TALES AND SKETCHES.

TALES

AND

SKETCHES,

BY

A COSMOPOLITE.

So that the contents please thee, what concerns it, if the man in the Moon be Author. I would not willingly be known.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

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TO

JAMES WATSON WEBB, ESQ.

AS A

TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM

AND

RESPECT,

This Volume is dedicated, by his Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

Sept. 29, 1830.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Let me be censured by th' austerest brow,
Where I want wit, or judgment, tax me freely."
Ben Johnson.

As a painter can sketch whatever scene he looks upon, with such exactness to nature, that the most careless observer may at once recognize the resemblance; so also can a writer sketch to the imaginative mind, as vividly as the artist to the eye. Not presuming to that pitch of genius with which many of my contemporaries are gifted, but merely as an ardent admirer of animated and external nature, I have attempted the *Tales and Sketches*, which will be found in the following pages:—if, in these, my readers shall discover a resemblance to nature, and find amusement or instruction, my object will be fully attained.

Whoever has studied nature, with the keen eye of observation, must have remarked, that, to hit the gestures, actions and foibles, and those only, which distinguish one man from another—that make him in the moral world, a thing apart from his fellow men—is a task the true and exact performance of which comparatively few writers

have accomplished :—hence it is, that men of inferior mind so often fail in their attempts to delineate character. The human heart is a strange labyrinth; as in the natural world, no two leaves of the forest resemble each other in shape and shade; so in the moral, no two men are to be found alike in mind and disposition. According to constitution and education one man differs from another.

There is not one passion in the long catalogue of human frailties, which similarly affects different men. Hope, love, ambition, jealousy and hate, all operate differently on different individuals. Every man has a distinct character—a thing apart from his fellow-man. but according to circumstances, it is more or less strongly marked. The nice observer of human nature, when he has studied a character, can discern whether a deed related of that person, is, or is not in keeping with its author.

When a writer conceives a work, he chooses certain personæ to be the actors in his scenes: no matter what characters he may select, if he make them act naturally under the circumstances in which he places them, his plot withal natural and well matured, his execution will assuredly bring him some credit, even if his language be not classical—but the extent of his fame must depend upon his genius. On the other hand, a writer ignorant of human nature, and of the

secret springs that operate on mortal actions, if he make a wild and incongruous medley of individual character, even though his performance possess some ingenuity of plot, chasteness of language, and vividness of description, his work will not be popular—because it does not come home to the bosoms of men. Though few writers, as we said before, have ability to depict nature in her glowing colors, yet there is an intuitive feeling or judgment, which informs the heart, when it is correctly and naturally executed.

It is a very general remark in this ambitious, book-making age, when the march of intellect has made every man, in imagination, or in reality, able to achieve a notorious or an immortal name—that we have too many books, and that thousands who do not write, are as capable of writing as thousands who do; that those who do not write, show more sound judgment than even those who, in the walks of poetry and fiction, write well—(for every scene, and every character that nature has formed in her gravest or most fantastic mood, has already been pictured in every variety of coloring)—and that all those who now attempt to draw character or depict scenery, are but adumbrations of writers of the present time, or of a former age. This is not so: in animated and external nature there is as much left undescribed and undiscovered, as

there is in the sea unknown. Nor is it true, that every thing attempted now-a-days, is no more than the same that has formerly been told, but under a different combination of circumstances—and if the remark were true, we have the authority of Boileau to urge, "that wit, and fine writing, do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn." To those, also, who exclaim, that every thing written in our day is no more than what the ancients wrote a thousand years ago, we shall call in the authority of Pope, who says that "they who say our thoughts are not our thoughts, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say, our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers." But the strongest and most irrefutable argument to offer those who exclaim against the multiplication of books, is to be drawn from the works of the numerous sons of genius—bright heirs of immortality of the present day—who have achieved for themselves and their country, a name more glorious, and a fame more enviable, than the victor's laurel crown; and whose writings will command the admiration of unborn generations, and cause future ages to look back in imagination upon this, as the greatest and the brightest upon which the sun has ever shone.

I have been a wanderer in my time—I have seen many strange and varied scenes, which have

affected me through every grade of sorrow and of mirth. My mind, through all my travels, has found delight in examining nature, and seeking adventures. I have associated with all classes: I have heard

> "Tales of the peasant and the peer;
> "Tales of the bridal and the bier,
> "The welcome and farewell."

These, together with my own observations, have been carefully noted in my port folio. The following pages contain some of the *Tales and Sketches*, which either came directly under my own observation, or were related to me by fellow-travellers, and are selected almost at random. I offer no apology for thus presenting them, in a holiday dress: if they prove amusing or instructive, they will be acceptable—if not, they will soon find their proper level. They will harm none, for there is not a passage in them, that contains a vicious or poisonous thought. Such as they are, I launch them upon the stormy sea of popular opinion.

THE CLYDE.

THE CLYDE.

The bonny Clyde, with limpid wave,
Flows gently through its fertile dale,
Where lady fair, and warrior brave,
Rehearsed of old love's tender tale.
Now ancient days are but a dream,
And Clyde is but a freighting stream."

New Romance.

It was on one of those delightful summer evenings, which the lingering twilight casts upon the Scottish clime, that I embarked on board of one of the many steam-boats which ply upon the classic waves of the romantic Clyde :—when the sun, as if unwilling to set, only hides his head behind the western hills, and throws his mellow rays on every object within the compass of the visible horizon, tinging with his golden beams, the foliage, the earth and sea. The tide was ebbing, and the steamer speeding on her way like a winged thing, we soon left behind us, the tall spires and smoky factories of Glasgow. Now we reached Govan, and as we passed the confluence of the Clyde and Kelvin, caught a momentary glimpse of the ruined tower of Partick. If walls could speak, what strange tales of love and war

might not these unfold! A few moments more and we were abreast of Renfrew. In our progress we passed many fertile fields, and rich pasture lands, on which were grazing innumerable flocks and herds: whilst here and there amongst cultivated lawns, were seen surrounded by tall and wide spreading trees, the stately castles of noblemen, or the proud mansions of opulent merchants.

In an hour more, we passed the ancient village Kilpatrick, named as it is said, in consequence of being the birth and burial place of Ireland's tutelar Saint. We next approached Dunglass, and saw its ruined castle, where the creeping ivy, "the crimson tipped daisy" and yellow dandelion, seemed to love its decaying walls, showing the truth of the poet's often told tale of ruins, ivy and flowers. Within the centre of this relic of ancient days, stands a modern dwelling, seeming to the imaginative eye, like helpless infancy, shielded by hoary age. Dunglass, in its time had owned the haughty Gael and the proud Roman for its masters; fancy brought many a tale and scene of romance before our view, and that hour too, when a treacherous Southern blew up its battlements and its jutments.

"Its donjon keep and turret wall,"

and doomed its unoffending inhabitants to indiscriminate destruction.

While sitting upon the quarter deck, in this reverie, a dapper looking gentleman, in a pepper and salt suit of cloths advanced towards me: a small piercing black eye, shaded with bushy brows, glanced a good natured look upon me: his hair was as a poet would express himself for want of a better simile, "dark as the raven's wing," yet a few grey hairs were discoverable on his temples, which as the sun shone upon him, gave his locks the appearance of being strewn with silver threads; his complexion was of a healthy color, and his face would really have looked passing well, had it not been for a monstrous nose and chin, which, like those of Willie Wastle's wife, "threatened ane anither."

"This," said the dapper gentleman, pointing to the ruined castle still before us, "is all that treachery has left of a once proud fortress."

"Indeed!"

"Yes sir, an English boy, page of the Earl of Haddington blew it up in the year 1640. Historians assign various reasons for this ungrateful act, that is, as I am told, for I never read: I hate reading. Do you sir?

"I will not say so: the pleasantest hours of my life have been spent poring over the history of former days, or feasting on the breathings of the poet's thought"

"That's prettily said;—but what are books? No more than the thoughts and opinions of men,

and for my part, instead of mopping in the study day and night, over a tedious book, I prefer to mingle with society, and hear men speak in propria persona."

I saw by his manner that it would be useless to argue with him, for he seemed so settled in his own way of thinking, that I could advance nothing to convince him of his error; so with more than usual nonchalance I answered, "Yours is a vastly pleasant way of gaining information."

"So it is, and a profitable way too. Let me tell you a story that happened some fifty or an hundred years ago—you will not find it by reading history,—but it is true, nevertheless: the heroine lived in that house: look, sir, you will observe it within the ruined walls of Dunglass."

"I have already remarked its strange situation."

"The occupant of that house, at the date of my story, was Hugh Blantyre,—of him history knows nothing; were you to search its pages, you might not find that such a man is mentioned to have ever lived even in this neighborhood—but, history is a fable—he did live in that very house. Of his personal appearance nothing is now known; but this is certain, he was old, avaricious and crafty: for all men, he had a kind look and soft tone, always anxious to avoid giving

or taking offence, yet the gentry and peasantry around, looked upon him with a suspicious eye; though none could lay a guilty deed directly to his charge, yet many surmised that unlawful and unhallowed crimes had been perpetrated by Hugh Blantyre, or his emissaries. His wife, nearly of his own age, was generally disliked, yet, all thought her a harmless creature, possessing, among many negative, one positive fault, and that was inordinate ambition. This passion, the master chord of her heart, led her into a thousand doings, for which, however, she was more often pitied than condemned. They had an only son, at this time approaching to thirty years of age, who possessed all the faults ascribed to his parents, without one redeeming quality: he was as universally detested as he was known.

Mrs. Blantyre had a sister, who at an early period of life, married Colonel Douglas, a gentleman of large fortune and great personal worth,—an officer of undisputed bravery, and highly distinguished in the annals of his country. He perished on the field of battle, as he was boldly leading on his regiment against the foe: his last words were, "for our King and native land, charge!" Mrs. Douglas, who was devotedly attached to her husband, on hearing of her irreparable loss, pined away, like a tender flower nipped by untimely frost, and in a few years thereafter, was ranked among the good and virtuous,

of whom we can now only say "they were." A daughter, a lovely child, was the fruit of that marriage, who, on the death of her mother, was placed under the guardianship of her aunt Blantyre. Ellen Douglas grew up in loveliness and beauty, heiress to all the worth and wealth of her parents.

"What is all the world's wealth, if it bring not happiness to the heart!" sighed Ellen Douglas, one autumn evening as she sat at her lattice, anxiously expecting the arrival of one who should, before that hour, have knelt at her feet. "What is splendor?—'tis but an empty show: what the applause of the world? a mere mockery. I possess every thing that wealth can bestow,—even to the envy of my friends,—but in my heart I am as poor as the poverty of peace of mind can make me. Why comes he not? I have placed my happiness on one, unstable as water—yet I know he doats upon me. He is too wild and wayward, too fiery and impetuous; in every moment of his absence beyond the appointed hour, I fear his high spirit, and nice distinctions of honor, will lead him to some fearful extremity. The blood of the proud mountain Gael courses through every vein."

While the young and beautiful Ellen Douglas, was indulging in these and similar thoughts in her own apartment, in another room of the mansion, a very different scene was acting.

Before I introduce you to that apartment, I

must premise, that, on a braver or a comlier youth than Kenneth Colquhoun, the creator never stamped his likeness—he was born on the banks of Loch Lomond—in Luss, I believe—his foot was the fleetest, his boat the swiftest, his gun the surest, and his heart the boldest in Dunbartonshire. Sprung from a proud race, no chieftain of the Clans was higher mettled: his parents died, when he was quite a lad, and left him but a sorry patrimony.

"You tell his qualities in glowing language."

"I do: for as I see a tinge of romance in your composition, I shall speak in the style of Laird Sumpsit, writer to the Signet, Edinburgh—he is a very particular friend of mine. Do you know him?"

"I have not that pleasure.—On with the story in your own or any way. Kenneth was poor;—that was a misfortune."

"Say rather a crime; for now-a-days, at least, it is by many so considered. Sir, when I look around me, and behold so many ignoble minds possessed,—I should say cursed, with boundless wealth, whose souls are too mean and grovelling to know its value or its use, I sigh at the verdict of the partial fates. When I see so many noble and aspiring minds, nipped in the blossom of their hopes by wintry poverty, I curse the way of the world, and wish the old standard of merit were again acknowledged. In olden times, virtue, valor, worth and mind, reigned ascend-

ant. Now, all is comprised in one word—gold—that vile earthly dross. O heavens! on what evil times have we fallen! Do you not think so?"

"Why not exactly; money is a good thing, it helps us to comforts and luxuries, of which we would else be deprived. In this age, all must in their hearts at least, acknowledge the potency of money, for we daily feel the truth of the well known apothegm, that 'poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it destroys liberty and makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.'"

"That is true, but tell me," said my persevering interrogator, "what do you think of mind, that is, genius, talent, and so forth?"

"Mind, and mind only, dignifies human nature: gild as you may, the purse-proud, ignorant fool—he is still a fool."

"There we agree exactly. The preliminaries being told, now for the story. There is not, perhaps, much method in it, but I shall relate it, as I have so far done, exactly as it was told to me, by my friend Laird Sumpsit. I have an excellent memory. Have you?

I merely nodded my head, which universal custom has allowed to be an affirmative answer. The dapper gentleman then proceeded in nearly the following words.

In the apartment to which I have previously alluded, three persons were engaged in earnest conversation: though there was little possibility

and less probability of being overheard, still they spoke in whispers. Men engaged in the discussion of guilty deeds, seem to fear the sound of even their own voices.

"This must be prevented, that I have determined," said a lady in a manner so haughty it bordered almost on a command,—"but," continued she, "since you will take such cruel, yet effectual measures in the case, I must be guiltless —I will not have the stain of blood upon my head. Pursue your own course, I must remain innocent, and therefore retire."

Not a word being spoken, nor a motion made to the contrary by her companions, she immediately withdrew, and father and son were left alone.

"I am settled in my purpose," said the former. "Yes, this is the safest and the surest way," was the reply.

"May we depend upon McGregor? Is he true in heart and hand?"

"He has named his price—he shall have it; then why should he be else than true. I have not a jot of fear; I know him to the heart's core."

"Then let him depart immediately, for he may be already too late. The sun is down, and we have no time to lose, if it is to be done to-night—and to-night it shall be done. Remember, I am not to be known in this transaction—it is to seem your doing."

This being concluded, Edmund Blantyre (for it was he and his father who were consulting on a deed of guilt, and it was the mother, who but a few moments before left them) departed from the house with a stealthy step, while old Blantyre entered the parlor in which Ellen Douglas still sat, in increased anxiety, and greeted her with a smiling look and soothing tone. He strove by various pretences, to divert her mind from the thoughts on which she brooded—spoke of a thousand chances which might have delayed the arrival of the expected one beyond the appointed time, or that might even prevent his presence before the morrow. Every circumstance which an artful mind could suggest, save the true one, was brought in requisition. By this course too, he wished to beguile his own thoughts between the determination and execution of the purpose which his guilty invention had but a few moments before matured. However much the mind of Ellen Douglas was distressed, her feelings were bliss, compared with the tortures which preyed upon that of old Blantyre. He knew a dreadful deed was on the eve of being done, on the issue of which, his fondest hopes depended, and every moment he expected to hear the result.

The time sped slowly on: old Blantyre having in vain advanced every argument which his ingenuity dictated, to calm the agitated mind of his lovely niece, and now observing that

her anxiety had increased to fear, he feigned to sympathize with her feelings, and pity her disappointments.

Ellen, who had hitherto heard all without a word of reply, now turned a look upon him—her cheeks flushing, and her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Pity!" she scornfully exclaimed; "I ask no sympathy, no pity: I am not yet so poor in heart, not quite so degraded in my own esteem, as to beg from mortal a tear of sympathy, or a word of pity. No! if I have sorrows, they are mine alone; and here, where they have their life, shall they find comfort, or hold their sway."

Abashed at this rebuke from the proud and spirited girl, Blantyre did not even attempt a reply: she saw his agitation, and with that magnanimity which belongs alone to the noble of mind, turned to the window from which she had so long been gazing. In a few moments she exclaimed, in wild exultation, "he comes, he comes! I know the sound of his horse's hoof—there! I see him now; hither he speeds, fleet as the wind, upon his milk-white charger!"

At this instant, Mrs. Blantyre and her son entered the room; they were yet ignorant of the cause of Ellen's exceeding joy and exultation; and old Blantyre, who, though he had maintained on all previous occasions the utmost presence of mind and command of his feelings, now dared not

either by look or word announce the truth, terrible to him as it was joyous to Ellen, but stood fixed to the spot in breathless suspense. The mother and son gazed on him in amazement, little dreaming of the dreadful tale that would to them be soon revealed.

In a few moments more, Ellen Douglas was in the arms of Kenneth Colquhoun. Not a word was spoken: the usual salutation was withheld—Ellen alone was mute with joy. Revenge swelled in the heart of Kenneth, subdued, but not smothered; while the Blantyres stood pale and trembling with affright, as if they gazed upon a spectre.

