn shake of her head, recalled the recollections which the enthusiasm of the moment had driven away. She assumed her smile of melancholy; and the knight, who was watching every change of her speaking face, with the ardour of one feasting his eyes upon newfound treasure, could scarcely remove his gaze to answer the inquiry now put to him—"Which is the most beautiful picture in the room?" With his eyes still retaining their fill of the image he had just been regarding, he looked slowly round the apartment, surveyed every picture within his vision, and fancied them repetitions of that one image—affording a studied dis-

play of every grace of attitude and expression it could wear. "Fair lady," said the gallant knight, reverting to her with a deep-fetched sigh, "I see only many copies of one picture, and think the original to excel the whole."

Suddenly the gorgeous assemblage of paintings disappeared from the walls of the chamber, and the shriek of its guardian fiends resigning their charge in dismay, was heard sinking down and down, as if into some fathomless pitfal below. The lady shed tears of joy, and with alacrity took the hand of the knight, and led him to the "Garden Beautiful" below. As they descended the steps, she informed him, that the first spell being broken by his success in expounding the problem of the "Chamber of Pictures," she was permitted to acquaint him, that the second incantation was only to be dispelled in the garden. In that delightful retreat, the knight could have wandered for ever with his new found companion; and long they lingered on the fairest spots, while the love that had so exotically grown up in their hearts, was sunned into gigantic growth. At length, however, the lady seemed a prey to anxiety, for the twilight was already at hand, and the enigma not proposed. Twice she essayed to articulate the fatal question, but as often the words died away on her tongue, and were turned aside in the moment of utterance, into some light and trivial remark. At length she asked with much evident agitation, "Which is the prettiest flower in the garden?"

"Wily magician!" exclaimed the knight when he heard the question, "have I then unravelled your easy mystery? Lady, he were ungallant indeed, who did not name yourself the brightest flower of all this lovely place." Again the fiends shrieked; again the lady wept for joy; and again the things of enchantment were swept away. The "Garden Beautiful" was gone for ever; and the lady and her lover found themselves in the outer court of the castle. "This scroll, my own knight," said the lady, drawing a small parchment from her bosom, "I am now permitted to give you. It will, if you are prudent and mindful, save you in the hour of trouble. But it is an agent not to be called in on slight occasions; beware of opening it till you can do no more." Then adding every explanation she could give, to fortify and prepare him, she submitted her hand to the brave knight's salute, and led him to the "Chamber of Terrors."

The magical influences of that infernal place were already at work, as the knight was inclosed alone. He saw at once he would have need of all his courage and knightly virtue, to sustain him in the hour of combat. He crossed himself devoutly as he entered, and as he crossed himself, he thought that the bale-fires paled, and the grim forms submissively transformed themselves into something a little less dreadful. He therefore charged the spirits of evil, by the Blessed Rood to unfold themselves, and employed every kind of summary exorcism he could bring to his recollection, to

soften and subdue the peril of his enterprise. The hour of twelve disturbed the dread silence of the chamber of terrors; and with his sword in one hand, and the little scroll in the other, the knight stood resolute within the fearful circle, which then began to enclose him. Before they had advanced very near, he made a rush towards the great Egyptian goddess and her crew, leaping over the centre compartment of the floor, where the letters of the word inscribed, were in the act of rising up into frightful shapes. He found the unwieldy idol and her attendants almost defenceless; and the efficacy too, of his little scroll, was now powerfully displayed; part of the circle recoiled from before it, leaving him an opportunity to escape being surrounded by a phalanx of foes. Of this advantage he was not slow to avail himself; and planting his back against that part of the wall, which the veil of Isis had formerly screened, he firmly faced his unhallowed assailants. When he had sustained the combat with no apparent advantage over his foes, but with much and imminent danger to himself for nearly an hour, then it was that he felt his energies flagging. Repeatedly wounded, and still hotly pressed, he found it would be hopeless for him to think of maintaining himself till cock-crow, against enemies so numerous and malignant; he therefore bethought him of the little scroll, which he still retained in his grasp, and of the influence of which he had had already such assurance, for he now deemed the critical moment arrived. For-

tunate it was that he did so, as no sooner was the scroll unrolled, than a burst of radiance eclipsed every other flame. Turning the scroll, before which the ranks of his affrighted assailants every where fell back in confusion, he read the cause of all this consternation evinced by these things of evil. On the face of the little scroll was written as with a sunbeam,

GOD IS GREATER THAN ART.

The knight, on beholding the inscription, shouted as if in the might of inspiration, "God is greater than art!" Immediately the castle quaked to its foundations, and the quick flashes of lightning even through the dim vista of the narrow windows, lightened the chamber more terrifically from without, than all the bale-fires had done within, while the deep-toned thunder was heard reverberating close over head. Amidst this awful war of elements, the last spell of the enchanter passed away, for the awakened woodman's cock crew in the forest, and castle and keep, and hall and chamber, and all the horrors of evil art, evanished from the scene, leaving the knight stiff with his wounds lying on the green forest sward.

Of what passed thereafter, he was for a time unconscious. He thought he had been consigned to the power of the magician, who racked him with pain by night and by day. During an occasional interval of lucidity, he constantly saw a ministering angel tending

his couch, and, as he thought, thwarting the attempts of the sorcerer. And this beneficent being never afterwards left him, for it was the lovely creature whose release he had accomplished, by undoing the magical spells in which she was held bound.

DITHYRAMBIC.

"Evoe, my Bacchæ, ho! Hear ye my voice?"

EURIPIDES.

[FOR the sake of our fair readers, it may be mentioned, that Bacchus, the god of mirth and wine, was the son of Jupiter, and Semele, the unfortunate daughter of Cadmus. His mysterious Orgies were introduced from Egypt into Greece, where they were celebrated with great solemnity and extravagance. In the following lines, he is represented arriving unexpectedly among a band of his sylvan worshippers in the valley of Tempe—having just returned from his celebrated conquests in the east, accompanied by his frantic Bacchanals, the Mænades and Thyades, mad priestesses of his rites; the Dryades and Naiades, nymphs of the woods and streams; the pastoral deities, "satyrs and sylvan boys," who joined his frolic train, from every country through which he passed, eager to do honour to the god who taught them the use of the vine, the cultivation of the earth, and the manner of making honey.

Hymns sung in honour of Bacchus, were called Dithyrambics, from his surname Dithyrambus.]

I.

"Evoe, Evoe, ho!
Let the wild pæan flow,
Garlands twine
Of curling vine,
Pour the rosy bubbling wine."
Evoe, Evoe, ho!

Hark! the echoes through greenwood go,
Through the dim and silent groves,
Where the laughing Dryad roves,
Culling from the mossy bough
Ivy wreaths to bind her brow:
Through the bowers of whispering leaves,
Which the lingering Twilight weaves
To screen her from the burning day:
Up Olympus' summit grey;
Through his woods of gloomy pine,
Where the sunbeams may not shine:

Through the depths of the mountain streams ;
With the blue-eyed Naiad's dreams
Blending : meteor-like she leaps,
  Panting from her sedgy lair ;
And the tremulous speed of her motion sweeps
  Over her neck and shoulders fair,
  The sinuous waves of her golden hair,
Which dim, but cannot all suppress
The in-dwelling light of her loveliness :
Her form's immortal brilliancy,
Which bursts upon the ravished eye,
Like summer sunlight, glimmering through
Some soaring cloud of morning dew.

II.

Through the woodland ringing out,
Hark ! the many-mingling shout !
Down yon green and sunny glade,
  Sportive as Hyblean bees,
Satyr youth, and sylvan maid,
  In the golden light she sees :
And far beneath the emerald shade
  Of the ivy mantled trees,
To the pipe and timbrel dancing,
Through the leaves their light limbs glancing ;
Their loose hair floating, as they wheel
The mazes of their Bacchic reel.
While here and there, in cool recess,
Laughing boys the red grapes press,

Or round the goat's rough shoulders twine
Fresh wreaths of odorous eglantine ;
And more remote yon fond-eyed swain
Lisps his love, and not in vain,
For the maiden's heart, from coyness free,
Hath a pulse of the general joyancy !

III.

Evoe, Bacche ! Io ho !
Louder the echoes through greenwood go,
Threading the deep entangled dells,
Deftly chiming their airy bells :
The merry Faun * among the grass
Hears their summons, as they pass
On their lightly fluttering wings ;
From his noonday sleep he springs,
Wraps around his brawny side,
His woodland garb, the panther's hide,
And ringing back the roundelay,
" Io ! Evohe ! "—bounds away.

IV.

But from the valley far below,
Louder swells a wilder song ;
" Evan ! Evan ! Io ho ! "
On the light winds borne along ;

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* The Fauns and Satyrs, with Pan, were rural deities.

J.N.PATON PINXT

Io! Evohe!

Louder yet, and yet more loud,
  Nearer still, and still more near,
Hark! the timbrel ringing high!
  Hark! the sweet pipes trilling clear!—
Lo! the motley Bacchic crowd
Bursts in wildest revelry
Through the interwoven boughs;
Vine and smilax round their brows,
Madly waving ivied wands
In their vintage purpled hands:—
See! dusky Indians many a one:
Fiery children of the sun
Round their ebon temples twining,
Golden snakes, like faint fire shining:—
Lo! the fierce-eyed Mænad leaping,
To her shrieks wild measure keeping,
Rending up the sapphire sky,
In her keen-tongued ecstasy:—
Joining in the festive song,
  Oreads, with bosoms bare,
Pan and his Satyrs dance along:
  Old Silenus,* too, is there
On his ass, the red wine quaffing
From the cup, by that fair, laughing-
Eyed Bacchante filled.—But see!
Wonder! Beauty! who is he

* Silenus, a jolly old demi-god: the nurse, preceptor, and close attendant of Bacchus.

Springing from his purple car,
Like a midnight-shooting star?
In his hand a thyrsus gleaming,
On the wind his light robe streaming;
Ivy leaves, and golden vine
Round his beaming forehead twine;
His rosy sandals, plumed with mirth,
Scarcely kiss the joyous earth,
As he bounds amid the rout,
And louder, louder, swells the shout,
Through the blue noon ringing out!
Evoe, ho! 'tis He! 'tis He!
The white-armed son of Semele!

V.

Weave, weave the Bacchic dance!
Our joy is but begun!
Bright eyes will brighter glance
In the light of the setting sun.

Sing to the summer sky,
Sing to the far, blue sea,
To the winds that wander by,
The notes of victory.

Welcome the victor home!
Home from bloodless war;—
Lo! his glad captives come
Dancing around his car!

Dancing round his car,
  Led by his rosy chain
From sun-bright vales afar,
  Lash'd by the Indian main :

From Phrygian mountains hoar :
  From Lydian plains below :
From swift Mæander's shore,
  Loud shouting as they go.—

Wreath we the yew and vine,
  The victim goat is slain ;
Mingle the blood and wine,
  Io ! he comes again !

Sing to the summer sky,
  Sing to the dancing sea,
To the breezes wandering by,
  The notes of victory !

VI.

Haste, Naiad, haste, thou canst not stay
  On the silent mountain's brow,
Bacchus calls ! away ! away !—
  Who would lonely linger now ?
Leave thy rocky stream behind !
Give thy tresses to the wind !
Toss thy glowing arms on high !

Join the dance with twinkling feet!
Whilst thy voice, so silvery sweet,
Swells the choral symphony!—
Like a day-beam, dancing free
O'er the blue Ægean sea;
Or a bright and starry shell,
Sinking through its sunny water;
Down the green Tempean dell,
So glides Peneus'* virgin daughter:
Through the glimmer, through the shade,
By the rifted foliage made;
Now seen, now lost among the trees,
Away—away—away—
Like a splendour-wing'd ephemeris,
At the close of a summer day.

* N. *

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* Peneus, a beautiful river of Thessaly, winding through the plains of Tempe, and falling into the Thermean gulf.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE;

OR,

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATRICK WELWOOD," &c.

"If good faith were banished from the rest of the world, it should find refuge in the hearts of princes."

CHARLES V.

"It was not yet forgotten that the promise to John Huss had been broken, and as little that he who consented to it had gained neither fame nor fortune by it.'

COUNT LOUIS, *Palatin, at the Diet of Worms.*

IT happened about the close of the fourteenth century, says an old English writer, that Richard the Second of England married Anne, sister to Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia. In return for the customs of her native country, which this Queen Anne taught our English women, the English taught the Bohemians the true religion. For the courtiers and noble maidens who followed her hither, did here light upon the books of John Wicliffe, which they sent or carried with them into their own country, where they were by many

eagerly read and openly approved. From which, he continues, we may see the pedigree of the Reformation. Among the fair and noble maidens who followed Anne of Bohemia into England, and there imbibed the opinions of Wicliffe, was Margaret de Treves. On her return to Bohemia, Margaret de Treves married the Lord James de Chlum, by whom she had two children, John and Isabella. Shortly after the birth of his daughter, the Lord de Chlum died. Thus, in early childhood, John and Isabella de Chlum became "orphans and fatherless," and, while yet in the bloom and beauty of her days, their mother became a widow. Young, wealthy, and beautiful, the hand of Margaret de Chlum was sought in marriage by the highest nobles of Bohemia. But she was a "widow indeed." Her hand she scorned to give, where she could not give her heart, and that was in the grave with the husband of her youth. Secluding herself from the world, her time was devoted to the management of her estate, her private devotion, and the education of her children. "There is nothing," says Luther, "so sweet as the heart of a pious woman," especially, we would add, when that woman stands to us in the relation of a mother. Profound as the vault of heaven, her love for her children is as pure. Her thoughts for them, are not of the "earth earthy," but holy and heavenly; her desires are not to see them great, but good. Her chief concern is not that they may be qualified to fill honourable stations in this passing and

perishing world, but that, in the world to come, they may be found worthy to attain "life everlasting." Such a mother, in Lady Margaret, had John and Isabella de Chlum. Her heart, thus in the truest and highest sense, turned towards her children, she had the unutterable satisfaction of seeing the hearts of her children turned towards her. Nor was it towards her only, that their hearts were turned, but towards God. And thus, as they grew up "in beauty, side by side," to see them growing up in the fear of God, and in the faith of religion, was, to the heart of this noble-minded woman, "a joy for ever." While the light of truth, at that time hid from almost "the eyes of all living," had thus risen on the castles of the Bohemian nobles, and was forming a sunshine there in the "shady places" of suffering and sorrow, by making glad the hearts of the "widow and the fatherless;" it was finding its way into the Bohemian seats of learning. The city of Prague, near to which stood the castle of the Lady de Chlum, had long been famous for its university, to which students resorted from all parts of Germany. Circumstances were now conspiring which should make it not only more famous then, but famous to the end of time. They were these. At this time the rector of the university of Prague, to which situation he had been raised for his great talents and learning, was JOHN DE HUSS, or HUSSINETZ—so called from a town or village in Bohemia where he was born, of poor and humble parents. Having on all occasions,

and on one occasion in particular, stoutly asserted the rights of the Bohemian or native students, this John Huss had won golden opinions in their eyes, and held the highest place in their affections. The occasion referred to was as follows:—At the foundation of the university in 1347, by the Emperor Charles IV., it was divided into four nations, of which the Bohemians constituted three, and the Germans and foreigners one. In deliberations on the affairs of the university, the Bohemians had thus three votes, while the Germans and foreigners had only one. For a while the foreign students, who went by the name of the *German nation,* submitted to this arrangement in silence; in course of time, however, when they came greatly to outnumber the Bohemians, they began to complain loudly of its injustice; nor did they cease till they succeeded in having the three votes transferred to themselves. Thus did they come to engross the profits and the power of the university. During the rectorship of John Huss, certain Bohemian youth, among whom were John de Treknou, Wenceslaus de Duba, Henry de Lazenbock, young men of noble families, with Jerome of Prague—one of the most celebrated scholars, and most eloquent man of his time—Nicolas Rasa and others, impatient of German tyranny, came together one day to converse about the ancient franchises, and to devise measures for their restoration. "It was not to be endured," said John de Treknou, with that impetuous and fearless spirit which distin-

guished him in after life, "that the plain and positive statutes of the university should thus be set aside at the pleasure of foreigners, and that they should trample on the rights and privileges of the free and native students of Bohemia. Their predecessors might submit to such things, as during the rectorship of Stephen Outrein, when there was no hope of having them amended; but now that they had a rector like John Huss, a true Bohemian, and a right fearless man, one who would right the wronged, come what might; if they should submit to them, they could have no excuse, wherefore he gave it as his counsel, that they should appeal to him without delay, who he was certain would restore the franchises of the university to their true and proper owners. "But," he continued, "lest our brethren of the German nation should complain of our doing that secretly, which we would be afraid to avow openly; let us debate the matter with them outright, let us invite them to a conference, let us ask them to produce their reasons for depriving us of our ancient franchises, and I pledge myself, even if Jerome were not with us, that we shall not fail to give them reasons why they should and shall be restored." These words were heard with great applause, and Jerome having spoken a few words, recommending them to proceed with prudence and moderation, they agreed to act as John de Treknou advised. The challenge of the Bohemians to the German nation, to debate the matter of the franchises, was no sooner given than it was accepted. The

parties met in one of the great squares of the university, where the debate began, and was conducted with great ability on both sides, but with great heat and violence; so that, as might have been foreseen, it had no effect but that of confirming both parties in their opinions and prejudices, and increasing their antipathies. The Bohemians now appealed to the rector, who laid their protest and appeal before King Wenceslaus, with whom he was in great favour, and over whom and Queen Sophia he had great influence. The King decided in favour of the Bohemians, among whom his decision and royal mandate to the heads of the university, created boundless rejoicings. Very different effect had that decision on the *German nation*. Its announcement they listened to in gloomy silence, and to its operation they submitted with ominous readiness. While thus apparently acquiescing in the King's decision, inwardly they were burning with rage and indignation. Their admiration of John Huss was now converted into hatred and resentment, and their only concern was how they might show it most effectively. The way in which they sought to vent their revenge on John Huss and the university, it will be admitted, was at once singular and effective. With John Hoffman at their head, a celebrated professor, they withdrew in a body from the university and city, and retired to Leipsic, where some time afterwards Frederic the Wise founded for them the university which continues to the present day. The astounding, and for

some time disastrous effect this departure of the *German nation* must have had, both on the university and city, will appear, when it is considered that their number was about ten thousand. Whatever injurious effect this singular instance of sullenness and revenge might have on the revenues of the university and city, the conduct of John Huss, as we have already remarked, made him the hero of the students, and won for him a place in their affections, which he never lost, and which, as we shall soon have occasion to see, led to results of great importance to the Bohemian nation, and indeed, we may say, to the world. While John Huss had acquired such authority at court, and within the walls of the university, for his learning and ability, he was acquiring as great celebrity in the city for his eloquence as a preacher. Admired and followed for his eloquence as a preacher, for the modesty and simplicity of his manners, his unblemished life, his kindness and affability towards every body, he was universally beloved. While from the first of his appearances in the Bethlehem chapel of Prague, his sermons had excited great attention, and drawn great crowds, owing to his warm and fervid eloquence, about this time they began to excite still greater attention, not so much from the *style* in which they were delivered, as the *sentiments* which they contained. By a careful and conscientious perusal of the writings of Wicliffe, which from time to time he continued to receive from the Lady Margaret de Chlum—by comparing them with the writings

of Augustine and the sacred scriptures, a copy of which he obtained at great cost, he came at last to the conclusion, that the leading doctrines therein contained, were the doctrines of the word of God, of the apostles, and prophets, and fathers, and that, instead of being a heretic and perverter of the truth, as through all Europe he was denounced, Wicliffe was actually its revealer and restorer. The conclusions to which, much at first to his own astonishment, he was brought in private, he hastened to proclaim in public. Nor was it only by his preaching that he denounced popish errors, and taught protestant truths; like his great English predecessor, he did so also by his pen. In a short time he wrote several treatises, which, with amazing celerity were circulated through Prague, and over all Bohemia. One of these was short, but on this account perhaps singularly effective. It was entitled, "THE SIX ERRORS." These were as follows:—"Transubstantiation, or the power claimed by the priest of converting the bread and wine in the mass into the body of Christ;" "making the Pope, the Virgin Mary, and the saints, objects of faith; saying, I believe in the Pope, I believe in the Virgin Mary, I believe in the saints:" whereas, said John Huss, men ought only to believe in God. "The power claimed by the priests to remit sins, and to grant Indulgences." "That popes and priests had power over the conscience to bind or loose it, and that their commands, whether just or unjust, were to be

obeyed." "That a man is actually excommunicated, whether justly or unjustly." "Buying livings," a crime of which he accused the greatest part of the clergy, whom he also charged with being guilty of the grossest and most shameful immoralities. Other errors of almost equal magnitude he exposed and denounced with great plainness and boldness, both in his writings and sermons. Of these, the most important perhaps was, "That St. Peter was the head of the Church, and that the Pope of Rome is his successor." The manner in which John Huss attacked and exposed these frightful errors, which at that time were held as sacred truths, was matter of all men's admiration. Nor was it long till his doctrines, startling and astounding as they were at first, were received by the greatest part of Bohemia. The first to imbibe them, and the boldest to avow them, were the students of Prague. The ablest to defend them was Jerome. Like that of his master, John Huss, and a greater even than he, Luther, the birth of this celebrated scholar was very humble; in fact, the date and place of his birth, to his contemporaries even, seem not to have been known. The name by which he is known to us, significant of his obscure parentage, is that by which he was known to them—"Jerome of Prague." If Jerome were born and bred in Prague, as the appellation would seem to indicate, it is clear that it was not in its "west-end." It was not in some one of its lofty halls that he drew the first breath of life, but in some one of its lowly

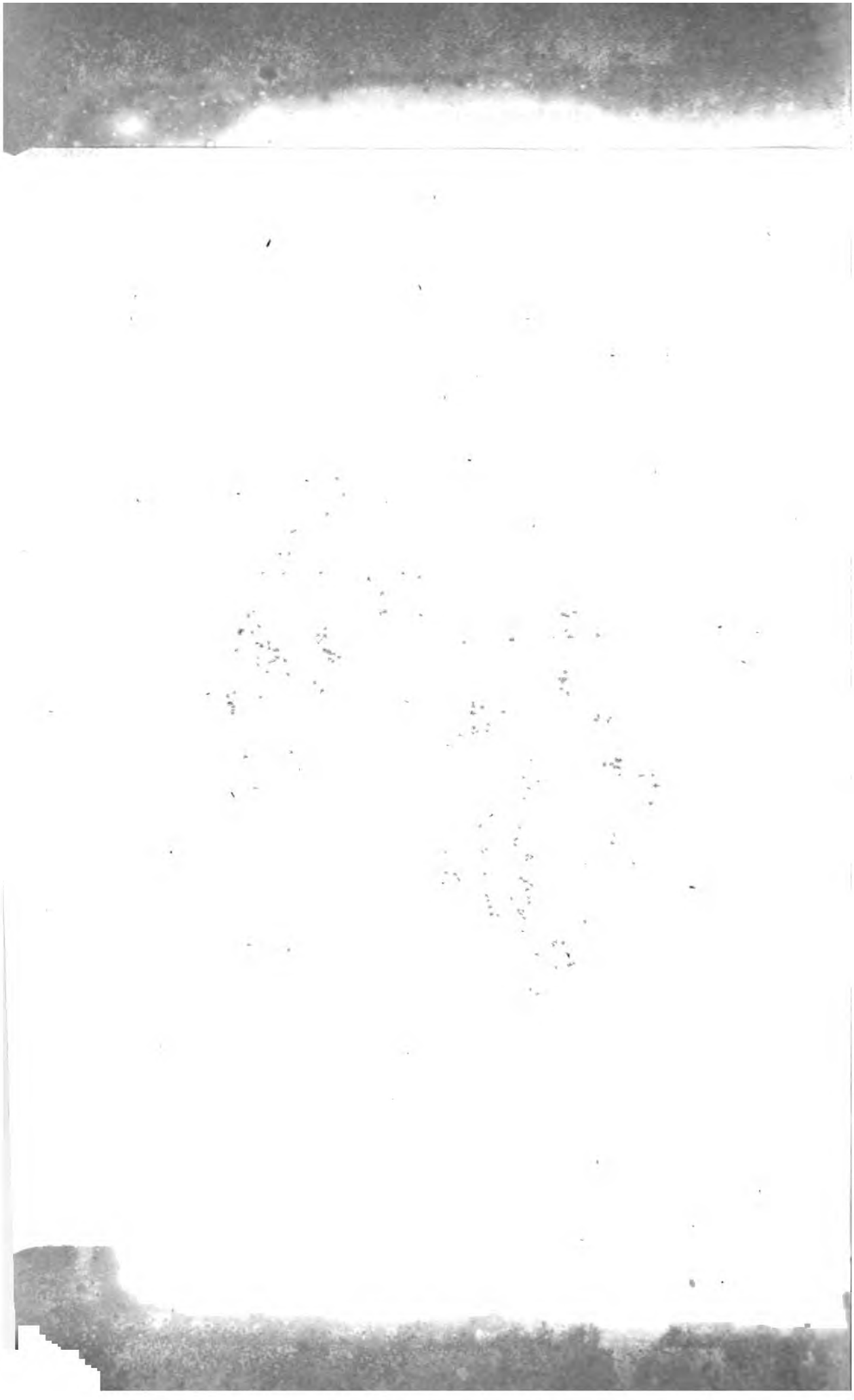
hovels. "There are men," an unknown author observes, "with whom it is, as with Schiller's Friedland,

"'Night must it be ere Friedland's star will beam.'"

Such an one was this Jerome of Prague. His mother, perhaps, as she gave him birth, in the darkness and anguish of her heart, named him "Benoni, the son of my sorrow;" yet this poor woman had given birth to a "mighty man"—one who, though in his cheerless childhood excluded from the "west end" of Prague, was destined by his learning, his eloquence, his heroic defences of the truth, his holy life, and his glorious death, to win for himself a place in the "west end" of the world – shall we say it?—of the UNIVERSE. At the time we speak of, Jerome of Prague, having studied in the most celebrated universities of Europe, such as Paris, Heidelberg, Cologne, and Oxford, was engaged as a tutor in the university of his native city, where he became the intimate friend, the devoted disciple, and, lastly, the able defender, of John Huss; whom, though far his junior in years, he already surpassed in learning and eloquence. Among his intimate friends Jerome numbered many of the sons of the Bohemian nobles. Jerome was a frequent visiter of Chlum castle, the noble mistress of which delighted in his society, and at length employed him to give private lessons to her children. To one who had been a poor scholar, who, during the day, had wandered about the streets of Paris and Cologne, ill-clothed,

The Poor Scholar.

ment in which he lived, even when suffering from the



without shoes, and without bread; and who, during the night, with his books under his head, had slept on the hard floors of empty college attics, or on the harder stones of the college squares; who had for years been "travelling through the parched Sahara of life, with nothing round him but stern sandy solitude," with few companions save his books, and the spectre scarcity darkening his path before, or dogging his footsteps behind; whom the hope only of one day taking his place among the learned, and a kind of half-superstitious, half-inspired, belief, that God would not only do great things for him, but by him, prevented from becoming the prey of desperation, and who had not long ended this student-life—an appointment of this kind was for the lines indeed to "fall to him in pleasant places." Chlum was indeed to him an oasis in the desert, by whose refreshing fountains, and beneath whose spreading palms he was to tarry for many days. Of a noble and reverential nature, Jerome hitherto had seen few, and met with little in the world to excite his reverence and love. Had he been a mocker, there was enough then—Heaven knows—of ignorance, superstition, imposture, and immorality in the Church, of meanness, baseness, and wickedness in the world, to have excited his contempt for both. But Jerome was not a mocker. Contempt for humanity, even when most degraded and deformed, was not an element in which he could "live and have his being." The element in which he lived, even when suffering from the

contumely of the proud, and the knavery of the poor, was pity. Corruption, in his times, had reached its climax. "Darkness once more had covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." The teachers of truth had become the teachers of error; and the ministers of mercy, agents of cruelty and evil. In the words of one who saw what he recorded, "the profanity of men was in the measure of their vicinity to the court of Rome, whose pontiff was the head of the Church." Thus had the Church itself become full of

> ——"all monstrous, all prodigious things,
> Abominable, unutterable, and worse
> Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
> Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

What needs it to say more of the corruption of that age, than to add that one, himself an avowed atheist, devoted an essay to the demonstration of the expediency of "holding oaths to be sacred and binding, and of the pernicious effects of irreligion on national character." Such were the times in which were spent the childhood and youth of Jerome of Prague. Instead, however, of dwelling in contemplation on the monstrous and deformed things which surrounded him, or of pouring out, like a kindred spirit, "passionate anathemas, which will appal even to the last generation of mankind," Jerome dwelt in the contemplation of the true and beautiful, and good, as he found them portrayed in the writings of the fathers, and in the oracles of God, and poured out his soul in constant and humble

prayer to God, that the time might come, when "the mystery of iniquity should be taken out of the way;" and when that "wicked, the Lord should consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming;" and when whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and holy, should be no longer ideal abstractions merely, but actual living and personal virtues. The more that he yearned for such a time, the more may the delight of Jerome be imagined, when he found all that he had ever conceived of the good, the beautiful, and the true, of real greatness and goodness so perfectly, yet so unconsciously exemplified in the Lady Margaret de Chlum, and scarcely less so in her children. With what delight did Jerome daily enter the gates of that castellated mansion, which, surrounded by its high and massive walls, flanked with towers for defence or aggression, seemed to frown defiance on all beneath and around it! When mingling in its family circle, where every look, and word, and movement, were such as to inspire him with admiration and reverence, and to make him feel more deeply than ever he had done, the attractiveness and the awfulness of purity and goodness, how often did he say in his heart, "It is good to be here." As the noble nature of his lovely pupil, Isabella de Chlum, continued to expand under his eye, as he witnessed her daily acts of piety to God, and charity to her fellow creatures, the lowly duties which she laid on herself, and which

she performed to the meanest of her mother's menials and dependents, entering the "huts where poor men lie," and carrying with her the instructions and the consolations of religion to the ignorant, the aged, and the dying—he could scarcely help envying John de Treknou, to whom she was affianced; and as he contrasted the bright lot of the Bohemian baron with his own, he sighed deeply. This, however, was but the feeling of a moment, which was instantly succeeded by others worthier of their deep-loving and generous-hearted owner. Truth was *his* affianced bride, to win whom had cost him much, and to defend whom was likely to cost him more. But he had counted the cost, and was willing to pay it, should it be with his life itself. As for Isabella de Chlum—

> "In her bright radiance and collateral light,
> Might he be comforted, not in her sphere."

And in the youthful baron, he prayed that she might find a husband worthy of her hand; and, whatever might be his own lot, that the pillar of cloud might be found to be the sun and shield, the light and joy, of their wedded home. Of the doctrines now preached by John Huss, Jerome, we have said, proved himself to be the ablest defender. The way in which he assailed the Church of Rome, and defended John Huss, was simple, but effective. It was this: with whomsoever he had to contend—the subtle priest or simple peasant—he would begin by putting to them this question

—"Is the Church of Rome founded on the word of God, or the word of God founded on the Church of Rome?" If they affirmed the latter, then he asked them for their *proof;* if they affirmed the former, "then," said he, "it must be tried by the word of God." Whereupon he would proceed to ask them, if they found such and such doctrines in the word of God, and showing them that they were not to be found there, but were either condemned formally, or consequentially, from the contrary doctrines being taught. Thus would he convince them that they were errors, and thus would he defend John Huss, whose only crime was in saying that they were so. While the people could thus be convinced, not so easy was it to convince the priests. Unable to reason, they had recourse to railing and reviling. Finding that the Bohemians would not endure this, they became the more enraged, and retiring to their cloisters, took counsel there, how those whom they were not permitted to revile, and whom they had failed to confute, might be crushed. Guided by Stephen Paletz, professor of theology, and Michael de Causis, rector of a parish in the city, they wrote to the Pope, accusing them of heresy. In a few days, John Huss receives a summons from the Pope to appear at his court, which was then at Bologna. This, with the advice of the king and nobles of Bohemia, the university, and city of Prague, he refused to obey, on the ground that he had been summoned upon false accusation, and be-

cause it was not safe for him to go to Bologna, having so many enemies in Germany. The result of which is, that John Huss is excommunicated. In this papal bull, certain propositions, said to be held by John Huss, are enumerated and condemned. All persons are forbidden to receive or teach them, on pain of being themselves excommunicated—the loss of all dignities, offices, benefices, consecrated burial, and final outlawry. John Huss himself is required, within sixty days, to appear at Bologna, and read his recantation in person, or forward it to be read by others, and failing to do either, he is to be cut off from all civil or spiritual intercourse with the world. Though sent to Prague, the bull was never read—no one ventured to make the attempt. Having gained possession of it, the indignant students tore it in pieces, and threw it into the flames. Two monks, a Carthusian and a Dominican, attempting to rescue it from the fire, were thrown into the Moldave, and narrowly escaped being drowned. So little was this papal bull regarded by the Bohemians, that it only endeared John Huss to them the more. Still, his situation was one which could not be contemplated without concern. Nor was it without danger. Without striking at the authority of the Pope, which indeed he was not prepared to do, but protesting against the justice of the bull, he appealed to the first general council. In the mean time he retired from the university, and having spent a few days at Chlum, where he met with several of the Bo-

hemian lords, he returned to the place of his birth, where, under the protection of Nicolas de Huss, he continued to preach, and to enjoy the society of his friends and kindred. From this retirement he was soon recalled. A general council was at hand. This memorable council of the Church was summoned by John XXIII, with the advice of the emperor Sigismund, to meet in the imperial city of Constance, on the first day of November, 1414. In terms of his protest and appeal, John Huss resolved to attend the council, and as soon as he heard in his retirement of its being summoned, he returns to Chlum, where he found John de Treknou, Henry de Lazenbock, Wenceslaus de Duba, Ulrich du Bosc, with Jerome of Prague, waiting his arrival. On seeing his determination to attend the council, the anxiety of his friends for his safety became very great. To provide for it, they proceeded to take all possible measures. John de Treknou, and the young John de Chlum, with letters from the king of Bohemia, waited in person on Sigismund, from whom they obtained for John Huss that memorable SAFE-CONDUCT, the violation of which was attended with such fatal and famous consequences. It was as follows:—

"SIGISMUND, by the grace of God, king of the Romans, &c., to all princes, rulers, spiritual and secular, &c., and to all our other subjects, greeting, We recommend to you in general, and to every one of you in particular, with a full affection, the worthy Master

John Huss, bachelor of divinity, and master of arts, bearer of the presents going from Bohemia to the council of Constance, whom we have taken under our protection and safeguard, and under that of the empire; desiring that when he comes to you, you give him a good reception, and treat him favourably, furnishing him with every thing necessary to hasten and secure his journey, both by water and land, without taking any thing from him, or those that are with him, at his entrance, or going out for any duty whatsoever, and to let him pass freely and safely, sojourn, *stop, and return:* providing him, if it be needful, with a special escort, out of honour and respect to the Imperial Majesty. Given at Spire, the 18th day of October, of the year 1414, the 33d of our reign of Hungary, and the 5th of that of the Romans." "*By the King's Order,* Michael de Placest, canon of Breslaw."

The anxiety of John Huss's friends for his safety now almost entirely abated, and they no longer opposed his going to Constance. While it had this effect on them, it is now evident that it gave no such assurance to John Huss himself. He had studied more deeply, and knew more thoroughly the character of the corrupt, cruel, and apostate Church with which he had to do. The treatment of those early Reformers, Jovinian and Vigilantius—the writings of Wicliffe, which they had lately burned, and his bones, which, after having dug up from the grave and reduced to ashes in the flames, they had scattered on the winds,

warned him of what was almost certain to be his own. That he was persuaded such would be the consequences of his appearance before the council, many things show. Immediately before his departure he drew up his confession and dying testament, and a letter written to a friend bore upon it this superscription:—"To be opened only after hearing certain advice of my death." In the same letter he made use of these remarkable words:—"That I have freely censured the clergy for their avarice and disorderly lives I admit, and for this I am now suffering a persecution *which will shortly be consummated.*" On the morning of his departure he said to the Lady Margaret de Chlum, and the friends who had been invited to the castle to meet him, "I foresee that I shall have many enemies among the bishops, doctors, and monks, and even among the secular princes. I have besought the Lord to enable me to persevere in the truth, and rather than betray the gospel by any baseness, I am resolved to suffer death. Honoured lady and loving friends, I beseech you to pray for me, that if I am condemned I may glorify God by a christian faith; and that if I return to Prague, it may be with a good conscience, and to be more zealous than ever in extirpating the doctrine of Anti-Christ." At these words Lady Margaret de Chlum, her daughter, and indeed all present, were deeply affected. "Good Master John Huss," said Lady Margaret, "I am but a weak woman, and in the great council before which you are about to appear, my

voice may not be heard, else, both for your and the truth's sake, if need be, it would. But what I cannot do, my son will. Whatever influence his father's name may have with the secular princes of Germany, he goes with you, to use on your behalf. While you are doing battle for the truth of God, and perhaps jeoparding your life on the high places of the field, my daughter and myself will be upon our knees; and we trust that at length you will be restored to us, and the faithful in Bohemia, through our prayers Go, and God grant that ere long we shall see your face with joy." Having bidden his noble benefactress and her friends farewell, with the young knights, John de Treknou, Henry de Lazenbock, Wenceslaus de Duba, and John de Chlum, John Huss set out for Constance. Jerome of Prague, who, for reasons of expediency, had not been included in the excommunication of his master, accompanied him for several miles on his journey, exhorting him to maintain courageously in the council, before its mighty kings and prelates, and in the face of Europe, what he had advanced in the pulpit and in his writings to the people of Bohemia. "Certes," said the young scholar sternly, "it is time they should know that, high and mighty as they are, the truth of God is greater. Like the fabled lamp of astrology, for centuries it has lain hid in the rubbish of the schools, but methinks the hour is come when it is to burst forth and fill the world with its splendour. Let the owls, and buzzards, and birds of night, flutter, and scream:

the eagle and the birds of day will rejoice. Go, master, on your glorious mission, and should you fall a sacrifice to the enemies of the truth, Jerome of Prague will seek no higher distinction than to share your fate." With mutual prayers and blessings, and with tears in their eyes, the master and the disciple then parted.

It was on the 3d of November, 1414, that John Huss and his company arrived in Constance, which they found filled with an immense multitude of strangers, every kingdom and state, and almost every town in Europe having sent its representative to the council, besides those whom curiosity, pleasure, or interest, had attracted thither. In the crowded streets might be seen the different costumes, and heard the different tongues of all nations. Persons, too, were there in every condition and rank of life—priests, palmers, soldiers, merchants, artisans, princes, and peasants, musicians, buffoons, and jugglers. The windows and balconies were filled, from which draperies floated, of all the colours of the rainbow. Banners waved, and bands of music paraded the streets and squares; so that, instead of being the scene of a solemn council, Constance presented the appearance of a carnival or fair. Two days before their arrival, the council had been opened with imposing splendour. Within the great cathedral of St. Mark's, in which the council met, were present on that day, two rival Popes, both claiming to be considered the successors of St. Peter, thirty cardinals, four patriarchs, twenty archbishops, a hun-

dred and fifty bishops, a hundred abbots, a hundred and fifty prelates, generals of orders or priors, two hundred doctors, and twenty-three thousand regular clergy. Of the secular estate, there were present, a hundred sovereign princes, four electors, viz., the electors of Mentz and Saxony, the Elector Palatin, and Frederick of Nuremberg, with their envoys, and the envoys of the other electors, ninety dukes, eighty-three counts, two thousand knights, and nearly one hundred thousand laymen; lastly, though not on the first day of the council, yet almost constantly afterwards, the Emperor himself. So that on this occasion might be seen the most eminent persons in the world—at least for rank and office—assembled in one place, "which," says an old writer, "was a noble spectacle to behold."

On the day after his arrival in Constance, John Huss had it notified to John XXIII, by John de Chlum, and Henry de Lazenbock, who showed him the safe-conduct granted by the Emperor, with which his Holiness declared himself satisfied, and assured them that he would do all in his power to prevent him receiving any injury during the time he remained in Constance. Shortly after this, the cardinals having met in conclave at the papal palace, deputed the bishops of Augsburgh and Trent to visit John Huss at his lodgings, and invite him to appear before them to give an account of his doctrine. This, accompanied by the Pope's gonfalionere and a guard of soldiers, they

did, when John Huss made this reply—"That he had come to Constance to give an account of his faith in a full council, and not in a private congregation of the Pope and cardinals; but, since they would have it so, he would go with them," which, with John de Chlum, he did. When he came to the bishops' palace, they put to him only a few questions, and then dismissed him, saying, they would hear him more fully in the afternoon.

In the afternoon, the cardinals met again in the same place; but, instead of sending for John Huss, they resolved that he should be put under an arrest. In the evening of that day, accordingly, they sent the gonfalionere with a guard of the Pope's soldiers, by whom, notwithstanding all the protestations of John de Chlum, he was carried from his lodgings to prison. The remonstrances made by John de Chlum, and the other Bohemian lords, to the Pope, having failed, they wrote to the Emperor, who had not yet arrived. On hearing how his authority had been disregarded, the Emperor was highly displeased, and sent an express order to his ambassadors to see that John Huss should be set at liberty. This, however, the Pope and the cardinals refused to do. Sensible how necessary it was that the Emperor should be propitiated, on his arrival they appointed commissaries to wait on him, to win him over to their views, and persuade him to revoke the safe-conduct which he had granted to John Huss—being sensible that, unless he did so, it was but to bring

their authority into contempt, to proceed with the trial of a man, whom, even if found guilty, they could not punish. This they did, and with what success will now appear. On its being proposed to him that he should revoke his promise of safe-conduct, the Emperor was startled and offended. "Were I to do so," he observed, "I should become odious in my own eyes, and in the eyes of the world." The odiousness of the deed, however, was not taken into the account by the commissaries. What, indeed, if it were odious? If it served the cause of the Church, it was his duty to commit it. Such *was*, such *is*, the morality of the Church of Rome! This, however, they proceeded to show was, on the part of the Emperor, an entire misapprehension; was he not aware that "no man was bound to keep his promise to another accused of heresy?" "He could not be accused," they added, "of breaking his word, because, though he had given a safe-conduct to John Huss, the council, which was above him, had not; that in granting him one, without the consent of the council, he had acted inconsistently with the duty he owed to the Church; therefore, it was his duty to retract his promise, which, so far from rendering him odious in the eyes of the world, would make him the more illustrious as a faithful son of the Church, who was willing to sacrifice his private feelings to her public interests." Thus these ministers of the holy office reasoned, and thus was the Emperor persuaded to become the instrument of their iniquitous counsels.

Great now was the joy of the commissaries, and of the whole council, by whom measures were immediately taken to bring John Huss to trial. While they were thus rejoicing in having John Huss delivered over to their will, the Bohemian lords were overwhelmed with amazement and indignation. "It is well known," said they in a letter they were moved to write the Emperor, "that John Huss came to Constance with a safe-conduct from your Imperial Majesty, yet has he been thrown into prison, and is treated as a heretic, before even being put upon his trial. It is alleged, moreover, that your Majesty has been induced to revoke the safe-conduct you of your own free accord granted. We take God to witness, that it would be a mortal grief for us to know that any such thing has been transacted to the dishonour of your Majesty; much more that you had polluted yourself by such an enormous injustice." Thus plain and indignant were these honest Bohemian lords. Their remonstrance, however, was made in vain. John Huss, being meanwhile sick, through the evil treatment he had met in prison, applies for an advocate to defend his cause. This the council denied him; for, said they, "it is not lawful to take the part, or to plead the cause of a man suspected of heresy." Repeated attempts were now made by long and harassing interrogatories in prison to shake his constancy, and induce him to recant. When these failed, they urged him to promise that he would submit to the de-

cision of the council. Whereupon he made this noble answer:—"When the council have shown me that I have written, taught, or answered any thing contrary to the truth, I will then submit to their decision." It was now evidently the wish of the council to prevent a public trial. Apart from the bad effects it might have on the minds of the people, several of the doctors gave it as their opinion, "that no heretic ought to have a public hearing." That he should be condemned privately, and without trial, the Emperor, however, was resolved to prevent, and sent the Elector Palatin and the Margrave of Nuremberg to forbid the council proceeding otherwise against him, than by a fair and open trial.

It was Friday the seventh of June. On this day it was rumoured throughout the city, that John Huss, after having been kept in close confinement for six months, during which he suffered the greatest indignities, was to be put upon his trial, and great was the excitement hereby occasioned. Returning from the prison of the Franciscans, in which John Huss was kept, and whither they had gone early that morning to visit him with words of comfort, and to assure him of their intention to be present at his trial, to give him at least their countenance and sympathy, the two knights of Chlum and Duba, observed that the streets were greatly more crowded, and at an earlier hour than usual. Suddenly the sky became overcast. Occupied with their own thoughts, and conversing on the approaching

trial, the strange and sudden gloom did not excite their attention. As they passed along the streets, the excitement of the people first attracted their notice. They were gathered into groups, and their faces, gathering paleness, were ever and anon upturned to heaven, as if they beheld there some awful phenomenon. Masses of clouds, congregating around the sun, continued to spread and spread, till they covered and obscured the whole heavens. "Wenceslaus, dear Wenceslaus," said the knight of Chlum, "look upwards! what can that mean? the sun itself is growing dark!" This indeed it was, and this it continued to do, till it presented the appearance of an universal blot, surrounded by a faint ring of light, which seemed, as it were, to make the darkened body of the sun visible. "De Chlum," replied his companion, "these poor people imagine, if we may judge from their looks, that the end of the world is at hand, and many a wretch in Constance having within him,

"Undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice,"

is trembling, I doubt not, through the same apprehension. It is well, let them tremble. You, my dear John, perhaps think that this darkness is a token of the divine displeasure against the wicked council that is to sit in judgment on a righteous man this day. Certainly the darkness, now resting on the city and on the world, is a type—a faint type—of the darkness that sits on their wretched souls, and of their wicked deeds. You have for-

gotten, however, that the phenomenon is an eclipse which Jerome, as you might remember, told us some months ago would this day take place. Little did I think that day, as we were wandering with Isabella and de Treknou in the woods of Chlum, in what circumstances we were to witness it. De Chlum, this darkness will pass away, and with it the fears of the Pope and his council, but the darkness on their souls, I fear, is for ever." The time when the darkness occasioned by this great eclipse was at the greatest, was at nine o'clock of the morning. By one o'clock of the same day, John Huss, guarded by a band of halberdiers and cross-bowmen, and attended by the Bohemian lords, was brought into St. Mark's, and as soon as the disorder created by his appearance subsided, was put upon his trial. The trial itself—how Stephen Paletz, formerly his intimate friend, became his public accuser. How being alleged to be a heretic, all sorts of witnesses, among whom were many of the German students, his avowed enemies, were admitted against him. How the Emperor himself spoke against him; and how nobly and courageously John de Chlum defended him, saying on one occasion, in the presence of the Emperor and council, "John Huss has spoken the truth; had I foreseen, could I have imagined, that the safe-conduct of the Emperor, obtained at my own instance, was to be treated here as a nullity, John Huss, with my consent, had not left Chlum; for though I be but one of the least of the Bohemian lords, I would have defended

him a whole year against the Emperor and all his forces, much more the other lords beside me, who are persons of much greater note, and have stronger places than I have." How after the trial was ended, which lasted many days, John Huss was required by the Emperor to recant, saying, that "if he did not, he should be committed to the flames;" and how John Huss made this answer—"I am ready to receive instruction from the council, but I entreat you, in the name of God, not to force me to do anything against my conscience, and to the danger of my eternal salvation, which I should do should I sign this recantation; yea, if I did so, it were better that a millstone were hanged about my neck, and I were thrown into the sea. I am far from saying that I have no fear of the fire, but putting all my trust in Christ, I am resolved, when I hear my sentence, to remain faithful to the truth till death, fearful though it be." How the knight of Chlum, seeing the danger he was in, spoke to him on this wise, and for the last time—"Dear Master John Huss, I am ill qualified to advise such a man as you. However, should you find yourself guilty of any of the errors of which the council have accused you, I desire you not to be ashamed to retract them, but if, on the contrary, you are conscious of your innocence, far from advising you to say any thing against your conscience, I exhort you to suffer all sorts of torments, rather than renounce the truth." How John de Huss, melting into tears at these words of the noble youth, said, "I take

God to witness that I have always been, and still am ready to retract any error, if convicted of the same by the authority of the Holy Scriptures." How, we say, all these things took place, our page is too small to permit us to describe. Suffice it to say, the fate of John Huss was now sealed. His books were condemned to be burned, and he himself, as having taught many heretical doctrines, and especially the doctrines of John Wicliffe, was condemned to be deposed, and deprived of all ecclesiastical orders, as an "obstinate and incorrigible heretic." These two sentences being pronounced, John Huss rose from his knees, and protesting against them, appealed from the judgment of the council to that of the Lord Jesus Christ, at which some of the council railed, and others were hardened enough to laugh.

The council now rose, and, for the last time, John Huss was led back to prison. That night was spent by him in writing to his friends, and in prayer. In a letter to Lady Margaret de Chlum, he thus noticed the perfidy of the Emperor:—"Would that he had only acted like Pilate, who heard both accusation and defence, and then said, 'I find no fault in him.' Or had he said 'I have given him a safe-conduct; if he will not submit to you I will send him to Bohemia, that he may be punished by his own sovereign,' I could have had no cause to complain of his conduct. I trusted to his word, but I now find that he had little regard for the law of God or of faith. But I murmur not, and am

happier this night in a prison than he is in a palace." Among the enemies of John Huss, were there no troubled hearts that night in Constance? There was at least one. Bewildered, pale, and woe-stricken, who is it that enters the cell of the condemned heretic? It is Stephen Paletz. In vain that night had he sought his couch. His endeavours to effect the ruin of John Huss, had been fully and fearfully successful. Had his revenge been tenfold greater than it was, it was about to be gratified; but this brought him no joy—it filled him rather with horror. The companion of his youth was about to meet a cruel death, and chiefly through his means. This he had not expected. He could have seen him humbled, degraded; with this he would have been satisfied—it would have been a triumph. But that he should be put to death—for this he was not prepared—this he could not endure. He hurries through the streets—he reaches the prison of the Franciscans—he is admitted to see the prisoner—he is at his feet. "Stephen Paletz," said John Huss, "what brings you here, and what means this?" "Oh Huss, Huss," said the wretched man, "little did I think, when we left the banks of the Molda, that it should come to this, that Stephen Paletz should one day be the means of bringing the friend of his youth to so fearful an end. Can nothing yet be done? Is there not one charge that you will retract? It is not too late. Say that you will retract, that you request time to deliberate. I will plead as earnestly for you,

as I have done against you." "Stephen Paletz," replied Huss, "forbear. I can—I dare retract nothing; no, not even to save life itself." Paletz felt it was in vain to say more. He rose. He had become calm; it was the calm, however, of despair. "Huss," he said, "farewell. To-morrow a dreadful fate awaits you. You will not, however, suffer more to-morrow than I do this night. Your sufferings, like Abel's, will be soon over; mine, like Cain's, I fear will be for ever." With these words, Stephen Paletz departed. Next morning, John Huss was brought once more before the council. The cardinals and members of council were arrayed in festal habits, and the Emperor on this day wore his crown.

In order to proceed to the degradation of John Huss, the seven bishops appointed for this office ordered him to put on his sacerdotal garments, and to take a chalice in his hand, as if he had been going to say mass. As he was putting on the albe, he said, "The Jews clothed the Lord Jesus Christ with white raiment, that they might mock him." The like reflections he made upon each of his priestly ornaments. Thus arrayed, he was placed upon a platform in the midst of the assembly, which was prodigiously great, and which seemed horror-struck at the dreadful tragedy that was now enacting. Having descended from the platform at the desire of his tormentors, one of them took the cup from him, pronouncing these words:—"Oh cursed Judas, who having forsaken the counsel

of peace, art entered into that of the Jews, we take from thee that cup in which is the blood of Christ," &c. On which, when they had made an end, he said with a loud voice, "I hope in God's mercy that I shall drink it this very day in his kingdom." He was now stripped of all his garments, one after another, the bishops pronouncing meanwhile some curse upon each of them, as is usual in like cases. His *degradation*, as it is called, being completed, they placed upon his head a paper crown or mitre, in the form of a pyramid, and about a cubit in height, with three devils painted upon it, and this inscription—"THE HERESIARCH." With a loud voice, they then devoted his soul to all devils. (Animam tuam devovemus diabolis inferni.) At this frightful imprecation, which sent a shudder through the souls of thousands in that vast assembly, John Huss, nothing moved, recommended his soul to God, and said that he cheerfully wore that ignominious crown for His sake who wore one of thorns. The Church now parted with him; he was declared a *layman*, and was delivered up to the secular power, to be put to death. Being come to the place of execution, he was desirous of declaring the truth of God to the prodigious concourse of people whom he found there assembled, but this the Elector Palatin would not permit, and ordered him to be put to death immediately. John Huss, finding he was not permitted to speak to the people, knelt down and began to pray, which he did with a loud voice. Among other words, he said

"Lord Jesus, I suffer this cruel death for thy cause, and I pray thee to forgive all my enemies." He was now fastened to the stake, which being done, and the wood ready to be kindled, the Count of Oppenheim, mareschal of the empire, went up to him, and exhorted him to recant and save his life. "Trouble me no more," said the heroic martyr, "everything that I have written and taught, I now joyfully sign with my blood." The Count then withdrew, the wood pile was kindled, and calling on God to his last breath, John Huss, in the prime of life, being only in the forty-second year of his age, was cruelly consumed. While the crowd still lingered around the now bare, blackened, and solitary stake, and while the executioners were gathering up the ashes of the glorious Confessor, a voice was heard proclaiming from the midst, "Behold there the work of a false Church, and a faithless Emperor. Ere long, and both shall have cause to repent of the VIOLATED SAFE-CONDUCT." It was the voice of the fearless John de Treknou. Efforts were made to apprehend him, but he was gone, and, ere the multitude had returned to their homes, fast as a swift horse could carry him, his heart swollen with grief and indignation, and brooding on revenge, he was far on his way to Bohemia.

Meanwhile, where was Jerome of Prague? During the trial of John Huss he had come to Constance, but finding no access to him, and terrified at his dreadful fate, he had by the advice of his friends withdrawn

some leagues from the city, where having been heard inveighing against the council and Romish clergy he was arrested, and, bound hand and foot, brought back to Constance. Here he was shortly afterward put upon his trial, during which he defended himself with such incomparable ability and eloquence that his very enemies extolled his learning—the solidity of his arguments—his noble boldness—the gracefulness and strength of his expressions, and acknowledged that no man of modern times came nearer the eloquence of the ancient orators and the early christian fathers, than Jerome of Prague. All his genius and eloquence, however, could not save the disciple from the fate of the master. Being brought to the stake, he displayed the same greatness of mind that he had done before the council, so that the minds of the people were filled with admiration and pity, numbers of them being melted to tears, and loudly lamenting his untimely and cruel end. The executioner designing to set the wood on fire behind, that Jerome might not see it, "Set it on fire," he said, "in front, for had I been afraid of it I might have avoided it." "Such was the end," says an eye-witness, "of a man more excellent than any one can think; he went to the place of execution as it were to a feast; he let fall no word that discovered the least weakness; he sung hymns in the flames. No philosopher ever suffered death with such constancy as Jerome of Prague suffered to be burned alive."

Thus perished John Huss and Jerome of Prague.

With sad hearts the Bohemian knights now returned to their own country. On reaching Chlum castle, John de Chlum found his mother and sister clad in mourning, and that, for several days, they had given themselves to retirement and sorrow. When the tidings of Huss and Jerome's death reached Bohemia, it is impossible to describe the excitement thereby occasioned. In Prague and throughout the whole country multitudes met, and decreed to them the honour of martyrdom. The rage and grief of the students were unbounded. They went in procession through the streets, waving banners, and chanting hymns in their praise. The princes and the council they openly proclaimed to be persecutors and murderers, and called on their lords to lead them to revenge. This call was not made in vain. John de Treknou and Nicolas de Huss put themselves at their head. Thus was that standard unfurled in Bohemia, which bore on its scroll —"Freedom to worship to God according to our conscience," and which continued under these valiant leaders to float in the battle and on the breeze for years; which never was sullied by disgrace, nor lowered by defeat; and which was not laid aside till Sigismund, humbled and defeated in every engagement, made to the victorious Hussites the concessions they demanded.

Important as these results were, they were not obtained without great sacrifices. Many of the bravest of the Bohemian youth fell in battle against the Emperor, and, among others, the noble knight of Chlum;

of which, it is worthy of remark, he had, from the death of Jerome, a constant presentiment. Honour to his memory! Bohemia never produced a nobler son; and never fell in battle for truth and freedom, a braver or purer spirit. The death of her brave and beloved child filled Lady Margaret de Chlum with a grief, the effects of which carried her to the grave. Before this, however, she had the happiness of seeing her daughter united in marriage to John de Treknou, who, by his matchless valour and many virtues, proved himself worthy of her hand.

Thus did John Zisca, so called from having lost an eye in battle, realize the threat he had uttered as John de Treknou. Thus did Bohemia, first among the nations of Europe, assert and secure the rights of civil and religious liberty. Such were the fruits that sprang from the ashes of these two noble martyrs—the first fruits of that glorious harvest which Germany, from the banks of the Molda to the shores of the Rhine, is yet to reap. Thus sooner or later are perfidy and cruelty sure to recoil on their guilty authors, as all may see who have read this tale of the "Council of Constance, and the Broken Pledge."

UDINE.—A BALLAD.

"And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the waters clear;
And I wrote this little song
Every child may joy to hear."

BLAKE.

FAR through the sunny wood roamed the bee;
But where is sweet Udine?
I saw her chase it merrily
Under the boughs so green.

She sits within the fairy ring,
Laughing in rosy glee;
For she holds by the thrilling wing
The golden-crested bee.

The sun shines high above the trees:—
No sunbeam enters there;
And scarce the drowsy summer breeze
Can stir her yellow hair.

She sleeps—but when she op'd her eye,
She saw nor flower, nor tree;
But beneath a twilight sky,
O'er a wide and windless sea,

Merrily, merrily did she glide,
In a shell of starry hue;
With a Faëry Thing by her side,
With pinions sapphire-blue.

There was a star above his brow,
Which spirit-like did sing,
"O! happy, happy, thou!
The bride of the Fairy King!"

She gazed into his laughing eyn:—
They were so witching wild,
That she forgot she e'er had been
A happy woodland child.

And on—with never a breath of wind,
Oar'd by his wings they glode;
And swiftly away behind,
The glimmering waters flow'd.

And aye, as they dimpling danced away,
They dreamily seemed to sing,
"O! happy, happy, may!
The bride of the Fairy King."

* * * * * *

They seek her by day, and they seek her by night,
Under the boughs so green;—
But never again will greet their sight,
Their own sweet, lost, Udine.

A TALE OF HOLYROOD.

By a Lady.

"I wish we were still in France! My Confessor's visage was neither so sour, nor so ugly, as that unmannerly Knox. I am surprised your Majesty can bear with him."

"My majesty, child, must needs bear with much that ill befits a Queen. Knox has no toleration, and our brother Murray's prejudices are very stern."

Thus replied Mary of Scotland to Clarice Pinguillon, her pretty French favourite, who had come over, in the royal train, from that fair land, where her young life had so happily dawned. The group assembled, at the period of which we now write, was composed of females only. Mary Stuart sat in the midst of her attendants, rich in those regal charms which marked her Beauty's Queen.

Her simple black dress, her luxuriant hair, were unornamented in these her sweet hours of privacy; but she needed not gold and jewels to tell her descent from a princely line. Youth's roses were fresh on her cheek, lustrous rays shot from her darkly fringed eyes, but on the snowy brow was a slight shade of that melancholy, which, to many of her race, was as the

"title-page to a tragic volume." Yet, nevertheless, on that brow were enthroned those high-toned feelings, which, in the dark hour of her desolation, shone forth in their own pure light. Compared with the four Marys, there was superiority in the sovereign, but not contrast; they too were noble and distinguished creatures, but the pretty Pinguillon, seated at the Queen's feet, might, indeed, have excited wonder, that in a being so different there should be such exquisite loveliness. She inherited from a Scottish mother an azure eye, light curling locks, a skin of snow, and features over whose delicate and transparent beauty, mantling blushes and smiles were ever wandering. Her infantine innocence, her playful sallies, her light-hearted gaiety, were, however, happily blended with a firmness of purpose, which gave stability to her artless and endearing character; yet, in contemplating the illustrious mistress and her pretty favourite, the poet's lines seem to describe them:

> "What tho' the sun with all-diffusive rays
> Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze;
> We prize the stronger effort of his power,
> And justly set the gem above the flower."

"Thou art an idle girl, Clarice," said the Queen, fondly regarding her; "that piece of embroidery will see thy locks grey, ere it is finished. It was but now we heard our ladies tell how thy wild spirits made them foolish in our absence; meet punishment it were

to leave thee at thy task to-night, and let our soberer maidens steal thy lover's heart."

"Nay, sovereign lady, that were too cruel! I do not seek to wrest from them the precedence of sober industry, and as to my lover, though the Lord of Murray calls me a wild romp, no one dare lift her eyes to the coronet of Allandale, until she cut off her curls, and look as grim as a presbyter."

"We would we had Knox to read thee a lesson," responded Mary, with a look of mock reproof—"to tell thee how pert and spoilt a child thou art."