By the rays of the sweet harvest moon, which lighted the apartment with as bright a beam as that of day, (though mellower,) Ellen, now free from the embrace of her lover, discovered upon her snow-white robes the stain of blood, and wildly she said, "Kenneth, what is this? why is it that thy touch has stained me thus? Art thou wounded, or O God! hast thou done a dishonorable deed?"

"No, Ellen Douglas! the heart of Kenneth Colquhoun is a stranger to dishonorable thoughts; the hand of Kenneth Colquhoun was never raised for a dishonorable deed—yet look here!"—and he drew from its scabbard a dirk—the constant companion of his travel,—still dripping with blood, and brandished it before the terror-struck

Blantyres, exclaiming, "this trusty blade has drank the heart's blood of a traitor."

Ellen sank upon her knees, and exclaimed in scarcely articulate tones, while her hands and eyes were raised to heaven, "thanks, thanks, protecting powers, I thank ye!"

Mrs. Blantyre swooned away: Edmund turned from the appalling sight, horror and conscience-stricken, while the father summoning to aid his usual self-command, said, "Kenneth, what is this —tell me, I beseech ye, what have ye done? Explain this terrible riddle, or live guilty in my esteem."

At these words, which in Ellen's ears rung like the knell of cherished hopes, she threw herself into the arms of her lover, and said, "Patience, Uncle, patience; Kenneth will explain all: speak I pray ye, explain this riddle."

"Peace my love, I need not be over hasty," Kenneth replied sarcastically, "for perhaps there is one here who knows more, much more, than I can relate."

Unguardedly and hastily, Edmund demanded, "Dost thou accuse me?"

"No, dastard! I will not accuse ye—I know ye. Hadst thou, like a brave and noble foe, bearded me face to face, I would have applauded thy daring; but like a coward, as thou art, to send a hired assassin to stab me in the dark—gods! I cannot think of it with patience."

"Forgive him, Kenneth, for thou art safe."

"Never!"

"For my sake, forgive him—he is my kinsman!"

"No, never! by the eternal heavens, never!"

"If you love me Kenneth?"

"Ellen Douglas, thou knowest I love thee better than all the world beside—that the merest grain of thy excelling loveliness would out-price an empire: yet, by the shades of my ancestors! not all thy matchless beauty in one scale, could weigh down the wide revenge that's swelling in my heart."

Edmund assumed an air of surprise, but showed no fear, his imagination being unable to conceive how the guilt of this night's transaction could attach to him; for, if (as the dripping dirk and the words of Kenneth too plainly revealed) McGregor had fallen, in his death, the sole witness of the unhallowed plot was removed: Edmund attributed the rage and threats of Kenneth to suspicion alone, which he trusted his ingenuity would soon remove. Secure in this feeling, he inquired in amazement, "What does this mean?"

"You pretend to know not: vain dissembler! you shall know."

"Peace, my friends, peace, I beg of you," said old Blantyre in a soothing tone.

"Fear me not father, this ungenerous accusation has not roused in my breast a feeling the least

unkind, for I see that a strange misconception has possessed the mind of Kenneth, whom I still highly prize, not only for his own worth, but for my dear cousin's sake."

"Villain! I scorn you and your pretended friendship. Add not falsehood to the crime of murder:—prepare! heaven has saved me for retribution—and now would it fall like lightning on your guilty head, were it not for the sake of this fair and lovely one, who clings to me like a delicate and fragile plant, that twines its tendrils round the branching oak."

Still perfectly self-possessed, notwithstanding the truth, which in his burst of passion, Kenneth had so eloquently revealed, old Blantyre, for a double purpose, said, "Edmund my son, look to your mother, I beseech ye bear her to her room —this dreadful scene has out-mastered her gentle heart."

With a joy which he deeply felt, though it was revealed by no outward expression, he saw his wife still in her swoon, borne from the apartment by his son, who was only more guilty than the father, because his guilt was better known.

"Now that my son has gone," said Blantyre, "I pray thee, worthy Kenneth, relate to me all that you suspect of this night's transaction; for I hope, indeed, I may say I know, you wrong my son."

Kenneth Colquhoun proceeded in milder tones,

(for he believed Blantyre to be innocent,) to explain all that he knew of a deed, the purpose of which was to doom him to a premature grave. The history was brief, and to this effect:

About half way between Dunbarton and Dunglass, as he was riding swiftly hither to pay the promised adoration to his betrothed, his horse's reins were suddenly seized by a man so completely wrapped in a tartan plaid, that bright as the moon-beams shone, neither form nor feature could be recognized, who in a moment made a desperate thrust with a claymore at the rider's heart: by a dexterous management of his horse, Kenneth avoided the blow, and dashed the assassin to the earth. Kenneth scorned to flee from danger—though the fleetness of his steed would in a moment have rendered pursuit in vain, his intrepid spirit preferred to dare the worst, and quick as thought he dismounted. A desperate struggle—it was life or death for one or both—ensued. The innocent triumphed: the dirk of Kenneth Colquhoun was plunged into the heart of the assassin, and as he struck, he exclaimed, "May this be the fate of all who ignobly attack Kenneth Colquhoun!"

When the dying man heard that name pronounced, it added double tortures to the pang of death; then, in feeble and scarcely articulate tones, as his life-blood was ebbing fast, he revealed the tale of guilt.

McGregor had been hired by Edmund Blantyre, to way-lay one, whose dress and appearance, and whose horse were described to him, but whose name was not revealed. Edmund avowed his object to be, the possession of Ellen Douglas's hand and fortune; that while his enemy lived, hope was vain. This McGregor told, for when he heard the name of Kenneth Colquhoun pronounced—remorse was more poignant than steel.

McGregor was born under the roof of the Colquhoun's—there he was reared tenderly, and there as a menial the years of his boyhood were spent. As he told this tale, with an entreaty for forgiveness, and a prayer for the safety of his master's son on his lips, he breathed his last.

Kenneth remounted, and unscathed arrived at Dunglass, where the scene which I have already described was acted.

His story was scarcely concluded, when a dash was heard in the wave! Blantyre shuddered, and turned deathly pale. Edmund was never seen again! Months after, a corse was found floating on the Clyde in the neighborhood of Dunglass, which some thought, disfigured as it was by decay, bore a resemblance to the missing Blantyre.

About this same time, old Blantyre was found one morning in his bed,—lifeless! each feature so appalingly deformed, that his struggle with death must have been terrible. Mrs. Blantyre

now forgot her proud and haughty demeanor. became suddenly pious, and at last embarked for France, where, in a convent, after a few years spent in the cause of heaven—in seeking mercy of that God, whom she had so grievously offended, she expired.

Here the dapper gentleman paused, and gazed a moment on me, with a look, that if looks are interpreters of the mind, asked, "Is not this an interesting story?"

"Is this all!" said I. The dapper gentleman nodded an affirmative. "You have not told me the fate of the lovers."

They in proper season were married: the wealth of Ellen Douglas, which in comparison with the love he bore her, was as dross, enabled Kenneth Colquhoun to add largely to his lands and retinue; and shortly after, he built on his paternal estate a splendid mansion, where he dwelt with his lovely wife—their days past as serenely as this beautiful sky, on which now I gaze, and their name descended to their children, as pure as the limpid water of Loch Lomond.

"Indeed this is an interesting tale; it is told, however, rather irregularly, and seems more like detached passages of what might be made a good romance, than a regular story: or, as it possesses considerable action, it might with little labor, by one competent to the task, be made an interesting melo-drama."

"Such as it is, Sir, I have told it, and claim no credit for the relation; I have given it in the exact words of my friend Laird Sumpsit, writer to the Signet, Edinburgh."

"I thank you Sir,—this story shall have a place in my port folio. Here is a mighty rock, let me gaze upon it."

The dapper gentleman took the hint, and with a polite bow, left me, to pace upon the forecastle.

The mighty Dunbarton, now full in view, engrossed all my thoughts. The proud rock, rising in two conical points, and removed from the surrounding hills, seems like a proud and haughty giant, disdaining the aid of all the neighboring mountains, conscious of its own power and strength. Here it stands, where first it stood, sea-girt and alone. How it came hither, if by the hand of omnipotence, in the great day of creation, or if, by some wild convulsion of nature, it was torn from its original foundation, who can tell? We see it alone, owing no allegiance, holding no kindred with the neighboring prominences. In old countries, where every hill, dale, or river; where every castle, tower, or ruin, is a history, how can he, who is versed in the tales of ancient days, prevent the flight of fancy, or tell the thought "thou must not retrace the legends of olden ages!" Who can gaze on the proud and impregnable Dunbarton, without recalling to mind its history, as far as the mists of

time will permit? Here the haughty and the conquering Agricola's course was checked, the hardy Gaels, with their invincible clans, defied the Roman's power; here was his march of triumph, and his flush of victory checked. Dunbuck frowns on it with a jealous eye in vain. What arms could never do, in latter days, famine and treachery have done for Dunbarton—it has been taken and retaken; the protracted siege, and the midnight escalade, have been so often told in fable and in story, that every one read in the annals or the romances of Scotland, gazes, as he passes this majestic rock, as upon an object, consecrated by age, by deeds of prowess, and arts of guile—sacred to the warrior's storied fame, and to the expectant lady's sigh.

The clear and limpid Leven, immortalized by Smollet's Ode, falls into the Clyde at the base of Dunbarton's rock. Its beautiful water reminds us of its parent loch, and then, instinctively we cast our eyes high towards the north, where the cloud-capt Ben Lomond rises in all the pride of mountain grandeur—and like a mighty monarch,

"Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

The majestic river now rolled on boldly to the ocean; here its wide expanse brought forgetfulness of the small stream upon which we first embarked. On every side the hills raised their high and barren heads, alike, as it were, in defiance of

summer's smile, or winter's frown, making our little bark seem like a cockle shell, between two mighty billows. Before, as far as the eye could stretch, the woody shores of Rosneath, and the rugged hills of Argyle, bounded the horizon. On our left, volumes of dark smoke rose like envious clouds, from the towns of Port Glasgow and Greenock, staining the pureness of the autumn sky.

Near this place, past which we were sailing, on the northern shore, may be pointed out the site of the Roman Wall, now Graham's Dyke, said, in history, to have been called after a Scottish Warrior of that name, who first broke over it:—no trace is now to be seen of this ancient barrier—who could think as he gazes on the place, where all is peace and pleasure, where the fertile fields yield their increase to the thrifty husbandman, or where the flourishing villages, afford occupation to the industrious mechanic, that once the "dogs of war" howled on this spot, that desolation reigned in all its terrors there, as the conquering Roman, and high mettled Gael fought, the one for conquest, the other for liberty and home: this was the farthest point that Agricola ever maintained—the northern's country was still the northern's home.

We continued rapidly on our course, the river widening and widening, the scenery becoming grander, and grander, till it reached sublimity The sun now gilded the western horizon—ting

ing all the clouds that floated in the summer sky, in brilliancy corresponding with their nearness to his beams, and the dark blue sea, that lay motionless as an infant's sleep, looked like a burnished lake or gilded plain, save, where the bordering headlands, or the dun smoke of the steamer sullied its purity—the beautiful scene, gave assurance of another day of sunshine and of loveliness. It was a sweet evening: poets in their hours of fancy's flight, may have in imagination pictured to themselves such an evening, but its beauty, its serenity, and its grandeur, their song has never described.

We touched at Port Glasgow, and at Greenock: our course lay across the wide bay; but the sun had set—the whole scene put on a dimmer and a sadder dress, and the evening breeze now ruffling the stillness of the placid sea, I retired to the cabin, to spend in contemplation, the short time that the residue of the voyage would occupy. In half an hour we were in Helensburgh. This is a neat and lovely village—I remember the time, when a few fishermen's huts, and some half a dozen white plastered houses, the summer retreats of a few wealthy Glaswegians, skirted the sea-side—I remember when even in its then gayest time, it was so little frequented and so little known, that it seemed like a lovely and lonely spot, in another and fairer sphere—all the inhabitants were known to each other: the merchant and the fisherman

seemed equals, and were friends: the first forgot his haughty city air, the second, ignorant of the vanity and pride of the hustling world, maintained the same deportment to all around—unconscious of the vast difference in the estate of man.

I remember that it was here, when but a child, I named the occupant of the only shop then in the village *Johnny A'thing*, for he sold all manner of commodities which my limited knowledge and humble ambition then desired—such as parlies, snaps, with many other kinds of gingerbread work: hooks, lines, sweeties, sugar-candy and queen's cake. It was in the burns, that gush from their mountain source on either side of the village, into the extensive bay, that oftentimes I cast unskillfully my baited line. It was in their linns I bathed, or on their banks, I sported, with Tinker Charlie, a ragged, rude and lawless Gipsey callan, who was deeply skilled in all manner of arts, that is, in robbing hen roosts, harrying nests, girning geds, making spoons, mending pots and pans; and moreover exceedingly quick sighted in finding things that might by chance lie in his way. Often this boy and I, have rode in panniers, pendant on either side of an ass, the property of the Gipsey tribe, that claimed Tinker Charlie, as their son. Often too, in the neighborhood of this village, have I passed with quickened step, a huge black stone, almost circular, which, I was told, and verily believed, that once upon a time,

the devil in a passion threw at a witch. I remember too, that when somewhat older, but still a a boy, I crossed the moors to Glen Fruin, where its amber waters, leaping from rock to rock, were alive with

"The springing trout in speckled pride."

and there, more skillful grown, I entrapped the finny tribe with artificial fly. Again, I remember to have scaled the lofty hill of Fruin, mused on the vale beneath, or on the towering Ben Lomond, that frowned upon me from above. Then too, I have gazed upon the beautiful loch, studded with islands and with eager eye, sought to behold its three wonders, "fish without fins,—waves without winds, and a floating island."

Helensburgh is now vastly changed, its healthy shores, its rural scenery and romantic walks, added to the inducements for sportsmen, have attracted the attention of the Western Metropolis, and thousands flock to it from all parts, during the summer months. Houses have been built, gardens cultivated, taverns erected, and boarding houses multiplied to such a degree, that it is now no longer a retired and sequestered spot, but a considerable town.

A rough pier is built, at which vessels arrive from the neighboring shores; morning, noon and night, numerous steam and sail boats crowd the pier and bay, loading or unloading their pas-

sengers and merchandize, which to the contemplative mind, and especially to him, who knew it in its pristine simplicity, has robbed it of much of its original beauty. Although so vastly changed, it is still a delightful and a fashionable place —not all the changes can change my feelings, for there is mingled with my earliest remembrances, associations too dear, and too fondly cherished for the heart to unfold. How strong are early recollections impressed on some minds! How often are they the source of anguish and of pain—yet I envy not the mind that can forget, or look with apathy upon the scenes of careless infancy. We were not long ashore before I was upon my grateful couch, and in dreams retraced the scenes of days fled for ever; of changes which, however time may change again, can never recall the primitive beauty and simplicity of that spot which is still the dearest to my heart.

THE TENT.

THE TENT.

Oft has the holy wine and bread,
Been blest beneath thy murmuring Tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head,
Bowed at the awful sacrament.

John Wilson.

Our evening voyage landed us at Helensburgh. After a refreshing sleep, I was astir with the lark. It was Sunday. On wings of light the morning came forth, as the evening sky foretold, with all the loveliness of summer's prime. Not a cloud was seen in the vast azure—which, like a majestic curtain overhung the broad face of nature : far in the east the sun was rising in brilliancy, as if from a golden couch :—on the highest peak of the blue hills, the monarch of day sat for an instant as on a throne of glory—then, upspringing in his course, he sailed the sapphire sea, gilding

with mimic lustre the hill and dale,—the earth and sky. On every tree and shrub, the dew—the undried tears of night—hung like the diamond fruit of eastern fables.

I gazed and saw them gently exhale, like a spirit of bliss, before the heat of the beams of morning. The tiny songsters chanted sweetly their melodious notes, hymning their praise to the infant morn.

The waters of the quiet deep, were gently laving, with a solemn murmur, the pebbly shore, and beautifully calm.

"The blue heavens lay dream-like there."

In contemplative mood, I strayed along the beach: the lovely sky above, and the beautiful landscape around, crowded my mind with delightful thoughts. I felt a pure and unalloyed pleasure, and a sensation of undefinable gratitude, to heaven, pervaded my whole frame for the blessing of health and content, which enabled to view and enjoy, with such sweet composure, the beauties of the morning.