"Were I Queen of Scotland," went on Clarice, "I would banish that man my dominions; and call it treason to say I was other than wisest and fairest."

"Wert thou a Queen, Clarice, thy 'bosom's lord' would not sit so lightly, and the crown thou thinkest so enviable, might weigh as heavy on thy young brow as it does on ours—a little tinsel and parade, while all is false and hollow. Liberty of conscience denied ourselves, which we yield to all around—the religion of our fathers reviled—all this we must bear; but did it bring us the love and confidence of our subjects, the sacrifice of private feeling might be endured—all, everything, for the nation's happiness. Enough of this; we meant not to complain; the seclusion of this apartment, with the sympathy of friendship are left, and something to enliven. Clarice, when I look on thee, fain would I believe our Scottish Lords honest in purpose, though 'rude in speech.' At all events, they

suspect their Queen, because she hath been educated in a foreign country; it might perhaps have been better otherwise. Early inured to the habits of a brave but unpolished people; growing under their eye, like the hardy plants of their soil—that attachment might have grown also which duty can but coldly render."

There were tears in the eyes of Clarice which Mary could not bear to witness, and she added, "Cheer thee, Clarice, cheer thee; thou shalt dance with Allandale this evening, or Mary is but a Queen in name."

The court ball was numerously attended; never had Mary's smiles won such enthusiasm of admiration. Murray himself did not frown when the Protestant Lord of Allandale attached himself to the side of Clarice. We shall not attempt to recapitulate the number or elegance of the young baron's compliments, but only repeat a few sentences of a graver nature, which passed betwixt them at intervals, when the general bustle and excitement rendered such secret communications safe to be uttered.

"Allandale! do not say you mean to deny me; by the ties of blood, by the remembrance of that love which united our parents, do not refuse my request. Destiny parted my angel mother from the friend and cousin of her youth—it may divide us."

"Say no more, Clarice, your power prevails. I shall go to France, since you desire it, and your gentle friend shall be indulged; say but again she is no nun,

that the Seatons are prepared to receive and shelter her, and that *you* run no risk."

"Doubt me not, Allandale; sister Celestine has never taken the vows. Mary Seaton knows all, and, although ignorant of her motives, feels certain that they are like herself—good and pure; and Lord Seaton has promised to obtain her an interview with the Queen. In the mean time, her Majesty is not apprized of the matter, so that a discovery can bring no blame to our royal mistress. Celestine, I confess, is indeed a Catholic. Ah! why have you not the same faith?"

"Hush, dear Clarice, remind me not at such a moment that any difference exists; Murray is my guardian, and the Romish creed may——"

"Separate us, Allandale!" interrupted the now pale girl. "I do not forget—there may be much reason for your heresy; but when I see it destroying the peace of families, and leading to insolence and insubordination, can I listen to such a persuasion? I love you, Allandale, because I respect your noble qualities, but I will not, to gain Lord Murray's approval, forfeit my own self-esteem, and smile upon those who scorn lawful authority. Mary Stuart has lavished favours upon *me*, an orphan and unprotected, and I will honour no one who refuses her the homage of duty and submission. Did your Reformers possess the meek and christian spirit of sister Celestine, I might then listen to their lectures; but as it is ——"

"Enough, sweet Clarice; let me hope *all* from time and your own good sense. I, at least, am at once a protestant and a faithful subject, not only to my Queen, but to one whose slightest wish is but too powerful."

Allandale saw that further conversation was dangerous, and, leading her to the dance, she was in a few moments mingling in its mazes, with that buoyancy of spirit which gained her the appellation of the giddy French favourite. Lord Allandale took an early opportunity to ask and obtain the consent of his guardian, to leave court for a brief space; the earl rejoiced at a measure that promised, even for a short period, to separate his ward from the dangerous attractions of Clarice, and did not even inquire his movements, concluding he intended visiting his northern estates, of which Murray had often advised him to take some cognizance. Little did the wily earl dream, that the young lord's absence was instigated by the French favourite, and his mission to a Catholic, seeking audience of his sovereign. The cheek of Clarice glowed when she heard her lover was gone. Mary thought it a proud or an angry flush; yet wondered at the fortitude with which she bore the seeming slight. Some weeks elapsed, and Clarice grew anxious. She had cause. The Queen entered the private apartment already mentioned, on a morning after some startling intelligence had reached the palace: the proud spirit of the Stuart crimsoned cheek and brow, as she exclaimed, "We

will not bear it, my maidens! My Lord of Murray alike forgets his duty as a brother and a subject; he holds Lord Allandale a prisoner contrary to our commands; if we are to wear the crown, we must compel obedience. Where is Clarice? Where Mary Seaton? Treason, conspiracy, ring in our ears, and my poor Clarice's name mixed up with it! Where is she?"

"In her room, gracious madam," said one of the ladies, "and Mary Seaton with her. She fainted on being told of Lord Allandale's imprisonment."

"My poor child!" said the Queen tenderly, "does she know the foolish charge brought against him, of conveying a nun from France on a treasonable purpose? And yet this formidable stranger has disappeared, withdrawn by some invisible agency, and Allandale is called upon to solve the mystery!"

"Will your Highness allow me to call Mary Seaton," said one of the other Marys, "or shall I state the account she has had from her brother?"

Mary's impatience brooked no delay, and her attendant went on to narrate, "that Lord Allandale had brought over a foreign lady from a convent who had secret business with her Majesty;—that young Seaton had gone in disguise to meet them, and had been fortunately enabled to secure and bear off the stranger, during the skirmish which ensued when Allandale was apprehended. How he had been traced and discovered is to us unknown; but Seaton had conveyed the lady to his father's house, and she had expressed great

anxiety to be permitted an audience of the Queen, to whom she would explain all apparent mystery."

"We will see her this very evening; let Mary Seaton manage it with all due secrecy, for we are watched! Yes, shame to my people! we are doubted, and must meet suspicion as best we may."

It was night when a female figure was led into the presence of her Majesty, and left with her alone. The stranger bent gracefully before the sovereign, threw back her veil and discovered a face so pale, so meek, so angelic in its expression, that Mary stretched out her hand to raise her, while her searching glance softened into one of involuntary sympathy and admiration. It was altogether a form so fragile and delicate, that, seeming not of common mould, it could not, Mary thought, enshrine one earthly passion. But when she took the Queen's hand and carried it to her lips, the "hectic of a moment," and the trembling of the frame, told that the soul was yet in its "prison-house." Each gazed, but neither spoke; till at length a voice that thrilled to the royal heart, uttered, "Does Mary Stuart remember the convent of St. Germain en Laye?"

"Holy virgin!" exclaimed the Queen, "can it be that I have heard that voice before? It seems like the soft floating music of a dream; indistinct, but yet awakening a thousand sweet recollections! Memory is yet alive to the tenderness and love of sister Celestine. Though absence has faded the remembrance of her features,

time has only strengthened the sympathies her name calls up."

"I am Celestine," said the stranger, "at least by that name I have long been known; fearful risks have I encountered, to look once more upon the orphan daughter of a royal house, on whose young beauty I doated with all a woman's tenderness; yes! though earth's other ties were broken and dissolved, still for the love of that fair child I clung to life."

Mary burst into tears and threw herself on the bosom of the interesting speaker, who held her long and fondly to her heart. "What visions of vanished happiness are before me! Those dear April days return, associated with thy pure and holy precepts. Whatever has been good in me, springs from thy instructions; and when I have erred, it was ever thy recollected voice that whispered the salutary reproof."

The Queen, while speaking, had gently drawn her friend to a seat, and holding her hand in a close pressure, seemed now to wait the explanation of her sudden appearance.

"Did Mary Stuart ever hear that her father loved, won, and slighted a heart, which, if devotion to its object could render it worthy, might have been meet partner for Scotland's Lord? A slight misunderstanding arose—James looked coldly on me—his spirit was proud, mine was of shrinking delicacy. He did not appreciate the feelings which kept me tearfully silent,

but left my father's court; and Mary of Vendome, loving, trusting, hoping, was left to find she had leant on a broken reed. He wedded Magdeline of France. Death hovered near my pillow, darkness was around—a chill on my spirit, an arrow in my heart. But the fountain of my tears was dry, and my family heaped contumely on the caprice and folly, which they believed had disgusted my royal lover. I could not bear that he should be blamed; I suffered in silence, and when youth triumphed over sickness, was permitted to withdraw from the world; and to the kind assistance of Mademoiselle Pinguillon's mother, I owed the indulgence of visiting Scotland. She formed one of the happy bride's female train; and as madame's attendant I accompanied them, and saw the beautiful wife of James land on those shores she hailed so fondly. Who could look on that pure lily of France, without feelings of the deepest interest? It seemed as if one rude breath might snap the feeble cord of existence, and send back to its native heaven, a creature whose love could not fail to communicate a portion of its own pure essence, to the husband of her choice. Ah! how I prayed that its white mantle might so envelop him, that no spot should henceforth be visible on his princely character.

"I returned to my convent—Magdeline was lent, not given. She died a humble child of God, and the tears of a rude nation bore testimony to her virtues. James mourned for a time; but the cares of a crown

divided his grief, until the portion that was Magdeline's, slept the sleep of forgetfulness. Did he then give a thought to her whose peace he had broken? It might have been a balm to my wounded feelings, had he inquired what was my lot, although woman's dignity had spurned at a renewal of his vows. Another Marie was chosen; your noble, high-souled mother. Was this wanting to prove how little man knows of that undying love, which, once truly felt by woman, is never supplanted? Again, I prayed for James's happiness, and when his orphan daughter was placed in the convent that sheltered my sorrows, no parent's love could be stronger than mine. For a time I was happy; but you were taken from me, and as your little arms were withdrawn from my neck at parting, I felt again desolate, and shut out from the sympathies of life. The sun of my young days had long set—the bright star which had gilded my twilight existence was also gone, and as I laid my aching head upon my pillow, I wished it were its last resting-place on earth. I had been taught religion as a lesson, but its practical influence had not then filled my soul, and strengthened my heart; heavenly grace was at length vouchsafed, and I murmured no more.

"One treasure I possessed; it is still mine:—but feeling that this wasting frame could not much longer remain a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, I wished to deliver this last relic of happier days, to the daughter of him whose image is within, on my heart; look here,"

(and she took a miniature of King James from her bosom.) It was his first, it was his last gift; to thee I resign it—on thee I look for one brief space; and now, Mary Stuart, I have done with earth, and wish but to return to my convent and die." She ceased to speak. The Queen's emotion could no longer be restrained; with convulsive sobs she gazed alternately on the picture, and on the saint-like princess; and when Mary Seaton entered to remind them that a protracted interview might be dangerous, she wrung her hands in agony, and wept again. But Mary of Vendome remembered her promise to the Seatons; she soothed the excited feelings of the Queen; pled her own bodily weakness; finally tore herself from Mary's encircling arms, and quitted the palace as secretly as she had entered it. Sleep did not this night visit the royal pillow; "thought, busy thought," made her heart throb tumultuously, and she rose early with a feverish pulse and aching temples. The fresh morning air, however, calmed her perturbation, and the decision she at length made, savoured of the rash, yet generous nature of her family. "Murray," she ejaculated, "is our brother; if he partakes of the chivalry of his fathers, the sorrows of Mary of Vendome cannot be heard without touching even a sterner nature. Bigotry cannot have withered up every softer touch of humanity, and I shall tell him all—my soul abhors deception; why have I been driven to practise it?"

Prompt in executing her resolves, Mary summoned

Murray to an early audience; the best points of her character were brought into play, and never had her powerful eloquence been more successfully exerted. Murray listened with mingled tenderness and respect; the beautiful countenance of his royal sister was at once so soft, so radiant, so energetic, that, moved almost to woman's weakness, he knelt before her, and promised all she desired, in the liberation of Allandale, and a safe convoy to France for Mary of Vendome.

What became of poor Clarice during these scenes? She was not forgotten; each of the lovely Marys vied with the other in tender assiduities, and the Queen herself told her the happy result of her interview with the Earl of Murray; for this she was grateful, and indeed her looks expressed to each kind friend her strong sense of obligation. But Clarice was a changed creature; it seemed as if, in the last few hours, years had passed over her head, and matured her lovely character. Alone with the Queen, she threw herself at her feet, and with a calm but deadly paleness of countenance, besought permission to return to her native France with the Princess of Vendome.

"Gracious lady, deny me not! I alone divide the Lord of Murray from his sovereign: but when time shall have softened these controversial asperities, recal me to your feet, the most faithful and devoted of your servants." "What!" said Mary quickly, "and leave Allandale to another; to wed, perhaps, a protestant, and be lost to us for ever?" "Not *lost*," said Clarice

with energy, "never at least to duty; we cannot be *one*, while we own not the same faith. I would not, if I could, lead him blindfold into a change so important; we are yet young, and have hitherto held our opinions through deference to others. Parted for a time, each will, more unbiassed by prejudice, weigh the important subject; and if his constancy does not stand the test of absence, is not Clarice best to be alone?"

"Girl," said the Queen impatiently, "do you even for a moment contemplate the possibility of embracing the reformed doctrines, as they are falsely called?—or are you weak enough to imagine Allandale, uninfluenced by the voice of love, will give one thought to a faith so contemned as ours?"

"Allandale's principles are too high," said Clarice proudly, "to yield to ought but conviction; we will never deceive each other, and, to purchase some fleeting hours of happiness, neither would peril their soul's safety."

"This is wild romance, Clarice! Leave Scotland, and Murray will soon find a protestant wife for his ward; you will repent when too late."

A tear trembled in the eye of the young heroine; but the glow of her cheek dried the moisture, as she exclaimed, "Is it the generous, the magnanimous Queen of Scotland, who would advocate the selfish feelings of a base and sordid mind? No! my noble, high-souled benefactress seeks to try her servant, but she will not prove unworthy her high example. Did my

stay promise but one gleam of temporary comfort to my sovereign, I would sacrifice every present or remote prospect of happiness to myself:—nay, though to many it might seem a vain boast, life itself should not be spared to promote the true glory of one so loved and honoured. But when I find myself a cause of quarrel, suspected of treason, and of I know not what crimes, even implicating others as innocent as I, surely I am right to absent my person from a kingdom to which I have no natural claim, and which is jealous of a stranger's influence, with one to whom all hearts look for the envied smile of favour. Detain me not, my Queen; your first duty is to sooth the irritation of your subjects, and Clarice, under the protection of a wise providence, will pray for peace and prosperity to your dominions."

"You have prevailed, sweet Clarice," said the Queen. "Oh! that our stern nobles heard these sentiments from one they so revile! You have taught Mary Stuart this day a lesson of disinterested self-devotedness, that shall yet be recorded to the honour of the French favourite. If there be truth and honour in man, Allandale will never forget you; and I trust the time may come when I shall have the power, as I have the desire, to render you both happy."

Clarice would not see her lover; she knew the weakness of frail humanity, and had not the vain-glory to try a strength she found only in prayer: her farewell letter is now given.

"My kind friends will tell you, dear Allandale, why I leave Scotland without saying adieu. Further explanation to one who has ever been permitted to read the thoughts as they arose in my breast, would be unnecessary. In the solitude of the peaceful abode which I seek, my earnest prayers shall ascend for your welfare; but should my religious persuasion admit of no change, let us not meet again upon earth. Through the medium of mutual friends, I shall hear of you frequently; and they also will inform Allandale of the future destination of Clarice."

It was with sad, but resigned spirits, that Mary of Vendome and her young companion left that land, then truly so "stern and wild." But Clarice was soothed by some parting words of approbation from Murray, whose nature had not yet become so hard, as to be insensible to the sacrifice she was making; and his appreciation of her disinterested conduct, was also a balm to Mary's anguished feelings. Whilst Mary of Vendome's meek and christian spirit adorned the doctrines of the Romish church, Clarice, under her gentle guidance, clung to early prejudices, and did not suffer love or ambition to withdraw her from what she deemed the true path to heaven. But when Mary died, leaving her comparative wealth, the eyes of the interesting mourner opened to a new and clearer light. Clarice had promised the Queen not to enter upon her noviciate rashly, or without consulting her; and when the wily abbess strove to persuade her to do so, she

resisted with a firmness which made the avaricious sisterhood dread that their victim might escape. Blandishments failed; persecution followed; and then Clarice saw religious zeal assuming every cruel and remorseless form—all sanctioned by the church she had believed to be perfect. Allandale's oft repeated words were then remembered—precious fragments of his writings were carefully re-perused—the simple language of holy writ, as she had heard it from Knox and other divines, recurred to memory, and light from above expounded the truth. Clarice was a convert; her letters to the Queen, to the Marys, were unanswered. Was she at last neglected? No! her own heart told her she could not change—was *she* more constant than others? Thus reasoning, a fresh trial awaited her. She felt she was no longer free; that her correspondence was intercepted, and Allandale ignorant that she had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. Providence, however, watching over the innocent and helpless, at length gave her the means of communicating safely and secretly with the Queen, and a happy reward for all her sufferings soon arrived, in the form of a special messenger from the Scottish court, so introduced, that her persecutors dared not withhold her person. In a brief space, Clarice Pinguillon was at the feet of her royal mistress, beloved and caressed by the ladies of the court, and even welcomed with approving smiles, by Murray. Mary's delicacy never suffered an allusion to Clarice's religious change; confiding in her

upright and conscientious views, she could not blame what she nevertheless regretted, and her brightest smile awaited the meeting of the lovers; when, with Murray's consent, she placed the hand of the French favourite into that of the true-hearted, loyal Allandale. It was amongst the last of Mary Stuart's sunshine days, that on which she witnessed the union of her two amiable and devoted protestant subjects.

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

By Miss Aird.

"These lands in their garniture are bright,
But I know of a land where there falls no blight."

Tell me, sweet, if free to roam
O'er earth, what clime would'st make thy home?
Are there no spots on her flowery breast
Where thou could'st make a lasting rest?
Flowery glade and shining stream,
Bright as thine own, in beauty gleam.
There are richer fruits 'neath sunnier skies,
Birds bright-plum'd in a thousand dyes,
Where the breeze is rife with rich perfume,
Exhaled from flowers of gorgeous bloom;
Where green earth is deck'd like a festal hall,
When the golden shadows of autumn fall.
Would'st dwell in lands more bright and fair
Than the stormy north—then tell me where?

Would'st dwell where the pale-leaf'd lote-trees blow,
And the ring-dove's notes are soft and low;
Where the silver tones of the mango bird
In forests of cadma trees are heard;

Where golden clusters of champae flowers
Enwreath the rich verandah bowers;
Where groves of acacia ever bloom,
And the earth when press'd exhales perfume;
Where Ganges rolls his broad, bright wave,
O'er the gold and gifts of the idol-slave;
Where superstition piles the pyre
For the devotee, in her tomb of fire;
Where birds the hues of the rainbow wear—
Would'st dwell in that land?—Not there! not there!

Would'st thou dwell in a forest home,
Where the giant cataract's ceaseless foam
Falls in showers of diamond dew,
Like hoary mists on the mountain blue;
While its jewell'd crest of mimic bows,
Like flowery wreath in the sunbeam glows;
Where the Lascar, with his cane-oar, glides,
Like a winged thing, o'er their ocean tides;
Where the gloomy boughs of the cypress wave,
In the deep ravine, o'er the red man's grave;
And many a flowery, green recess,
Begems that leafy wilderness—
O'er prairies green, or savannahs fair,
Thou could'st wander free?—Not there! not there!

Would'st thou dwell where marble fanes
"Are veiled with wreaths, on Italian plains,"

Where the myrtle, olive, and clustering vine,
On broken urn and fallen shrine,
Triumphal arch, with sculpture grey,
Hang, nature's emerald drapery?
Where many a gorgeous palace towers,
By classic stream, 'mid orange bowers;
And the music-flow of leaping rills
Are singing low 'mong the vine-clad hills;
Where the rocks of that fairy clime have rung
To strains that Tasso and Petrarch sung,
And genius graves her marbles fair
With starry names?—Not there! not there!

What boots it whether we make our home
In the ivied cot or the pillar'd dome;
The rosy vale, or the mountain wild;
The cloud land, or the sunshine mild;
'Mid arctic snows, on "palm-fleck'd sands,"
Or the spicy groves of vernal lands?
Oh! the home of the heart is a home to me,
A land, a shrine, a sanctuary!
The thrilling touch of the clasping hand,
The smile of affection, soft and bland,
The gentle tones, of the gentle voice,
That make the drooping heart rejoice,
And the burning ray of the soul-lit eye,
When flashing with fervent poesy!

There is a holy rest above—
A land of peace, of joy, and love ;
No lips there are seal'd in the hush of the tomb ;
No worms revel over the rose's bloom ;
No quivering lips, no pale cheeks tell
The agonies of a dark farewell !
Nor bleeding hearts in silence grieve,
That trusted ones of the soul deceive ;
No dark thoughts cloud the brow with care ;
Nor sin, nor sorrow, nor death is there ;
No shadows fall on the eveless day,
Where the blaze of the throne shines eternally !
O ye, who the ills of earth endure,
Press on to the mark, for the palm is sure !

THE ANGLER.

(A PORTRAIT.)

HIGHLAND SCENERY IN THE DISTANCE.

ANGLERS are a surprisingly numerous and wide spread fraternity. Travel where you will, during the fishing season, east, west, north, or south, by steam or stage, on land or water, you are sure to meet them, with rod and basket, in garments of russet or grey that

"———least offend the fearful fishes' eye."

The student has forsaken the dead languages, to muse on nature's living book. The lawyer has left the puddles of the law, to practise his "craftie disport" in the limpid stream. The divine, the physician, the artisan—all are hurrying off, leaving business and its anxieties behind them, if not to catch fish, at least to lay in a stock of health, knowing that on health depend cheerfulness and a contented mind. Earnest lovers of the sport are they; willing subscribers to the sentiment of Walton's biographer: "Amidst our disquietudes and delusive cares—amidst the painful anxiety, the disgustful irksomeness, which are often the unwelcome attendants on business and on study—an harmless grati-

fication is not merely excusable, it is in some degree necessary."

Surely there must be something exceedingly fascinating in an art which attracts such numbers, and which has been loved and practised by so many of the great and the good, from Dean Nowell to Professor Wilson. Sir Henry Wotton used to say, "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent;" for angling was, after tedious study, "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Washington Irving suspects that many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton; just as many an unlucky urchin, it is said, is induced to run away from his family and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe. No doubt, the freshness of the descriptions, and the healthy tone of sentiment, and kindly feeling, which breathe throughout his work, must make honest Izaak a great favourite with all lovers of books, and enlist a host of amateurs into the ranks; but it is only practice that can make an angler, engrafted on that happy disposition of parts which the favoured few are born with. We know many a skilful fisher who never read a page

of Walton, or of any other book on angling, in their lives. They have practised the art ever since they could cut a hazel rod or crook a pin; and although they sneer at us, who are merely book-learned, they are good fellows withal. True it is, the stories they tell about the number and size of the fish they have caught, are rather apocryphal; but, after all, they are your genuine angler, the real Simon Pure; and as they are usually communicative, you may always pick up something at their hands. Still, angling, like riding, dancing, and many other accomplishments, can only be acquired, in perfection, if you begin when you are a boy. If you feel "the sentiment" later in life, and be diligent, you may acquire a certain degree of skill; but rely upon it, you will always handle your tools in a stiff and awkward manner, and fail to acquire that art, the perfection of which is to conceal that there is any. Look at a graceful and skilful fisher. How easily he handles his rod! how lightly his flies drop on the water! You conclude that nothing can be more simple. But try. The unwilling rod heeds not your bidding. As if instinct with life, it knows the touch of its master, and refuses to obey a hand of inferior cunning. The line gets entangled with your person, or falls splash on the water not a yard distant. Nothing, therefore, say we again, like beginning when you are young. Train up a child in the way he should *fish*, and when he is old he will not depart from it, is a true maxim. Then, how many

pleasant days, how many tranquil nights have you prepared for him!

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And is belov'd by many.
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure."

Your amateur fisher, nevertheless, is not to be altogether despised. He is commonly an ardent lover of nature. His heart is open to all kindly sensibilities. He envies not him that eats better meat than he does; nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than he does; he envies nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than he does. At the same time, he looks upon the mere act of catching fish as not that which should alone interest him. He congratulates himself, in the words of Dame Juliana Barnes, (it is astonishing that a lady should have known so much about the matter) that he has "atte the least his holsome walke and mery, at his ease; a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede-floures that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the young swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes; whyche

mesemyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of fowles, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely then is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte." Or, with Venables in his Experienced Angler, he consoles himself with the reflection that "when he hath the worst success, he loseth but a hook or line, or perhaps what he never possessed, a fish; and suppose he should take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightful walk by pleasant rivers, in sweet pastures, amongst odoriferous flowers, which gratify his senses, and delight his mind." He affects "the fly," because he knows it to be the most gentlemanly mode of fishing, but is ever willing to relinquish it for "the bate," because he feels it to be the easiest. Then, while he watches for the dancing of his cork, he sits him down on the verdant turf, or the sparkling gravel, pulls from his pocket a copy of Izaac Walton, or Tom Stoddart, or James Wilson, or it may be old Tom Barker, who has given his own experience, "which he had been gathering these three score years, having spent many pounds in the gaining it, that the younger fry" (as he expresses himself) "may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them"—who takes as much delight in the dressing as in the taking of the fish—and has "a willing mind, with God's help, to preserve all those that love this recreation, to go dry in their boots and shoes, to preserve their health; which one receipt (he adds) is worth more than this book will cost."

We delight to hold a correspondence with these gentle "brethren of the angle." One of them writes us that, this summer, he made the entire circuit of the hills from Lochgoil-head, to the Mill of Drip at the head of Loch Ech, to fish in the "Lochan," a beautiful little loch which lies midway between. He describes the ascent to the loch along the sides of the mountains, especially from Lochgoil, as of the most toilsome kind. No sooner is one steep overcome, than another more arduous presents itself; while the footing is sometimes along a ledge of rock sufficient only for a single passenger, who dare not look into the abyss below, without shuddering, as a false step would tumble him lifeless to the bottom. These toils and dangers, however, are more than repaid by the savage grandeur of the mountain prospect. And then the fishing! The trout, he says, are not very big, but they rise eagerly to the fly. On this occasion, our friend was not very successful. The fish knew there were thunder clouds over them, or had some other reason for being shy, and would not bite, although he tried his finest hand. The day, too, turned out excessively wet, and our friend arrived at the Drip in the evening, after a wearisome march, with a light creel but a lighter heart, a fit candidate for such a locality, as he was *dripping* from head to heel. But this was soon rectified. Our friend was speedily dispossessed of his wet attire, and forthwith transformed into a brawny

highlander, by the help of a tartan coat and kilt, which had erst figured at a Celtic Ball; and in which, we learn, he looked so well, and gained so much applause from the fair part of the clachan, that we would not be surprised were he to doff his sables, and astonish the Trongate one of these days, in this truly picturesque, and too much neglected garb.

Another of our correspondents favours us with an account of a fishing excursion to Loch Sloy; and although it lack that simplicity of style which we desiderate, and is somewhat too ornate and poetical, we shall extract a portion of it.

"We left Arrochar about 5 o'clock in the morning, to proceed in quest of Loch Sloy, which, we understood, lay about six miles distant among the hills. The morning was rainy; but a morning must be so to show you the mountains in one of their sublimest moods—their lofty tops enveloped in mist, while the torrents rush down their sides in long lines of arrowy foam. This effect was now to be witnessed, in all its magnificence, on the stupendous chain of hills which encircle the head of Loch Long. The sun, however, broke through; the fleecy clouds kissed gently the lofty range and took a parting leave, as we did, of Arrochar, possibly with ourselves on a visit to Loch Sloy. This word (or as it should be spelt *Loch Sloidh*, 'The lake of the host,') was the slogan or war shout of the clan Macfarlane; and as the fiery cross sped from hamlet to hamlet, the wild cry of Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! told

he wild cry of Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! told

of the deadly conflict which was in preparation, and made every clansman gird on his armour and hasten to the rendezvous. Loch Sloy was our watchword too; but what a contrast did these turbulent and blood-thirsty assemblages present to the peaceful and harmless recreation for which we now sought its banks!

"Our first progress lay through a very fine glen, called Glen-lin, the approach to which is over green meadows by the side of a stream, which meanders through them. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and a solemn stillness reigned around, disturbed only by the bleating of the sheep, which fell, with a clear bell-like sound, most musically upon the ear. The road through Glen-lin, which is finely wooded, passes along the mountain side; and the traveller feels as if suspended in mid air, above tremendous chasms and precipices. But this road terminates at the head of the glen, where you fall in with a shepherd's hut, to which the glen gives its name. Here we inquired our way at an old shepherd, who pointed out to us the direction of the Loch, one of his guide-posts being 'yon muckle knowe,' as he called it, pointing with his finger, at the same time, to an immense mountain, which, on farther inquiry, proved to be Benvorlich. This, and a 'step,' which he said we would find, (meaning a sheep track,) was all we had to steer our course by; and a very steep affair this 'step' proved to be at first, as it wound up the face of one of those 'wee knowes.' But the summit once gained, and when we looked back

through the noble glen we had just left behind us, with Loch Long in the distance, and green meadow and wooded hill between, we could not repress a burst of delight. Away we trudged, along the rugged 'step,' over moor and bog, pausing every now and then to admire the wild sublimity of the mountains, towering in awful grandeur around us. After traversing about four miles amid this magnificent scenery, we came in sight of the stream which runs from Loch Sloy, by the foot of Benvorlich to Loch Lomond; if, indeed, that can be said to *run*, which dashes from precipice to precipice, foaming and roaring at a tremendous rate. A shepherd's hut was now our next landmark. Here our trusty 'step' left us, but we were told to keep the burn side. The way was now still more rugged and toilsome than ever, as we climbed up the steep glen, amid a roar of waters perfectly deafening. Every one knows Southey's description of 'How the water comes down at Lodore.' Here, all the rumbling and tumbling, and splashing and dashing, collected by the poet, were presented to the senses; and as there is not one torrent only but several, rushing down the glen, each endeavouring to outroar its fellow, the effect may be more easily imagined than described. We neared the loch, and the scenery assumed a still more imposing appearance. At least three lofty Bens reared their hoary heads to the skies; Benvorlich, Benvane, and another Ben whose name we did not learn. As the clouds spread over the summit of Benvane, a beautiful

rainbow spanned the chasm between it and the neighbouring mountains, presenting a triumphal arch for our entrance. And as we gazed in silent admiration and awe, we could not help fancying that the glorious effulgence was that of myriads of angels, descending and ascending, quick as thought, from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, colouring their path with the radiance of their wings.

"The cataracts just described, were not to be remarked only for the astounding noise they produced. As they fell from on high, over the jutting cliffs, and hurried down the deep ravine of the glen, they presented cascades of considerable beauty. The whole was a scene of indescribable grandeur; and nothing was wanting to complete an effect the most romantic, except a band of plumed highlanders in their tartan array, with their standard unfurled to the breeze, and their claymores glancing in the sun, winding down the glen to the music of the bagpipe."