Thus strolling onward, I beheld at a distance, gliding upon the bosom of the waters, several boats freighted with idle citizens, bound up Loch Gair, on pleasure excursions,—I heard the laugh of joy and cheerfulness—I saw the oars at intervals, kiss the surface, which in the sun-beam, mellowed by distance, were pictured to fancy's eye, like silver needles, and the regular, but

monotonous sound, alone seemed inharmonious with the scene. The mood, in which at that time I indulged, caused me to sigh, that fellow beings should devote such a day to thoughts and actions of pleasure: then, came the contrast between the gay and thoughtless, the pure and holy: how peaceful and serene must that bosom be, when after a well spent day, he reclines his head upon the pillow, or when he offers up his prayer to the throne of grace! I am aware of the distinction between Sabbath and Sunday—the former is a divine, the latter an ecclesiastic ordinance. Sabbath, in Hebrew, signifies cessation or rest, and is so named because on that day, the Lord rested from his labor of creation. on each return of which, both man and beast should abstain from toil and worldly thought. Sunday, is the day which was adopted by the primitive Christians; in commemoration of the Lord's resurrection, it has by them been reverenced as holy. In our day, many words have a different signification, from that which they had when the scriptures were penned.—A name is comparatively of little importance—the great good, that a strict observance of one day in the week works upon the moral world—the peace and tranquillity of mind it promotes among the mature; the useful and soothing lessons it inculcates among the young, are enough to make all men whose minds correctly weigh

good and evil, strenuous in maintaining this admirable institution, though not of divine, but of human origin.

Religion is natural to man; all kingdoms and nations, every people, savage and civilized, acknowledge, and offer adoration to a superior being—by whatsoever name called, still their God. The first discoverers of new countries inform us, that where a white man had never trod before, and where the christain religion was never preached there the inhabitants had a form of worship, which though peculiar to themselves, still they adore an all powerful and all seeing spirit, who formed and ruled the world; and that after death a second existence awaited them. This feeling existing among rude, as well refined people, teaches, innately as it were, that there is a God, and that the soul is immortal. Yet, in every christian country men are to be found, who either secretly or openly disbelieve the religion of their fathers. A love of notoriety, or a desire for eccentricity, prompts some men, to follow strange and fantastic conceits. It is sad episode of the thoughtlessness and fickleness of man, that pride or fashion, will induce him to forsake the faith of his fathers and scoff at holy things. If it were no more than the example he should show unto the rising generation—much less the inestimable blessings our religion dispenses, that ought to teach him to venerate our holy creed.

To return from my degression: the villagers were now abroad—the healthy lassies and hardy men, dressed in their best attire, were bending their course westward; with a few exceptions, all had doffed their hose and shoon, and carried them with bible and psalm book, wrapped in a white cotton handkerchief. It is an old custom in Scotland, and still existing, for the villagers to walk bare-footed till they approach a stream or well, near to the church, where they bathe their feet, and put on their stockings and shoes, that they may enter the sacred aisle with becoming propriety. This is a custom, which originated where it still exists, only among the poorer class of peasantry, whose small portion of the world's gear, enables them by saving, to purchase Sunday claes, which being earned by hard labor, are guarded with uncommon care. Poor as the peasants of Scotland are, they are honest, faithful and pious—yet proud, and attend to their religious duties with a fervor and sincerity, as if they were essential, not only to their salvation in the life to come, but also to their preservation in their present existence. It seems almost a part of their creed to possess decent and comfortable Sunday apparel. It is this feeling which has preserved in the "land of the mountain and the flood" a strict observance of the "Lord's day," and that hallowed feeling, which still exists there, even to a proverb, notwithstanding all the inge-

nuity of sophists, and the persuasive eloquence of skeptics.

I took an early opportunity to enquire of one of the villagers whither he was bent, and being informed that sacrament was to be administered in the neighbouring parish church, I determined, as I had never seen that holy ceremony performed in the country, and having often heard of THE TENT, to witness the scene.

How great the contrast between country and city churches! in the former, the proud in heart and the vain in mind are seldom to be found, but humble and sincere all assemble: in the latter, fashion rules as much in the sacred aisle as in the festive hall. To the crowded city church, how many go to display their gaudy drapery—and how many, unless apparelled to the extreme of the latest decree of the ton, would rather remain at home, than listen to the words of truth, or even taste "the holy bread and wine!" Wo, wo, for this age!

After a short walk I reached the parish church, but it was so thronged that there was not even standing room in its aisles. I was about to retire in disappointment, when re-entering the church yard, I now observed the northern portion of it crowded with old and young; and from a temporary pulpit, erected under the shade of a cypress tree, I heard a voice "in nasal twang" declaiming with much warmth and fervor. This was

THE TENT. I approached and seated myself on a tomb-stone. What a varied and interesting picture was before me! It is not my intention to dwell upon the theme of the pious divine, who was teaching "the word of life" to the listening groupe, nor relate with what native eloquence he told

> "How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
> How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
> Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
> How his first followers and servants sped;
> The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:"

for my attention was too strongly attracted by the peasants, who, fixed in breathless silence caught every word that breathed from the mouth of the minister, a man that, as I afterwards learned, they reverenced both in his public and private life, as one scarcely less than inspired.—In this groupe I marked nearly all ages, from the rosy cheek of adolescence to the feeble and tottering frame of octogenary—some were standing, others had made the humble tomb-stones, or the green hillocks, which stoneless graves present, their seats—all were uncovered: there the young and old were assembled in a holy groupe, listening in "expressive silence;" there I saw the aged and infirm draw gradually nearer to the speaker, that their age-dulled ears might not lose a word that breathed from his lips—their grey hairs exposed to the summer's sun—the scene had a solemn

effect on me, and a melancholy feeling pervaded my mind. I heard the preacher read from the sacred book the word of life: I heard him tell how our first parents transgressed, and how God, in his infinite goodness, sent his only begotten Son into the world to atone for the sins of erring mortals; how He mutely bore the scorn and scoff of men, to be the savior of his very persecutors, and how resignedly he yielded up on the cross all that was earthly of him—and to commemorate that important event all were now assembled. There I saw the widow make her husband's tomb her resting place; there the mother chose her infant's grave, and the lover his mistress' lowly bed, for their seats. What strange associations do these thoughts flood upon the memory! I thought how many of those now before me, had come to this very church, with departed friends, and to the very man whom they now heard, had they together listened. How changed their state! What happy scenes again live fresh in their memories! The mouldering and the living at such a time, seem closer knit, than the sting of death intended. On, or under the turf, are generations of the parish! 'Tis at such a time that the conviction of mortality closely presses upon the mind! The living are performing the christian's holy duty, which former generations had performed, and when we lie as low as the departed, succeeding generations will continue to perform.

Nature will look not less lovely; the sun will shine as brightly—the sea will wave as smoothly—the blooming fields and budding forests, will annually wear as green a foliage. Man only changes! These, and such like reflections crowded from my mind all unhallowed thoughts. I was so deeply wrapped in contemplation of the wrongs and sufferings of the early in faith, and in thoughts of mortality and immortality, that for a time I was unconscious of all around. How long I was engaged in my own thoughts I know not; the first circumstance that brought me to my recollection, was a touch on the shoulder, and turning round, the dapper gentleman—the companion of the previous evening's voyage, stood by my side, and now I observed that the preacher had paused in his discourse, and was about announcing a hymn for his hearers to sing. How appropriately Grahame, in his poem of the Sabbath, touches on a scene like this:

"Loud swells the song: O, how that simple song,
Though rudely chaunted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust,
Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breathed from the inmost heart—."

"Is not this a solemn scene?" said my dapper friend, in his usual interrogatory style—"Would it not make an excellent subject for a painter? I think it would become his eazle admirably. What think you?"

"I am of your opinion: indeed, a scene like this, better becomes the painter's pencil than the poet's pen: the former could exhibit all at one view, the latter could at one time draw only individuals, or single groupes."

"That is a very pertinent remark."

"I have gazed on this animated picture, in inexpressible delight. I should be pleased to note it in my port folio, that in after years it might live in my memory; but I am a stranger here, and am not familiar with the incidents,—simple I doubt not they are—which would add a charm to the scene."

"Perhaps I can assist you; I am at home here; of all assembled round, there is scarcely one that I do not know either personally or by report."

"Thank you, Sir; but I fear, a scene so solemn as this before us, if exhibited to the gay and thoughtless reader, would afford him but indifferent amusement. The world generally is delighted only with descriptions of improbable love adventures, of hair-breadth escapes, of blood and battle, or of unnatural events; while the faithful portraiture, of unsophisticated nature, is too uninteresting, to excite the imagination or please the fancy."

"Your remarks are true in the abstract not in the general. Though I am myself no reader, I have heard it said, that only those whose tastes are vitiated by reading improbable romances, are

incapable of relishing such descriptions, yet a large portion of the world have an eye and heart exquisitely alive to nature, however humble it may be. Dont you think I am right?"

I had previously discovered that it would be of no avail to disagree with my dapper friend, therefore I answered, "your eloquence, Sir, has converted me: I am now of your opinion." This reply, somewhat complimentary it is true, I observed, pleased the dapper gentleman, for his countenance put on a self complacent expression. I have found, by experience, that the great secret of gaining friends and maintaining their esteem is simply this: make a man pleased with himself, and he will assuredly be pleased with you—for in every heart, self is the ascendant.

"If you see any thing here," said my friend, "that interests you, or excites your curiosity, make freely, whatever enquiries you desire, I will answer."

"Here is a grave, so new, that the grass is not yet green over it; whose tomb is it?"

"Do you observe that youth, with pale and melancholy look, standing a few steps from it, and gazing so intently, yet, with such a heart-blighted look, as if his eye could penetrate the clod, as doubtless in imagination it does? O! he could tell of the lovely flower so early faded, and so lowly laid."

"It is a young girl's grave then, and that fair haired, hapless one, her brother."

"No Sir, her lover?"

"Was there any thing interesting in her death?"

"To those who knew her, every thing connected with her was interesting—she was a poor peasant girl; bonny Marion Graham! I remember thee well: thou wast the prettiest lass in the parish."

"I know not why it is, but the fate of a young and beautiful girl is always interesting; every heart is delighted in her joy or touched with her grief; but let any chance befall her who is either ugly or old, and we are more apt to be amused at her misfortunes, than to feel for them—we scarcely admit that the homely can have feeling. Beauty is indeed a powerful spell."

I will merely glance at the story of bonny Marion, for by that name she was universally known. On a pleasant gloaming of last autumn the villagers were assembled on the beach. The maidens sang with artless note their favorite melodies, and the hardy men tuned the droning bagpipes—their untutored music floated along the surface of the sea, and echo, borne on the wings of the zephyr, returned a sweet and mellow tone. Bonny Marion was the most conspicuous in the groupe, both for loveliness and worth: she was the especial favorite of the pious minister; if other proof than her artless and innocent demeanor

were wanting to commend her to general esteem, that insured her the respect of the whole parish. She was regular in her attendance at church, she listened with undivided attention to the word of truth, and in her private hours, no lass was more devout than bonny Marion. Two wherries were expected to return that evening from Glasgow, whither they had sailed a few days before, laden with fish. While the villagers were thus engaged, a bark-stained sail was seen far in the distance, impelling gently over the scarcely ruffled wave, one of the expected boats. Each villager hoped that the approaching wherry contained the one dearest to her heart: the wife longed to embrace her cherished husband, the mother to kiss her loving son, and the blushing maiden, to steal a glance from the bright eyes of her faithful lover. Bonny Marion sat in breathless anxiety, expecting every moment to greet the kindly look of Dugald Cameron: they had been reared from infancy together, and but a few weeks before, had plighted their vows of eternal love. This voyage was the last that Dugald contemplated to make, before, at the holy altar, his heart and Marion's were linked in one. The wherry approached the shore, all hurried to the beach to welcome the comers, save bonny Marion, whose heart was throbbing in her bosom, as she kept her place on the green banks, her eye eagerly searching, but in vain, to catch the bright glance of Dugald

Cameron: it was not his wherry that had just arrived. On that gloaming I stood by her side, but conscious of her anxiety, I spoke not a word. I gazed on the meeting of friends, I saw the embrace, the kiss—the hearty shake of hand and hand, and I heard the loud and happy tones of congratulation. Suddenly the scene of joy was changed to one of grief. I heard the sobs of the women, I saw the weather-beaten hands of the men, wrung as if their hearts were overflowing with sorrow, and every eye at intervals turned a pitiful look on bonny Marion. I also gazed upon her lovely face: what a look she cast upon me. I shall never forget that look! Her heart seemed over-fraught with the anticipation of some dreadful event. Her cheek flushed redder than the rose, and in a moment grew paler than the lily. She spoke not, but gazed intently, watching each motion of the groupe, that was still lingering on the beach. I felt all impatience to know the truth at once, and hurried to the water's edge. I soon learned the cause of that sorrow, which to me had before been a mystery. Dugald Cameron was drowned! His wherry was boarded in the Clyde by "the press-gang." O! that in a country which claims to be the most enlightened, the bravest and the freest, that a law should exist to impress,*—(shall I say to

*I know not whether the law referred to, is now repealed or still exists in force. I presume, that if unrepealed, it is, in "these piping times of peace" unacted on.

kidknap or to steal?) her liege and happy people, for a limited period, or for life; thus inhumanly severing the dearest ties that bind man to man and heart to heart. O Britain, Britain, this is a blot on thy escutcheon! Dugald in hopes of escaping the strong arm of power, which would have doomed him to a life, worse than that of a galley slave, plunged into the river: he gallantly buffetted the waves awhile, at length he sank, but no eye saw him rise again! How was this melancholy news to be communicated to bonny Marion! Fearful that some of the villagers would too rudely break it to her, I resolved on the instant to be myself the bearer. I spoke not my intentions aloud, but made a motion to all: they understood me, and alone, slowly I advanced to the place where bonny Marion still sat mute and motionless, more like a piece of excelling sculpture, than a living being. Her eyes were fixed on me, but not a tear was in them—her lips were firm, but not a sound escaped from them. My heart melted at the mournful sight! I had not the power of utterance to tell the tale. I believe I must have looked all that I would have said, for in a moment bonny Marion exclaimed, in a frantic tone, "drowned?" I murmured "yes"—I wish a painter could have seen the look that I saw then:—it was agony personified. She now covered her face with her hands, and her head bowed down as it were by the weight of

her sufferings, seemed buried in her lap. The villagers at a signal from me, approached. A young maiden took hold of either arm of bonny Marion—they raised her on her feet, and at their motion, passive as a very child, she moved onwards to her dwelling; still neither moan nor tear betrayed her agony of mind. Her eye was fixed on vacancy, and each feature of her lovely face was motionless as marble. How deeply every heart was pierced with this appalling spectacle of wo!

In an arm-chair, that graced her father's "*ben*," bonny Marion was placed. The silent sorrow of her gray-haired sire, and the violent outbreakings of her doating mother's grief, added so heavily to the load on my heart, that I could not refrain from tears. I know it is unmanly to shed a tear, but if the masterdom of the world had been offered to me, I could not, at that moment have controled my feelings. Jesus himself wept—that thought consoled me; whatever the proud and vain may say, I felt it not unchristian to give vent to tears.

I know not exactly how long it was after this—hours perhaps—that a gentle tap was heard at the cottage door, and in a moment after, with a joyous step, Dugald Cameron bounded amongst us: bonny Marion, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor; her streaming eyes, and sobbing bosom, gave us assurance that sh

not only lived, but also hope, that the violence of her grief would shortly pass away. Her own eyes had seen him, who but a moment before she thought was divided from her forever, by the impassable gulph of death. Dugald knew not then what could have occasioned this heart rending scene. I begged her parents to put bonny Marion on her pillow, and I entreated Dugald to follow me from the cottage. I was obeyed. We strolled to the beach together—it must have been near midnight; not a star twinkled in the heavens—dark clouds overhung the face of nature like a pall. I told Dugald as we paced alone, yet in the mildest terms, all that had transpired. I begged him to have no fears for his betrothed, and assured him, that in the morning she would greet him with as kind and healthy a look as ever. His feelings were calmed. I now asked him to relate by what chance he had so unexpectedly re-appeared. His story was to this effect:—When, to avoid impressment, he plunged into the river, a thought struck him that he would be pursued and overtaken; he therefore feigned to be exhausted, and sank as if struggling for life. The moment he was beneath the surface, he swam swiftly under the keel of a smack, which at the time was passing down the river, and rose, unperceived by the "press-gang," on the larboard side. He was immediately taken on deck, treated kindly, and at his request, when opposite the

Hill of Ardmore, was safely landed—whence he walked to his native village.

The clouds of that night found vent in rain, the morning sun rose in an unclouded sky—and all nature seemed refreshed. Bonny Marion rose that morn: the flood of tears, which the evening before presaged that the clouds which hung over her mind would also have passed away, gave not the expected relief—she rose a maniac! The sun of reason never more dawned upon her mind! O! that was indeed a sad day for her parents, but a sadder for Dugald Cameron.

I once saw Hamlet acted in a theatre; a pretty maiden in that play, I think they called her Ophelia, becomes deranged; she looked for all the world so like bonny Marion, that I could not help thinking of it. Bonny Marion would sit for hours upon the beach, at the same place and with the same look, as on that hapless evening. If she saw a sail approaching, she would laugh with very joy, and cry that Dugald was coming—the sail passed, then she would sigh, and half upbraid her lover's tardiness. It was a pitiful sight to see! She had a thousand fancies: at times she would roam about the fields, singing snatches of old songs, sometimes to a gay, and sometimes to a melancholy air. She had a sweet and silver voice! Again she would wander through the woods, or bound over the lawns, gathering each pretty flower that met her eye—the sweet brier rose, the

daisy, the rowan-blossom, the hawthorn bloom, and the prickly thistle; sometimes the dock, the fern, the brechan, the nettle and the heather, and with these would she fantastically decorate her long auburn tresses, or twine them around her humble apparel. There was an innocence and simplicity in all she did, that even in her dark moments was charming. Every heart hoped she would recover; though days sped fleetly on, and no outward token denoted a change, still the villagers hoped that the cloud which overshadowed her reason would yet pass away. She never knew Dugald Cameron, though he was very kind to her, and watched her as she were a child. O how he wept, as he gazed upon the ruin of his cherished Marion!

A few weeks ago she was found dead: it was upon the beach at her usual watching place. There is her grave, and that youth is Dugald Cameron.

The dapper gentleman paused: I looked upon him, and I saw a tear glistening in his eye. I did not wonder at it, for the fate of bonny Marion affected me—a perfect stranger, more deeply than I was or am willing to confess. Neither spoke a word; silence is on some occasions more expressive than language. I saw many other groupes in the church-yard that interested me, but I had not the power to make further enquiry, and besides I felt that if I did so, I would

trespass too much upon my new friend's good nature. Soon after this, the venerable minister dismissed his congregation for a short time, and in a few minutes both the hearers of Church and Tent, were pacing in silence along the beach, or had departed contentedly to their humble dwellings.

My dapper friend informed me that he would return to Helensburgh to dinner, while I expressed my intention of crossing the loch. With a hearty shake of the hand, and with a wish, mutually expressed, that we might meet again, we parted.

FLORA MAC DONALD

FLORA MAC DONALD.

"But love is like the rose, so many ills
Assail it in the bud."
"————————rarely the blossom comes
To full maturity; but there is nought
Sinks with so chill a breath as Faithlessness,
As she could tell, whose loveliness still lives
In village legends"

Miss Landon.

In the evening of the same day I crossed Loch Gair, and arrived at a little hamlet, called "*the Clachan*," it contained a few cottages, which skirted the shores of that beautiful sheet of water, built in all the simplicity of unsophisticated architecture. On the beach I saw a number of fishermen, repairing their nets, or bating their "*long lines*," for the next day's labor; high and dry, boats of various sizes and descriptions lay around. At the cottage doors, matrons and maids were engaged in spinning or in other domestic occupations, none were idle—all were industrious. The loch was waveless, the black buoys of the herring nets floated on the waters, describing many fantastic figures, and seemed stains on its glassy

bosom, like those made on the snow white lily by careless insect, in angry mood.

At a short distance, I saw the spire of the village church, peering above the willow, elm, and cypress trees, which surrounded it. I had always an inward veneration for the houses of God, and a desire to view their site and structure. I therefore went thither while supper was preparing. The Church was an unostentatious quadrangular building, the walls formed of the rough mountain granite, white washed; its conical roof, which seemed recently thatched, with its little belfry, all had an air of simplicity and devotion, for which I have often looked in vain amongst the stately edifices of rich and populous cities. In the burying ground, encircled with a wooden fence, and painted in the usual manner of the country, I discovered a few head-stones of white gypsum; on some were inscribed a simple epitaph while many only recorded the name and age of the tenant beneath. In the north corner, I marked a small spot of ground, surrounded by a black painted railing, figured with white tears, bones and skulls. No tomb stone was there, but in the centre, on a little mound, grew a rose bush, on which only one bud opened its white and delicate flower. I approached it, and gazed awhile, with a deep feeling of sorrow, and many conjectures crowded my mind, which created a strong curiosity to learn the history of the grave. At

length I descried a venerable old lady, dressed in the deepest weeds of wo, advancing with slow and silent step; her eyes, so intently fixed upon the ground, as if she saw nothing around, but walked instinctively on her path; it seemed as if all the world were within her bosom, and, as if no external object could afford her a moment's abstraction. Deep grief was imprinted on every line of her face—her pale and haggard cheek, showed the signs of sorrowing long and late.—When she had nearly reached me, I stepped aside, with all the kindness of feeling, which in man is natural for a fellow being in affliction. I could not disturb her sorrowful meditations. Slowly she continued to advance, and when she reached the enclosed and hallowed spot, carefully opened a little gate and entered. She knelt, and kissed the green sward; I saw the big tear drops gushing over her pallid cheek, and watering the sweet rose-bush.—Now she raised her eyes and hands to heaven, as if in prayer; I heard not one articulate sound, but now and then a low, but bitter sob, broke the stillness of the scene, and imagination seemed to tell me, it sounded "Flora!" After being awhile engaged in this pious and sorrowful office, she retired with the same mournful step, as she advanced, quite unconscious that any eye save heaven's, had seen her supplications.

A thousand thoughts crowded my mind—of

severed maternal affection—pure yet hopeless love—withered hopes—ruined fame—and broken heart.

The sun had now set: twilight threw her dusky mantle over the scene, and external nature wore the sombre hue of my own mind, which informed me it was time to return to the village inn.

I found my hostess, like most of her calling, a garrulous old woman, and conversant with all the events of the parish for ten miles round; I therefore took a favorable opportunity to enquire the history of the grave which interested me so deeply. At my request, her eye lit up, and her whole face beamed with joy, that an opportunity was afforded her, to display her knowledge and eloquence. Without prelude, with careless heart and callous tone, with which my feelings and the occasion ill comported, she told me the story. It was a simple one, and probably a similar has come within the circle of each of my readers knowledge. I do not offer it as novel, but merely because it interested me deeply, and being sketched in my port folio, I transcribe it here.—In substance it was as follows:—

The grave was Flora Mac Donald's the only child and comfort of a widowed mother. She was an innocent and beautiful girl, loved and respected by old and young. Her father had been a merchant of eminence in * * * * *, but dying

untimely, his affairs were so carelessly managed, that, although he considered himself rich, his estate realized so small a pittance, that his wife and daughter, finding themselves unable to support the rank in which they had been accustomed to move, retired soon after his death to "the Clachan," for economy. Flora loved, and was beloved by a young gentleman, whose name I did not learn, of a poor, but honorable family. Their marriage was postponed from time to time, for he was unable to support the style in which, if married, he would be obliged to live. A situation of profit, however, was offered to him in the West Indies, by which, he had every prospect of acquiring, in a very few years, a handsome competency: with the knowledge and consent of his love, he accepted it, and soon after bade her farewell, with the strongest professions of eternal constancy. He embarked. A few months after, Flora received a letter from him, couched in the most affectionate language, announcing his arrival and flattering prospects, and warmly reiterating his promises of fidelity. He continued an attentive correspondent a few months longer; at length his letters arrived less frequently, were shorter, and couched in a less affectionate style. Reports went abroad, but Flora put no faith in them, she would not mistrust him, whom she loved so dearly; her own heart being loyal, she could not doubt his truth. A long silence however created strange

forebodings in her mind; and at last, she wrote, entreating him in the purest and sincerest terms, to explain the cause of his remissness. It was such a letter as a virtuous and innocent girl would write; it contained not a word of upbraiding—it formed a thousand excuses for his silence—it breathed fears for his health, but not a word of faithlessness. The answer came—alas! it came too soon; it told, that interest the most important, and prospects the most brilliant, had induced him to wed a planter's daughter; he prayed for forgiveness, intreated her to seek a worthier object, on whom might bestow her love, and prayed that she might soon find such an one, with whom she might live long, peacefully and happily, and concluded with strong professions of eternal *friendship*. From the hour Flora received that letter, it is said she never had a rational moment, but discoursed loud and long, strange and incoherent things. O! how the mother looked upon the wreck of all her daughter's loveliness! No disease seemed to prey upon her, yet, day by day, her cheek grew paler, and her frame weaker: she wasted slowly away, like a beautiful flower! I need not add more of the sequel, than to say, she died a broken-hearted maniac.

"———— Earth could impart
No balm to heal the broken heart."

She was buried in the grave of which I have spoken; her mother planted the rose-bush there, and morning and evening visited the hallowed spot.

THE DAPPER GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

THE DAPPER GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

"I am a man,
That from my first have been inclined to thrift"
Shakspeare.

I remained at the Clachan nearly a week, roaming through the woods, sailing on the loch, or straying through the pleasure grounds of the Duke of Argyle. One morning while seated on the beach, amusing myself by throwing pebbles in in the sea, moralizing on the circles which they made on the water, and watching them, till they widened into nothingness—I saw my dapper friend approaching, I arose and greeted him as an old acquaintance for the stories he had related to me created in my breast, a kindly feeling towards him, even altho' his name, character and occupation were unknown to me;—he received me with equal cordiality, no doubt because I had been an attentive listener to his narrations, and because I had given him to understand from certain stray hints, that I might hereafter print his stories. More than the usual congratulations having passed on both sides, a random conversation followed, in the

course of which my dapper friend volunteered to give me a sketch of his life, carefully premising however, that if I had any intention at present, or might hereafter conclude to place his story in my port folio, I would take special care to omit setting down his name. To this I readily assented, and now nearly in his own words, do I give his account of himself.

My name is J * * * T * * * *, I was born of poor, but respectable parents. Before I knew any thing not to forget it again, my father died; he left my mother, and myself, his only child, an honest name but not a farthing to bless our wits. An honest character is a good thing; during life one is respected for it, and after death, one may chance to get a good epitaph, but honest poverty will neither feed, clothe, nor warm poor human nature. In a garret room, in a certain street in the city of G * * * *, dwelt my much loved widowed mother; poverty then troubled not me—I knew not the value of wealth. I had never rioted in luxury, and the homeliest fare was dainties to me, so that I got enough to satisfy the cravings of my appetite. I loved my mother dearly and sincerely; humble as was her station in life, I drew from her my being, and I looked up to her as the very acme of perfection. She was indeed a kind mother. She toiled early and late, "ca'in' pirns" for a weaver, a distant relation of the family, and out of the small pittance of two

shillings and sixpence, the extent of her weekly earnings, she contrived to feed and clothe me comfortably. When I reached my eighth year, she managed to send me to school, where I learned the alphabet, and also to make certain hooks and hangers, which my over-fond mother dignified with the name of writing. After I had been nearly a year at school, I could read a chapter in the bible (my usual custom on Sunday evenings) without spelling more than three words out of five, and skipping only certain "kittle names," which were utterly beyond my comprehension. My mother now considered me a prodigy of learning, and consulting with her weaver relation, it was wisely determined, that I should be settled in the world, that is, I should fix upon my future occupation in life: the weaver very condescendingly offered to take me as an apprentice, and teach me the mysteries of "warp and waft"—this I instantly refused, to the no small astonishment of the weaver, who looked upon his calling as one of surpassing dignity. Various other mechanical occupations were proposed to me, all of which I indignantly refused to engage in:—at length the question was put to me bluntly—"What div' ye want to do callan?" to which I proudly answered—"I'll see to that mysel." This answer astonished both my mother and her weaver relation—but as I was a smart lad for my age, then somewhere about ten years old—

their wonder soon ceased, for one morning going out apparelled in my Sunday claes, I perambulated the busiest streets in the city, enquiring at every shop, "do ye want a laddie?" I remember that day well: many answered me roughly, "no,"—some said they were sorry they could not employ me, having sufficient assistance already, while others who were in need of help wanted a boy of ripper age and more strength than I possessed. It was nearly night; I had wandered all day—I was hopeless, tired, and hungry, yet I would not utterly despair. The sun had almost set, when I entered a linen draper's shop in * * * * street; I liked the looks of the man; there was something so kind and fatherly in his face. I told my story, artless, you may be assured it was, and on being questioned, I related the history of my peregrinations on that weary day. In a word, the gentleman hired me to sweep the shop and run errands, at the rate of eighteen pence a week, with a promise that if I gave satisfaction, my wages would in a few months be advanced to two shillings. I was now as happy as a king; my little heart bounded so much, that my bosom seemed scarcely large enough to contain it; I thought myself a man! This was my first step in life. I asked permission to return to my mother; it was granted, and home I hurried. I wish I could now feel the exquisite delight that I experienced then! I found

my worthy mother in tears; she thought I had lost my way, or that some dreadful accident had befallen me. In hopes of finding her missing callan, she had searched for me, all over town in vain, and her weaver relation had been despatched on the same errand, but had not yet returned.

I told my adventures; my kind good hearted mother was as happy as a queen, and caressed me with unspeakable affection. In a very short time a cog of "parritch" was placed before me, and while I was eagerly devouring my supper, in came the weaver, who on hearing of my success, predicted that I would be a merchant and a rich man. The prophecy, "merchant and rich man" rung in my ears, I knew not the meaning of the words, and a timid child as I was, I dared not ask an interpretation—but the prophecy haunted me through life like a shadow—I think I hear it still. That night I dreamt of my adventures, and many pleasing visions floated awthwart my sleeping mind. By daybreak in the morning I was in the linen draper's shop: there I attended faithfully. To serve and please my employer was my only thought. I remember when Saturday night came, and I went home to my mother with my first earnings—I gave her every fraction and told her it was hers. She wept for joy. For years I continued in that linen draper's shop. I must have given satis-

faction, for my wages were soon increased to two shillings. When I reached my fifteenth year, my employer was so well pleased with my industry and attention, he now made a bargain with my mother, that I should receive five shillings a week, and sufficient "harn" to keep me in shirts, to enable me to appear more respectable. With this my mother was delighted, but I overhearing the bargain, said, "I dinna understan' the word 'sufficient,' we may hanker about that as weel as the quality, name a given quantity." This precision, I believe, pleased my employer, for he readily consented to give me one piece a year, at the value of nineteen pence a yard. In time I discovered I could do with a less quantity than that specified, and I asked my employer if he would give me in money, the value of the "harn"; he consented, and out of that I saved a small sum yearly—thus you see that at a very early age, I adopted a rule of rigid economy. Every Saturday night I carried the full amount of my earnings to my mother, she still continued to "ca' pirns," and never having changed the humble style of living, she had a good many bank notes, hained for a rainy day, as the phrase is. It was about this time, that she showed me her little store, and asked if I did not want to live better, now that I was growing to be a man. I knew not then what it was to live better, and being perfectly satisfied with my condition, I answered

in the negative: she wished me to take a sum weekly for pocket money, but never having spent a shilling in my life, I could not conceive what use there was of pocket money. At this time I felt an inward satisfaction, which I would not express, for the prophecy "merchant and rich man" rung louder in my ears, and now that I comprehended the words, I thought I was fairly on the road to fulfil the prediction.

From the conversation of people who frequented my employer's shop, whether to purchase goods or pass an idle hour, I now began to perceive a difference between man and man,—that more attention was paid to one than another. I discovered too, that the opinions of one man claimed more respect than those of another, that his advice was more eagerly sought after, and his wish more implicitly obeyed: I racked my brain to find a cause for this. Though artless and innocent, the mystery was soon revealed—gold was the talisman—yet I was entirely ignorant of the amount it required to make a man rich and respected. This thought perplexed me. About this time, having grown stout, (though I was so small, that the callans used to call me familiarly "wee Johnny,") I was often despatched to the houses of customers, with such articles as they might have purchased at the linen draper's shop—then I caught a glance of a splendor, which was entirely new to me. I saw spacious halls,

large parlors, covered with beautiful carpets, and filled with elegant furniture: I contrasted my small garret room with the lordly mansion. I live humbly because I am poor, was my thought, the owner of that house luxuriously because he is rich. This it is to be rich. I too shall be rich and live sumptuously. That evening when I went home to my mother, I told her of my thoughts and the determination I had formed. In amazement she exclaimed, "the chiel's gane clean gyte." Then I imagined, if I were only worth a thousand pounds, I would be independent and outshine the lordliest: I could not conceive of a greater amount of wealth, my mother too thought it was a prodigious sum. I made a notch in the door post of our garret room, exactly as high from the floor as I was tall, and marked there £1000. Now mother, I said, never shall I rest till I have reached that mark. This, however, only made my mother exclaim the louder, "the chiel's gane clean gyte." From that day to this, I have never closed my eyes on a Saturday night, that I was not richer than on the preceding Saturday. I toiled incessantly, and never increased my expenses, but, bent on reaching my mark, I made many small speculations, which added to my capital; my associates generally were more extravagant than I was—they often wanted money, while I always had some to spare. I loaned them small sums from week to week, and from

month to month, for a certain premium; I was at the same time assiduous in my attention to business, always picking up something new, always gaining some useful information; at length I became an excellent judge of linens, a good salesman, a tolerable writer, and a correct accountant. I now allowed myself a pint of porter or beer and a spelding on Saturday nights; I felt as if I could afford that luxury, and growing almost to manhood, I thought it necessary for the advancement of my future prospects to mingle with the world. How I did enjoy that Saturday night's repast! When I reached my twenty first birth day, and entered on the first year of manhood, I had saved and earned some hundred pounds, but I was still a long way from the mark. My wages were now increased to one guinea a week: this was indeed a great sum. My mother now believed I would be a rich man, and did not think me quite so gyte, as in her opinion I was a few years before. When the weaver relation was informed of my good fortune, he exclaimed, with a significant shrug of his shoulders, like all other exceedingly wise people, "I tell't ye that."