Here we must leave our valued friend and correspondent to the enjoyment of his fishing. The "plumed highlanders" he has imagined in his description are quite in keeping with the scene, and have been already pictured by Sir Walter Scott in one of his ballads; but he brings them from "the skirts of huge Benmore:"

"Thou only saw'st their tartans wave
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound;
Heard'st but the pibroch answering brave
To many a target clanking round."

Border Min. iv. 173.

This must have been often actually witnessed, as the Clan Pharlane, or Macfarlane, equipped for battle or a raid upon their neighbours, descended the hills from Loch Long, to the inspiring sounds of their gathering, *Thogail nam bo*—"We come through drift to drive the prey"—a tune exceedingly characteristic of this clan, who seem to have had their own share of those slaughters and plunderings, and deadly feuds, which at one time prevailed so much in the Highlands. In 1592, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, of Luss, was murdered in his castle at Bannachrea by some of the Macfarlanes, under circumstances of extreme atrocity; and there is extant a letter to King James VI. from Sir Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, dated "Rosdo the xxiij. day of Apryll, 1608," in which he states that he had been induced by the council to submit to his Majesty, with the Macfarlanes, his brother's slaughter, and all "wther slauchteris, murtheris, hairschippes, theiftis, reiffis, and oppressioinis, raising of fyre, demolisching of howsis, cwitting and destroying of woods and plainting, committit be thaim" against him. He adds that he had already obtained decreets against them before the lords of session upon the civil actions, "extending to the sowme of lxxij thowsand poindis, money of Northe Britane;" and he beseeches his Majesty to reserve these decreets to him, and "quhat satisfactioune zour majestie pleases to decerne to me for the criminall actiounis, I mane hald me content thairwith, gife it be zour maiesteijs will that rebellis

to zour maiestie resaive that benefit, for thay are oft and diwerse tymes at the horne for all the crymis abowe—wrytine and sundrie other crymis not mentoinat unrelaxit as yet."

In 1623, the Macfarlanes and Buchanans were at deadly feud, in consequence of the barbarous torture and savage murder of a Buchanan by some of the clan Macfarlane, which was followed by the slaughter of two Macfarlanes by the Buchanans. Mr Pitcairn, who has given the documents at length in his Criminal Trials, (3. 545) in remarking upon the atrocities connected with the murder by the Macfarlanes, has stated that "in the whole range of the criminal records of this country, remarkable though they unquestionably are, the Editor believes it would be difficult to point out a case, possessing incidents of such varied and frightful interest, as those brought forward so prominently" in the trial which follows. The unfortunate gentleman was William Buchanan in Blairneborg. He had incurred the mortal hatred of Andrew Moir Macfarlane in Kipnoch, in consequence of searching out and detecting some of his thievings. Macfarlane resolved upon revenge; and having, with his two sons and seven or eight others, lain in wait for Buchanan in a moor where they knew he was to hunt, accompanied by none but his dogs, they seized him, bound him fast, stabbed him at intervals with their dirks in the less dangerous parts of his body, and after torturing him in this manner for ten hours, they gave him the last dead-

ly stroke at the heart. Their savage cruelty, however, was not yet sated, and they proceeded to strip the body naked, and to inflict upon the lifeless corpse, barbarities too shocking to be related here. For this crime the Macfarlanes were outlawed, and commissions granted for pursuing them with fire and sword. Sometime after, Macfarlane and one of his sons were slain by the Buchanans, for which they were indicted; and it is their trial which brings out the savage incidents of the other murder, which are detailed, with much graphic force, in a supplication given in to the Lords of Secret Council, by the Buchanans. Macfarlane, it seems, notwithstanding Buchanan's murder, "which sould haif bred in the heart and conscience of those lymmeris some remorse and fealling of their sin, and ane abstinance and forbearance from all furder impietie, zet the said *Andro* continewit in his accustomet thevische trade of theft, reaffe, and oppression, and could never be reclaimed thairfra till the houre of his death." The record goes on to say, that Macfarlane's last theft, a little before his death, was the stealing of an ox from a Buchanan. A party of that clan followed "the tred" to his house, when "the lymmar" and his son Duncan, disguised in women's apparel, made their escape, pursued by the Buchanans, who "thinking that thay keipit nocht the ordinar paise of women, and zet nawayes suspecting that they war the lymmaris, followit in a soft pace to remark quhat course they held." Duncan, looking over his shoulder and seeing they

were followed, fired "ane lang hagbut" at their pursuers without effect. The father and son then drew their swords and rushed upon the Buchanans, one of whom they felled to the ground, and hurt and wounded other three of them. The Buchanans, thinking it was now high time, took to their defence, "quhairin the unhappie lymmer was worthielie slain; and his son who unhappilie was in companie with him, and who maid the first onset with his haquebut, or euir we knew quhat he was, was lykewayes killed, the fader being rebel, and at the horne for the murthour foirsaid, and he and his quhole bairnis being the most notorious lymmers of that clan." It is added, that at the son's "lykwalk that nycht, the ox foirsaid, stowin be the fader and the sone, was slane and eittin." What a vivid picture of manners is here presented at a single stroke! The ox drawn from its concealment, slaughtered, and while yet warm and reeking, cut into slices by the ready dirks of the men, while the women heap high the blazing hearth: the preparation for feasting and debauch, close by the dismal outset for the grave: the cold insensibility of the dead, contrasted with the tumultuous passions of the living: the festive shout, the funeral wail,—and as grief waxes eloquent with the excitement of the cup, and the wild coronach becomes more fiercely animated, high above all rise the clash of swords, the bitter imprecation, the call for revenge.

The Macfarlanes, on their part, after giving a general denial to the statement of the Buchanans as

overcharged, give, in their supplication, what they call "the simple trewthe of the busynes." The Buchanans, say they, "come to the boyis house quhairof he wes tennant to the Erle of Perthe, upon sett purpois and provisioun; and the boy apprehending his danger, after he hard the shoute raised be thame, he fled for saulftie of his lyffe, whome thay followit ane lang way, and hauing ouertane him, and he being thair prisoner, thay broght him back ane myle, and in cauld bloode, cruellie and barbarouslie slew and manglet him, but (without) pitie or compassioun, with xviij deadlie woundes, with durkis; and haueing cassin him on his bellie, quhair he lay dead vpoun the ground, thay, the forder to satisfie their raige vpoun the poore corps, cuttit his back in twa with swerdis;" "by way of retaliation, no doubt, (says Mr. Pitcairn,) "for the horrible butchery committed upon the person of Buchanan before referred to."

The clan Macfarlane appear to have been conspicuous for their bravery in war, as well as for the more questionable exploits of harrying their neighbours. In 1544, Duncan Macfarlane of that ilk with three hundred of his followers, fought on the side of the Earls of Lennox and Glencairn at the battle of Glasgow-Moor. This Duncan is said to have been slain with a number of his clan, at the battle of Pinkey in 1547. His son Andrew was at the battle of Langside, where he and his Highlanders did the Regent good service; and they boast of having taken three of

Queen Mary's standards on that occasion, which, they say, were long preserved in the family. Walter, the grandson of this chief, having adhered to the royal party, was twice besieged in his own house during Cromwell's time, and had his castle of Inveruglas burnt to the ground.

Besides the motto, "This I'll defend," the Macfarlanes bear on their arms their war cry, "Loch Sloy."

Gentle reader! we have now let out a sufficient length of line. One word, however, in thy ear before we part. If you wish to know what the Highlands really are, become an ANGLER. That is the true way to see and to relish highland scenery. You may stand on the deck of a steam-boat, as it splashes along among these mountain solitudes, and know little more of them than a certain fat friend of ours did, who, being determined to view the country, mounted the box of his travelling carriage beside the coachman; but the monotony of grey rock and brown heather having palled upon his senses, he fell into a comfortable dose; and there he sat, fast asleep, enjoying the scenery.

SIR BILLY BOREAS.

De *gustibus* non est disputandum.

What care these roarers for the name of King?

Tempest.

'Twas a still winter night,—not a whisper abroad,
When Sir Billy Boreas took to the road
With his bevy of mischievous squires;
And down from the hills by a lonely way,
For a lark in the city, came hurrying they,
Quite brimful of wicked desires.

Oh! surely in air, on sea, or on land,
Was never beheld such a wild-looking band!
There was Breeze, and Blast, and Gust, and Squall,
And Gale, and Puff,—in short, there were all
Who belonged to the brotherhood here;
And (of course such a party would not be complete
Without ladies of some kind to join in the treat,)
A Zephyr or two in the rear,—
Sentimental in look, but amazingly free,
And not half so cold as the gents seemed to be.

'Twas hard for Sir Bill to keep mutiny down,
And to come, as arranged, all at once on the town;

For they thirsted for action, and going along,
In some fun or other, one ever was throng.
Some climbing, upon the trees branches would blow,
Till they came on the heads of the worthies below ;
One could not resist giving one hearty howl,
Just to open more widely the eyes of an owl ;
Some blew on before them, and started in chase
After dry sprigs and straws till quite tired of the race ;
Some chuckled o'er personal doings, and one,
A southwester-clad blusterer, swore *he* had done
For a ship t'other day
In a wonderful way,
And, to give the particulars, just was agoing,
When Sir Billy himself blew him up for his blowing.

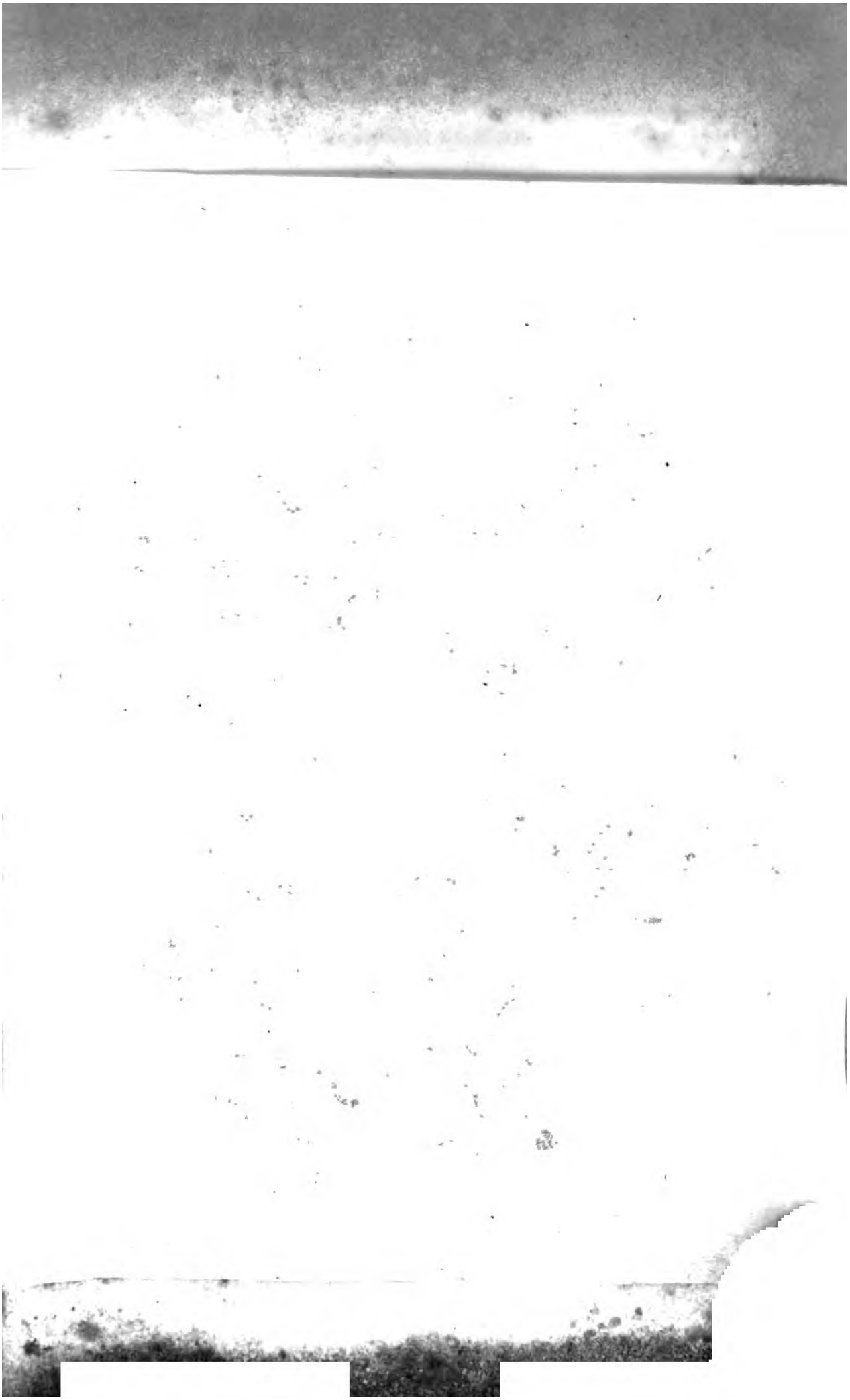
He might order, but was just as bad as the rest,
Not one of them took more delight in a jest ;
And such sweet opportunities came to his hand,
That he once or twice fairly lost all self-command,
And most truly the feats that were wrought 'neath *his* banner,
Were gone into and done in a master-like manner.

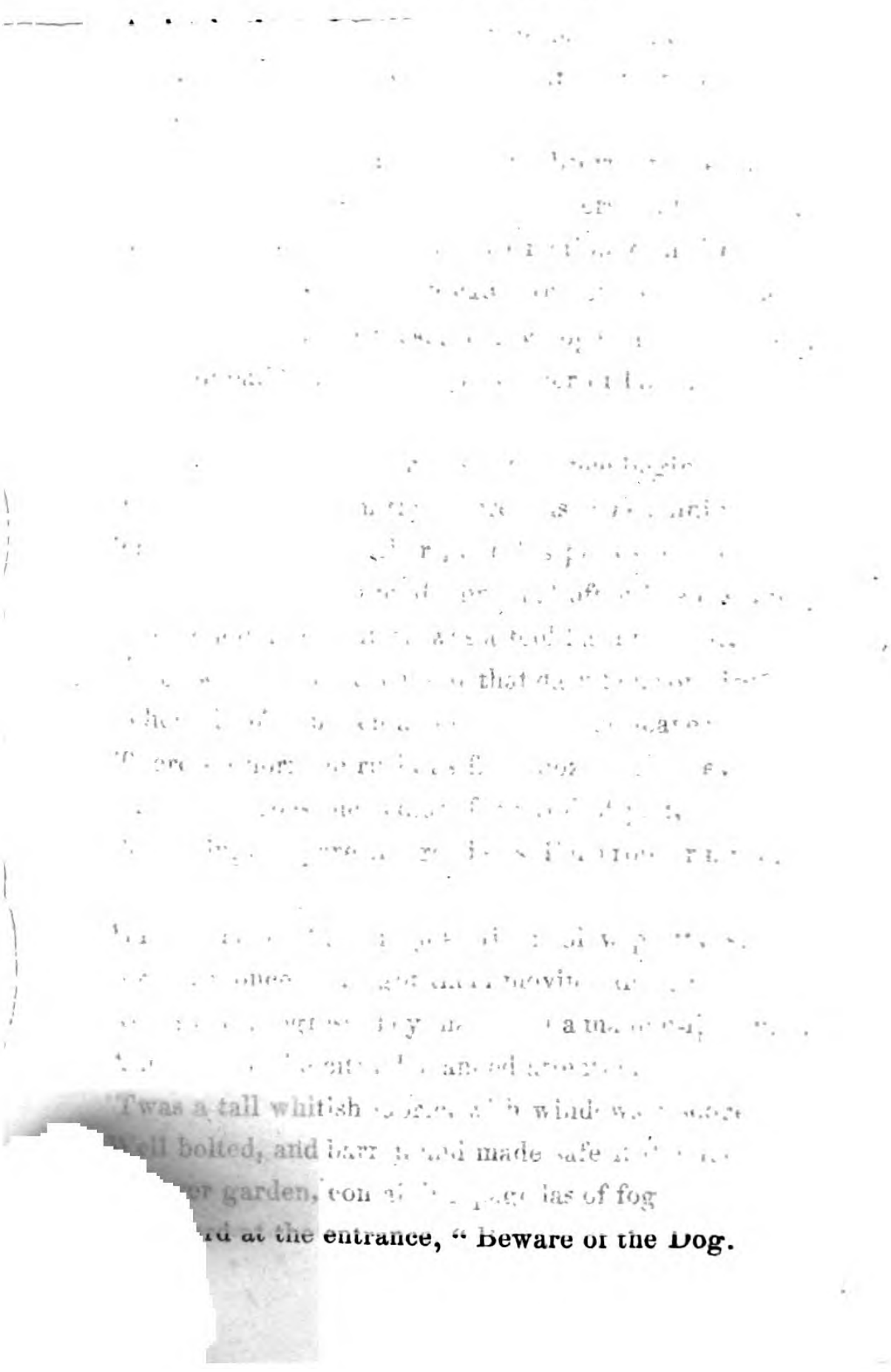
For a wonder the body was " going ahead "
In comparative silence, and orderly tread,
When Sir Billy, to see how things were, looking back,
Beheld a stout pedlar, his thoughts in his pack,
Coming trudging along—so with smiles in his eye
He enjoined a salute, as the merchant went by ;

As lately they often on this road had been,
They had pluck'd every leaf that on branch could be seen;
And these lay in heaps crisp and brown in the ditches,
Forming very fine bedding for robbers and witches,
And quite ready upon the least motion to make
Such noise as would then cause the bravest to quake:
Drawn up amongst these, merry hopes in their faces,
They impatiently waited the vender of laces.

On, on came the pedlar, his conscience beginning
To see in his system that there was *some* sinning,
That his ell was too short, and his prices too long,
That his adding of small sums had often been wrong,
And concluding that he was a fool-hardy wight,
To be walking dark roads at that dark hour of night;—
When all of a sudden amongst the dead leaves
There's a horrible rush, as from dozens of thieves,
And down goes the pedlar, forgetful of pelf,
Screaming, "Spare me, good sirs, I'm a robber myself!"

Having laugh'd at this joke till it blew pretty strong,
Sir Billy once more got them moving along;
And good progress they made, till a maiden-like man-
A mile from the city, demanded attention. [sion,
'Twas a tall whitish fabric, with windows a score,
Well bolted, and barr'd, and made safe at the door;
A flower garden, containing pagodas of fog,
A placard at the entrance, "Beware of the Dog."





'Twas a tall whitish [illegible] wind-[illegible]
[illegible]ell bolted, and barr[illegible]ood made safe [illegible]
[illegible]er garden, con[illegible]ge[illegible]las of fog
[illegible]rd at the entrance, " Beware of the Dog.

"Save me, save me, I'm a poor bewitched child."

A high wall, well bottled around, and a plate
Very bright, very large, very low on the gate,
Making public, that by Misses so and so here
Young ladies were boarded at so much a year,
Where all things were taught, and where all mental sorrels
Were uprooted, and strictest care ta'en of the morals.
An "establishment," where free and kindly young creatures
Are led to the study of French, and their features.
Leave nature for fashion, and just as they say,
Are finished—quite finished, in more than one way.
To our swells, it would seem, 'twas a very sweet sight,
For they swept o'er the walls in a whirl of delight,
And hung round the windows and doors, all intent
To discover how matters that night within went.
One got to the head of the chimney, to see
What was doing below, (far too gallant was he
To descend, and take down with him smoke, where he knew
Of white and light dresses, there were not a few,)
So he only perceived, black and glossy as sloes,
Huddled under a grate, twenty-six slipper toes;
Twenty-four very neat ones, and two rather clumsy,
Denoting a strong understanding, as some say.
In a very short time a low voice was detected,
And it just turned out as the Winds had suspected.
It had never yet enter'd the young ladies' heads,
Though the clock had struck One, to retire to their beds.

They the fire were surrounding, their lips like white
corals,
And the Miss, whose particular charge was the morals,
Sitting quite in the centre, and quite in her glory,
Telling "such a delightful true horrid ghost story!"

* * * * * *

"Now, my dears, it was just as young Agatha's prayers
Were ended, a strange noise was heard on the stairs;
It came near, while the poor girl stiffen'd to stone,
Her eyes on the door, through the chinks of which
shone
A dismal blue glare, that within seemed like lightning,
Asleep on the pavement, more clear by the whit'ning.
At last at the portal it stopped, and there came
SUCH a sound to her ears!"

Here it seemed that the dame
Had arrived at her zenith, for fear and surprise
Caused a silence, but broken by gaspings and sighs,
And 'twas here that Sir Bill saw success would be most
When the sensitive audience hung on the ghost.
So through his companions the order was pass'd
For one—the Romantic and Forest Tree Blast,
Who soon answered the summons, a stout little sprite,
To Monk Lewis' readers a beautiful sight.
Wild-visaged, mustachoed, black-lock'd to the waist;
Slouch-hatted, and *quite* to the boarding school taste.
(The same who in caverns and hollows of trees
Gives the grunts, which make robbers and murderers
freeze,)

Who receiving commands, after thinking a groan,
Prepared to give forth in his dreariest tone.

"Such a voice!" said the Dame, "Oh no wonder, my
That Agatha now fell to earth in her fears!— [dears,
So hollow and lungless—so dead and unsaintish!"
(Here she paused to allow those who lik'd to grow
faintish,)
And just as she stopped, almost bursting no doubt,
The Romantic and Forest Tree Blast sent it out!—
Oh! the screaming and tumbling—the roaring and cry-
The hiding in closets—the jumping and flying, [ing,
The muffling in bedclothes—and sobbing and sighing,
And panting and fainting, and falling and dying;
Then within these wise walls, where such *good* is
imbib'd,
May perhaps be conceived, but can*not* be described!

Soon the city was reach'd, and Sir Bill ('twas his right)
Climb'd the very first lamp post and blew out the light,
Then they darken'd the whole of the way,—
Raised knockers, rang bells, and pull'd sign-boards
The employment of nobles they say, [down,—
But there's never a Marquis in London town
Could do it so neatly as they.
And well did they punish all stragglers, I ween,
Who on street, square, or alley, that night could be seen.
At corners they lurked as silent as death,
Not even indulging themselves in a breath,

Till the victim arrived, when, with horrible shout,
In one furious body they'd rise and rush out;
Stop his mouth, shut his eyes, hold him back, and (to show him
What strength they possess'd) knock his legs from below him;
Or his hat they would steal, and with many-toned laughter
Having kick'd it a mile, with the man running after;
At last they would dash it, a very mud ball,
As flat as a pancake on some crossing wall;
Or throw it within a house railing, and leave
The owner, thro' striving to have it regained,—
To be seized by the watch, taken up and detained,
"Being seen with apparent intention to thieve."
They threw down the chimney pots, tore off the slates,
And endeavoured to splinter the passengers' pates;—
All the cats on the roofs they dropp'd down on the street,
Just to see (wicked things!) if they'd light on their feet.
Some turning the weathercocks, kept themselves busy,
Till even the poor leaden beings grew dizzy;—
Some moved round the hands of the dials, and men
Who were anxious to go forth to labour again,
Breaking out of their slumber, and seeing 'twas 8
'Place of 3, *did* get into a terrible state;
And this, with such howling, and yelling, and screaming,
As filled all who slept with the fearfullest dreaming.

At last came the daylight, and Sir Billy beat
The order for muster preceding retreat ;—
Which answered, three cheers they gave, full might and
main,
And fatigued march'd away from the city again.

HEATHER.

MARIAN GRAHAM.

A TALE.

"If you hear hereafter
That I am dead, inquire about my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you."

OLD PLAY.

MARIAN GRAHAM, or gentle Marian, as she was called, was the only child of Walter Graham, a younger son of an ancient and respected family in the west of Scotland. Like the younger sons of most of our Scottish families, the portion which he inherited of his father's succession was small. To a man of moderate ambition this portion, small as it was, would have sufficed to maintain him in decent circumstances. But Walter was possessed of a lofty and enterprising spirit, and he turned with scorn from the very thought of remaining in the comparatively poor, and undistinguished position in which his birth had placed him. He had heard of many, who, like himself, inheriting merely a paltry patrimony, had, through their success in mercantile pursuits, risen to the highest wealth and distinction. What then was there, he asked, to prevent him doing the same? Nay more, what was there to hinder him

becoming the founder of a family which should strike its roots as deep, and spread its branches as wide, as the parent tree from which he had sprung. Fired with the thought of a consummation so glorious, Walter soon repaired to London, that great mart of trade and commerce, and ere he had been many years established there, he was regarded as one of the most prosperous and successful merchants in the city. Every adventure he risked, succeeded far beyond the utmost measure of his expectations, and the golden dream of wealth and greatness which, sleeping or waking, haunted his fancy, promised soon to be realized in its fullest measure.

But how deceptive is sudden prosperity? It is often but the herald of our ruin, the funeral torch which lights our fortunes to their tomb. Too eager in the pursuit of gain, and over confident of success, Walter Graham risked an adventure which a more cautious man would have shunned, but which, he believed, was to fill the cup of his prosperity to the brim. The adventure totally failed; one misfortune followed another in quick succession, till at last the fabric which he had so diligently raised, fell to the earth in a thousand pieces. What were the feelings of the proud merchant, as he gazed upon the ruin, and beheld his golden hopes vanished like a dream, it were idle to attempt to describe. The effects of slight misfortunes upon the mind and feelings, are more apparent to the general eye, than those which sweep over us with fierce and desolating fury. The one is the sting of the insect, which frets and annoys

us ; the other, the poisoned arrow which sinks deep into the soul, and lies concealed there from every eye, save that of its victim. So was it with Walter Graham. His outward conduct manifested none of the ordinary symptoms of uneasiness and grief. It is the heart only, in such cases, that knows its own bitterness. Walter's was sickened within him, and he who formerly so loved the world, now turned from it with loathing and disgust. The blow had not only stunned, but destroyed him ; and gathering together the wreck of his ruined fortunes, he returned to his native land, there to spend the remainder of his days, with nothing to disturb his seclusion, save the society, and the education of his little daughter, his wife having died just as the gloom of misfortune was thickening around him.

They rented a small cottage upon my father's estate, distant about a half hour's walk from our own abode. Walter and my father had been well acquainted in their boyhood. They had not however met, or had any correspondence for many years, and when he came to reside at Haywood, my father sought to revive his intimacy with his old acquaintance. Well do I remember the first visit which I made with my father to Haywood, after Walter Graham came there. Walter received my father with a cold formality, which even I remarked, and which my father must have felt, for he never repeated his visit. But I cared not for this. There was at Haywood an object of attraction, which rendered me heedless of Walter Graham's cold-

ness or indifference. Marian Graham was then little more than six years of age, while I was three years older. I had lost my only sister just when I was beginning to feel the value of a sister's love, and my brothers were all so much older than myself, that I cared little for their society, and they as little for mine. No wonder then that I looked upon Marian as a treasure which I had unexpectedly found. She was not old enough to know the loss which she had sustained in her father's misfortunes, so she felt none of that sorrow which weighed so heavily upon his heart. On the contrary, she only seemed the happier for the change. In her eyes London was nothing to Haywood. She had never before been out of the city, and the trees, the birds, the flowers, everything in nature was new to her, and filled her young heart with surprise and joy. When first I beheld her, she was skipping like a fairy upon the green lawn in front of the cottage; her long yellow hair flowed over her shoulders like a stream of gold; while in the wildness of her joy she had profusely decorated her whole person with flowers. Marian and I were instantly friends. At that early period, friendships are the growth of a moment—friendships too which are remembered through life, and lend a colour to our future existence.

After this my first visit, not a day passed which did not find me at Haywood, and Marian waiting my approach with girlish impatience at the little wicket gate, which opened from a by-path upon the avenue lead-

ing to the cottage. It is needless to say that the feeling which thus early linked together our young hearts could not be love. To my mind it was something better. There were in it a tranquillity and a sweetness, to which the fervour of an intenser passion is at enmity. We knew neither hope nor fear, for amid the profusion of bright things which composed the world in which we lived, there was nothing more which we could desire, nor did we dread an interruption of our bliss.

Time flew on, yet, although we marked not its flight, the influence of its progress was visible on us. Marian had now ripened into womanhood, and I was no longer a boy; she was now in her eighteenth year, and in the full blush of maidenly beauty. A face more exquisitely lovely, or a figure so light, graceful, and elegant, never gladdened the eye of man. But the witchery of her charms lay not in the all but fastidious regularity of her features. It was the smile which constantly mantled her lips, the quiet, yet arch playfulness of her glance, the sweetness and purity of her heart manifested in every look, tone, and gesture, which composed her beauty, and imparted to her countenance all its grace and loveliness. So light and airy too was her step, that the grass scarce bent beneath her tread, and the flowers which strewed the mead, seemed to lift their heads the more gaily that they had felt the soft pressure of her foot. Shy and retiring in her disposition, she was ill qualified for mixing in the gay and crowded world; yet I loved her not the less on that

account, for well did I know that such a nature could only exist in intimate union with a kind and gentle spirit. She was, indeed, such a one as Wordsworth has described—

"A violet by the mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

One morning as Marian and her father were sauntering through the garden attached to the cottage, they were startled by the report of a gun, succeeded by a beautiful pheasant falling dead at their feet. Soon thereafter a stranger, dressed in the garb of a sportsman, walked into the garden, who, after apologising for the alarm which he had occasioned them, begged that Walter Graham would accept of the game which he had that morning killed. Walter accepted of the offer, and with more than his usual hospitality invited the stranger to visit his dwelling, and partake of such cheer as it could afford. The stranger did not hesitate to accept the invitation, and at once accompanied Marian and her father to the cottage. Refreshments such as it contained were produced. Their guest was cheerful and gay, and Walter, who had himself been a keen sportsman in his youth, listened with evident delight as the stranger recounted the feats he had performed since he came to Scotland.

He who thus suddenly broke in upon the quiet retirement of Haywood, was Stephen Langley. He

had recently before succeeded, by his father's death, to valuable estates in England, and had come to Scotland to enjoy the recreation of shooting for a season. For that purpose he had taken the shootings over a property which lay contiguous to my father's, and which touched upon Haywood as its farthest boundary. Langley, at this period, might be about thirty years of age. In every respect he was a handsome man. He had mingled much with the highest and most polished classes of society, and though evidently a man of fashion, there was about him an air of ease and manly frankness, which soon put to flight every feeling of reserve or cold formality.

Langley was not slow in taking advantage of the introduction which he had procured to Haywood. To walk to the little cottage and spend his forenoons there, soon became to him a more delightful occupation than to wander with his dog and gun, in pursuit of game, keen sportsman though he was. It was not difficult to discover that Marian was the object that attracted him thither—she had never been many miles from Haywood, from the first hour that she came there. That she then, who had lived so secluded, who had seen so little of the world, and whose heart was so pure and free, should have looked with a mingled feeling of surprise and delight upon Langley, cannot be wondered at. His handsome person, his elegant manners, but above all, his wit, the charm of his conversation, so light, gay, and animated, and the buoyancy of his spirits never sinking,

but always remaining at the same pitch, and without exhaustion, were attractions which all acknowledged, and few could resist. No wonder, therefore, that Marian was for a time charmed with his society, and listened to him with wonder, as he talked of the gay world in which he moved, the poetry of which—false and glittering—and not its reality, he exhibited to her view. But, after all, hers was the devotion of the head, and not of the heart, and never for an instant did she cherish towards him the slightest feeling of love.

Marian's father did not observe Langley's attention to his daughter with indifference. The ambition of the disappointed merchant again revived, and hopes, which had long slumbered, awoke of new. The smoking embers needed but a spark to kindle them into a flame. Marian married to the wealthy and accomplished Englishman—his darling child raised from obscurity and poverty to affluence and splendour, would be a realization of his dream of wealth and greatness, in a way and to an extent which he had long ceased to hope for. He loved Marian much, yet it was this very love which led him to barter away his child's affections, in exchange for what the world would call a splendid alliance.

A growing coldness, amounting at times to insult, on the part of Walter Graham, prepared me for a note which I received from him, forbidding my farther visits to Haywood. I now felt that Marian's fate was sealed; and that, whatever were her own inclinations, she

must soon become the wife of Stephen Langley. The youngest of a numerous family of sons, dependent upon my father, and necessarily poor, what could I oppose to claims so powerful as those of the wealthy and accomplished Englishman? Well, too, did I know the spirit of Marian's father—the inflexible, the proud, the ambitious Graham. The dream of my youth, so full of hope and beauty, was now broken; the golden chalice which I had so long held to my lips brimful of pleasure, unmixed and undiminishing, was now dashed to the earth.

My father had destined me for the army. He had recently purchased for me a commission, and with no ordinary joy did I receive a summons to join my regiment, then actively employed in Spain. I longed for one last interview with Marian, before I took my departure, and, in spite of her father's prohibition, I repaired to Haywood; but I found that she, her father, and Langley, had that morning started on a tour to the Highlands, and were not expected to return for a month. All hope was now lost. I was impatient to set out. I longed for the battle-field, for the noise and the strife of war, amid which to drown my feelings, and forget all recollection of the past. Within two days after the receipt of my orders, I was on my way to the Peninsula. On my arrival there, I found the regiment to which I was attached, engaged in one of the most memorable sieges of that most memorable war. I plunged at once into the thickest of the contest, and in

the heat and tumult of the fight, with its maddening excitement, and wild uproar, the saddening recollections of the past were forgotten; but when left alone in my tent after the toils and fatigues of the day, or when stationed upon guard at night, my thoughts, in spite of every effort, would revert to Marian and Haywood, and it was not till the bugle sounded or the drum beat to arms, that the recollections of the past were put to flight.

It is not necessary, however, that I should dwell upon this part of my narrative. After a military career, which closed with the battle of Waterloo, I retired from the army. I had learned that not long after my departure to join my regiment, Marian had been united to Langley—that she had gone to England with her husband, whither her father had likewise gone—that the appearance of Langley in the fashionable world, with his young and interesting wife, had created a sensation for a time, and that nothing had been heard of them for more than two years, save some vague and uncertain, and, if true, distressing rumours.

Like many of my companions in arms, whom the peace had cast loose upon the world, I remained in Paris long after the fetes which followed the restoration of the Bourbons had ceased. There is perhaps no city in the world that presents so many attractions to the idle as Paris, and therefore I thought I might as well remain there for a time, as return to my native country. Seized one evening with a fit of curiosity,

as I strolled idly along the Palais Royal, I entered one of the numerous gambling houses with which that resort abounds. The place was filled to suffocation with a motley congregation, and finding little to interest me, I was turning to depart, when my attention was arrested by a group of anxious faces gathered round the *rouge et noir* table. I joined the group. Two men were engaged at play. One of them looked on with an indifference which betrayed all the confidence of success; but the other, whose head rested on his hand, and of whose face I obtained only a partial glimpse, was evidently deeply excited. From a bystander I learned that he had lost all, save a few livres which he had now set at one hazard on the *noir*. He scarce seemed to breathe as the cards were turned up, and when *rouge* was declared to have it, he uttered a suppressed cry, and raised his head. His look, which bespoke the deepest agony, met mine. It was Stephen Langley. His face, which had hitherto been pale as death, was now suffused with a slight blush. He had evidently recognised me, and, rising quickly, he hastened to the door. I hurried after him, and when I regained the street, I observed him walking hastily along. Eager to know where he could have his abode, I followed him. Our walk terminated in one of the meanest, and most obscure streets in Paris; and into a house situated in one of its courts I saw Langley enter. As I retraced my steps homewards, my mind was racked with conjecture. That Langley was broken in fortune, and

reduced to a state, of all others the most abject and miserable, was beyond all doubt. But was Marian the sharer of his misery; was *she* reduced to the same state of hopeless distress?—These were the thoughts which filled and tortured my mind, for that night making sleep a stranger to my pillow.

Impatient to have the mystery which hung over Marian's fate solved, and if really in distress to carry her relief, I hurried next morning to the street in which it seemed Langley had his abode. I now learned that an Englishman and his wife lived in the court, in an apartment at the head of four pair of stairs, and that the proprietor of the apartment, an old woman, lived at the top of the third stair. The door of her apartment was speedily gained. I knocked, and was admitted. She did not know the name of her lodgers, but from her description I was satisfied they were Langley and Marian. She informed me that the gentleman was then within—that his wife had been ill, and in bed for more than a week—that his custom was to leave home in the evening, and not to return till the morning was far spent. As my wish was to see Marian, yet not in the presence of Langley, who might not be willing that any one, far less I, should obtrude upon his misery, I resolved to return in the evening, when he would be gone. The old woman, whose favour I had taken care to propitiate, undertook to convey to Marian, as soon as Langley had departed, a ring which she well knew, and to mention that its owner was to return in the evening.

I accordingly returned soon after it was dark, and with a beating heart ascended the stair. The old woman was in waiting to receive me at the door of her apartment. She requested me to follow her, and, after ascending another stair, I was ushered into a small room. A lamp, which hung against the wall, emitting a feeble light, enabled me to discover an object lying upon a bed situated in a corner of the room. I gazed at it for a little, but the form lay motionless. The old woman, who had approached the bed, beckoned me to draw near. I advanced to the bedside, and there, in a face pale and wasted with suffering and disease, I beheld the still lovely features of Marian Graham. For a little I gazed upon her face. A sensation as of suffocation came over me, and I gasped for breath. I buried my face in my hands, and as I sank on a chair which stood by the bedside, a flood of tears brought relief to my heart. Marian was too weak to exhibit the slightest emotion. She looked intently in my face, as if scanning every feature, but that look, so sad and mournful, so full of a grief unspeakable, never can I forget it.

That evening I learned from Marian the whole of her sad story. Finding, she said, upon her return from the Highlands, that I had departed for the Peninsula to join my regiment, that I had left no letter or other token for her, and her father still continuing his entreaties, often with tears in his eyes, she at length yielded and became the wife of Langley. She remem-

bered being dressed, and led by her father into the room where the ceremony was to be performed, but she was conscious of nothing more till she felt herself whirled away rapidly in a carriage, with Langley seated beside her. They were on their way to Langley Hall. After a month spent there, they proceeded to London. Langley was unceasing in his kindness and attention, for he loved Marian. Every thing that affection could devise was done to render her happy. Dress, jewels, equipage—all were of the handsomest and most costly description. She was hurried from one scene of amusement and gaiety to another; but in the midst of all Marian was absent, thoughtful, and melancholy. This was little heeded at first, or was regarded as a natural kind of pensiveness, as something which was charming in itself, and constituting an element of Marian's beauty. As the season, however, wore on, her melancholy deepened. Attention now began to be drawn to it. She occasionally heard Langley rallied about his drooping melancholy wife. On these occasions he would bite his lip, and a frown would for a moment mar the handsomeness of his features. He was evidently dissatisfied and unhappy. Oh! how all this tortured Marian. She struggled to raise her spirits, to banish her melancholy, and look pleased and happy when Langley was near. But it was in vain. Her heart only chilled and sickened at every overture of affection which she made him; for already had she made such a transfer of her

affections to another, as she never could recal. Besides, her tastes, and feelings, and habits, were totally alien from those of Langley. Every inclination of her pure and gentle nature, was at variance with the gay and glittering sphere into which she had been removed, and her heart pined and sank within her. So have we seen the pale primrose, which blooms and looks so lovely in its native dale, droop, and wither, and hang its head, and die, when removed to more cultivated ground, and the companionship of gaudier flowers.

At the close of the season they returned to Langley Hall. Here Marian's spirits began to revive. It was a beautiful and romantic spot, and in unison with many of her most cherished recollections. For a short time, at least, there was a glimpse of sunshine amid the general gloom.

With the winter they were again in London. This season Langley was still more reckless in his gaiety. He purchased a new mansion, which was fitted up with unusual magnificence. Here he gave a series of entertainments upon a scale the most extensive and costly hitherto attempted. Every evening his splendid suite of apartments was thrown open, and filled with a confused and giddy throng. Last season Langley had courted society chiefly on his wife's account. This season it was evident he did so on his own. He had now become sensible that to win Marian's love was hopeless, and that those holy affec-

tions which have their sanctuary only in the heart of a wife, could never be lavished on him. Baffled, chagrined, and dissatisfied, he sought, in the excitement and dissipation of unceasing gaiety, to conceal the bitterness of his disappointment, and to escape from the thoughts which, when left to himself, harassed and vexed his soul.

It is needless minutely to detail the various steps of their unhappy career. At the end of another season, Langley, finding himself exhausted in body and wasted in spirits, besides being burdened with a heavy debt, which he had incurred by his expensive entertainments, his thoughts became still more bitter and oppressive, and he rushed wildly into a new scene of excitement. Gaming now became his favourite pursuit, and in another year he was houseless, friendless, and a beggar. Hunted out of England by his creditors, he fled to Paris, and took refuge with his wife in the obscure court in which I found them. It was reserved to Marian's father, to whose ambition his daughter had been sacrificed, to witness, ere he died, the complete overthrow of all his hopes, and to learn this lesson—that affection cannot be sold, or the holiest of all earthly ordinances be desecrated with impunity. From the moment it was known that Langley was involved in irremediable ruin, Walter Graham gradually sunk, and ere a month elapsed from that event, he was borne, more in charity than love, by a few neighbours to his grave.

Such was the story which in that lone apartment I

heard related by Marian Graham. When her faltering voice ceased, I started as if from a dream. "Can this," I asked of myself, "be true? Is this indeed Marian Graham? Was it she who spoke; and is all this melancholy detail of her?" But it was no dream,—it was indeed Marian. There she lay the victim of sordid wedlock, her beauty in ruins, her cheek blanched and withered, her heart broken, dry sorrow consuming her spirits, and the tide of life fast ebbing from her feeble and wasted frame. I spoke to her in the accents of comfort and of hope, but she was now silent. I looked in her face, but it was paler even than before. Her breathing had ceased, and she lay still and motionless, as if she had already passed into that state, where alone there is rest for the bruised heart and the weary spirit. I summoned the old woman to my aid, who was instantly by my side. She soon succeeded in restoring Marian to sense, and having administered to her a draught which a physician, whom the old woman had called in, had left, Marian sank into a deep sleep.

Next evening I again sought Marian's abode. As I turned into the lone and dingy court, a neighbouring clock was tolling the hour of eight. The evening was clear and frosty, and the moon, now at the full, shed its mellow light upon the dark dwellings, arraying them in a soft yet melancholy hue. As I crossed the court, absorbed in my own sad thoughts, I stumbled against a man who was crossing from the opposite side. I looked up; it was Langley. The moon shone full upon his

face. It was pale and excited. He cast upon me a wild look. For a moment he paused, but instantly hurried on again, and was lost in the dark shadows of the court.

I ascended the stair. The door of the old woman's apartment was closed, but I observed a light above, which seemed to proceed from Marian's room. I slowly ascended. The door was open, and I entered. The same lamp hung against the wall, emitting, it seemed, a dimmer, and more melancholy light than before. I took the lamp and approached the bed. Marian still lay there. She appeared as if asleep. One solitary curl of her yellow hair rested on her faded cheek. Her left hand was pressed upon her bosom, and the ring which I had given to the old woman on my first visit, lay upon the bed, as if it had newly dropped from her hand. Her eyes were closed, while a smile, sweet as an angel's, rested on her lips. Still she neither moved nor breathed. I touched her pulse; it was motionless. I placed my finger on her cheek; it was cold and clammy. Immediately the frightful apprehension came over me that she was dead, and I gave utterance to my fear in a loud exclamation. "She is dead," said a voice beside me, in a deep whisper which pierced me to the heart. I turned—it was Langley who spoke. His features were convulsed with agony, and his eyes had the wild stare of the maniac. "What seek you here?" he demanded. "Do you come to insult me in my misery? Is it not enough that you have robbed me of that love

which should have been mine? Look there," he said, taking from his pocket a small miniature of myself, which I had given to Marian long before she knew Langley—" there is the idol which she has worshipped since her wedding day, lavishing upon it that affection which, at the altar, she had vowed to confer only upon me. It was this denial of her love which forced me into a career of reckless gaiety and dissipation, urging me on from one stage of my progress to another, till at last it has ended in my beggary and her death." Suddenly he stopped, and looked intently for a while on the lifeless form of Marian. As he looked, the fever of anguish seemed to leave his cheek. His face became calm and composed; yet his eye shone with a strange unearthly lustre. " My love for her," said he, after he had gazed his fill, " was greater than the world believed. Had I loved her less it would not have so fared with me to-day. We both loved her, and now let us," his eye brightening still more, and speaking as if in a tone of lofty joy, " let us testify our affection for her by a mutual sacrifice of ourselves." Suddenly he bounded to the foot of the bed, and took from a shelf there a pair of pistols. " Take this," he said, thrusting one of the pistols into my hand; "*you* stand here, and *I* shall stand there. The signal shall be three stamps of my foot." I looked at him in astonishment, as he crossed the room and took up his position. His face was pale, yet it was perfectly composed, and but for the wild glare of his eye there was nothing in his

appearance to suspect him of insanity. Yet it was obvious that this final stroke had upset his reason. I endeavoured to expostulate with him, but it was useless. His lip gathered into a bitter smile, and his face became suddenly convulsed with fury. "Is this," he said, "the way in which you requite Marian's love? Will you sacrifice nothing for her who sacrificed all for you? But I will revenge the insult!" As he said this he raised his pistol and levelled it in the direction in which I stood. Self-preservation now triumphed over every other feeling. I too raised my pistol and levelled it at the maniac, fixing, at the same time, my eye steadily upon his. Instantly his gaze was averted; his eyelids quivered as if exposed to the glare of some powerful light; his whole frame trembled, and his arm, which held aloft the pistol, fell powerless by his side. I approached to him, but before I could reach him he had sunk upon the floor. I immediately summoned the old woman, who speedily obtained for me the necessary assistance, and that evening Langley became the inmate of an hospital for the insane.

Next day, upon inquiring at the hospital, I learned that Langley had died during the night, and two days afterwards the melancholy duty was allotted me, of depositing his and Marian's remains in the same churchyard. Yet they rest not in the same grave. Every just feeling required that they whose hearts had known no union in life, should not mingle their ashes in death.

A Renfrewshire Absentee.

THE BREAKING HEART.

By W. Finlay.

I mark'd her look of agony,
  I heard her broken sigh,
I saw the colour leave her cheek,
  The lustre leave her eye;
I saw the radiant ray of hope
  Her sadden'd soul forsaking,
And, by these tokens, well I knew
  The maiden's heart was breaking.

It is not from the hand of Heaven
  Her bitter grief proceeds;
'Tis not for sins which she hath done
  Her bosom inly bleeds;
'Tis not Death's terrors wraps her soul
  In shades of dark despair;
But *man*—deceitful man—whose hand
  A thorn hath planted there.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a voice that whispers joy,
And strangely seeketh to decoy
The beautiful and meek ;
And clad in smiles of tenderness,
With words of soft deceitfulness,
That messenger of hopelessness
Breathes on the rosy cheek.

'Tis more than human heart can bear,
To see the bloom which lingers there,
Fading so placidly ;
To mark the spirit day by day
Mounting above its load of clay,
Until at last it soars away,
When death hath set it free.

I had a sister, but she died,
And on her deathbed faintly sighed,
"Brother, forget me never,
Meet me in heaven when you die:"
And a tear gathered silently,
But, ere it fell, that lovely eye
Was closed in death for ever.

GRAMORFER.

THE COUNTY BALL.

I HAVE entitled the little story which I am about to relate, the County Ball. But, to confess a truth, I am not quite sure whether it was a county one or not. It is so long since, now upwards of forty years, that I really do not recollect precisely for what purpose, or on what particular occasion, the ball or assembly to which I allude was held; nor is it of much consequence. I do, however, very distinctly remember that it was an exceedingly gay affair, and numerously attended by the *elite* of Dumbarton and its vicinity; the place just named having been the scene of the celebration which forms the subject of our little narrative.

I was, at the period alluded to, residing in Glasgow; and among my most intimate friends, was a gentleman of the name of Lindsay, also resident there. Lindsay, at this time about seven or eight and twenty, was a remarkably handsome young man, of gentlemanly manners, and refined tastes. He was in easy, if not affluent, circumstances, being at the head of an extensive, and, generally believed, very lucrative business, and was, at the particular time to which I refer, on the eve of being married to a young lady of most amiable dispositions, and remarkable beauty.

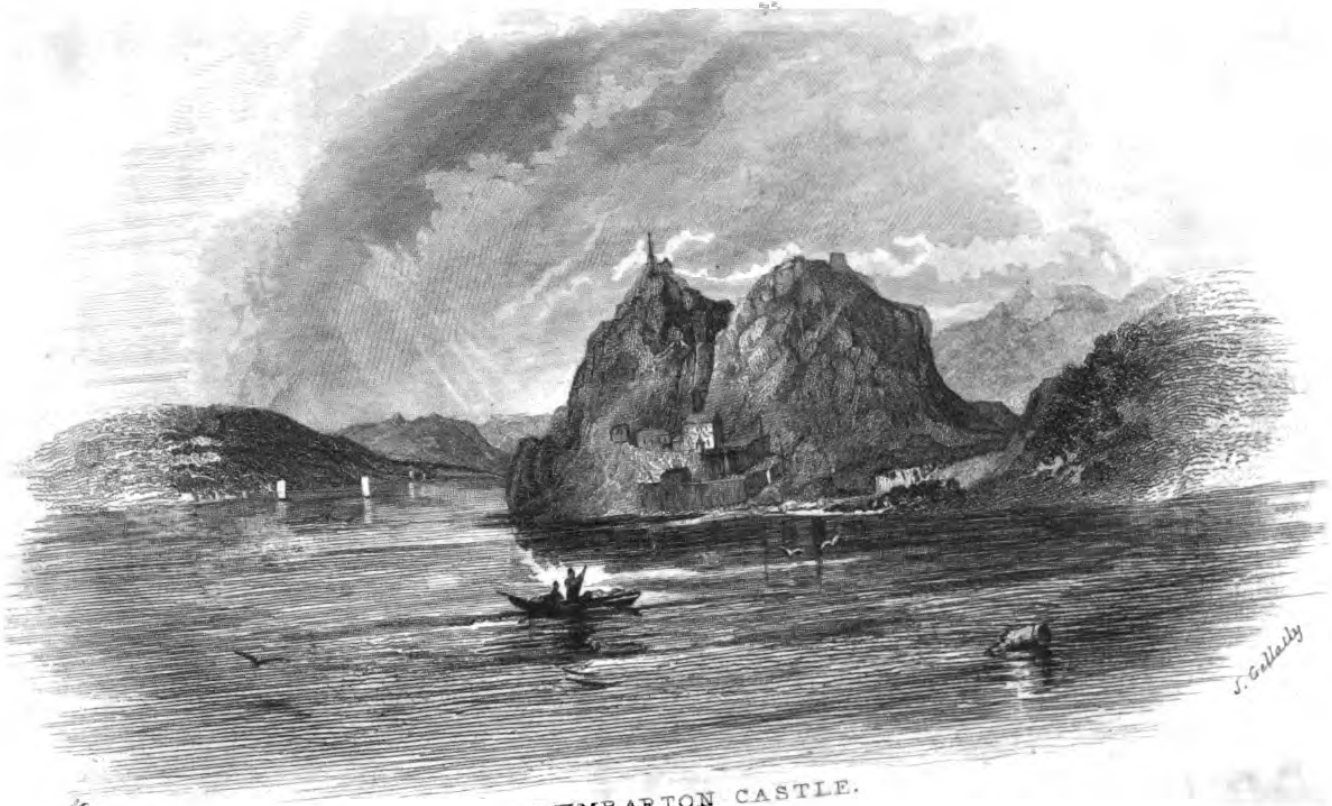
About a week previous to the Dumbarton ball, my friend Lindsay, who knew that I was well acquainted in that locality, called on me, and after telling me that such a thing was in agitation, expressed an anxious desire to have a couple of tickets, and concluded by asking me if I could procure them for him.

Rather surprised at my friend's fancy for attending a Dumbarton ball, I smilingly asked him how it arose, when he explained that several young ladies, friends of his betrothed, whom we shall call Miss Allison, had been presented with tickets, and that the latter was very desirous of attending the ball along with them. Seeing that matters stood thus, I at once offered to make application to an influential friend of mine in Dumbarton, for the desiderated tickets. My application was successful. In course of post four tickets were sent me, although two only had been asked, my friend requesting that I would avail myself of one, and present the other in his name to my sister. On receiving the tickets, I hastened to inform Lindsay of my success, but found he was from home. Under these circumstances, and knowing how anxiously Miss Allison, with whom I was also well acquainted, was waiting for the result of my application, I instantly called on that young lady, and put the tickets into her possession.

"Oh! charming!" exclaimed the delighted girl, as I held them out to her, "how can I ever repay you for this kindness! James (meaning Lindsay,)

will be home to-day, and will, of course, there she

bank of the Clyde, was neared. The level ground



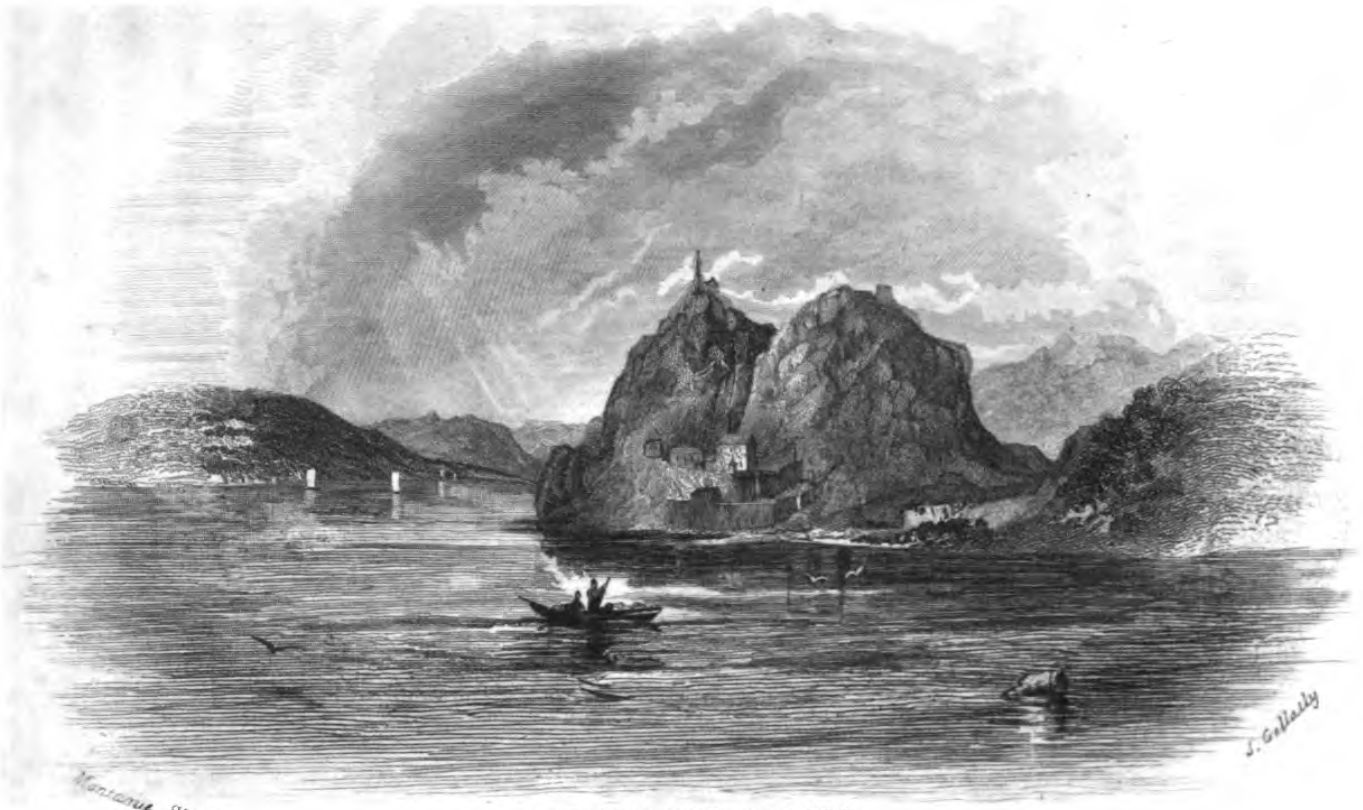
DUMBARTON CASTLE.

will be home to-day, and will, of course, (here she blushed slightly,) be here in the evening, when I will tell him how much we are indebted to you; although," she added, laughing, "James himself is, I must confess, not greatly taken up with the idea of going to this ball. In truth, I believe, he would rather not; but he daren't disobey me, you know, and therefore go he must."

Alas! alas! poor thing, little did she know, little could she foresee, how soon the cup of fancied bliss, now at her lips, would be turned into one of gall and bitterness! By and by the day, on the evening of which the ball was to take place, arrived; Lindsay and his affianced, my sister and myself, set off in a hired carriage for Dumbarton, one of the happiest and merriest little parties imaginable. It was a delightful day in October, and often as we had all seen and admired the splendid panorama which bursts on the view at Dumbarton hill, never had we seen it to such advantage—never been so struck with the surpassing magnificence of the gorgeous scene, as on this occasion.

Far away in the distance stretched the smooth unruffled waters of the Frith of Clyde, and still more remote rose, in huge dark masses, the heath-clad hills of Argyleshire, while bright, and green, and richly wooded, the opposite land stretched along the margin of the silver frith. By and by the cleft rock of Dumbarton, standing in solitary grandeur, the guardian giant of the Clyde, was neared. The level ground

will be home to-day, and will, of course. There she



DUMBARTON CASTLE.

between it and the bluff promontory of Dumbuck, so fearfully alluded to in the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer, was traversed, and our carriage was soon rattling and jolting along the principal street of ancient Balnacluath—the modern Dumbarton.

On our arrival we took up our quarters at the principal inn. Shortly after, Miss Allison and my sister, who had long been intimate friends, retired to prepare for the evening display, while Lindsay and myself sallied out to call on the friend to whom we were indebted for our tickets: his name was Blackburn. He, too, was a very handsome young man, of superior manners and address, respectably connected, and, like my friend Lindsay, on the eve of being married.

The result of our call on Blackburn, was an invitation for our whole party to dine with him. It was proposed that it should be an early dinner, as the ball was to commence at six o'clock, early hours for such occasions being then, I believe, more in vogue than now. The kind invitation of Blackburn, to whom Lindsay had, till now, been a perfect stranger, was, of course, accepted, and a few pleasant hours we spent previous to adjourning to the ball-room.

It happened, I do not recollect exactly how, that my sister and I were the first of our party in the ball-room, which, already brilliantly lighted up, was gay with youth, beauty, and fashion. Music, too, although the dancing had not yet begun, threw an additional charm over the enlivening scene. My

sister and I, being seated in a pretty elevated position, had an excellent opportunity of observing parties as they entered, and we amused ourselves by doing so. In a short time, my friend Lindsay, with Miss Allison leaning on his arm, presented himself, and a more graceful pair neither I, nor perhaps any one there, had ever seen. Poor Isabella! at all times singularly beautiful, on this occasion so sylph-like was her form in the elegant dress of white satin which she wore; so exquisite the delicacy of her features, and the purity of her complexion, and so winning the expression of modest gentleness by which all this beauty was set off, she seemed a creature of fancy. And proud—more than proud—of his lovely companion, seemed her lover, if we may guess by the fond and vain looks which he ever and anon cast upon her as they moved along.

Shortly after Lindsay and Miss Allison had made their appearance, Blackburn, also with a young lady leaning on his arm, his affianced, as I afterwards learnt, entered the ball-room. She, too, was exceedingly beautiful, and from her look and manner I should have judged her to be no less amiable than fair. Miss Allison and she were, in short, by far the loveliest young women in the room, and, of the men, their respective lovers were unquestionably the handsomest. Presently the dancing commenced, and for several hours went on with the utmost spirit, and with uninterrupted harmony.

It was now, I think, about half past one in the morning, and I had just seated myself beside my sister, after having danced with a young lady to whom I had been introduced by my friend Blackburn, when a note was put into my hand by one of the waiters or attendants. It was written with pencil, apparently by an agitated hand, and ran thus:—

"Dear P——, come to the inn. I wish to see you instantly. Something has occurred.

"J. L."

At a loss to conceive what had happened, I stole quietly out of the ball-room, and hastened to the inn. Here I found Lindsay walking up and down the room in a state of great excitement. On my entering, "P——, your friend Blackburn has behaved in a very unhandsome manner," he exclaimed. "He has grossly insulted me, and I have demanded of him the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"In Heaven's name, what does all this mean, Lindsay?" I said in much surprise, and, knowing his determined and somewhat irascible nature, with no little alarm. "Surely you have been too rash. What has happened?"