I remember well a circumstance that occurred about this time, it was a great incentive to my ambition. One day as I was taking a parcel to the house of a customer, I met in the street a gentleman, a frequent visiter at my employer's shop, and who while there, always treated me

with politeness; I bowed courteously to him: he did not return my salutation. This insult stung me to the heart. I am poor, but proud, said I to myself, you are both rich and proud, and therefore pass me by with scorn: I shall live to see the day when I shall be as rich as you are now; and then I shall treat you with as much indignity as you have this day treated me—I have had my revenge. O it was then I felt the power that money gives, and the respect it brings to man: yet even then, when I ardently thirsted for wealth, I cursed the grovelling souls who claimed for that alone, the privilege to insult their superiors in heart and mind.

Two or three years after this, being possessed of about five hundred pounds, and moreover being a most essential fixture of the shop, the worthy linen draper proposed to take me into partnership. I told my mother of the offer; she consulted the weaver relation, and on their advice I accepted the proposal. Now I was a merchant; one half of the prophecy was fulfilled. This same weaver relation often said that he was, more by his good advice, than I by my own exertions, the artificer of my fortune: I never disputed the point with him. For a long time I considered that the mark of one thousand pounds would certainly be the acme of my ambition, but the nearer I advanced to that sum, the more my mind wavered. At length I reached it; I was

not satisfied. I now made another mark much higher than the last—it was five thousand pounds. This induced my mother to think, that good fortune had again made me gyte; she consulted with her weaver relation, and they both came to the absolute conclusion that I was gyte. Having reached my first mark, I thought I might be warranted in a little improvement in my mode of living; I would no longer permit my worthy mother to "ca' pirns," and I moved into better apartments. Say as you will, the richer a man becomes, the more his taste and desire for luxuries increase. An improved style of living, and a more careful regard to my dress, gradually brought me the respect of my associates and also of a class of men from whom I little expected it. My society was courted, and my opinion solicited—but nothing could divert my mind from its object—I had set the mark at five thousand pounds. I sought assiduously to accumulate wealth, my object I may express in the lines of Burns, was

> "Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being *independent*."

When my good hearted mother saw me so eager in the chase after wealth—toiling incessantly day and night, making and saving even pennies, she again asked her weaver relation, whether he thought me gyte or not, he now said it was no

business of his to think I was, or was not gyte, and added, that doubtless I knew what I was about. My associates no longer called me wee Johnny, but Mr. John *****, yet as you see, I am a man under the middle stature, though somewhat of a moderate rotundity.

Years rolled on—I reached my second mark of five thousand pounds—that did not satisfy me. I told my mother I would make one mark more and that certainly the last—it was ten thousand pounds—which whenever I reached, I promised nothing would tempt me farther. She consulted the weaver relation, who told her, that if ever I expected to make so large a fortune, I must go to America, where the air breathed perfume—the trees bore golden fruit, and the streets were paved with diamonds—on hearing this, I answered that as much money was to be made within the sound of St. Mungo's bell, as either in America or the Indies.

I was now something turned of thirty, and esteemed a rich man—but I never felt younger in all my life. About this time my worthy patron and partner died: I purchased from his widow her interest in the establishment. Now I was sole owner of that shop, which something more than twenty years before, I entered a poor, ignorant, and untutored callan. You may wonder that in giving you a sketch of my life, that I have not said a word of love—the truth is I had no time to

spare from the pursuit of my ambition, to devote to courtship—from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night I was in the shop—it is an old and a true adage, that nobody can attend to a man's business like himself. I had before the period of which I now treat, seen many beautiful and intelligent faces that gave me a momentary twinge at the heart, but I had no time to bestow on any one those delicate and nameless attentions which captivate the female fancy. Our weaver relation—he was a man of some consequence in his way—had a daughter, she was a beautiful child, and grew up in perfect loveliness. He dwelt in a neighbouring barony, at some distance from my shop, yet often on Sundays after church time, I would visit him. I looked upon his child for a long time more as a daughter than as a sweetheart—for she was ten or fifteen years younger than myself; but when she reached womanhood, ten years or fifteen made no very seeming disparity in our ages—and I believe, that unconsciously, I was a more steady visiter and a kinder in the family than heretofore. The weaver consulted my mother on the subject; both concluded that I seemed to have serious intentions—and neither could see any insurmountable objections to the match; still neither would interfere with the matter, but resolved to leave whole affair to the "young folks."

Isabel was truly a bonny heartsome lassie—and

even, yet she is a tolerably good looking woman. I wish I had words to describe her to you, as she appeared to me in her twentieth year: she was the admiration of all, far and near; as modest as timid maiden ever was, and as perfectly unconscious of her charms as a very child. She was in stature about the middle height, approaching to what we call sonsie; of such exquisite proportions that a fastidious connoisseur, whose greatest merit is in finding fault, would have been somewhat perplexed in his vocation. Her hair was of light auburn, and fell in delightful ringlets over a neck purer than alabaster. A light blue eye, beamed a cheerful glance on all, and her cheek was more beautiful than the peach—there the rose and lily strove to outvie each other, and when she smiled, her ruddy, cherry lips played with a divine expression, showing teeth so white and regular, that nothing in art could out-rival them. Her skin was of so pure a hue, that once I put a row of costly pearls—it was great extravagance I confess—around her neck, and in contrast, they actually seemed as stains upon her bosom. Her face was of the Grecian mould, saving that the straight line, which to my eye is almost deformity, was broken at the base of the forehead, by a gentle indenting. Her foot and hand were so small and delicately formed, that in truth, she might be called a model of female perfection—she seemed not like one of humble

birth—no, for she was of nature's own nobility; her tone and figure bespoke her a lady, born to grace the proud halls of a palace: yet withal she was gentle and kind as a fawn—in my eye, that feminine softness—helplessness, I might say, more than her surpassing loveliness commended her to my heart. You may call it weakness in me, for she has been my wife for many a year—to say that, both as maid and wife, when she walks the streets, or visits public places, she is the gaze and wonder of all, so much so that it is absolutely annoying, and oftentimes even yet, to avoid the impertinent gaze of passers by, or followers on, we are obliged to call a coach.* I will say nothing further of my wife—on that point I have already shown weakness enough.

Having become sole proprietor of the linen draper's shop, as I have mentioned, business did not desert me—I attended to it, and it attended to me. Some people do not know that one great secret of gaining a good business, is, being always on the spot, and always being kind and obliging. In time I was possessor of ten thousand pounds—I once said that that would be my ultimatum, but it was not; I could not exist if I had no object in view—I again made my mark a peg higher—twenty thousand pounds. That sum I

* This portrait, imperfect I confess, is no creation of the fancy: perchance some may read this, who will remember, that in a certain part of the country in which the scene is laid, the original lived some years ago. I hope she still lives.

also amassed, and my peg has been gradually raised, till it now stands at one hundred thousand pounds, and God willing, by the end of this year, I will be the possessor of that sum—even then, I suppose I will raise the peg again somewhat higher.

Notwithstanding the great object of my ambition has been to acquire wealth, that single pursuit did not afford me happiness: notwithstanding I love and cherish my wife with all the fervor and sincerity of a loyal husband, still my heart wants something more to love. My wife never blessed me with children. I tried by turns to share my affection on a cat, a dog, yea even on a parrot and a monkey, but still these were not enough; there still was a vacancy in my heart. Rich as I am, I would give half my wealth for a son, or daughter—but that is a vain wish. My sister-in-law has three children, she is poor, and lately I adopted my nephews and neice: they are now receiving the best education that the country affords; I love them dearly, and my heart is satisfied. In truth my ambition is to leave each fifty thousand pounds: so you may observe it is for them, (they are beautiful, and to me all in all,) that I labor, and not for myself. At present I live in what is called splendid style, but in no year has the amount of my expenses even approached near to my income. My mother (she is an old woman now) and my wife live in health,

I am blessed. I am man of leisure, for being somewhat advanced in years, I am turned of fifty six, though I may look younger—I have sold out my linen draper establishment; and now dabbling in stocks, speculating in lands, and lending money, do I dispel the ennui which might else weigh heavy upon me.

This is the brief outline of my life—and much has experience taught me in its course.

I have already told you that I never read; my words were true even to a fault, but you may easily imagine that this misfortune, for such I account it, arose more from my way of life, than from a distaste of books; I have, however, read Burns' poems, Blind Harry's history of William Wallace, Pamela, Pilgrim's Progress and the Bible. These books constituted the library of my worthy mother, in her ancient garret-room; their depository was in a "neuk o' the aumerie," whose place was often usurped by certain plates, bowls, tea-cups and saucers, to the no small discomfiture of the learned leaves. I was a child when I read these books. For more than thirty years, business alone engaged my attention, and when night came, I was too much fatigued to study. Thus passed my days. I regret that I am ignorant: I wish I were only wise enough to know how ignorant I am: yet in my intercourse with the world, and more especially since I have given up the labor of trade, I have gathered much use-

ful information. Experience has taught me, that a man deep versed in books alone, or deep read in human nature alone, is only half learned; it requires a man to be deeply skilled in both to be wise. Experience also has taught me, that a knowledge of human nature, if not so pleasant, is more profitable than a knowledge of books, and that with the first, more than with the last, will he pass with people generally for a man of information.

My experience also has taught me, that the great object of life is happiness, or in other words to apportion to life as little of misery as possible; yet perfect happiness is not the lot of mortals—content is not in this world. A man must have enough of whatever his aim may be, to enjoy even comparative happiness; yet what is enough? This question was once correctly answered to be "a little more than any man possesses."

Life is short, and short as it is, the more a man spends it to the fulfilment of his heart's desire, the happier he is; but man is a jumble of contrarieties, he is constantly on the alert for new scenes of excitement: that which pleases him to day, displeases him to-morrow. Pleasure as it is called, is an excitement or calm, congenial with the feelings of the time—but pleasure prolonged beyond the dial hour of the heart, becomes pain. How much toil and labor, some men undergo for what is termed pleasure! Change the appellation, and name plea-

sure as it is called, business or duty, then with how much reluctance would they engage in it!—they would not endure hunger and fatigue, sun and shine, with so much patience and content. Imagination, nay even a name, works miracles! Such a wayward thing is man! Every mortal is either vain, proud or ambitious—or all, by turns. Some seek in fame, some in wealth, some in love, to reach the summit of their wishes. Some ask the homage of the world—others, the applause of their own particular sphere, or in other words, fame pleases one—notoriety is enough for another. One prides himself upon his mental, another on his physical strength. One is proud of a noble, or sometimes of an ignoble action—another has the pride of not being proud, and to prove this, is guilty of eccentricity.

Be it fame, wealth or notoriety that a man covets, he stretches each nerve for its attainment. The desire of fame is the pursuit of a noble and magnanimous mind—notoriety of a weak and imbecile. The pursuit of fame is up a steep and rugged cliff, and at each step, difficulties almost insurmountable present themselves; still the aspirant, like a strong man, battles with them, disdaining aid—he must alone achieve the prize. The pursuit of notoriety, is over a level plain: the traveller may now and then stoop his head to escape entanglement from the boughs of the foliage that crown his path—he may meet millions

on his way, he bows courteously to all—nay sometimes like a sycophant—he disdains not to take hold of a fellow traveller's arm, to be carried swifter on his course—he seeks all aid—so that his object be attained, he cares not if it be by his own or others' exertions. The road to wealth is indeed a rugged one; self denial, prudent caution, nay even a mind distrusting all men, and hard labor alone, are competent to surmount opposing difficulties—on this subject, however, it is unnecessary to dwell, my own story is an episode to teach the way to wealth.

From the opinion I expressed on board the Steam Boat of the vain and ignorant, who pride themselves on wealth alone, you may think that my words and actions are inconsistent. I think not: from the hour that I was spurned by a rich man, myself then poor, I longed for wealth, and yet I despised those, who, because they were rich, arrogated to themselves what nature never intended they should be: no! thank heaven, I pride myself not that I am a rich man, but that I am an honest man.

By the way, Sir, though I never read, I have been solicited to become the patron of learned men: a young man, son of a tenant of mine, lately sent me some poems, requesting my opinion of them, and begging permission, (if I recommended their publication,) to dedicate the book to me. I am no judge of poetry—but I

know every quality of linen. I believe I have one or two of his poems in my pocket; as I doubt not you are a critic, will you do me the favor to read this, and express to me your opinion—you see it is troublesome to be rich, and I may also add, to have a wife too beautiful.

During his long narration, the dapper gentleman interested me deeply, and I spoke not a word; but now, as he handed me a MS. poem, I said, "Sir, I will read the production with pleasure." I opened its folds and read the following Dramatic Sketch.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

JULIAN AND ELPHINA.

"Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours,
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who doat on odors, pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast, but place to die."

Byron.

Elphina. Thou canst not mean it, love; nay; thou canst not!
This talk of parting is an idle tale,
Which thou, in jest, hast breathed, to scare my heart.
Recall thy words; again look sweet on me,
And all I will forgive, and all forget.

Julian. My fair Elphina, 't is alas! too true.
Were I to yield unto my heart's desire,
Thou wouldst be ever all the world to me.
I feel that we must part, and in this hour
Must all thy hopes of joy, and mine, convene;
As if the fragrance of a thousand flowers,
Into one drop of perfume were distilled,
For all the blessings of a life of love,
Must be concentred in this single hour.

Elph. What dost thou say?

Jul. Elphina, we must part.

Elph. What spell is o'er thee sweet? am I not kind?
Do I not smile whene'er I meet thy smile?
Am I not in thy presence ever bless'd?
Yea, let me speak beyond my virgin blush,
When thou art near, the moments have a speed
That will not pause for counting. I'll not hear
Of parting, love.

Jul. It must be so, Elphina:
A fate hangs o'er me, which impels this course,
Against my heart's desire. Would 't were not so!

Elph. Who in love's calendar hath ever read,
Else than the heart approves?

Jul. Alas, alas!

Elph. Why Julian, dost thou sigh? Art thou not well?

Jul. I would thou wert less fair, or else less kind!

Elph. I understand thee not: what dost thou mean?

Jul. I've gazed upon thy face, fair one, and felt
A holy calmness overspread my frame:
I've listened to the magic of thy song,
And then, have felt as if celestial sounds
Fell on mine ear, and sweetly soothed my thoughts
From the dark broodings of this nether world.
When in the summer evenings we have sat
Mid'st budding bowers, where varied petals op'd
To show their lovely flowers; or, when we've strayed,

At morn 'mongst fields of tedded hay; or eve,
Along the tressled windings of the grove,
When moon and stars have smiled upon the scene,
I've felt a presence that exalted me,
E'en to a par with seraphim. I knew
Not then, how firm, nor yet how close entwined,
Around the jesses of my heart thou wert,
Till reason whispered we must part: ev'n now,
(For in thy presence I am happy still,)
I scarcely realize that we must part,—
Yet, part we must—this meeting is our last.

Elph. O! torture not my heart with such strange words.

Jul. The rare perfections of great nature's hand,
Are all convened upon thy lovely form.
As now I gaze upon thine angel face,
Where the sweet rose, and sweeter lily strive
For masterdom,—I sigh thou art not mine!
O when I meet the glance of that blue eye,
So like the dove's—yet gentler,—from the which,
All that we dream of brightness and of truth,
Is imaged forth—I sigh thou art not mine!
Yea, in the spring-time of thy virgin years,
When all the blossoms on love's sacred tree
Are peeping forth, which first enthralled my heart
In love's wild maze—I sigh thou art not mine!
And when I hear thy voice, O sweeter far,
Than ever poet feigned, or fabled goddess,
Murmured of old from her rich perfumed breath,
I sigh thou art not mine!

Elph. Am I not thine?
I love thee with a warmth unknown before,
And only live for thee. Where'er thou art,
There is a charm, where thou art not—a blank.
When I have mingled in the heartless rounds,
Of giddy fashion, and thou wert not there,
With thy bright eagle eye, to light the scene,
A dimness and a languor spread around.
When I have sat beside my own dear hearth,

And thou wert near—it was a heaven to me!
Then wherefore sigh that I am not thine own?

Jul. An evil fate sits frowning o'er our hopes:
'Tis the ascendant. What can drive it thence?

Elph. Dost thou not love me?

Jul. Yes, Elphina, yes!
I love in all the poetry of passion,
Holy and pure, and in the wild romance
Of young and bright imaginings, I doat
On thee alone. Were destiny my gift,
I would not give thee for the specious world.
Kingdoms and crowns, the victor's laurel wreath,
The trump of fame, the envy or the homage
Of millions born, or millions yet to be,
Compared with thee are as the passing wind.

Elph. As love can conquer all, and as I love
More fond than woman ever loved before,
We'll conquer fate, and be forever one.
And thou shall love me too—indeed, indeed!
I see a blush o'erspread thy manly cheek,
And thy bright eyes beam with a kindly glance.
Thou dost relent,—I know thou dost, my love.
How thy dear heart doth coil! thou wilt be kind,
And I'll forget that thou wert ever else.

Jul. Yes, I am kind, and kind to thee alone,
And love thee dearer than the saints above,
But evil fate frowns darkly o'er our day.

Elph. This is a madness, or a mockery.
I told thee, that I loved: ah! never more
Let woman tell the history of her heart,
For when false man—vain and deceitful man,
Knows that he's loved, he loaths the heart that loves.

Jul. Elphina, thou dost wrong me: ne'er before
Hath mortal ever suffered wrong from thee,
Paragon of women. Who can control
The dreadful mandates of imperious fate?
Call thou this madness? if thou wilt, call me

The maddest of my sex: within me reigns
A strange presentiment of ill. I am
The fool of fate—the victim of despair!
Upon my heart, my destiny is writ,
In words eternal, traced by demon hands
In characters of fire: it burns, it burns!

Elph. O this is madness in extremest sway.
Thy placid features, and thine eye of love
(Which oft beamed on me with so kind a glance)
Are all deformed by some mysterious spell.
I know not what thou mean'st: pray thee explain.

Jul. I had a dream—a wild, delirious dream;
A sybil, frowning, stood before my view,
Who in each hand a glass prophetic held.
At her command, in this, then that I gazed;
Gods! what a sight was then revealed to me.
In this, I look'd, and lo! I saw thee stand
Apart from me: though for a time, dark clouds
Hung o'er thee like a pall, yet soon the sun
Pierced through the gloom, and then thy day of life,
Shone like sweet summer in her rosy prime,
And on a comely youth anon thou smiled'st.
He took thy hand: until the going down
Of thy sun's being in the peaceful west,
Nor cloud nor storm frowned over thee or thine.
Now mark! in that, I gazed—there wert thou linked
With hapless me. All shone serene awhile,
But clouds soon gathered thick around us twain,
And mounting to the zenith, met in darkness.
Each fair and lovely thing, was then enwrapped
In gloom profound: the wrathful tempest scowled—
The thunder roared, and the wild lightning scathed,
And desolation spread her ruin round.
Thee cherished one, at every flash, I saw
Wearying on in sadness and distress,
While I, a blasted trunk, defiled the earth.
Hopeless and sad, thou then wert all alone,
None near to heed, or help thee on thy path.

O it was terrible, and I could gaze
No more: my sense was wrecked—my eyes were sered,
My brain was crazed, and madly I awoke.
O God, O God! it was a horrid dream.

Elph. What! hath an idle dream alarmed thee thus?
Thou'lt think no more on't: it is folly all.

Jul. That horrid vision I shall ne'er forget,—
It haunts my dreaming hours my waking thoughts,
It fires my brain, and writhes my mind on racks.
I will not link thy destiny with mine:
Elphina, no! To thee I will not prove,
Like the rank sea-bird to the branching tree
That shades old ocean's marge—where'er it perches,
Leaflet, nor blossom ever smiles again;
Yet still it nestles on the blighted boughs,—
And loves the trunk, its pestilence hath sered.
Not so with me: I part to see thee bloom,
In all the richness of thy virgin prime—
Then choose another's hand, and live in joy.
Think not of me; my fate may do her wors
I am content, so that thou suffer'st not.

Eph. Speak not to me of joy: without thy love;
I'll pine and waste away, like autumn's rose.
To me, content will be an empty sound,
And every sweet and lovely thing deformed.
I'll never leave thee,—thou shalt be mine own,
And all fate dares, we will together brave.

Jul. Clouds in the glass awhile lowered dark on thee,
But soon they passed—a cloud is o'er thee now.
I am resolved. Give me thy harp, Elphina.

Eph. O yes! Thou'lt touch it with thy master hand,
And wake its notes of richest melody.
O may the witchery of its breathings, bring
Thy heart again to reason, and to love.
'Tis said the soul, upborne on music's wings,
Soars to a region, where eternal bliss
Brings all discordant things to harmony.

'Tis echo's palace, where the truant winds
Straying, like fancy, 'mongst celestial chords,
Where waters murmur, and where sea shells roar,—
Where wild birds carol, and where flowers perfume—
Where gems shed forth delightful streams of light,
Where every leaf pendant from golden boughs,
Where all that is, create or increate,
Of bright and beautiful, of rich and rare,
Compose a choir, the poetry of sound,
That so enthrals the heart, it doth restore,
The placid sway of love to man once more.

Jul. I touch it, but to sound one-strain, 'twill be,
The sweetest and the last, I wake for thee:
These burning pangs, the music will reveal,
But with frail words, too weak for all I feel,
I will breathe forth my saddest, latest strain,
Sound lyre, once more, than never wake again!

THE SONG.

I knew thee lady when thou wert,
A gay and rosy child;
And marked thy beauty opening fair,
As fate upon thee smiled.
I know thee now, when thou art grown,
To woman's high estate;
With all the charms convened on thee
That e'er on mortals wait.

Too oft thou dear one, have we met,
Both for thy peace, and mine,
I dare not longer trust my heart
To bow at beauty's shrine,
For thoughts are gathering o'er me fast,
Which bid my bosom beat,
With hopes, alas! too wild and vain,
Then wherefore should we meet.

The wild flowers on my being's path,
All faded in their bloom;

An evil star frowns over me,
And hapless is my doom;
I would not in thy rosy prime,
A blight upon thee cast;
Bloom on, bloom on, apart from me,
My first-love and my last.

I never knew, how closely thou
Wert link'd around my heart;
'Till cruel fate decreed that we,
Should, love, forever part:—
And part we must, although the thought
Distracts my breast with pain;
'Tis, for thy sake alone, not mine,
We never meet again.

And now, obedient to the sybil's spell,
Elphina we must part: farewell, farewell.

I read with deep attention, the Dramatic Sketch, which my dapper friend had just presented to me; who, I observed by a casual glance, was all the while anxiously surveying each expression of my face, as, if by that means, rather than by my words, he would gain my true opinion of its poetic merit. The moment I had finished its perusal, and before my dapper friend found time to ask my opinion, I enquired, "Is this the only sample of his writings that the young poet has given to you?"

"No: here is another piece, perhaps you would be pleased to read this also."

"I certainly would be better able, after reading a second piece, and in a different style, to give you a more decided expression of his talents."

In a moment, the following was put into my hands.

ON REVISITING AN EXILE'S GRAVE.

Out upon time! it will leave no more,
Of the things to come, than the things before:
Out upon time! that forever will leave,
But enough of the past, for the future to grieve.

Byron.

In after years I viewed the grave,
No tomb-stone marked the spot;
O'er it I saw rank nettles wave,
And silence reigned as 'twere forgot.
The church-yard held no living one,
Save I alone, who seemed to be,
The last amongst a race outrun,
As life's sole current flowed in me.

Awhile, I held communion there
Amidst the tenements of death,
While thoughts of sadness and despair,
Restrained awhile my breath.

I thought on death's unconquered power,
Upon his victims too, I thought,
Who all had lived their little hour,
Whose end to me, this lesson taught:—
That I would soon like them repose,
Within the grave, in dreamless sleep:
How few the suns o'er me would close,
Ere friends will cease to weep.

I thought upon a thousand things
Which crowded then my brain,
Amongst them came imaginings
Of sorrow and of pain.

I thought each grave a monument,
Each stone, a mournful history;
This low, that brief, as man's content,
As poor and brief, seemed life to me.

O! thousands in the grave are laid!
Of rich, of powerful and of brave!
Their deeds unsung, their memories dead,
And who can point their grave!
Where lie the mighty ones of old?
Where Homer, Horace, Sappho,—more
Who sweetly sang than tales unfold—
Alas! man never can explore!
Where is the haughty Brennus now?
Camillus too, who boldly told,
(While Roman wrongs sat on his brow)
That steel was weightier than gold?
Where lies the mighty Grecian soul,
Who shook the world with eloquence?
Where he, who empires did control,
Whose very nod could thrones dispense:
And where is he, who did prefer
The offering which Venus bore,
Or she so beautiful and fair,
For whom famed Illion fell of yore?
Their manes sleep in oblivion's cloud,
Their names now only live in song;
And memory's death may yet enshroud,
Their fame, and poet's lays, ere long.
For who can say what yet may be,
When time another age hath seen?
O fame thou art a mockery,
A breath of what has been!

Gaze on the pyramids of old—
They stand erect, where first they stood;
But ah! what records now unfold,
If built before, or since the flood:
Cheops, or else a mightier king,
The haughty lord of all the earth,
Conceives the lays that poet's sing,
Might not immortalize his birth;
And vainly, to extend his fame,
Until the latest pulse of time,
Thinks, by these monuments, his name
Will live in every age and clime.
But there, they stand!—yet wherefore reared,
Conjecture oftentimes hath guessed;
Their page, once thought eterne, is seared,
There, silence hath his seal impressed!
And ere a thousand years have sped,
What may be, or what may not be?—
All living things will sure be dead,
But what will be the history?
We'll be to those, who are to come,
As times departed are to us,
A cenotaph of mortal doom—
Thus ancients are,—we shall be thus.

"Now Sir, said my dapper friend, after I had read the second production, "what think you of my young protege?"

Freely and candidly I expressed my opinion, but it is unnecessary to record my verdict here; the poems are before my readers, who, I doubt not, are as competent to judge of their merits as I am. This however I will say, I spoke of them

in terms of moderate praise, and neither recommended their publication, nor advised their suppression too strongly, but rather left my friend to decide for himself, what course he would pursue. When I had concluded, I was about to tender the return of the MSS. when my companion said, "If you have the least desire to possess these productions, they are at your service; perhaps they may fill with advantage a corner of your port folio."

"Though I would by no means despise your offer, yet Sir, I fear, I would be robbing both the author and yourself."

"By no means: I can easily obtain a duplicate, or, as from your opinion I shall urge their publication, I may receive a copy of the work in which they appear."

"Perhaps the author has no copy."

"He would not surely act in such an unbusiness like manner, as not to retain a duplicate: Why Sir, of all invoices, accounts current, letters &c. which ever were required in the course of my business, I always kept duplicates."

"Poets are rarely men of business, they hate the dull routine of a mercantile life: their minds soar above merchandize in all its various kinds and qualities—the rise and fall of markets affect them not, and the very essential calculations of pounds, shillings and pence, have no charms for them, except in so far as money administers to

the necessary wants of life. Though poets are proverbially sensitive on the subject of their writings, yet they are exceedingly careless of their MSS. Were you to see those of most authors, you would too often find them a mass of irregular sheets, daubbed with crooked lines of almost illegible chirography, which you would deem scarcely fit for a cook wherewithal to singe a chicken; but when printed on excellent hot pressed vellum, and beautifully bound in gilded Russia, they *seem* precious enough, and sometimes *are* of sufficient value to hold a place in a lady's reliquary. There is not a man in a thousand who would read a MS. poem, unless it were the author, or some one whose duty it is to do so: for the labor necessary "to decypher the cursed cramp hand" would take away all the pleasure of the work, however meritorious it might be."

"You amaze me: I thought authors were as particular with their works, as merchants with their accounts. I have heard of people writing for newspapers and magazines, whose communications were written like copper-plate, and I always imagined that every author was as particular. These are written in a good hand."

"That I confess: your young friend has taken special pains to make them legible—it was no more than courtesy to do so, when he requested that you would read them. I pray you receive them."

"O no Sir; I have made up my mind on that score, they are yours: if the author has been so unbusiness like, as not to retain duplicates, it is his fault, and it must be his loss.

I did not contend further: I placed the poems carefully in my port folio, which has enabled me to publish them here. Soon after, I parted with my dapper friend, and though I have never seen him since that day, yet I have lately heard, that he, and all who are near and dear to him, live in health, and in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing. Long may he and his be spared.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

And their bridal bed, is a cold and bleak shred
Of a rock, that is washed by the sea,
And the wild waves' roar, as they dash on the shore,
Is all for their bridal melody:
But so calm and so lone, they are sleeping together
They heed not the wave, nor the cold stormy weather.

New Ballad.

The little village of Ardentine is situated on the shore of Loch Long; the traveller as he passes that mountain bound arm of the sea, gazes with admiration on the beauty of the landscape. It is a delightful place: many a lyre has sounded in its praise, and the young enthusiast as he pictures to his imagination a lovely and sequestered retreat, never drew a more beautiful scene. Here the mountains tower on each other, their basis resting, as it were in the sea—raising their fir and heather clad brows, in all the ruggedness and grandeur of nature, to kiss the clouds; and their summits present to the poetic mind, various and fantastic shapes, which show like pictures of old remembered things, on which the eye delights to dwell.

The village reposes in a small Bay where the wild mountains, have receded to make a shelter for it, and seem its guardian spirits. Its humble, white washed cottages, with thatched roofs, are planted along the shore, and the smoke from their chimneys curling gently up to heaven, seems to bespeak the lightness of the hearts of the dweller within.

In one of these cottages dwelt the parents of Helen Campbell; (this is the prevailing name in the romantic shire of Argyle) they were honest, but poor—a cow and a wherry, were all their wealth: the first under the management of the mother, and the second of the father—for he, like most of the villagers, followed the fishing trade. Helen was born in the cottage they inhabited, at the time of which I speak, and she was reared like the other lasses of the village in the simple and unsophisticated manner of her station. I saw her on a summer morning, the first I ever spent in Ardentine, spinning before the cottage door. There was an air and dignity in her deportment far above what I had ever seen in a cotter's daughter. I shall never forget, her clear, healthy, ruddy complexion—her long flaxen curlets and bright blue eyes, which glanced mild as the first beams of morning, arched with eye-brows, that might vie with the beautiful curve of heaven's promise. Her high and well formed fore-head, her Grecian nose, her sweetly defined lips and

chin, bespoke a mind gentle and virtuous. She was dressed in all the simplicity of rustic attire—in gingham short gown, and blue duffle petticoat, with a snow white apron pinned before, which had an air of neatness I never saw in one of her station. She was the flower of Ardentine! Every tongue praised her modest worth, and for her, prayers ascended to heaven, that as her morn was pure and unsullied as the sun's rays reflected on the chrystal dew or waveless loch, she might live her day of life without a cloud or storm to mar her peace of mind. Helen had not an enemy in the world: she loved all, nor even knew what it was to hate: mothers would point when she passed, as was done to Lucretia of old, and bid their daughters be as spotless as Helen Campbell. All thought it an honor to have her presence in their cottage, and she associated freely with the village maidens, but never thought she was the fairest flower of Ardentine, nor once imagined but the same purity, and beauty that she possessed, was the birth right of every maid. Thus she lived, loving and beloved.

Donald Campbell was her neighbor, and her elder by two, or perhaps three years: they had been associates from infancy, and their parents looked forward with pleasure to the time, when they should give their children to each other. Often would the old folks when seated round the winter peat fire, renew their youth, and talk of

air-built castles, even like the youthful pair, and anticipate with all the glow of virtuous feeling, the union of Donald with "our Helen," and in the fervor of their hearts pray, that their children might live as they had lived, and that they themselves, might leave them the rich inheritance of a good name—this is the Scotch peasants best legacy, and too often their only bequest. Would some of our modern lovers pause a moment, their first question would not be as now, too often it is, "how much money has she?" they would change their tone, and enquire "how much love shall I receive in return for mine?" or like the poor, unsophisticated peasant, ask "will her parents leave her a good name?

When Donald was "buskit in his Sunday claes" no one at church or mart was neater. His manly form and dark piercing eye, had a commanding appearance, and the native pride of the highlander was strongly innate in his bosom. He scorned to wear any other garb, than that worn by his clan; he regarded not the law abolishing the distinguishing dress, but would wear his at the peril of his life, as his forefathers had done for ages before the records of seers began. His tartan vest and kilt, and his plaid thrown neatly over his shoulders became him well, and showed the strong sinews of his manly frame,—his dog-skin speuchan, his tartan hose, his buckled shoes, and

cherry-topped bonnet, were neater than those of any of the village lads.

Helen and Donald had now arrived at that age, when they no longer looked on each other as playmates—a feeling, before unknown pervaded their hearts, which they scarcely knew, and would not confess even to their own thoughts. When they spoke a slight blush suffused the cheeks of both, already by nature out-vying the hue of the rose; and, if their eyes met at church, or at the domestic hearth, as oftentimes they did, a blush and a sigh, these mute, yet tell-tale interpreters, revealed the secret of their hearts. They had never spoken of love, nor by their parents had been questioned on the subject.