Lindsay now informed me, that in the refection room, which was very much crowded, Mr. Blackburn, in his anxiety to find a place at table for his partner, had, as Lindsay represented the matter, jostled Miss Allison with great rudeness, nearly throwing her from her chair. That, on his remonstrating with

Mr. Blackburn on the impropriety of his conduct, the latter had retorted with great warmth, and, in doing so, had used expressions before all present, which neither he nor any gentleman could overlook. That he, Mr. Lindsay, desirous that no further attention on the part of those present should be drawn to the subject, made no reply, but turning round resumed his conversation with, and attentions to, Miss Allison. That shortly afterwards he took an opportunity of slipping unobserved from the room, leaving Miss Allison, on some pretext or other, in charge of a gentleman of his acquaintance, and proceeding to the inn, addressed a note to Blackburn. Of this note he had had the precaution to keep a copy, which he now put into my hands. It ran thus:—

"Sir,—you cannot but feel that the expressions which you thought proper to use to-night, when replying to my accusation of your having behaved in a rude and ungentlemanlike manner to a young lady who was under my protection, were such as to require explanation or apology. These then, or one or other of them, I now demand at your hands, and, if refused, shall expect the satisfaction which every gentleman has a right, under such circumstances, to demand. I am sincerely sorry that an affair of this very unpleasant nature, should have happened with one who is the friend of a gentleman I so highly esteem as Mr. P——; but I find some consolation in believing that the fault does not lie with me. I am," &c., &c.

To this communication, it appeared, that no answer from Mr. Blackburn had yet arrived, and Lindsay requested me to wait till it should. Shocked to find so strange and unexpected a difference as this between my two friends, I replied that, in place of waiting for Blackburn's answer, I would go to him, and endeavour by my mediation to put an end to so foolish an affair; and I was just about leaving the room for this purpose, when the waiter entered with the expected reply. Lindsay opened it with considerable agitation of manner. His face was pale, and his hand shook slightly. These, however, as I well knew, were symptoms, not of fear, but of mere nervous excitement. Having glanced over the note, he tossed it to me. I took it up and read,—

"Sir,—I deny your right to call me in question for any of the expressions I made use of on the occasion you allude to. I thought them merited. I think so still, and am ready to abide the consequence. I shall make no apology whatever. Adopt your course. I am," &c., &c.

Seeing that the matter, however frivolous at the beginning, was now likely to end seriously, I took up my hat, and was about to hasten out of the room in quest of Blackburn, with the view of reasoning him out of the absurdity now in progress, when Lindsay, seizing me, exclaimed, "Stop, P——, stop. Listen to me. I have no friend here but yourself. I know nobody in Dumbarton. Will you then stand by me in this

affair? Will you be my friend? You understand me?"

"Your friend! my dear fellow," I said, "I have always been, and your friend I will always be, on all occasions, and under all circumstances, save and except in the particular case now existing, and in the particular sense to which you allude. I will not be in any way, either directly or indirectly, aiding or abetting in any attempt which you or Blackburn may be wicked or foolish enough to make on each other's lives, under the sanction of duelling, but shall, on the contrary, do all in my power to prevent any hostile meeting between you; first employing my own influence with this view, that failing, having recourse to the authority of the law. This is my fixed determination." A moment after I added, "Good God, Lindsay, before you carry this foolish affair further, think of Isabella! Reflect that the day of your marriage is fixed, (this was true) and picture to yourself but for a moment, the misery which would be entailed on her by any thing serious happening to you."

His lip quivered, and I saw a tear glistening in his eye. He paced the room hurriedly for two or three seconds; then suddenly stopping before me, said, "But I have been insulted, P——, grossly insulted! The language Blackburn used to me—to say nothing of his ungentlemanlike conduct to Isabella, which is yet, in my eyes, the most unpardonable part of his offence—cannot be overlooked. What would be thought of me

if I did overlook it? Why, that I was not worthy of the respect which I could not command. Besides, observe," he continued, "the matter is already settled. I have demanded an apology, or satisfaction. The former has been refused, and the latter, of course, is now the only alternative."

This was, indeed, but too true. I felt the full force of it. But unwilling to make any admission or concession which might seem to encourage the idea that a duel was inevitable, I merely repeated my determination not to second my friend in any hostile measures he might contemplate.

"Well, as you please, P——," replied Lindsay coldly—his former agitation having now given way to a manner perfectly calm and determined—"as you please; I shall find some other friend." Saying this, he turned haughtily away from me.

"Good by, Lindsay," I replied smilingly, taking up my hat to leave the room, "I shall see you presently, when I hope to have this foolish affair amicably settled."

Leaving the inn, I now hastened back to the ball-room in search of Blackburn, in order to expostulate with him on the folly of carrying matters to extremity. He had left the room, and no one could tell me where he had gone. Thinking it probable that he might have gone home, I went to his house, which was at a considerable distance; but not before I had lost a good deal of time in searching for him up and down

the ball-room, and waiting with the hope of him making his appearance. Blackburn had not returned home. Again I went back to the ball-room; still he was not there, nor could I discover any trace of him. Forced now to abandon all idea of accomplishing an interview with Blackburn, I hastened back to the inn where Lindsay and I had taken up our quarters, and inquired if the latter was still in his room. The reply alarmed me. It was, that Mr. Lindsay had gone out with a gentleman shortly after I had left, and without leaving any word where he had gone, or when he would return.

Having now no doubt that the parties, (as subsequent disclosures proved,) had managed to arrange a hostile meeting, and were both studiously avoiding me; Lindsay having, as I supposed, and as was indeed true, informed Blackburn that I had determined on preventing their meeting, put it on that gentleman's honour to use every means to defeat my intentions; I sought out the procurator-fiscal, and informing him of the affair, entreated him to take instant and active measures to secure the parties, before they could accomplish a meeting. It being still dark, I felt satisfied that the parties, wherever they had concealed themselves, had not yet left Dumbarton, and that all that was requisite, in the mean time, was to place a watch on each of the principal roads leading from the town, as there was no question that the parties would seek the retirement of some seques-

tered spot in the country for their meeting. The watchmen being accordingly placed, I returned, not a little fatigued, to the inn, and throwing myself in my clothes on a sofa, awaited the events of the morning, expecting every moment to receive intelligence of the movements of the hostile parties. In the mean time, however, I fell into a profound sleep, and a full hour of daylight had passed ere I awoke. I started up cold and chilly, and, hurrying to the window, looked out on a bright and beautiful morning. The atmosphere was clear, pure, and bracing, and the distant woods were looking lovely in the various brilliant tints of autumn. There was no one yet stirring in the inn, and I was still gazing through the window, thinking what course I had best pursue with regard to the unhappy case of my friends, and wondering that no intelligence of them had reached me, when I was startled by a loud knocking at the outer door of my inn. I threw up the window, which immediately overlooked the door, and found that the knocking proceeded from a country-looking man, who seemed to be in a state of considerable excitement. Hearing the noise of the window rising, he looked up, and asked me if I knew whether there was a gentleman of the name of P—— in the house? I said my name was P——, and inquired what he wanted with me? "There has been an awful business, Sir, this morning, up at Erskine ferry on the Renfrew side," said the man, "and I have been sent down by one of the gentlemen to give you notice of it, and to request you to

come up immediately. There's been a duel, Sir," he continued, "between two gentlemen, and one of them has been killed on the spot."

Knowing but too well who the parties were, although I could not ascertain which of my unfortunate friends had fallen, as the man had not heard, or had forgotten the name of the sufferer, I immediately set out with him for the fatal locality—a distance, I think, of somewhere about six or seven miles. On reaching and crossing the ferry, my guide conducted me to a cottage, a small farmer's house, at the distance of about two hundred yards from the banks of the Clyde, where, he said, the body of the slain gentleman was lying. As we went along, he pointed out a little hollow, with a level bottom, and of sufficient depth to conceal persons standing in it from every observation, as the spot where the duel had been fought. On approaching the cottage, which I did with feelings I should find it difficult to describe, I encountered several persons, on all of whose awe-stricken countenances I could plainly read the fatal transaction of the morning. None spoke a word. I entered the house, and was silently conducted by its mistress into an inner room, where a dreadful sight presented itself—a dead body extended on a table, and covered with a large white sheet. I approached the corpse, raised the sheet from the countenance, and looked on the pale and ghastly, but still handsome face of my unfortunate friend, Lindsay. The expression of the countenance was perfectly calm

and placid. I observed, on the very centre of the forehead, a small spot of blood, so small that it was hardly perceptible. I examined it more closely, and perceived that it was a perforation. It was there the fatal bullet that had deprived my unfortunate friend of life, had entered, and yet the point of a quill would not have found admission into the aperture, it was so small.

Having brought my tragic story to this melancholy climax, I need not linger over it longer. A rapid notice of one or two principal circumstances connected with it, will now be sufficient. My unfortunate friends, (for I reckoned them both unfortunate,) had, as formerly hinted, taken measures to evade my vigilance, and, soon after I left the inn in search of Blackburn, had proceeded in two chaises to the village of Kilpatrick, within a mile or two of the ground on which they fought, and remained there till morning; when, dreading the interference of the authorities, they had crossed the Clyde, and thus quickly removed themselves from the county of Dumbarton to that of Renfrew. Lindsay had found a second in a friend of the second of his antagonist, and thus overcome the difficulty which my refusal had created, and which I had hoped he would have found more serious—possibly so much so, I thought, as to prevent the meeting altogether. Having made arrangements with the persons in whose house the body lay, regarding its

removal to Glasgow, I returned to Dumbarton, to communicate the dismal tidings to Miss Allison.

I neither can nor will attempt to describe the state into which the dreadful intelligence threw the unhappy girl. Her shrieks were heart-rending, and, for a long while after, her life was despaired of. During the paroxysms of her illness, she accused herself of being her lover's murderer, alluding to the circumstance of her having urged Lindsay, somewhat contrary to his own inclinations, to attend the ball which had led to so fatal an issue. She died unmarried, a few years after, of that malady of which Washington Irving has written so beautifully—a broken heart.

Blackburn, on Lindsay's falling, hastened to Greenock; thence proceeded to Ardrossan, and there embarked on board a wherry for Arran, where he meant to have concealed himself till the affair of the duel should have blown by, or until his friends should have taken such steps as would enable him to return again to society. But the wherry never reached her destination, nor was her fate ever certainly ascertained, although it was generally supposed that she had gone down when about half-way between Arran and the mainland, in consequence of the starting of a plank, there having been no wind to account for her loss otherwise.

Such were the fatal issues of the Dumbarton County Ball of the year 17—.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

A FRAGMENT.

By Robert Montgomery.

"The Voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."—Gen. iii. 8.

——The hush of Even!—like a golden calm
From dew and sunshine blendingly distill'd
By hand of angel texture, round the sense
It windeth,—deep, delicious, undescrib'd!
Now, while the shaded air, and speechless earth,
And flowrets, closing up their lids of bloom
And beauty, soft as infants' fringed eyes,
Prepare themselves for slumber,—calm and chaste
The Mind, communing with the scene, becomes.

Poetic hour! the soft romance of light
And sound is thine; from thee a spell there comes,
Weeding the heart of worldlings; o'er the dust
And dryness of the soul's diurnal toil
Dropping the balm of beautiful content;
Charming the wrinkle from the brow of care;
And round the cold, the dreamless, and the stern
All gently stealing like a viewless zone
Of tenderness, that wraps them unawares!

Most exquisite, mild-hearted Eve!—art thou;
Thee, Sentiment, that pale impassioned child,
Adores; and thoughts which love the lonely tombs
To visit, where the dead and dear attract
The living, to refresh the hearts which mourn,—
Attend thee, and thy solemn peace attest.

Eve of the soul! thou Sabbath of the air
And sky! for ever shall the poet's song
Enshrine thee,—Inspiration's ruling hour.
Whether, along some lone and lofty mount,
Or valley, crimsoning the western sky
With scarlet radiance,—thy dominion smiles;
Or, through some rustic wild, while sings the lark
A low sweet descant to retiring Day,
And bath'd in brilliance, lo! the village spire
Greets the worn lab'rer's home-discerning eye,—
Thy fascinating shadows glide and gleam;
Or else, beside yon palpitating waves
The Muse admire thee, on thy throne of sea
Apparent, flushing with a flame of hues
Both cloud and billow,—magical, mild Eve!
Art thou,—soft potentate of hearts and hours.

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LINES BY A MOTHER,

ON VIEWING THE CORPSE OF A BELOVED CHILD.

ACROSTIC.

Must the heart-rending fate be mine, must we for ever
part?
And shall no more those looks of thine rejoice thy
mother's heart?
Refreshing morn in smiles may come, but can its
balmy breath
Give joy to thee, my little one, or wake thy sleep of
death?
Alas! too true, my fondest hope, thou'rt from thy
mother torn,
Robb'd of my sweetest, proudest prop, I'm left in grief
to mourn:
Entwin'd by fond affection's spell, as thou wert, round
my heart,
Thy lovely image there shall dwell, it never can depart.

But still there is a cheering balm, a balm divinely
bright—
Unclouded be my soul and calm, while Heav'n pours
down its light;

Celestial mansions wait the just, prepared above the sky;
Hail, then, bright prospect! still I'll trust to meet my child on high.
And shall I thus with grief repine at Heav'n's supreme decree?
No; still the sacred task be mine from impious thoughts to flee.
A kindly message fraught with love, death came without a sting,
Now to the realms of bliss above thou soar'st on seraph wing!

MRS. W. B.

"ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE."

EVERY summer flower,
The sweetest and the rarest,
Blossoms for an hour,
And dies when seeming fairest.
Every hope that springs,
On life's dull pathway shining;
Each delight that fondly clings
Around our hearts entwining.

Beams of joy that smile
Through the clouds of sorrow,
Cheer the heart awhile,
But vanish ere the morrow.
Beauty bright but frail,
Youth's blissful dream of gladness,
Are joys, alas! that never fail
To end at last in sadness.

Love's deluding beam
Affection's early treasures
Prove but a short-lived dream
Of prized but passing pleasures.
Hopes and joys that bloom,
The hearts that beat the lightest,
All, all at last must meet their doom,
To die when seeming brightest.

On earth we ne'er are blest
With happiness undying;
Say—why then should we rest
Our hearts on joys so flying?
Better far to know
The sleep that has no waking,
The calm for every earthly woe,
The rest that knows no breaking.

G. A.

THE INFANT PRINCE.

THE birth of a Prince, heir to these realms, on the 9th day of November, 1841, having given joy to all her Majesty's faithful subjects, we, as true and loyal vassals of the BARON OF RENFREW our LIEGE LORD, feel bound to record that happy event in the pages of our periodical. Considering, therefore, that some account of his Royal Highness' titles and privileges, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the Renfrewshire Annual, we present them with the following brief sketch :—

The Prince, immediately on his birth, and without any creation, is, by hereditary descent, as representing his paternal ancestors of the royal house of *Stuart*, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew and Snawdon, Lord of the Isles, and High Steward of Scotland. So that his proper title at present, and until he shall be created *Prince of Wales*, is Duke of *Cornwall and Rothesay*. Her Majesty enjoyed these Scottish titles while there was no Prince, but immediately on the birth of the Prince, they belong to him.

As Duke of Rothesay, he does not come into the possession of the large income which he does as Duke of Cornwall, but still he becomes vested in the *superiority* or *royalty* of the extensive estates which belonged to

the Stuart family before their accession to the throne, with the right to grant renewals of the charters to the vassals, and to draw certain small feu duties and casualties. These estates, after the accession of the family to the throne, were erected into a principality, to be held by the Prince or heir apparent, who, from the moment of his birth, comes to have right to them; and for the purpose of granting renewals of charters, and uplifting feu duties and casualties, he forms an official establishment at Edinburgh. The estates included in the principality, lie chiefly in the counties of Bute, Renfrew, Ayr, and Dumbarton. If they belonged to the Prince in property, they would now yield a very large rental; but having all been long ago disposed of, under reservation of the right of superiority, the emoluments derived from them are now so trifling, that the interest of the Prince in them may be considered as chiefly honorary, and as showing the extent and value of the ancient possessions of his family, before their accession to the throne.

In regard to the genealogy of the Prince, reference is made to the *Renfrewshire Annual* of last year, p. 159, &c., from which it appears that he is descended from and represents all the royal families of Great Britain. As descendant of the marriage between Malcolm Canmore, King of Scots, and Margaret his Queen, sister of Edgar Atheling, he represents not only the two very ancient and heroic royal families of the Caledonians or Picts, and of the Scots; but also the

ancient Saxon royal family of England. And as descendant of Margaret, Queen of James IV., King of Scots, he vests in his person the title derived from William the Conqueror, and also that of the ancient Princes of Wales.

In the genealogy of the Prince given in the English papers, his descent from William the Conqueror is only noticed, and not the additional titles which he derives from his representing the ancient line of Scottish kings. On this account it will be more necessary to notice, that he vests in his person the right of succession to all the kingdoms and principalities into which the kingdom was anciently divided. The right of succession to the thrones of both kingdoms, is far more ancient and honourable, than if it was founded solely on his being a descendant of William the Conqueror. Although the Conqueror got possession of England by the fortune of a single battle, yet he never ventured to set a foot in Scotland. And if the Prince was merely a descendant of William the Conqueror, this would give him no title to the kingdom of Scotland. It is in virtue of his Scottish descent, therefore, that he has right, not only to the kingdom of Scotland, but also an additional title to that of England, as representing, through his Scottish descent, the ancient Saxon royal family of England. It was to be expected that the English would rather have been gratified to have brought forward, and noticed the Prince's title, as representing the ancient Saxon royal family of Eng-

land, than to have confined it to his being a descendant of William the Conqueror, whose family for several generations were the oppressors of the Saxon inhabitants of England.

SONG.

THIS WORLD WERE A DESERT IF WOMAN WERE GONE.

By W. Alexander.

Oh yes, my sweet Rosa, I love thee—yes, ever
I'll prize e'en the hour that first showed thee to me,
Nor count life worth keeping, if forced e'er to sever,
Or frown at misfortunes, if blest but with thee.
How dear to the day is the sun's peerless shining,
Or freedom to captives in darkness that mourn!
But dearer the joy, on a true breast reclining,
To clasp all we love and be clasped in return.

When Nature first sprang through a paradise glowing,
Encircled with brightness the sire of our race,
How cold was the bliss from its radiance flowing,
Till warm'd by the fondness of woman's embrace!
And so must his sons, until time's latest moment,
Without the dear souls, be both joyless and lone,
For, though they may tease us, they coax till they please us—
Oh! this world were a desert if woman were gone!

WHERE ARE THE LILIES?

AIR—"*The Flowers o' the Forest.*"

WHERE are the lilies that bloomed in the morning,
Whose fragrance was borne on the breath of the day?
Where are those snowy bells, gracing the dewy dells,—
Sparkling like gems in the bosom of May?
Earth,—ask thy diadem, where is its purest gem?
Where is that fairest, and loveliest flower?
'Twas here in the morning, the green slopes adorning,
Withered it lies now, and scentless the bower!

Such are our dearest joys!—so fade earth's brightest toys!
To-day we possess them,—to-morrow they're gone!
Their glitter deceives us, but how soon they leave us,—
Leave us to mourn their loss, sad and alone!—
All is a gaudy show, in this vain world below;
Why should we sorrow then?—why thus deplore
The loss of a treasure, that yields but a pleasure,
As brief as the billow that dies on the shore?

WINTER.

By Alexander Laing, Esq.

The winter's come to speer whare the simmer has been ;
The frost sets in, an' the wind blaws keen ;
The snaw comes on, an' the mirk night fa's ;
An' drearie an' eerie the blin' drift blaws.

Are ye a' i' the house? ha'e ye milk? ha'e ye meal ?
For back an' for bed are ye a' sair'd weel?
Ha'e ye fouth i' the neuk for the e'enin' fire ?
An' a simmer-won saxpence to spen' or to spare ?

Are the kye i' the byre ? are the sheep i' the cot ?
Is the roof-tree stark ? will the doors stan' out ?
Are the stacks a' tight, baith corn an' hay ?
It's a sair night thereout, an' lang till day.

Are ye a' roun' the blithe ingle cheek in a ring ?
Ha'e ye new beuks to read ? ha'e ye auld sangs to sing ?
It's a dreigh forenight, but ye'll no think lang,
Wi' a crack, an' a lauch—wi' a beuk an' a sang.

Did ye think whan the birds sang blithe on the tree,
That their dumb time o' year wad be roun' in a wee ?
Did ye mind whan the simmer was sunny an' warm,
That winter wad come wi' the cloud an' the storm ?

MARATHON.

WRITTEN DURING THE LAST STRUGGLE OF THE GREEKS WITH THE TURKS FOR INDEPENDENCE.

Is there a man who never felt
  His soul with patriotism glow?
Who ne'er with kindling rapture dwelt
  On deeds which laid usurpers low?
If such there be, away, begone!
Tread not the plain of Marathon.

Is there a man who does not hate
  The name of tyrant and of slave?
Who would not grasp the sword of fate
  To smite the oppressor of the brave?
If such there be, away, begone!
Tread not the plain of Marathon.

Tread not the plain, 'tis holy ground,
  'Tis moisten'd with heroic blood,
Which freedom sprinkled all around
  The place where Grecia's heroes stood,
When Persia led her millions on
To chain the brave at Marathon.

Chains for the brave! and shall a slave—
A Persian slave—pronounce the word?
Greece knows no prison but the grave.
Slaves tremble, for she draws the sword!
See how they fall, they bleed, they groan,
They die, they rot on Marathon!

One to a thousand! Can it be
That mortal might such deeds can show?
Yes; man's a god when liberty
Inspires the breast and guides the blow.
And such he was when Greece led on
Her valiant sons to Marathon.

Think of your sires, ye men of might,
Who now the Moslem's threats defy;
Think of your sires—on to the fight,
Down with the foe, or nobly die!
Think of the deeds by heroes done,
Miltiades and Marathon!

T.

BAYARD.

By Mrs. Maxwell, of Brediland.

Madame de Florval became a widow at the age of nineteen, and was the loveliest woman in France. Completely absorbed in her grief, she secluded herself from society, and spent her days in weeping. She had collected around her the letters and other memorials of her husband, and his picture was incessantly watered with her tears. Time seemed only to add to her sorrow, and strengthen the conviction that her loss was irreparable.

Three cavaliers met in the Boulevards; one of them was the Count de Villiers, chamberlain to Francis I., another was Colonel de Tournefort, and the third was the Chevalier de Bayard—Bayard, the pride of chivalry, the mirror of knighthood, faithful to his country and loyal to his king—the warrior "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

These gallants were talking of the beauties of the court, and the conversation turned on the fair mourner.

"*En verité*," said Tournefort, "I could envy the dead husband, and should like to kiss off those precious tears."

"*I* have a mind to do so," replied the chamberlain;

"she has played the Niobe long enough, and must be tired of hiding her charms from the world."

"Doubtless you intend to make her the Comtesse de Villiers?" cried Tournefort, with something of a sneer about his fine mouth.

"I have no reason to despair; but secrecy is my motto. Adieu, gentlemen; I am going to visit the widow." And he rode on.

"Puppy!" said Tournefort, "can he have the audacity to aspire to Madame de Florval?"

Bayard was silent.

"It would be meritorious, however," said Tournefort, "to calm the sorrows of so fair and sad a lady."

Bayard said nothing.

"My friend," said Tournefort, after a pause, "I am determined to make offer of myself to this lovely widow; thinkest thou she may be tempted to forego her grief, and accept the hand of a soldier?"

Bayard was silent; his friend looked at him.

"Thou lovest her, Bayard! Why then not tell me so?"

"I love her," said Bayard, "but she knows it not."

"Let us swear," said Tournefort, "like true knights, that if either of us win this lovely woman, the other shall withdraw his suit, and be ready to stand by his friend to the last."

"Agreed," replied Bayard. "Go then, my friend; truth and valour are thine; shouldest thou win the lady, I shall be ready to aid thee with my sword against all gainsayers."

They then separated; Tournefort went to the chateau de Florval, and was admitted.

The lovely widow received Tournefort with grave courtesy. She wore a large hood, which nearly hid her face, and a veil shrouded her figure from head to foot; yet in this disadvantageous attire Madame de Florval was the loveliest woman of her time. The soldier was awe-struck by the air of mingled dignity and sweetness, together with the inexpressible majesty of deep sorrow, so touchingly blended with her marvellous beauty. When he at length ventured on some expressions of admiration, the widow made a signal to her woman, who was in the saloon. The latter opened a cabinet, and brought forward a small casket; the widow took from thence a portrait, and, pointing to the reverse, he read the words, "I love him still!"

Tournefort faithfully related the particulars of this interview to his friend. The chevalier went next day to the house of the fair mourner, and was received in the same manner. Both warriors had been the friends of her husband; she therefore treated them with more distinction than her other visitors; the gallant Bayard and Mons. de Florval had indeed fought side by side at the siege of Mezieres, and when the latter received a dangerous wound, Bayard made a rampart of his body till de Florval was carried off the field.

The friends faithfully related their mutual progress to each other, and the fair widow began to open her doors to a select few; she dispensed her notice alike to

all, but felt most pleasure in conversing with Bayard, as he could speak to her of her husband. Tournefort was still assiduous, but, though he exerted all his powers of pleasing, his conversation appeared insipid, compared to that of Bayard; the colonel was not slow to observe this. "Chevalier, you have won the day," said he to Bayard; "henceforth behold in me your second in combat, your friend and ally against all rivals."

Such was, in those days, the generous self-devotion of brave hearts; next to that of possessing the beloved object, was the pleasure of contributing to her happiness with the man of her choice. The *Preux Chevaliers** worshipped virtue and honour, and never failed to say, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

The beautiful widow began to reproach herself for that her heart could admit consolation. She secluded herself some days, and unceasingly read over the letters of her husband, which placed him vividly before her. His picture was taken from its casket and hung round her neck. She then thought of the chevalier. "It is because he saved the life of de Florval," said she, "that the society of this man pleases me. Ah, faithless one! Doth not his image come betwixt me and my grief? Yes! let me not wilfully blind myself to the consequences of this indulgence. Bayard is the most distinguished of our warriors; his name is in the mouth of

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* The nine worthiest in France were named the *Preux Chevaliers*.

every Frenchman. Bayard, the dauntless and irreproachable, seeks my love, but I will be faithful to the dead!"

The Chamberlain de Villiers meanwhile was not idle. Possessed of a fine though finically formed person, and beautiful but effeminate features, he concluded that no woman could possibly resist him, and was incessantly boasting of his successes among the fair. Even his egregious vanity, however, could not blind him to the progress made by the brave Bayard in Madame de Florval's good graces. Men who are admirers of their own beauty, are seldom capable of a deep attachment; yet the mortification of finding themselves not so irresistible as they had imagined, induces them to continue a pursuit with a pertinacity, which, if exerted in a good cause, could not fail to crown them with honour. De Villiers was not naturally bad-hearted, but his self-love was probed to the quick; he began to envy the chevalier, and, for the first time, became sensible to a degree of timidity in presence of Madame de Florval, which nobody heretofore had given him credit for.

The Chevalier de Bayard had from his childhood been little absent from the embattled field, and was, perhaps, better fitted for the camp than the boudoir; thus he could not descend to the little arts by which female hearts are sometimes ensnared. He had not spoken of his love to Madame de Florval; but what is so lynx-eyed as a woman? The lovely widow saw

that she was the sole object of that dauntless heart, and who can blame her for feeling both pride and pleasure in the discovery ?

Bayard went one morning earlier than usual. The fair widow was at her devotions in her oratory, and the envied portrait was lying in its case, on a table of tortoise-shell, inlaid with silver. He took it up, and well remembered the open, bland countenance, and mild blue eye of his dead comrade; and as he gazed, he, for some instants, did not wonder at the pertinacity with which the lovely mourner cherished her grief. He heard her light footstep approaching; surely it was inspiration prompted him to unloose the portrait from its golden chain, and affix his own, which he had in his vest, in its stead. The exchange was hardly made, and he had just time to put the usurping picture in its new resting-place, and its legitimate occupant in the cabinet drawer, when Madame de Florval entered, more beautiful, and seemingly more sad, than ever. She had made a vow, on the death of her husband, never to wear another name than that of Florval, and she had, as already observed, been taking her heart severely to task.

The lovely widow manifested some confusion on seeing Bayard, and her white hand trembled as she waved him to a distant seat; for tears were in her eyes, and she would not trust her voice. The soldier, new as he was to his present situation, saw her agitation, and said to himself, "Oh, that I could flatter

myself that those sighs and starting tears were for me! But no, no! that treasure of beauty, those holy affections, are for the dead who cannot value them." With a beating heart he saw her take the portrait (his) from its case, and place it in her charming bosom; he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to have had an opportunity of replacing the beloved resemblance, and was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, and confessing what he had done, when de Villiers was announced.

"Madame," said the chamberlain, "my royal master commissions me to say, that you owe to the world not to seclude those charms which captivate every heart, and that it is his desire you shed the light of your beauty on his court, where all the honours due to your merit, and the services of your deceased husband, await you."

"Tell his gracious majesty," replied the widow, "that I shall obey him, for I would not be thought ungrateful."

"Perhaps, madame," cried the chamberlain, casting a glance at Bayard, "perhaps, among the courtiers of the gallant Francis, there may be some not unworthy of even *your* notice?"

The widow made no reply, and a fiery glance from Bayard's dark eye, was the only answer the chamberlain received to his really well-meant embassy. But the chevalier's habitual self-control enabled him to overcome the sensation which was struggling in his heart.

De Villiers departed, and the chevalier was again alone with the widow. There was embarrassment in the manner of both; Bayard spoke not a word, but the lady interpreted his silence. She mentioned the campaigns wherein he and her husband had served. "Tell me," said she, "the particulars of the capture of Bourg-en-Bresse; I have heard you saved it from pillage and violence; how much must the inhabitants have owed to you!"

"Madame," replied the chevalier, "I only did my duty. I was wounded in the action; and when the city fell into our hands, I gave strict orders to respect the persons and property of the inhabitants, and succeeded in restraining the unbridled licence which riots in the midst of conquest. At the close of the action, I had to be carried off the field. I was lodged with a lady,* whose two daughters were very lovely, and fearing for them, I had caused a guard to be placed on the house, and, by my exhortations, much violence was doubtlessly prevented. When I had completely recovered, the mistress of the house, to whose unremitting cares I was much indebted, put into my hands a box, praying me to accept it as a small pledge of her gratitude. I took it, and asked what it contained? 'Two thousand five hundred golden ducats, monseigneur,' said she, 'but if that is not sufficient, we shall endeavour to procure more.' 'By no means, madame;

* See Life of the Chevalier de Bayard.

the care you have taken of me is a sufficient recompense for what I have done. Will you permit me to take leave of your daughters?' They came. 'Mesdemoiselles,' said I, 'your mother has made me a present of two thousand five hundred ducats. I present a thousand to each of you, as an addition to your portions; the remaining five hundred I destine to the most necessitous of the families that have been plundered; and you will have the goodness to superintend their distribution.' I need not repeat their expressions of gratitude. The campaign was finished in our favour, and we withdrew from Bourg-en-Bresse, followed by the blessings of the inhabitants."

It was thus Bayard endeavoured to soften the horrors of war; but his modesty made him suppress many gallant and humane actions, which had justly earned him the epithets of "dauntless and irreproachable." Madame de Florval knew also, that the young king of France had received the investiture of knighthood from his hands, disdaining to owe his reception into that gallant body, to any other than the ablest and bravest officer in his realm.