The property of the * * * * * * family is situated in Argyle-shire, and also extends to that of Dunbarton. At the time to which this tale now relates the Duke gave to his younger brother the beautiful estate of * * * * as his marriage dowery—to which, with his lovely bride, he was about to remove. Lord John had long been a friend to Donald, as far as friendship could exist with those, between whom fate had thrown such a wide gulf of birth,—but at an early hour in their day of life, long before the young heart knew the vast difference in the estate of the world, when poor unsophisticated nature looked on all mankind alike, they had been companions. Lord John loved his native hills and lochs with all the pride of a High

lander; and often, with Donald by his side, has he sailed on the loch—hunted on the heather moor, threaded the wild wood, or scrambled up the craggy steep, fleet and free as the roe. Many a rough wave have they gallantly rode, and many a time have they stood on the high peek of "The Cobbler," and viewed with fearless breast, the clouds floating beneath—marked the lightning sporting there, and heard the thunder rolling awfully; while they far above, felt as if exalted to a higher sphere, and looked with unconcern upon the petty world below. On these excursions they were always accompanied by Donald's dog Towler: often has he mounted the crag, scoured the wood before them, or swam the loch after their wherry, with more fidelity than could be expected even from proud man.

It was on one of these excursions Lord John informed his companion, that he was shortly to remove to his new estate with his lovely bride, and offered him a situation of trust and profit if he would accompany him. The pride Donald felt at this mark of esteem, induced him instantly to accept the offer.

He communicated his intention to his parents, and the report soon spread through the village, and all looked upon him as a favored one. Helen heard it with a heavy heart and tearful eye: the parents of both, with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain. While Donald, himself,

when he contemplated his removal from his native spot, felt a sensation pervade his heart, which, but for this circumstance, might long have remained dormant. "What will become of Helen?" he sighed, "with whom will she go to church on Sundays—with whom stroll along the shore on the summer evenings, or who will beguile her wintry hours!" As the day of separation approached in his heart he felt lonely, and he conjectured that while absent, to whom at eve could he tell his little adventures of the day, or where find a comfort like Helen's lovely eyes, which always spoke a welcome whenever they met, or where else would be a charm equal to her melodious song.

The evening previous to his departure, Donald sought an opportunity to meet Helen, and found it, only, as he thought to bid her unobserved farewell. Awhile they paced along the shore in silence—it was a sweet moonlight night—but many a look was interchanged that spoke more than words could convey. At length Donald said (their conversation was in Gaelic, which I translate.)

"I am going to leave you Helen: Lord John has been kind to me."

"I have heard it: we shall all be sorry."

"I will not be far away, Helen: I shall always think kindly of you."

"We shall miss you Donald, for you have ever been dear to us all."

"We have known one another long; yea even since we were children we have grown up together: we went to the same school and sat in the same church."

"You have ever been as a brother to me."

"As a brother only?"

"I never had a brother, Donald, but I think, if heaven had blessed me with one, I would have felt for him, as I feel for you."

"You would think of him, if absent, and pray for his happiness."

"That would be but natural, Donald."

"You will think then of me, Helen."

"O yes, I will ever remember you with pleasure, and pray for your health and welfare."

"O my dear Helen! you have ever been a good friend; we never met, but you were happy, we never parted, but you were sad. I have always looked upon you, as the sweetest of the village lasses: your step is the lightest, your eye the brightest, and your smile the kindest: I feel more sorry to part from you, than from all the other villagers."

"We have been so often together, Donald, and never did I see an angry look, or hear an unkind word from you."

"I think we have been too kind, Helen, for our own sakes, now that I am going away."

"Yes Donald," replied Helen with a sigh, "for I am sure I shall feel lonely. I do not think that

your parent's cottage, or mine, will be as blythe when you are away."

"Do not grieve Helen, I will frequently visit you."

"But while you are away, who will be as dear to me, as you have been?"

"Do you love me my sweet Helen?" asked Donald in a trembling tone, as if he feared the reply, on which his happiness depended:—he paused to hear Helen speak—she turned her head away, and blushed redder than the rosy heralds of the day. The question came upon her abruptly and unexpectedly; strongly as her heart was knit with Donald's, she knew not how to term her feeling for him, but now that the word love was mentioned, in the wild flush of young delight, her attachment for the first time in her thought, assumed its true name; yet she, the purest, and the gentlest of her sex, was so overpowered with the force of her long cherished passion, that she could not for the masterdom of the world, answer with one articulate sound: silence, and the gentleness of her manner soon added fresh courage to Donald's heart, "speak to me Helen" said he "tell me, do you love me?"

"I cannot say that I hate you Donald" at length she murmured.

"Speak still more: will you be my wife."

"I wish that I were worthier for your sake."

"O Helen that tells all my heart desires, and I

am happy. Never till this moment did I know how dearly I loved you."

"What will my mother say, Donald?"

"She will not think you lost, though mine, Helen."

"She has been a kind mother to me."

"You shall be her daughter still. Let me press this hand to my bosom, let me take my first kiss. My life, my love, this is the happiest moment of my life." He kissed the blushing maid, and dried a tear, that spangled her light blue eye; then with a delicacy, unusual to those in his station of life, he instantly changed the theme, to relieve her mind from the strong emotions that the scene had produced. By the time she reached the threshold of her father's cottage, her mind was as composed, and her countenance as cheerful as usual. "Speak to your mother" said Donald as he was about to bid her adieu, "to your father and my parents I shall speak. My Helen, my bride, good night."

When Helen entered the cottage, the watchful mother, careful of her daughter's peace of mind, questioned her.

"Where have you been my child?"

"I have been walking with Donald Campbell, along the shore" she replied with trembling voice and flushing cheek.

"What did he say?"

"He said that he was going to leave us to-morrow."

"You do not seem sorry: did he tell you aught to make you happy?

"Yes—he asked me if—but do not question me mother; I cannot speak what he said."

The skilful eye of the mother watched her daughter, and in her voice and gesture read all that Helen could have spoken.—"You do not mean to leave us too, Helen? You are my only child; think you not, I would be lonely and comfortless without you?

"I told him so mother—but he will speak to you himself."

"Perhaps you do not love him."

"No, no, mother; you taught me never to speak what my heart did not feel; and I could not but love him whom you have cherished so much, and praised so often."

"Yes, my dear Helen, of all the village lads, he is my favorite, and I would rather see you wedded to him, than to the proud Duke himself. His parents have shown him a good example, and will have him a good name."

"But I cannot part with thee mother, he will live far over on the other shore; and were I gone, you would have none to help or comfort you. When he is gone, I can love him with a sister's love, as I have always done, and still be your daughter."

"To see you, my child "happy with Donald, will compensate for every loss: let me tell you now, what I could not before, that my fondest an-

ticipations have been to make you his wife, and when you are, I have nothing more to wish for in this world. O! how often have his parents and we, even when you were lisping infants, spoken of this, and looked upon you as two sweet roses ripening on one stem, and marked yon budding into worth and loveliness. If you think of my peace, if the happiness of your old parents weigh with you, Helen, you will marry Donald."

The earnest and affectionate tone of her mother touched Helen to the heart: to think how strongly her own soul was knit with Donald's, and to know how much the "old folks" desired the match, produced feelings which she could not command, and the mother mingled her tears of joy with the daughter's.

The father was now heard on the threshold, and as he raised the latch, Helen darted to her own apartment, and spent the night in all the dreams that happy love inspires.

The old man entered with joyful step and smiling face: he had passed the evening with Donald's parents, and there had heard the happy news which Helen had just told.

The morning came—and the hour of departure approached. Donald stole a moment to tell his Helen how soon he would return, and intreat her to fix the bridal day upon an early one. She spoke not, but bound around his tartan black-plumed bonnet a braid of her flaxen ringlets, and

her expressive eyes told what her tongue could not, "wear it for my sake."

His dog Towler, that noble animal, as if he knew Helen was intended for his future mistress, which before had kept at a distance, now advanced, and fawned about the lovely girl, scarcely less loving his master. He was a brave dog, and had shown signs of feeling and instinct, and had performed exploits, that would have told well in "L'Histoire des chiens celebres."

Lord John was on the pier, where the wherry was moored, with his lovely wife and retinue. Donald could not delay; he encircled Helen's finger with a ring, and pressed her to his breast. A murmur of 'farewell,' was heard from Helen's voice of music, and a tear sat like a diamond on her now wan cheek. He saw her emotion, and breathed a word of comfort: then turned and brushed away a tear which stained his manliness, and his look spoke what the congenial soul could well interpret—he snatched a kiss, and hurried to the shore.

Helen, with grief and loneliness of heart saw the villagers assembled round the wherry, but her feelings being so different from theirs, she could not mingle with the careless farewells of the multitude her sighs. There is a feeling in the virtuous and affection heart, which holds the latest farewell, the last sigh and parting look of the beloved, so sacred and valuable, it cannot brook the

callous gaze, fearful lest it might be robbed of half its luxury.

The wherry now spread her sails before a prosperous breeze, and gallantly braved the billows. Many a blessing was asked for the voyagers, and many a lip had kissed the hand which was outstretched, as if to send a protecting charm to them. Towler, the faithful animal, cast a look behind, and seemed to know, with as much consciousness as his master, that he was leaving bonny Ardentine. The wherry, as she bounded away, grew smaller and smaller in the distance: now no living thing could be discerned in her—the hull seemed buried in the Loch, the bark-stained sails only were seen above the blue water. Now a something was observed just at the point of Rosneath, on which the sunbeams shone, and gave it the appearance of an evening golden cloud: it was the brown sail—in an instant it rounded the point, and was seen no more! The villagers one by one dropped off to their nets, or to their fields, and all was deserted and quiet, where an hour before so many were collected with anxious looks and heaving breasts.

After a prosperous passage the wherry arrived at its destined place, and safely landed its valuable freight. This was the first night Donald had ever spent out of his native village, and it was a lonely one to him: a thousand thoughts

crowded his imagination—joyful anticipations and distressing fears. These, however, were soon driven from his mind, for the active preparations Lord John was making, in and about his new dwelling, demanded Donald's time and thought. At length to his joy, an occasion presented itself to revisit Ardentine. No one ever embarked as joyfully as he: his heart in his bosom bounded lighter than his bark upon the waves, and he steered through the blue waters with a master hand.

Arrived in sight of that spot of earth, which was dearest to him, his thoughts dwelt among the days that were passed, and in imagination he lived over again the happy hours he had spent with his Helen. None but a lover knows the anxious hours a lover feels—many fears flashed across his mind, even at the very time when a few moments would assure him of the reality. He gazed on every well-known mark of the shore; each one was identified with Helen, and every high peak of the hills reminded him of her, for there her name was engraven. Her cottage looked to his eye neater and more cheerful than all the others, and even the smoke from its chimney curled more gracefully to heaven. It is a strange eye with which a lover looks! Though he steered fleetly through the waters, he chided his tardy bark, for he looked on, and his heart was already within her dwelling. The last moments of a

voyage to lovers, as to all, are ever the most tedious. Helen saw the well-known vessel approach, and gazed anxiously on it, till she descried Donald's bonnet waving in the air, she kissed her hand to him in token of recognizance, and now assured that he was well, entered her cottage, that unobserved by the rude eyes of callous spectators, she might wait to give him welcome. In a few moments more Donald clasped her in his arms.

I need not dwell on the happy tones and smiling looks of that visit, nor narrate how much he pressed her to name the bridal day; with a maiden's diffidence at length she fixed the happy one, and both looked forward to it, as the dawning of a new life—as the summit of their earthly bliss.

The preparations necessary for the nuptials of people in their station, are neither pompous, nor expensive. Donald's presence being required by Lord John, unimportant as they were, he could not attend to them himself, but entrusted all to his bride and her parents. Again he set sail, and for a second time departed from all that was dear to him: not however without assuring Helen he would return upon the BRIDAL EVE, that the cermony might be performed on the appointed day early enough to give sufficient time to convey his bride to her new abode before its close.

Time waits for none: the longest period comes round at last, though lovers seldom think so, till

it has arrived. At length the day preceding the nuptial one dawned, and was ushered in with dismal cloud and storm: the waves of the sea lashed and foamed about in rage, the blighted foliage bended beneath the blast; but regardless of its fury the bleak hills kept their bald heads unshaken and erect.

What at such a time could daunt a lover's mind? Donald heeded neither wind nor wave; his wherry was "tight and yere," and he a skilful pilot, so with fearless leap, he bounded into his bark, and Towler, who never forsook his master, was in an instant by his side. The hardy and intrepid boatmen gave the reefed sails to the wind and they left the land, alas! with too high and sanguine hopes.

Night was now drawing near, and as the day waned, the tempest blew more furiously, and raged in uncontrolled might. The white spray dashed over the vessel, every roll of the waves flashed with phosphoric light, and showed to the dauntless voyagers the perilous cavities, between which they were boldly steering.

Let me now turn to Helen. This was an anxious day to her: she saw how sullenly the morn arose, and the omens which foretold a stormy night. She could not allow herself to fear for Donald's safety, she knew his bark was good and he skilful; yet he wished a thousand times he were arrived. Her thoughts were so in-

tensely fixed upon the morrow, it almost seemed to her she had anticipated the time. A thousand hopes of future weal, and a thousand fears of future wo, pressed on her imagination. The sun's place was now far in the west, but the dun clouds of that day, had shielded his beams from the gaze of man, yet neither Donald, nor intelligence of him had reached Ardentine. Helen did not entertain a fear for her lover, but she fervently wished that she knew he were safe. "I know he is constant," she said: "he never deceived any one, and surely would not deceive me: he is, and must be safe—love with out-stretched wings will guide his bark, and spirits which wait on virtue, will protect him in the hour of peril."

Night had now set in: the wind blew louder, and the waves mounted higher. The moon and stars had all withdrawn, shrouded in an eternity of clouds, and the rain fell in torrents, as if heaven were weeping at the dreadful scene. With anxious mind and aching heart Helen kept her watch at the window, against which the heavy rain furiously poured, where she had placed her lamp as a beacon-light, by which Donald, if necessary might steer. She could not think that any disaster had befallen him, for smiling hope, with merry step danced before her imagination—but in a moment the grim faced demon of despair appeared, and poured his poison on her peace of mind.

Is this my BRIDAL EVE ?" she sighed ; "it is an angry one : all may be well ; yet would I give the world to have assurance of it."

Midnight was now drawing near, still Helen surveyed the chaos without : so impenetrable was the darkness, that all seemed a void to her, save now and then, by their phosphoric light, the waves were seen as they rolled terribly about. Where was Donald? Hope is the last thing that will leave this world, at least it is the last that forsakes the human breast. Still Helen gazed, and still hoped, not that if Donald had embarked he could be safe, but that he had not ventured on the sea in such a storm : yet, when she thought that he had never broken his word to her, nor to mortal else, her spirits sank again, and her mind was agitated as the night without.

The thunder roared far on the western shore, but gradually and gradually it approached, till it rolled awfully over her cottage, and echo answered from every peak: each flash of the red lightning showed to Helen's feverish sight the appalling scene. Another flash !—she saw a something on the loch, it looked like a spectre bark, and floated before her imagination, quick as a meteor—the scene closed, and left the time more dreadful than before ! She thought it was prophetic ! Her heart beat, she gave one convulsive start, and her mind was filled with tortures.

The parents sat on each side of the hearth,

scarcely in less agony than their daughter: at times, their eyes met but in a moment would in mute anguish fall: again, as if instinctively, both turned to Helen, and bitterly sighed to feel that hope was almost dead, and view their daughter the very image of despair, gazing so steadfastly on the wild blank of the stormy elements.

Now, on the threshold a light step was heard. Helen, darting up in the agony of unassured hope, cried "he is safe, he is come!" and ran to the door—ere she could lift the latch a pawing was heard, her heart almost failed; the moment she opened the door, faithful Towler rushed in, his shaggy hair was drenched with the briny flood, and his large eyes fixed in his head had a terrific look. The brave animal fell at Helen's feet almost exhausted, and uttered a fearful groan. The parents, whom the first tone of joy had roused from their dream of terrors, gazed on the dumb creature, without power either to speak or move—but the dog surveyed each face alternately, with such a look that spoke horrid imaginings.

Men often in the hour of peril, when one moment of self-possession would avert ruin, lose themselves, while some women act with a coolness and deliberation, that would awe the most heroic: but when the hour of danger is passed, they fall senseless at the recollection of what was. It was so with Helen: in a moment she regained her speech and courage—even questioned the dumb

animal. On being spoken to, Towler rose up, exultingly lapped Helen's feet, looked to the door, and then turned wistfully to her again and again; at length he ran to the threshhold, and looked back once more. Helen read his mute eloquence, and advanced to the faithful dog, while her parents were left fixed to the spot, like two mute and lifeless statues.