Bayard had not spoken of love, but he could not tear himself away from the fascinating widow. He rose to depart—hesitated, and stood irresolute, for he wished to speak of the portrait, and felt ashamed of what he had done. "The picture you wear in your bosom—" he began——"Shall remain there while life warms this heart," cried Madame de Florval, drawing

the picture from her breast, and covering it with passionate kisses. "Best of men, can I ever forget thee? I swear that no other shall occupy thy place." She fixed her tearful eyes on the picture—what does she see? O miracle! they are the features of Bayard! Amazement chained her faculties, till looking up at Bayard, she deciphered the mystery in the confusion visible on his manly features. A sudden emotion of rage crimsoned her cheek, and flashed from her eye; but Bayard fell at her feet, and faltered out—"Forgive me! Pardon a fault which love has caused! It is a proof that your beauty is irresistible, and that I am mortal."

I am not fond of depicting love scenes. It were as easy to imbue the cold clay with the warm hues of life and loveliness, as for the pen of the novelist to portray the charm which love possesses, when worth and honour are the guiding principles, and heart meets heart in conscious rectitude. Gentle reader! if thou hast ever been in love, thy heart will inform thee better than my pen; if thou hast not, (which I hardly believe,) far be it from me to lead thee into paths, which, mayhap, thou hadst better never tread. I shall only tell thee what thou hast already divined, that the gallant Bayard was as successful in love as he was unrivalled in the field, and that the lady bestowed the inestimable treasure of her heart's chaste affection, on him who was "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

Bayard, however, dared not yield to the gentle in-

fluence that would have made him wish to remain for ever with his beloved. His valour was the property of his country, and he was ordered to lead the armies of France into the seat of war. He went to take leave of Madame de Florval, whose anguish almost unmanned him. He pressed her to his heart, and they exchanged vows of unalterable love and constancy. To see Bayard, the pride of France, bending with looks of unutterable love and grief, over that fair and fragile form, who would not have wished that war no longer desolated the earth, and defaced the image of God in man!

Pavia was being besieged when Bayard arrived before the gates. The city was defended by the Constable de Bourbon, who had joined the emperor's forces. Here we shall leave him and return to the lovely widow.

Madame de Florval retired to her villa near Paris, to await the return of the hero, where she occupied herself in works of charity, which, and reading the letters of Bayard, formed her only pleasures. Yet scandal, ever busy, did not spare the fair recluse. She had appeared at court, and thence it was inferred that she no longer grieved for her husband. Francis himself was no unobservant listener, and determined to pay the lady a visit; her beauty had made a powerful impression on him, and as he was young, very handsome, and a king, it was natural to have some hopes. The intended honour was duly notified to the widow, who

could not decline the visit of her sovereign. She therefore met him at the door of her chateau, where gallantly, yet respectfully kissing her hand, he led her to the saloon. If Madame de Florval carried away the palm of beauty from all the ladies of France, her manners seemed taught by the graces themselves, and a highly and judiciously cultivated understanding gave a perpetual charm and variety to her conversation. No wonder then that the gallant Francis, who was an ardent admirer of female grace and loveliness, should have felt forcibly the power of her united attractions; yet the modesty, that, as it were, shed a halo of purity around her presence, awed the amorous prince, and restrained the expressions of admiration he could hardly refrain from powering forth. The king, however, was too well read in the intricacies of the female heart, to give up a pursuit which interested him, and he at length said enough to show the impression her charms had made, and saw, with secret satisfaction, the colour deepen on her cheek. Emboldened by a sign which he considered favourable to his suit, he threw himself at her feet. The lady, casting a look on him which one of lower rank would have discovered to be of contempt, said, "Sire! is that a fit attitude to the widow of the Marshal de Florval, who died in your majesty's service?" The king was piqued, and rising said, "And pray, madame, have *you* not forgotten the Marshal de Florval?" "Ah! Sire," said the lady,

bursting into tears, "what have you been told of me?' "Madame," said Francis, recollecting himself, "I have been told that you are as virtuous as you are beautiful!" "I know, Sire," replied the lady, "that it is to other reports I owe the honour of this visit. No, Sire, I have not forgotten the Marshal de Florval, for I shall never disgrace his memory; I am betrothed to the Chevalier de Bayard." The king paused some moments, and then said, "Madame, I honour your choice. Bayard is worthy of you. Henceforth look upon me as your friend, and whoever attacks your reputation, shall find an enemy in his sovereign. Adieu, madame, the honours I mean to bestow upon Bayard, are valueless compared to the inestimable treasure he possesses in your affections." So saying, he respectfully and gracefully saluted her, and bowing low upon her hand, departed.

As he mounted his horse, his attendants came round him. "Gentlemen," said the king, "I have been paying a visit to the widow of the Marshal de Florval, and the betrothed of the Chevalier de Bayard; *honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

We must return to Bayard, whom we left before the walls of Pavia. The chevalier, at the head of his troops, forced the gates, and all fled from forces commanded by a warrior of such renown. They had possessed themselves of the city, when Bayard, who was giving orders for the safety of the inhabitants, received

a wound which brought him to the ground.* He was carried off the field, and laid beneath a tree, where it was soon found that he was mortally wounded. His attendants would have carried him into a house, but he desired to remain where he was, and supported by his faithful weeping squire, he wrote a letter to Madame de Florval, in which he said, "My beloved, I am dying, but I die happy, for I fall in the arms of victory, and I am possessed of your love. Farewell, dearest and best! Sometimes think of him who loved you more than any thing except honour." He then dictated a few lines to Tournefort, and having given some instructions to his squire, he suffered himself to be laid down, and addressing himself to him who redeemed him, with his eyes fixed on the cross of his sword, he calmly awaited his end.

The fall of the chevalier turned the fate of the day; the besieged, headed by the Constable de Bourbon, succeeded in repulsing the assailants, and regained possession of the city. When the constable heard of Bayard's approaching death, he ran to him, and when he saw him in that sad condition, could not avoid shedding tears. "Ah! chevalier!" cried he,† "would to God I

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* We are not certain if it was at the siege of Pavia where Bayard received his death wound. Writing from memory, we have preserved the historical facts, and may have mistaken places.—Ed.

† See life of the Chevalier de Bayard.

had you safe and sound as my prisoner, that I might show by my attentions, my esteem for your valour, and my sense of your worth!"

"I am not to be pitied," said this great man, "I die as a man of honour should, in the service of my king and country. It is you who are to be pitied, who are in arms against your sovereign, and have for ever dishonoured your name."

At this moment, a letter was brought to Bayard from the king, who desired him to return when the city was captured, and fulfil his engagement with Madame de Florval, at same time promoting him to the rank of Field Marshal. "Ah! my gracious liege," said the dying hero, "how well have you deserved my love! but it will not be! May all your servants be as faithful as I have been!"

Madame de Florval had heard of the taking of Pavia, but had not learned the disastrous termination of the campaign. She was therefore joyfully anticipating the return of Bayard, when she was told that his squire had arrived and demanded to see her; having ordered him to be admitted, he entered, and the first glance she had of his countenance showed her the tidings he had brought. She sank down on a couch, almost deprived of sense and motion; the faithful squire, tears streaming from his eyes, knelt at her feet, and held out the letter, which was stained with the blood of Bayard. Making an effort to rally her sinking strength, Madame de Florval seized the precious

mandate, and clasping it in both hands, pressed it to her white and quivering lips. The squire respectfully withdrew into the embrasure of a window, while she perused this last memorial of the truest and most honourable love. Surprised at length by the deep and unbroken silence, he ventured to look towards her, and knew not what to think, for she moved not; believing she had fainted, he approached. The anguish of her feelings had occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel of the lungs. Madame de Florval was dead.

A DREAM.

By John Pattison, Esq.

Supposed to have been written at Washington during the famous protracted debate which terminated by Congress legalizing Slavery in Missouri.

"I have dreamed a dream, and my spirit was troubled to know the dream."—Dan. ii. 3.

Methought I stood beneath the rich façade,
And chisel'd trophies of the Grecian school,
Where Genius' magic touch triumphant bade
The marble start to life by mystic rule:—
Around me, ranged by taste and classic art,
Were Freedom's emblems in a bright array,
Smiling in matchless beauty—and apart
Stood Justice blindfold, with impartial sway,
The balance in her hand—near Mercy, mild as day.

High o'er the palace was a flag unfurl'd,*
Whose azure chief was starr'd with silvery studs;
Its white and sanguine stripes had ranged the world,
And proudly waved above primeval woods;

* The national flag is hoisted on the Capitol, as our transatlantic brethren style the building in which Congress assemble, during the sittings of that body. It is a magnificent structure of white marble, with elegant and ample accommodation for the legislature.

And o'er the portals of that lofty pile
Of gold and bronze the letters seemed to be,
I saw that word, which, in my native isle,
While yet a child, my father taught to me
As the birth-right of ALL!—the word was LIBERTY.

Ranging around these wide majestic halls,
I thought I heard the jarring sounds of strife,
Not the low din of whispering cabals,
But fearful clamour—as if death and life
Hung on the event!—and then a stifled sigh
Was breath'd upon my ear—*it smelt of blood!*
And SLAVERY's haggard form crept trembling by:—
While FREEMEN on these floors unblushing stood
Wooing their country's shame with dauntless hardihood!

I felt oppressed;—my blood ran slow and cold,
When suddenly there burst upon my sight
A radiant cloud, whose iris tints unfold,
And on a throne, amid a flood of light,
My dazzled vision saw an angel form
Frowning in awful majesty! Her face
Was like the sun! her voice the rushing storm!
And at her feet lay crouching, mean and base,
Two fiends, whose clanking fetters bound them to the place.

'Twas JUSTICE' self who sat presiding there,
And, at her voice, which like a trumpet broke
Upon th' assembled throng, the elders bare
Their heads, bowed to the dust, while thus she spoke:—
"Shall this fair land prolong the withering curse
Which freemen on their offspring have entailed?
Shall Liberty debased, become the nurse
Of bastard freedom?—Or the slave be hailed
Lord of the soil whose rights ye madly have assailed?

"Shall heaven-born MERCY, driven from your gates,
With INDEPENDENCE seek another clime?
Will ye rush blindly on your slumbering fates,
And drink to dregs the poison cup of crime?—
See, at my feet crouch FURY and REVENGE,
Like bloodhounds panting!—Should I slip the knot,
RAPINE and DEATH shall mark their bloody range!"
The goddess paused—the thunder round her broke,
And the blue lightning played—when, shuddering, I awoke.

LINES TO SOME VIOLETS.

By a Young Lady.

Say, fell ye from the viewless hand
  Which strew'd the evening dew,
Telling sweet tales of the Seraph-land,
  Bright flowers of Tyrian hue?
Yes; ye are blossoms of heavenly birth;
  But, from the bowers on high
Flung down to me, frail child of earth,
  To teach me I must die:—
For, while I gaze, ye fade away,
Like purple clouds at close of day.

Yet why should I your loss deplore?
  Why mourn your fading bloom?
Since soon this heart must beat no more,
  But wither in the tomb.
Then, may your blossoms o'er my breast
  In sweet luxuriance blow;
And o'er it shed that soothing rest
  It ne'er in life may know;
Weaving a scented pall around
My little, lonely, churchyard mound.

shall see,
If none will dare, in battle ring, to risk his life for thee.

Don Ferdinand.

DON FERDINAND.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

I DREAMT of the days of yore: the shadowy days of old,
Ere the gallant of heart were no more—ere the knell of high honour was knoll'd;
And I saw by a bower an armed knight and a lovely lady stand,
Sadly she wept, as he sigh'd adieu, and press'd her gentle hand.

He was the bravest knight in Spain, and she a Moorish maid,
But, alas! she was the only child of the king of "high Granade."
Away, away, Don Ferdinand, 'tis madness thus to dare
The vulture in his gory nest, the lion in his lair.

But they have seized Don Ferdinand, and chain'd him hand and heel;—
Oh! many a tear will fall for thee, thou pride of old Castile;
For I trow to-morrow's rising sun thy bloody death shall see,
If none will dare, in battle ring, to risk his life for thee.

Don Ferdinand.

shall see,
If none will dare, in battle ring, to risk his life for thee.

Don Ferdinand.

The morn is come—with shout on shout, Alhambra's
turrets ring,
As round and round the listed ground careers the
Moorish king;
"Ho! is there none," he gaily cried, "will ride a
course with me,
To win this brave Don Christian, his life and li-
berty?" ——

But who for thee, an enemy, will couch a Moslem
spear?
And who dare fight for a Christian knight, with Omar,
name of fear?
Oh! Mary, mother, shrive thee now; the hour is draw-
ing nigh,
And thou, the bravest lance in Spain, a felon's death
must die.

"Oh, for one stroke!" the good knight sigh'd, as
manacled he stood;—
But nay!—they have not yet forgot Ubeda's field of
blood;
Too oft thy falchion-sweep they've felt amid their
ranks of yore,—
Now thou must bleed to glut the wrath of yonder
tameless Moor.

The trumpets sound!—and, wheeling round, what sees
Granada's king?
A stripling knight, on a charger white, rides forth into
the ring;
More fit he seemed on festal day to whirl the light
jereed,
Than wield so broad a battle-spear, or back so fierce
a steed:

But they did not mark the talisman that hung upon
his breast,
They did not mark the charmed flower that waved
amid his crest;
"And who are ye would tilt with me?" the king, loud
laughing, cried.
"It boots not,—Alla shield the right," the dauntless
boy replied.

"Come on then," sneer'd the haughty king, "and Alla
be thy speed,
True be thy lance, and true thy shield, and true thy
Arab steed;
Come on!"—They wheel—they take their ground—
hush, breathe not—off they spring!
Ollah! they meet—he's down! he's down!—Nay, 'tis our
own good king.

" Thou strikest well!" he muttering said, and stagger'd
to his feet;
" I trow, thou art the first ere flung Moor Omar from
his seat!
Unchain the knight; but seize the youth, there's magic
here, I trow!"
Back fell the hood of Moorish mail, from the stripling
warrior's brow,

And bending low upon his knee, he raised his face, and
smiled
Upon the king:—O death! 'tis she—his own—his only
child!
"Ho! seize the Christian dog," he cried, " slay, slay
him, where he stands!"
Forth flash'd a hundred scimitars, in a hundred Moorish
hands!

But little recks Don Ferdinand, the vengeful Mos-
lem's wrath;
Down gasping roll'd on earth, the first who dared to
cross his path;
He snatch'd his blade, and with the maid, sprung lightly
on her steed,
And down the street of Zacatin, he dash'd at wildest
speed.

"On!—follow, follow," cried the king. Away upon
their track
Skirr'd many a furious Moslem knight—but few I ween
came back!
And thus was lost the brightest flower that bloom'd in
high Granade;
And thus the brave Castilian won his black-eyed
Moorish maid!

* N *

THE FIERY CROSS.

A LEGEND OF THE MERSE.

By the Author of "Obstinacy," "Autobiography of a Scottish Borderer," &c., &c.

Deep in the dell, in a ruined hut,
Far from the homes of men,
There dwelt a witch the peasants called
Old Elspat of the glen.

* * * * * *

She was a woman weak and old,
Her form was bent and thin;
And on her lean and shrivelled hand
She rested her pointed chin.

On a wild muirland track, near the source of the Blackwater,* stood, in bye-gone years, a weather-beaten and dilapidated cottage. No other habitation was near, though one or two stunted ash trees, some heaps of rubbish, overgrown with moss, and a few grey stones lying here and there, indicated that it had once been the site of a hamlet or a farm stead. About the period of which we write, it was taken possession of by a

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* Vernacularly, Blackadder.

female known by the name of Isabel Learmont; but whence she came, or by what means she obtained a livelihood, was a profound secret to all except the *doer** of the laird, and he was too great a man to admit of questioning on that or any other subject. But wild as was the district, and widely scattered the habitations of the rustics, a story of romantic love and cruel desertion, attached itself to the appearance of Isabel Learmont at her lone abode. But of a stern and surly nature, she repelled every approach to acquaintanceship or familiarity by her neighbours.

At this period, neither turnpike roads, nor finger posts facilitated the progress of the traveller, and it so happened, that the solitary hovel of Isabel Learmont was oft besieged by inquirers respecting the road. To such inquiries, her usual reply was, "*spear about*," uttered in a querulous, almost savage tone, till at length she acquired the sobriquet of *Spearabout Tibby*.

Tibby usually absented herself twice a-year for a few weeks, and on such occasions the lads and lasses of the Blackadder, would take a sly peep through the chinks of the door and window of her den, but without discovering ought to gratify their curiosity.

As time, however, ploughed Isabel's face with wrinkles, and her tall erect form began to bend beneath the pressure of years, the romance of her early love and desertion, gave place to the belief that she held

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* Factor.

communion with unholy spirits, and nought but the dread of incurring the anger of the *doer* could have saved the helpless woman from the barbarous ordeal practised at that time for the detection of witchcraft.

This belief daily gained ground, and was still further strengthened, on Tibby being accompanied on her return from one of her autumnal excursions by a beautiful black goat,* with a long silvery beard, which became henceforth her constant companion.

During her long sojourn on the Blackadder, Tibby had never applied for *church privileges*,† though on the fine days of summer she would occasionally walk to the kirk, situated several miles from her habitation, and take her seat in the porch, apart from the other worshippers. This alone ought to have freed her from the stigma of witchcraft; but the good folks of the Merse, like dogmatists of higher pretensions, made

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* The goat, vernacularly *gait*, was deemed *uncanny*, and many stories were related confirmatory of this popular belief. Among others, the animal was said to vanish from the earth once in every twenty-four hours, after combing its beard with its fore-paws; and many an old dame, aye, and even staid elder of the kirk, might be found to affirm, that they had been eye-witnesses of this evanishment.

† In the Presbyterian kirk, applicants for admission to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, undergo a searching examination by the minister as to their religious knowledge; and if new residents in the parish, they must also produce a testimonial of their previous moral conduct.

facts bend to their theory. For though they firmly believed that the utterance of the *Holy name* was all-powerful to exorcise the evil spirit, and to cause it to depart from its human habitation, they accounted for its failing to produce the usual effect in the case of Tibby, by first conjecturing, and then affirming, that her ears must have been artificially closed to prevent the words being heard. Meanwhile, every disaster which happened in the parish was laid to the charge of the evil eye, or the malison of Tibby. If the sudden swelling of the Blackadder from a thunder *spate*, carried in its course the cottar's lint which had been laid in its bed to soak, or washed away the linen spread on its banks to bleach; if a cow was elf-shot—a pet sheep affected with the sturdy, or any of the weans for miles around suffered from a lingering disease, still it was the auld witch—still Spearabout Tibby bore the blame. More than once the minister had been entreated to hunt her out of the parish; but whether Mass John knew ought of her early history—whether he was moved by humanity, or perchance feared to offend the *doer* of his patron, he either professed his incredulity of the charge, or by some other means evaded the request.

Time sped on. Many of the aged rustics reposed in peace beneath the sod in the lowly village necropolis, since Isabel Learmont became an indweller in the dilapidated cottage; still it resisted the buffetings of the wintry storm, though she had been obliged to have

recourse to many expedients to keep out the rain and shield her from the northern blast.

An unusually genial spring had one year tempted the recluse abroad earlier than usual, and, as she was returning, followed by her four-footed companion, after an absence of several weeks, she seated herself on the trunk of an uprooted tree, and, opening a sort of wallet which hung by her side, began to regale herself and the animal with a part of its contents.

"Save you, dame!" said the new *helper;** the increasing infirmities of good old Mass John having, for some months, rendered him unequal to his parish duties without such aid, "you seem feeding your goat on choice fare."

"You may say so," replied the old woman tartly; "yesterday was a holiday at Paxton, and the good lady never suffers the wayfarer to go empty away;" and, taking up her staff, Tibby hobbled onward.

Not on such easy terms, however, was the old dame suffered to depart.

"Woman!" bellowed the man of God, working himself up into a holy fury, "you have partaken of the unhallowed bread† of the idolater, and drawn down on

* Assistant.

† It was a custom among the Catholics to impress the sign of the cross on the bread eaten during the festival of Easter, in remembrance of the sufferings of the Redeemer. Hence the cross-buns of our own day, though the religious idea which first gave rise to the custom is now nearly forgotten.

your head the wrath of the Most High. Return to your dwelling, burn the remains of the accursed dole as a sin-offering; if only one crumb remain by to-morrow's dawn, you will bear on your forehead a visible mark of the wrath of the Most High." So saying, the bigot turned into another path, while the old woman, after about an hour's walk, reached the threshold of her lone abode.

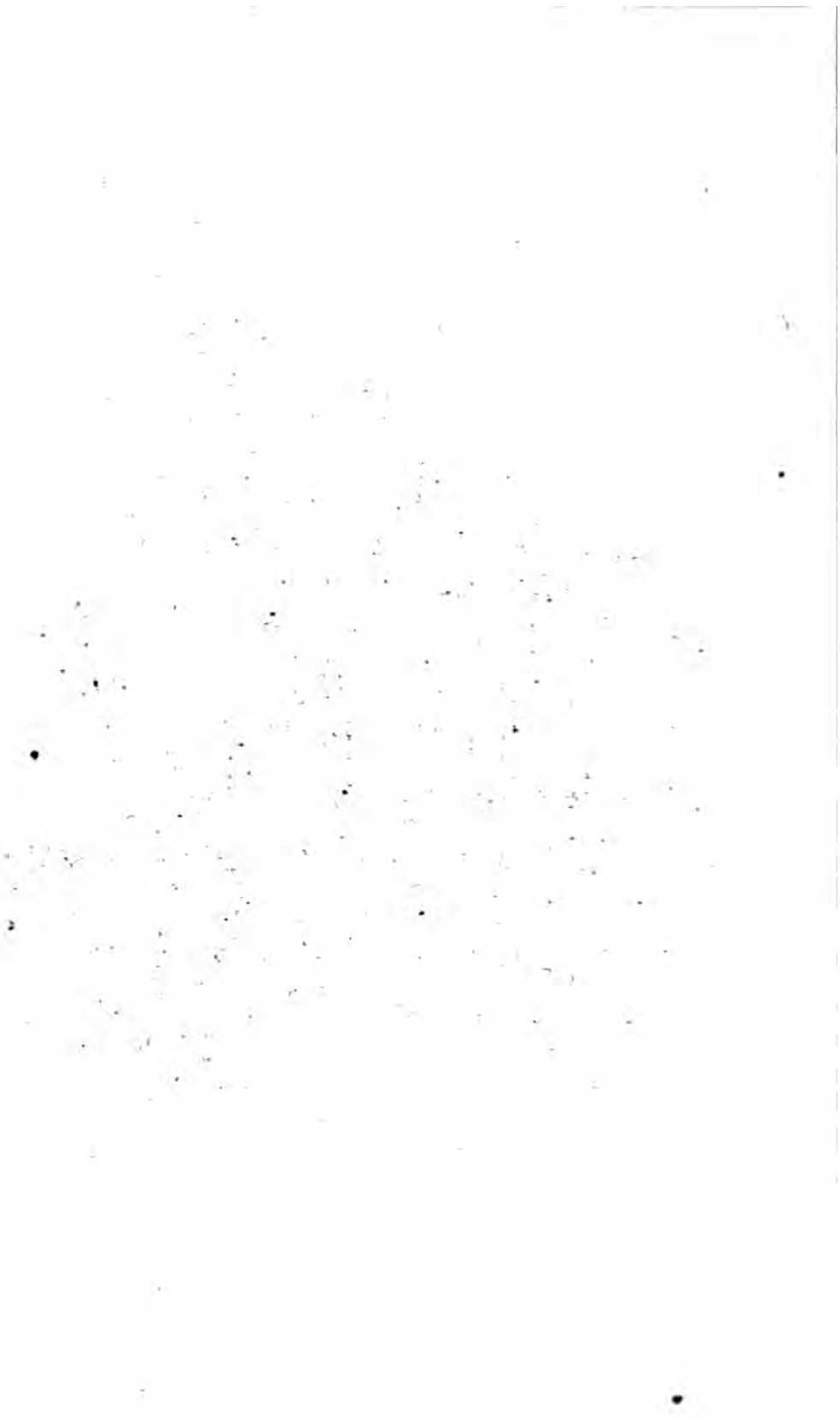
Spearabout Tibby was not wholly free from the superstitious notions of her rank and age. Her stern nature had quailed beneath the awful denunciations of the helper; but, as the cheerful blaze from the dry furze and brushwood she had kindled on the hearth, diffused light and warmth through her dreary abode, she began to view the matter in a different light. The long walk, and the chill evening air, had sharpened her appetite, which, in conjunction with the coaxing of the goat, who continued to snuff and poke about the wallet, at last overcame her resolution; and, taking out the remains of the proscribed bread, on which she and her dumb companion made a hearty meal, they afterwards betook themselves to rest.

That night the repose of the old woman was disturbed by a fearful dream. The awful denunciations of the bigot had powerfully impressed her waking thoughts, and recurred in wild and distorted images during sleep. The Evil One, she imagined, pursued her over furrow and brake, and as she was about to plunge into the Blackadder stream in hopes of gaining

Drawn by J. Paton

Engraved by J. Gellatly

Francesco



the opposite bank,* she felt his hot sulphureous breath on her cheek, and the next instant was enwreathed in the talons of the fiend.

"Go," exclaimed the demon, with a hellish laugh, relinquishing his grasp, "you may walk this earth a little longer, but I have marked you for my own; and when the time comes—at the hour of death,—I shall be by to claim my prey."

Covered with a cold perspiration, and trembling in every limb, the old woman threw herself from her chaff pallet, and, screaming with terror, flew to the door of her hovel. The chill moist air of early dawn blew on her forehead, but cooled not the burning impress there, and the unhappy victim of delusion continued to utter the most unearthly howlings.

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Ralph Veitch, a *portioner* on the opposite side of the water, was jogging towards the mill to which his land was *thirled*, reprobating in his own mind the oppressive statute which compelled him to carry his oats nearly five miles, when he might otherwise have had them ground within sight of his own homestead.

On reaching the ford, Dobbin began to shy, and notwithstanding the application of the heels and the

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* It was a popular belief that Satan had no power to pursue his victim across a running stream.

"*A running stream he darena cross.*"—TAM O'SHANTER.

hazel wand of Ralph to his sides, at last stood stock-still.

"What ails the brute?" exclaimed the rider, "dost hear the water-kelpie, or snuffest a *spate at the heads?* On, Dobbin, on!" and again with wand and heels he urged the animal to the water's edge, when a prolonged and unearthly howl reached his ear.

"Thou wert right, Dobbin," he said, patting the neck of the terrified beast, "thou wert right, evil spirits are abroad," and *saining* himself he turned back, and proceeded by a more circuitous path to a bridge near the mill.

When opposite the hovel of Tibby, he again heard the same frightful cries, and looking towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, beheld in the grey dawn an object seemingly writhing in the agonies of death. Humanity getting the better of his superstitious terrors, he trotted Dobbin towards the mill, and having told his tale, was accompanied to the spot by the miller.

The fearful writhings of Tibby, and the unchristian words which issued from her lips, induced them to proceed to the *manse.* Good old Mass John was seated at breakfast when they arrived; but always ready to afford his aid or his advice to his parishioners, the miller and his companion were instantly admitted. Having told their tale, he concluded that the strange old woman either uttered the ravings of insanity, or was labouring under the delirium of fever, and in-

stantly dispatched his man* to summon the nearest doctor.

The means resorted to by the village Esculapius, was successful in allaying the excitement of fever; but the strength of the patient rapidly declined, and to him it appeared evident that she would not survive to behold the light of a new day.

The holy soothings of Mass John, were after a time successful in calming the religious horrors of Tibby; and he listened to a recital of the intolerance of his helper, with all the indignation of which his mild nature was capable. For a moment, the stern, unforgiving spirit of the dying woman burst forth.

"Ha! ha! Mr Helper," she muttered with a chuckling laugh, "ye'll no *craw sae crouse* I'm thinking when ye stand afore the session ——."

"Isabel, Isabel," interrupted Mass John, "is that a fitting temper for one about to enter into the presence of her Maker?" but further reproof was spared, for Isabel Learmont, on uttering those words, had exhaled her last breath.

She had previously preferred two requests to Mass

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* The *minister's man*—male servant of the rural pastor, was usually a personage of no little importance in the parish. Day or night, foul weather or fair weather, whenever sickness, accident, or expected birth required prompt aid, the *minister's man*, mounted on his master's mare, was always the messenger on such errands of humanity.

John, which were faithfully performed by the pastor. The one was to inform the *doer* of her demise, and the other to take charge of her four-footed favourite.

Isabel Learmont, in due time, found a resting-place in a corner of the village kirk-yard. The unsightly hovel, which had afforded a shelter to this strange woman, was razed to the ground; the interest taken in her fate by the *doer*, continued a mystery, or was known only to the pastor. The bigot helper never again entered the pulpit, nor was called on to minister in the visitations of the parish, and, in no long time, was translated to a charge north of the Grampians.

In the progress of agricultural improvements, luxuriant harvests waved over the wild sterile spot on which erst stood the hovel of Spearabout Tibby; and the place which once knew her, knew her no more. Yet amongst the lingerings of superstition, even so late as towards the termination of the last century, the Legend of the FIERY CROSS was oft repeated by some aged grandam, to her wondering and appalled auditors, collected round the cottage ingle, on a stormy wintry evening.

THE SPECTRE OF ROSENFELD.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

COMMUNICATED BY P. M. STEWART, ESQ., M. P.

WITHIN these dark and silent walls,
Where nought to life or joy recals,
A lonely taper sheds its light,
And feebly chases, where it falls,
The gloom of night.

And dimly seen, amid the shade,
In darken'd outline there display'd,
A female form is seated lone,
And on her knee is open laid
A mystic tome.

In rapt attention, mutely bending,
Hopes, fears, and sorrows wildly blending,
Far from this troubled world's annoy ;
Dreams she of evils yet impending,
Or vanish'd joy ?

"Speak, lady! in this gloomy cell
Why thus it is thy choice to dwell,
Till lingering death shall set thee free?
Speak, lady! deign thy woes to tell,
If such there be."

Slowly she turned, and raised her head,
And waved her hand, and softly said,
"Rash mortal! darest thou to hold
Converse with one who long hath laid
Silent and cold?

"The tomb that bore my name is not—
That blighted name, long since forgot;
Forgotten is my tale of woe!
And busy feet tread o'er the spot
Where I lie low.

"And shall these mould'ring lips reveal
The guilt that time would now conceal,
And nightly vigil would efface?
For which I humbly make appeal
To boundless grace?

"Let it suffice thee, then, to know
I lived in sin, I died in woe,
And found no rest within the tomb;
Such was my portion here below,
And such my doom.

"But see yon waning taper fail,
The stars decrease, the moon grows pale;
The screech owl chides my length'ned stay,
And forms unseen, with clam'rous wail,
Urge me away."

Sadly she spoke, and slowly rose,
The ponderous volume gently closed,
And quench'd that taper's waning light;
No step was heard, no track disclosed
Her mystic flight!

FRANCESCO.

A SCRAP FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

Count Hugo's page, he sits and sings;
  But still as he sings the quick tears fall:
And merrily out the deep bell rings
  From the chapel spire so taper tall.

Count Hugo has been o'er the salt-sea foam,
  And this is his nuptial hour;
For he has brought a young bride home,
  To lighten his lonely tower.

But what can grieve Francesco now,
  When every heart is gay?
Why clouded is his sunny brow,
  On his good lord's bridal day?

Alone in the valley he sits and sings,
  And over his lute the big tears fall;
While merrily out the deep bell rings,
  From our Lady's chapel spire so tall.

* * * * * *

The feast is o'er, and hush'd the mirth:
No sound is heard in bower or hall,
But the eiry cricket on the hearth,
Or the dead watch on the wall.

The midnight is toll'd from the donjon keep,
And all are bound to rest;
Fair Geraldine lies fast asleep
On Hugo's dreaming breast.

O! mirk, mirk is the midnight hour,
And still as still can be;
For none are awake in Hugo's tower
But—— Jesu! who are ye?——

Ha, he is gone! I saw him stand
Beside the bridal bed,
—As from the hearth a smouldering brand
Its death flash dimly shed—
A dagger glimmer'd in his hand
Raised o'er Geraldine's head.

* * * * * *

Oh! stretch her out upon her bier,
The funeral garlands twine;
Oh! breathe a prayer and shed a tear,
For the lovely Geraldine.

But yesterday, the chapel bell
  Her bridal peal was ringing ;
To-day, it knolls her funeral knell,
  Sullenly, slowly, swinging.

* * * * * *

A maniac maiden sits and sings,
  Under the greenwood tree ;
Backward and forward she slowly swings,
  And thus still murmurs she :—

" He won my heart, he ruin'd me,
  He wed another bride ;
But, in the morn, he woke to see
  A white corpse by his side.

" There's blood, there's blood upon my hand,—
  Hence wandering shade ! begone !
Away, and sleep in thy grave so deep,
  Under the churchyard stone."

M. E.

ANDREW WHITE.

In one of the sequestered and beautiful vallies which abound in the south of Scotland, is situated a small cottage, which, partially seen through the thickly woven ivy and woodbine that enclose its white walls, and spread their feeble tendrils over its lowly thatched roof, appears to the weary traveller like a haven of rest, an oasis in the desert, inviting to repose; where the care-worn spirit beneath its peaceful shade, may, for a while, forgetful of the dreary wilderness spread around, forget his woes, and wonder and admire the goodness shown by nature's God to the children of men. Separated from that lowly cot by a grove of mountain ash and hazel, stands a small church, surrounded by the tombs of the village poor; and on a little grey stone, which marks one of these last resting-places, are engraven the words: —

"Sacred to the Memory of Andrew White."

By that lowly cottage, and near that humble grave, a high-born and beautiful lady often wanders, and gives a tear to the memory of one who peacefully slumbers beneath its green bosom. Pride forbids not the tribute, for she remembers the humble and hope-

less love of the meek-hearted being who, she doubts not, is now a glorified spirit.

Matilda was the daughter of a gentleman of noble birth and extensive possessions; Andrew White was the son of one of his cottars. Matilda was beautiful—more than beautiful to every eye; to the humble cottage boy she seemed as one of heaven's own seraphs, who were wont to visit paradise before man fell. And when, at the age of sixteen, her father gave her away in marriage to a gentleman of large property in the neighbourhood, the engaging affability of her manners towards her dependents—the gentleness, mixed with dignity, with which she addressed them, made her the object at once of love and reverence. Andrew White partook of the general sentiment; he had offered his services to her gardener, and been engaged as one of his assistants: thus he had frequent opportunities of beholding his lovely mistress. But insensibly new and painful sensations pervaded his breast, and destroyed his peace. He had not dared to own, even to himself, the fatal cause; but the throbbing of his heart, and the tremour of his frame when she approached, compelled him at length to look and tremble at the precipice on which he stood, while the unconscious object of his adoration, in directing his labours, and occasionally assisting in them, added fuel to the flame which consumed him. At length, the change in his appearance attracted the notice of his mistress, who compassionately inquired the cause of his deep melancholy.

Alas! little could she know herself to be the innocent source of his sufferings! Days and weeks passed away, and but added to the misery of the unhappy youth.

Andrew was the sole support of an infirm parent, who, with the unaffected piety exhibited by many of the Scottish peasantry, reared this her only earthly hope in the fear of the Lord; nor was she disappointed. Quiet and inoffensive he fulfilled unrepiningly his humble duties, nor ever felt a wish that virtue might not own, till his heart, once so tranquil, became the prey of tumultuous passions. The anguish of his mind at length brought on a malignant fever, and in the ravings of delirium his secret was made known to his heart-stricken parent. Slowly at length came the season that gardeners love; but though returning health faintly tinged his cheek, the vivifying influence of spring brought no peace to his soul. He returned to his daily tasks, but the elastic springs of youth and health no longer vibrated to the breath of summer, and he was sensible that his life was passing away. But for the thought of his aged mother, he would have hailed the approach of death as a messenger of peace; but that fond parent would be alone, and what would comfort her when bereft of him? He prayed—for he knew that his God heard him; he prayed that he might be enabled to bear his woes—that He who tempers the wind to the clothing of the lamb would preserve him from madness. The year again waned to its close, and it was evident to all that Andrew White had tended the

garden for the last time. But as the wheels of life slowly circled, his spirit rose buoyant from its trammels of clay; the world fell off from around him, and glimpses of another shone through the veil of mortality. His secret was in his own keeping; ought he to go to the grave without disclosing his involuntary sin? Would it not be hypocrisy to do so? Yes! he would lay open his heart, and then seek rest from all his troubles.

Every day his lovely mistress came to see him, bringing little cordials, and administering with her own hands such remedies (ah! how vain), as the medical gentlemen ordered to be given him.

One day Matilda went to the cottage as usual, to visit the poor invalid; his mother was standing without the door, weeping bitterly. "How is your son to-day, my good friend?" inquired the lady. "O! my leddy, he'll soon be weel, for he's gaun to Him that made him; but oh! what'll come o' his mother when he's ta'en awa? He was my only bairn, an' the best that ever made a mother's heart glad. When his father was ta'en frae me, I had my laddie left me; but noo, to think that I'm to look on his grave – that the hand o' my son's cauld, that should lay his mother's head in the yird! But I'll no be lang ahint him, that's a' my comfort. O dear! O dear! what will become o' me when I ha'e na him!"

Matilda's tears were flowing fast. The high-born lady did not disdain to participate in the griefs of

the lowly cottar. She attempted some words of consolation, and promised to be a friend and daughter to her; but the words were nearly inaudible. "O my leddy, ye're owre gude; ye're owre bonny an' owre gude, an' my puir bairn kens that to his cost!" Here the feeble voice of the invalid was heard, and they entered the cottage. Matilda taking his hand, inquired how he felt himself? "Like one, dearest lady, who having been storm-tossed on the ocean, has reached a safe harbour." His mother had gone out to weep, and they were alone. She took his pillow, arranged it for his greater comfort, and bending over him, in the most soothing accents inquired if she could do any thing to make him happy? He took her hand, which she did not withdraw, in both his; and as his poor emaciated fingers clasped that small white hand which they had never before touched, he fixed his eyes, over which the shades of death were gathering, on her face. There was a pause. Then collecting all his strength, he said in a voice that seemed as if it sounded from the hollow depths of the tomb, "You will not be angry—ah! no! But, oh! lady—there is something I must tell you.—Ever since I first saw you—nay, do not be angry—I will never more offend you; but I feel that I cannot die till you know all! Lady! when I was a child, I often wondered within myself, what like the angels were—of whom I had read, and of whom my mother used to tell me. I imagined them to myself, beautiful and smiling—and clad in white robes, with fair hair,

crowned with flowers; and when I first saw you, then a young lady in your father's fields, I ran to my mother and cried, 'O mother, I have seen an angel!' Yes, dear lady, I am going where there are many beings such as you. Had my life been spared, my presumptuous love would never have met your ear; and surely to love goodness itself, cannot be a crime.—I have struggled—oh! how I have tried to overcome this foolish and sinful love—but it has proved stronger than I —say, dear lady, that you forgive me! I have made my peace with Heaven, and you will not deny me your forgiveness?"

Matilda's tears fell fast on his face: the excitement had passed away, and he sunk back on his pillow. The sun had been all the morning shrouded in clouds, and suddenly bursting forth, his rays fell on the bed, from whence a glorified spirit was about to rise. The purest bliss shone on the features of the dying boy; he raised his wasted hand, and pointed to that part of the heavens from whence the rays proceeded. His mother came in, and he looked appealingly on his mistress; she understood that look, and took the hand of the distracted parent, thereby meaning to show, that she would be to her as a daughter. The hectic flush faded—the bright eyes closed, and Andrew White was no more.

ANNABELLA A——.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

By Edward Polin.

"The flow'rs, dear mother, soon again will bring
Their summer treasures to rejoicing earth,
And all earth's lovelier things will soon have birth.
Again the forest's loneliness will ring
With the glad chorus of the birds: the hills
Sounding sweet welcome from a thousand rills;
But ah! dear mother, never more for me
Shall the glad summer smile o'er earth and sea;
Ah! never, never more!

"The future dims before me even now,
Now while my thoughts are earthward, and I feel
The grave's dread shadows o'er my spirit steal;
Mocking the paleness of that sorrowing brow,
My own dear mother! and that tearful eye
That now from morn till eve is never dry;
And my lov'd haunts by wood, and hill, and stream,
Where life has been with me a fairy dream,
I ne'er shall see them more!

" I fear not death, dear mother, though so near ;
I fear it not, though feeling day by day
My young life sinking 'neath a quick decay.
But yet to know that all I held most dear
Of human goodness, and the lovely earth,
And bless'd affections of our household hearth,
I soon must lose, still gathers round my heart,
Dark, sadden'd feelings that may ne'er depart,
Till I shall be no more !

" And thou wilt mourn me, mother, morn and eve,
Thy gushing tears long, long will sadly tell
Thy grief for her that thou hast loved so well.
Long o'er thy buried hopes thy heart shall grieve,
For I have been from childhood's earliest days
Heart-shelter'd near thee ; nurtur'd 'neath the rays
Of thy fond love—but all, alas! in vain ;
Now must the silken chord be burst in twain,
To be renewed no more !

" There is a soothing sadness in the thought,
That lights the darksome pathway to the tomb,
To know that, though enshrouded in the gloom
Of the dank grave, I will not be forgot :—
That the fond love that watched my living sleep,
Untir'd by time, will still sweet vigil keep
O'er my death slumber, and fresh flow'rs of spring—
Heart-watered off'rings—to my grave shall bring,
Though *I* can feel no more !

" But this is vanity ! and should not be,
While death stands beck'ning by ;—far, far away,
Where death is not, where smiles an endless day,
And where, in love, from all earth's frailties free,
Good spirits wait me—dearest mother, there
My hopes now lead me from this world of care.
Ay, the sweet hope of that pure, second birth,
Hath hushed all yearnings for this joyless earth,
Thus should my spirit soar !

" Thou taught'st me, mother, by thy faith to feel
That though death-parted, we should meet again ;
And still that early impress I retain
Upon this heart unfaded. But why steal
Those vapoury shadows o'er those faces ? why
Do you now hide from me the far blue sky ?
But there !—I see it now—how wondrous fair !
Oh ! from this darkness let me wander there,
I ne'er will leave it more !"

And so her sinless spirit passed away
Thus calmly, but for ever ; and the breath
Of her young life was kissed away by death,
Even when a mother's lips would still essay
To catch its faintest throbbings. When the worst
That death could do was done, *then* wildly burst
That mother's sorrow, silent all till now,
When, by the unmoved eye, and pale, pale brow,
She felt that all was o'er.

PHILOSOPHICAL SKETCH OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

By W. W. Fyfe, Esq.

All we have learned and unlearned in the lapse of ages, it has been the office of the historian to preserve, or the negligence of that important office to destroy. Every contributor to the records of experience, is in such a sense an historian; is entitled to the praise of our inherited enlightenment, or the blame of our degeneracy. And it is not only in the annals of the chronicler; it is on the broad face of the World of Letters, that we are to read the real history of man. In such a view, the dark page of the desert ruin, and the mysterious symbols of the Egyptian hieroglyphic, are volumes of strict interest, teeming with the legends of our race.

We can only take a brief glance at the records of the early historians, sacred and profane. We first find them describing the dawn of time; the woods, the tents and cottages of the east in pastoral ages—when the flocks were led from plain to plain in search of

clearer springs and fresher fields ;* and then the settlement of nomadic or wandering races into fixed abodes. From taking shelter from the storms of heaven in the hollow of the rock, the savage man discerns the policy of digging a cave ; or he forms an arbour like Robinson Crusoe, by the plantation of stakes and the arrangement of thickets. A dwelling of more solid materials is soon added, by the obvious necessity of adding security to shelter. Convenience suggests a variety of improvements. The solitary hut becomes the centre of a village, and, in that manner, the bonds of civil society are extended and fastened. The authority of the father, created into a patriarchal government, suffices to check the scanty manifestations of offence, against the trifling properties of the times, by means of few and simple laws ; and instant justice, without the tedious complication of forms, is dispensed with promptitude beneath the rural portal, or the spreading palm-tree, by judges whose only legal authorities are, equity and reason. Time progresses. The latent powers of

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* Or, as Thomson expresses it in his happiest numbers, imitating Spencer,

What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldean land
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and mountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then—of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed.
Blest sons of nature they ! True golden age indeed.

the mind are more developed; artificial refinement, in supplying simple wants, creates compound ones. The simple arts of rustic life content no longer. The artisan becoming of greater consequence to his fellow-man, produces better skill, and nearer approaches to perfection. The acquisitions of some, excite the envy or avarice of others. The beasts of the chase no longer suffice to stain the rustic spear with blood. Rapine arises; the golden sinks into the silver, the silver into the brazen, and the brazen to the iron age. The authorities of parents and patriarchs, were no longer adequate restraints. Then arose a magistracy; first a supreme authority, and then modified into a system of civil subordination. Rank looked up to rank, and intelligence uttered law; for whatever levellers may assume respecting equality as the general birth-right, there never was a time when the strong hand did not rise superior to the weak. And when mind and its dominion are seen, in the course of any revolution in human affairs, to merge into the momentary equality of all men, it is only because brute force has assailed it, in the insanity of brutal vengeance.

We in this country mark the progress of civilization over the world by the course of the sun. Asia was the cradle of the human race. In that eventful region was born human life—and human knowledge and religion —and *Sin*—Paganism—Judaism—Christianity and Mahommedanism – all religions sprung up in Asia. She beheld the origin of temporal greatness and of spiritual

power. It was there that the conquests of *Ninus* and Semiramis—Alexander and Tamerlane—the earliest and mightiest on record, spread terror and astonishment over a subject world. It is even maintained* that it was more from *China, India*, and Chaldea, than from even Egypt, that Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, &c., drew their wonderful speculations in philosophy; which, being the first that have descended to us in an intelligible form, are entitled to be considered the greatest ever attempted by man. From Asia, knowledge in her westward course winged her flight to Africa, where, wrought up to a wonderful pitch—however obstructed by the mysticism, as it is now utterly buried in the obscurities of Egyptian pride and vanity—it was carried off from the Ethiopians, who had borne it from the banks of the Indus; and from the Egyptians, who are believed to have borrowed it from the dusky and despised Ethiopians, by the eagle genius of Greece, across the blue Levant, and was enthroned for ages on the Achian strand. In Greece knowledge flourished, holding westwards still to Rome, until, when Rome and Greece became the most civilized and enlightened nations of the earth, Chaldea and Egypt, forsaken by the spirit and the power of genius, were sinking back into the rudeness and barbarity from which Greece and Rome had emerged. It was in haughty and imperious Rome that it was assailed by

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* Sir Wm. Temple.

the inroads of barbarism, until it seemed swept from the world by the justice of a retribution on the abusers of its power. But the quenchless fire sprung up like the phœnix from its ashes; and, after smouldering for years in the embers of decay, it was seen to brighten in Italy—blaze in Spain—and to spread like wild-fire over France and Germany, till it lighted up the hundred hills of Britain, and rendered her the beacon-light and torch of all the earth.

The progress of learning we consider synonymous with the course of history; we might substitute *place* for *time* in tracing downwards the connection of events. Dwelling in Asia from the fall and dispersion of mankind, we should take the pastoral plains for the historical sites of the earliest ages. The banks of the Tigris and Euphrates would furnish us with the memories of the cities, that first concentrated the greatness of human government. Nineveh and Babylon would give up from their ruins the stories of the sway of Ninus—the glory of Semiramis—the victories of Cyrus, and the death of Alexander; while the mounds on the plain of Shus would recal the scriptural tale of Esther and the verified prophecies of Daniel.* Taking

* A small building at the foot of one of these mounds, is said to contain the tomb of the prophet.

Mr J. Bell, the Editor of Rollin, gives the following note, from an Arabic work, which we must abridge :—

"In the 18th year of the Hegira, A. D. 640, an Arabian army invaded Susiana, (in Scripture, Shushan, the palace.) Their gen-

Xenophon for our guide amid the heaps of ruins and desolation of the desert, which contains the "glory of the kingdoms—the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency, which shall never be inhabited from generation to generation," there exist such incessant and innumerable traces of fallen columns and shattered walls, that

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eral having entered the palace, slain the governor, and possessed himself of his treasures, came to a certain chamber which was strongly fastened, a leaden seal being affixed to the lock. Inquiring what it contained, he was answered that he would not find it a desirable object of plunder; but he caused the lock to be broken, and the door forced. In the chamber, he beheld a stone of considerable dimensions, hollowed out into the form of a coffin, and in that the body of a dead man, wrapt in a shroud or winding sheet of gold brocade. The head was uncovered. Abou Mousa and his attendants were astonished; and having measured the nose, they found that proportionally he must have exceeded the common size of men. The general was told that this was the body of an ancient sage, who formerly lived in Irak, (Chaldea or Babylonia.) ***** The Arabian general inquired "by what name this extraordinary personage had been known?" They replied "the people of Irak called him Daniel Hakim, or Daniel the Sage." Abou Mousa, by the command of Omar, obliged the people of Sus to turn the stream which supplied them with water, from its natural course. Then having wrapped the body of Daniel in another shroud of gold brocade, he commanded a grave to be made in the dry channel of the river, and therein deposited the venerable remains of the prophet. The grave was then firmly secured; the river was restored to its wonted channel, and the waters of Sus now flow over the body of Daniel."—Ed. R. A.

the wilderness appears as one vast ruin of a city, whose magnitude is incalculable. We would follow in the steps of the Macedonian, scattering everlasting destruction around him: behold him swelling the Granicus, drenching the streets of Issus and Arbela, and tinging the Persian and the Caspian straits, and the mighty rivers of India themselves—the Oxus, the Taxartes, and the Indus, with one continuous deluge of blood. He would then sit down and weep, to find he had reached the petty limits of human ambition, and his story would be over; he, the master of one world, and the would-be conqueror of another, dying the death of a drunkard after a midnight excess. What a lesson to mortal vanity, presumption, and recklessness! We should gaze upon the struggles of Alexander's successors—the splendid resistance of Mithridates to the Roman power—the victories of Pompey—the defeat of Crassus—the successes of Lucullus—the retreat of Anthony, and the destruction of Julian—Heraclius' triumphs and Bajazet's fall. In fact, if not Asia itself, at least Asia Minor, seems the destined arena for all the powers of earth to wrestle in their mortal strife, rolling over each other in her vast sands like gladiators in a Roman circus—grasping each other in the terrible struggle for life or death—victory or doom.*

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* We regret that we cannot give the whole of this article.—Ed. R. A.

ON A FRIEND'S MARRIAGE.*

By Andrew Foulds.

Long let them love together! for their lips have spoken
The dear confession, and their lives are one,
Knit by the vowings that can ne'er be broken
Till the fleet memory of life's love is gone.

All, all is joyfulness, and eyes are speaking
Loudly the whisperings of the secret breast;
And warm affection's tones come sweetly breaking
The tenderer silence, and now both are blest.

Oh! why is all this blessedness and loving?
Did their young bosoms guilelessly grow dear
'Mid childhood-moments, when the heart is moving
With the light gleesomeness stern time may sear?

And did he touch in innocence her fingers,
In the light wanderings of life's sinless days,
O'er which the soul in backward yearning lingers
To save one gleaming of their long lost rays?

* These verses, written by a young man of much promise, and in a great measure self-taught, derive, in our estimation, no little interest from the fact, that the author, himself on the eve of being united in marriage to one whom he had long loved, died of fever but a few days after sending us this contribution.

They ne'er might wander thus; but each had dreamings,
Untold imaginings, of kindred hearts,
Stealing like heaven-thoughts, when their hope-fraught beamings
Sooth the worn spirit that from earth departs.

And well might rapture thrill through those fond bosoms,
When the bright reading of their day-dreams came;
When each gave up to each, love's untouched blossoms,
And fancy wondered if it still did dream.

For there are lonely ones, whose hearts ne'er lighted
Love's burning sympathy, whose once warm breath
Was chilled with broken hopes, whose gay breasts, blighted,
Court the cold bridal and embrace of death:

And lonelier still, who smile but in their sleeping,
When the dear visions of dead forms arise,
Lighting the eyeballs darkened o'er with weeping,
For the sad sundering of earth's tenderest ties.

Then let him guard her well, that meek one, clinging
With child-simplicity around him now;
And let his love give back her glad heart's singing,
The priceless offering of her bosom's flow.

BANNOCKBURN.

By Robt. L. Malone.

My country's bravest battle-field!
What Scottish heart but turns to thee;
Where Bruce stood forth, a sword and shield,
To turn the tide of tyranny?
The charter of our liberty
Was laid with Wallace in his urn,
Till Bruce made out the new decree—
'Twas sign'd and seal'd at Bannockburn.

"Hah! see! the recreants yield amain,"
Proud Edward cries, "they kneel to me!"
Vain fool! too well this bloody plain
Shall tell who owns their fealty.
The shock of battle's past!—they flee!
On Scotland's hills their backs they turn;
Greece had but one Thermopylæ!
And Scotland had a Bannockburn!

And Freedom on the victory smiled,
And vow'd to Heav'n on bended knee,
That "Caledonia, stern and wild,"
For evermore her home should be:—

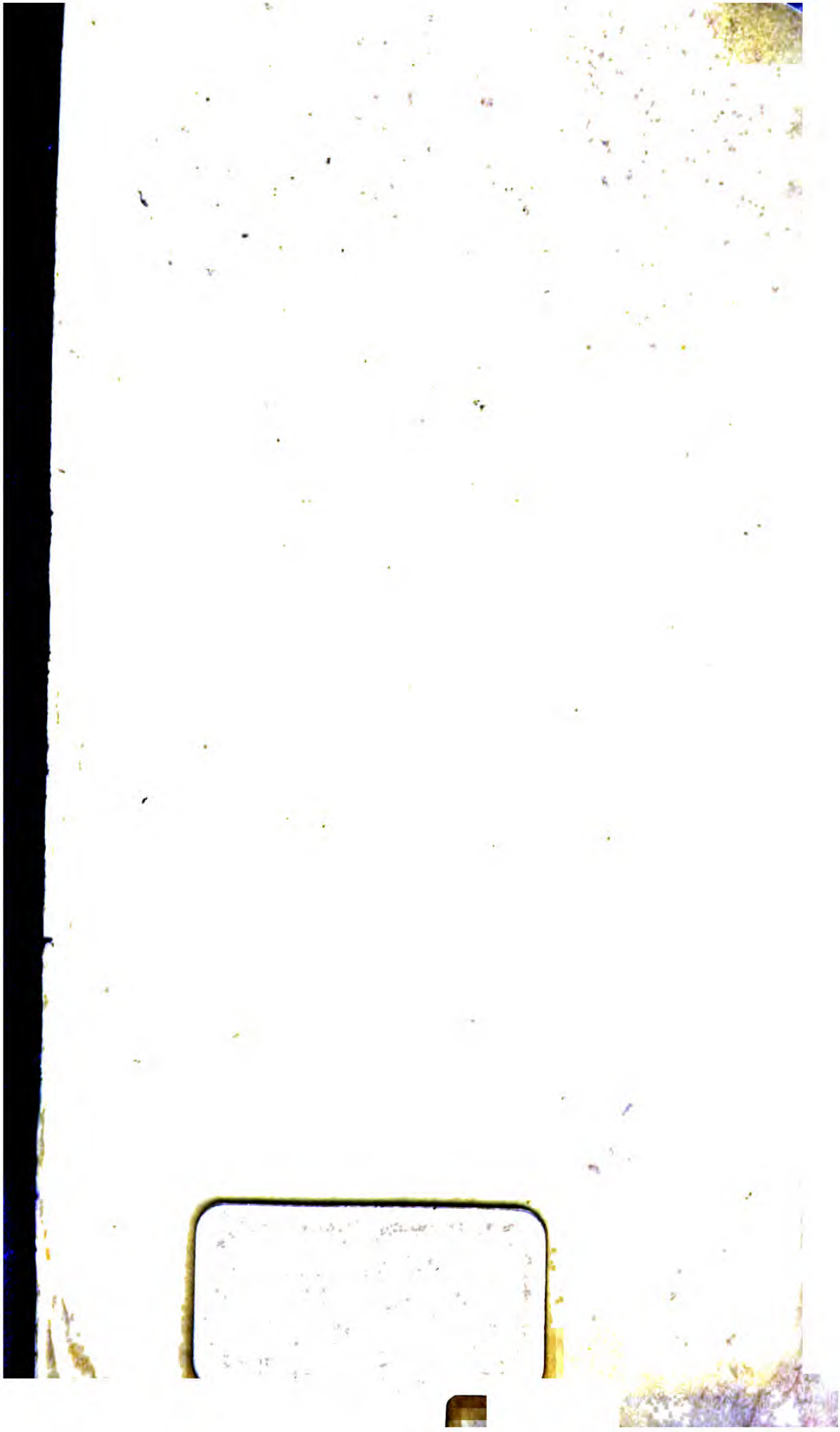
And, while the Tweed flows to the sea,
  While patriot-bosoms breathe and burn,
Shall Caledonia turn to thee,
  Thou glorious field of Bannockburn!

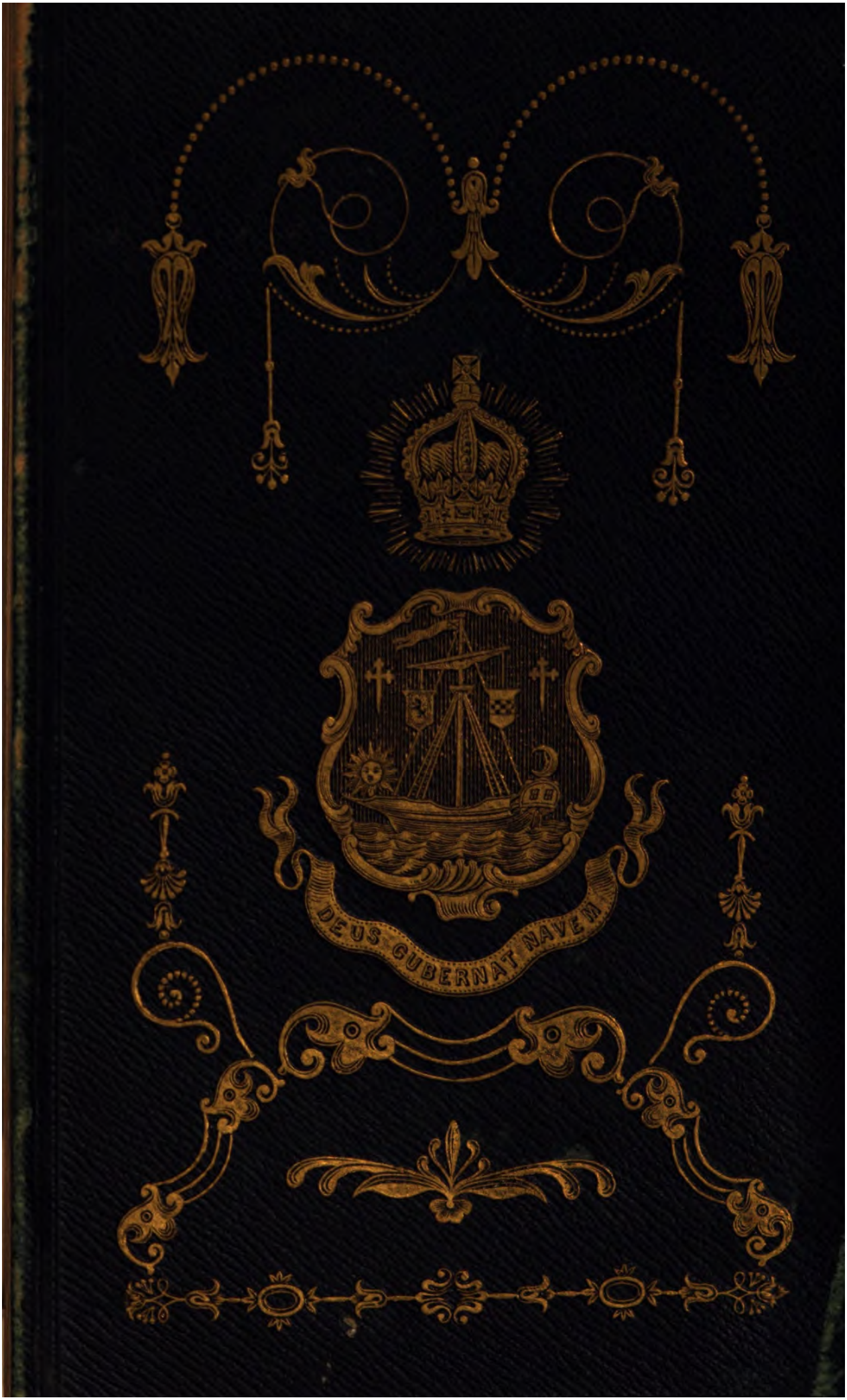
Thank Heav'n, those iron times are o'er,
  And union smiles on either land,
Tweed parts two rivals now no more,
  But joins two sisters hand in hand:
No more alternate victories yield,
  For maids and matrons, cause to mourn;
Nor Scotland weeps a Flodden field,
  Nor England wails a Bannockburn.

But still, thy sons from age to age,
  My country! at the name shall glow—
The brightest in thy history's page,
  And it is meet it should be so.
The spirits of the mighty dead,
  Their cold, degenerate sons would spurn,
Could they forget who fought and bled
  For them and thee at Bannockburn.

THE END.

J. NEILSON, PRINTER, PAISLEY.




DEUS GUBERNAT NAVEM