With hurried pace, Helen followed the noble Towler, and passed amid the darkness, fleet as Camilla, over the pebbly shore and rugged rocks, which in happier times she had looked on and deemed impassable. The wild storm without was not equal to that within her bosom, and so eagerly she followed her mute guide, that she scarcely knew if it were cloud or shine. At length, more than a mile from her cottage, she reached a craggy rock, which extended its barren arm far into the sea, up which the dog nimbly climbed, and she, not less active, was in a moment after him. The wild waves dashed furiously against it, but Helen, heedless of all impediments, approached its utmost verge; where, as a bright flash of lightning lit the appalling scene, she saw a figure stretched upon the hard rock, and apparently as insensible. She uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and, good heaven! she sank upon the prostrate form of her lover.

He spoke not, he moved not: then her heart's forebodings told the dreadful tale, that hope and

Donald both were dead. She could not longer command her feelings, her lover's bark was overwhelmed by the raging winds and angry flood; her energy of mind was wrecked by the storm of grief within her bosom, not less wild than that without, and she swooned away. The lightning showed that night to the contending elements, two of the purest and most faithful hearts that ever beat in unison, while they callous to all, lay exposed till morning on the barren rock. It was a melancholy Bridal-bed.

We left Helen's parents in their cottage when she hurried from it. It was long before they could move from their stupor, but when aroused, they felt that some dreadful event had befallen Donald: in hopes of rescue or assistance they apprised the village of all they knew, and all their fears. There was not a heart but loved the hapless two; the villagers were touched with pity at the mournful story, and in a moment the voice of one spoke the feelings and desire of all—to make instant search. But where?

They scoured the whole shore, some one way, and some another, but all in vain. At length as morning approached, the storm gradually abated, and the first dawning of light found the white haired Duncan Campbell, Helen's disconsolate father, at the base of the rock on which the two lovers had passed their BRIDAL EVE. Towler, who still watched over them, descried, and guid-

ed up the cliff the comfortless old man; he climbed with tottering steps and thunder-speaking fears, but before he had time to think what might be the issue of his search, the first objects which caught his eye, were his beloved daughter and his son who should that day have been. He wept not, he spoke not: his grief was too deep for words of sorrow, or unavailing tears. They were in a sitting posture, in each other's arms, their heads resting on a projecting cliff; they seemed not dead, but their pale and placid features looked like a master-piece of sculpture. Neither moved a muscle when the old man approached: then in bitterness of heart, he ejaculated—"My children! Oh, my hapless children!" Donald's eyes opened—the fixed glazedness told that death had stamped his impress there. A slight movement of the lips was seen, but silence reigned supreme; the gentlest sound was not heard. His hand motioned towards the fragments of the wherry, which were strewn upon the rock; his eyes turned to his faithful dog—they never moved again; a gentle sigh was heard, soft as the sound when the dew-drop falls—it was his last. No motion was seen in Helen's face; her hair hung dishevelled over it, like the willow boughs—the same loveliness of feature, the same serenity of aspect, all was there as in life, save the sparkle of the eye and the balmy breath. It seemed as if death had feared to sit on such a beauteous face,

but sent his gentle sister sleep. Yet, she was dead! The old father fell upon his knees, with hands uplifted, and eyes heavenward turned, he breathed rest for their souls.

The villagers soon flocked to the rock, which was the scene of this distressing catastrophe; the parents of the unhappy pair were in the groupe. The lifeless lovers were borne to the village, and their parents were conducted thither, "in all save breath, already dead." It was indeed a heart rending procession.

Helen and Donald were both buried in one grave, in the village church-yard. A stone of white marble, on which is recorded only their names and ages, was placed over their heads by the liberality of Lord John. The faithful dog, for many a day howled over their tomb; but now he is in possession of Lord John; Towler is his favorite.

A LEGEND OF KENT.

A LEGEND OF KENT.

"Though we have seen in this ungodly world,
That guilt awhile hath flourished like the Bay,
And in its poisonous shade hath virtue drooped;
Yet true as doom, with steady step, tho' slow,
The hour of retribution comes, when guilt
Leafless and sere is felled unto the ground:
While like the fabled amaranthean tree,,
Virtue will bloom in everlasting green.

MS. Play.

[The tale to which I have given the above title, occupied very pleasantly one rainy afternoon that I sojourned some years ago in a certain Inn, in the county of Kent. The narrator was a stranger to me, apparently one of those good hearted jovial sort of people, whose income is sufficient to supply the necessaries of life, and whose time is too much engaged in attending to the concerns of their neighbors, and in assisting strangers with every kind of information, save that which is useful or profitable, that they have no leisure to attend to their own affairs. I have related the story, as nearly in his own words as possible: according to its merits or demerits let him be praised or blamed. I have only to add, that the story is said to be as true as stories generally are. Probably it may have been told fifty times before I heard it, and like the rolling snow ball, lost nothing by repetition.]

Edward Hardenville was born heir to a princely fortune, and he possessed every advantage, which education and a strong mind could give. The richest and most fashionable circles courted his society, and that he might see mankind in every grade, he choose occasionally to visit.

"The lowly train of life's sequestered scene."

Many matrons tried to win his heart for the wealth and rank which by gaining him would be theirs, and many lovely maidens sighed after him for the elegance of his figure and the gracefulness of his manners. Whatever the female sex may say, they court more than their lords; nature has given them a power to woo, and yet so to disguise it, that, to the careless observer, they seemed wooed. The glance of the eye, the tone of the voice, and the attitude of the figure, which they can command, knock at the door of the hardest heart, and seldom fail of admittance. Edward's deep knowledge of human nature, and his acute powers of discrimination opened his eyes to the sweet wiles of the sex, but his heart still kept the masterdom of his own breast: withal he maintained a dignified air and deportment, which gained him the good will and esteem of every one. His passions were naturally fiery as youth, but his strength of mind kept them in absolute command, and he reined his temper as skilfully as he managed his horse. He smiled on all with the well-bred look, and polished grace of a gentleman; his heart, however, felt no lasting impression, nor had he ever yet become attached to any woman, and his high sense of honor, would not permit him to pay unreal addresses, nor trifle with the fair and frail part of creation.

It is said no mortal ever reached his twentieth

year, without bowing to the blind god: but, *exceptio probat regulam*, and Edward proved the rule. He saw his twentieth summer unscathed by love's frenzy. Some may not credit this,—but it was so, and can be accounted for on philosophical principles. It must be acceded that every man gives reins to his imagination, and in his mind creates innumerable fancies which in after days he hopes to realize: Edward had a fertile imagination, and gave scope to it in a thousand ways; for he knew that every thing which wealth could command, (and what will it not?) was within his reach. In his flights of fancy, he had pictured to himself, the image of a girl, whom if he could meet, he would idolize—but at his twentieth year, that one had not crossed his path. He had often praised the elegance of figure and beauty of face in one; he had paid homage to the talents and accomplishments of a second, while a third had claimed his admiration for the sweetness of her temper, and the benevolence of her heart—still these were not enough, the standard in his imagination required more, or these differently blended, and judging by his ideal criterion, none reached his mind's model.

At college, he formed a strong friendship with a young gentleman from Kent; they had been parted for some time previous to the time my history now relates, but maintained an intimate correspondence. Edward had frequent invitations

to spend a few months with his friend, but he declined to leave his paternal estates, till he had become of age, and placed his property in the hands of a factor chosen by himself. Majority arrived. He had appointed his man of business, whom, from the intimate knowledge of his character and principles, he would have trusted with his life. This done, he set out on his long intended visit.

Arrived at the mansion of his friend, the porter advanced from his lodge, the ponderous iron gate moved on its massy hinges, and his equipage moved along the serpentine avenue, shaded with upward looking poplars, and he soon alighted at the hospitable abode of his old friend Egbert Aldenton.

Egbert was at the portico to welcome his visiter, and he kindly grasped his hand as he alighted; with buoyant heart, and joyful anticipations of a few weeks uninterrupted felicity, he led the way to the drawing room.

Egbert was descended from a noble, high spirited race; he inherited the temper and manliness of his ancestors, but in addition, possessed genius of a higher order than any of his family could before have boasted. In his castle building at College, he told his friend of a thousand projects, and afterwards his letters informed Edward that he had accomplished many of his anticipations. When the first congratulations were over, what

could a man of Edward's politeness enquire after, more than to know what further progress he had made in his favorite pursuits, and ask to see what was done. He knew nature sufficiently well, to be aware, that most men have their hobby, and whatever that may be, nothing pleases them more than to have their friends examine and discuss the subject. He therefore begged to see the arrangement of his host's studies and sports.

"Come along," cried Egbert, with joy, "come along, and I shall show you all."—So saying, without giving his guest time to reply, he led him through a spacious corridor, to a new wing of his mansion, and as they entered the door leading to it, said, "this is my architecture, this is all my arrangement: here are seven rooms,—before you enter let me read the labels on the doors: No. 1, Library; No. 2, Painting and Sculpture; No. 3, Mineralogy; No. 4, Conchology; No. 5, Philosophy; No. 6, Curiosities: and No. 7, Leisure and Sporting; and," continued he, "I have erected an observatory on the top of the house, which I shall show you, when you have seen these rooms."

"Very neatly arranged," said Edward.

"You will have more cause to say so when you have examined the interior.—This is No. 1—come into the Library." So saying he opened the door, and both entered. It was quadrangular; on every side was an elegant book-case, co-

vering the whole wall, filled with the choicest books, shielded with glazed doors. "This is history and travels, this sciences, this poetry, and this miscellaneous," said Egbert, pointing rapidly to each side of the room. "Now, let us proceed to the next apartment."

"Stay a moment," replied his friend.

"Why delay? you cannot read my library in one visit."

"But let me examine this table in the centre of the room."

"It is only a convenient one of my own planning, at which I may read or write: on it are a few volumes that I was looking over this morning, a standish, and every thing necessary for your use, whenever you are disposed to become an author. Come along Edward," and immediately he led his friend into the painting and sculpture room. There were hung the pictures of his venerable ancestors; scriptural, historical, and fancy painting of celebrated masters of all ages; and in the niches of walls, were placed statues by immortal artists, collected both in his own country and abroad; and tables in tasteful confusion about the room, were loaded with prints of portraits, and landscapes.

They next proceeded to the mineralogical, and then to the conchological apartments, where specimens of stones and shells, from every clime and every sea, were classed scientifically, in cases adapted to show them to the utmost advantage.

"This is my philosophical room," said Egbert, as they entered No. 5. "There is my apparatus, in that recess is my labratory, and when time serves, I shall show you, that I possess all things necessary to perform every experiment in philosophy and chemistry which our sage professors ever accomplished." Passing rapidly to the curiosities, a thousand things presented themselves to the eager eye of Edward. Here birds and fishes stuffed, and insects dried, there the implements of peace and war of many civilized and savage nations; rough stones, with half defaced Latin inscriptions, antiquities from India and Egypt, were scattered carelessly around; also, old coins and medals in various cases, and a thousand other things which the cursory visit did not allow Edward time to recognize.

"Now, come to the leisure and sporting room," said the joyous host. As they entered, every thing necessary for angling, hunting, and gymnastics, met Edward's eye. Fishing rods and lines, fowling-pieces and game bags, foils and boxing gloves, with numerous et ceteras. The guest stood gazing on the variety before him, and was examing this, then, that article, when his friend said. "Let us go, Edward, you have seen enough here for one evening; come. I shall now show you my observatory."

"Why Egbert do not be in a hurry; this is the

leisure room, you will surely never gainsay the label on your own door."

"That is not so bad—I have known punsters praised for worse wit than that."

"You have a pointer stuffed standing in that niche. What is he?"

"'Tis my favourite Carlo—I would not have sold him for a hundred guineas: better nose never pointed partridge, better pluck never lifted leg."

"How did he die?" enquired his friend.

"After a hard day's labor, he started a hare —it was the only fault he had, Carlo would be after pussy: in the chase they came to a ditch full fifteen feet wide; long-ears cleared it, Carlo at her heels, nothing could intimidate him, he tried the leap, but fell in the centre and never moved again; he broke a blood-vessel. I carried him home, this is his skin and here it shall remain till doomsday, that, as often as I look upon it I may be reminded of the happy days I followed my poor Carlo."—Egbert turned away his head, and advanced silently to the door. Edward followed him, and when next he met the eye of his friend he thought there was a tear in it.

"Now shall I see you observatory?"

"With all my heart."

They mounted the winding stair-case, and were soon in the cupola which the owner had converted into an observatory.

Aldenton-mansion was situated on high ground, and from its top such a superb sight presented itself to Edward's eyes, that he heeded neither the arrangement, nor the instruments there, but attentively surveyed the scene. It was evening. The golden sun was just kissing the waves of the Atlantic, the summer woods, the hills and dales were tinged with many varied hues. France in the south, looked like a dun cloud breasting itself above the blue waters, and nature was putting on the dark, yet variegated dress of night.—In the west, a train of golden clouds attended the sun to rest, growing dunner and dunner as they approached the zenith, while the eastern sky, was darker and darker till it rested black as night, on the high hills of Surrey. The sea, calm and unruffled, wore the hue of the heavens. The sun's red rays lighted on the waves of the streamlet, which rushed rapidly over its devious course to the ocean, and played on the windows of many stately and wood encircled mansions, giving them the appearance of being glazed with gold.—Edward gazed silently on the superb scene: his friend by his side stood scarcely less wrapped, though a scene often before witnessed, yet, (as he said) the oftener seen the more it is admired, for not two evenings in the year present the same picture, each changes with the season, or color of the sky. And even while they contemplated it, every moment produced a change; for as the

sun with his heralds of light was gradually receding from them, the scene wore a different appearance, as darkness threw her mantle, in thicker and thicker folds over the landscape. The sun gradually sank beneath the wave: now his upper limb seemed like a crescent on the bald head of the eternal ocean,—in a moment it was seen no more! Edward sighed.

"What is the matter?" asked his friend.

"Saw you not the sun resting on the wave, and in a moment gone! so pass our bright and golden dreams: '*omnium rerum heus vicissitudo est.*' "

"At your age, turned moralist?"

"I cannot but think that such is so: it is to me a melancholy sight to see the sun set—it is another day dead, another friend gone to the tomb of eternity—the ocean enrolls it not on its charter, the sky to-morrow will not look less bright. 'Tis thus too when a good and true friend dies, his name is soon erased from our hearts, his memory even is soon forgotten, and in a few short weeks our face is as gay and cheerful as before."

"If you go on at this rate," retorted Egbert, "I shall certainly write the life and melancholy reflections, (though I hate reflections) of a youth of twenty-one: it will produce suicide in November and hypocondria at all seasons, for which I shall expect the congratulations of the coroner and docter."

"Well, well!" echoed his friend, "I have a

great mind to write a monody on the death of day, 'twere a fine subject and a novel."

"I should like to write on a mournful theme also, but mine is a wayward muse, and delights not in the dull truths of this world, for whenever I try my skill,

"Βαρεῖτος δὲ χορδαῖς
—Ερωτα μενον ἠχεῖ"

"I suppose you mean that for wit, or a display of your Greek, or both," said Edward, somewhat peevishly.

"Do not be offended, I would not hurt the feelings of my guest, and good friend, for the masterdom of the world."

"That is enough, say no more on't—Tell me whose stately mansion is that?" pointing to the south.

"It is Montrose-house. There dwells a peerless queen: she is the boast of Kent."

"Who is she?"

"Caroline Montrose, an orphan too, which makes her doubly interesting. She is descended from an ancient and honorable Scotch family. If you ever meet her, take care of your heart, your boasted insusceptibility else, will yield before her charms, as the huge icebergs dissolve by the heat of the gulf stream."

"I do not fear her, nor any woman."

"Unseen, you are harmless; I question if you will be able to say as much after you have encountered her piercing dark eyes."

"If she be so killing," retorted Edward, "how is it that one of your sanguine temperament has escaped through all the fields of Cupid you have fought, where, (as you once poetically said) the sweet tones of voice are more deadly than the iron rage, sent from death's clamorous engines, and where each glance of the eye, is more sharp than either sword or bayonet."

"I can explain that to your satisfaction, but it is a secret, a most profound secret, I loved before I saw her," whispered Egbert.

"Such things are important and secrets only to those immediately concerned, to lookers on, trifles."

"As you will; but let me tell you that that angelic creature, Caroline Montrose, almost made my fixed purpose waver; I was obliged to shun her society to keep my heart loyal."

"Well, I like that!" said his friend, laughing —"a man of your courage, and self command, afraid of the sweet allurements of a girl, when you had already bowed and betrothed yourself to another. Well, Egbert I like that."

"Take my word for it you will like *her*, better than you like *that*, as you please to call it, else I mistake you much."

"I suppose she is a fascinating little creature."

"She has made sad havock among the Kent hearts: with a most excellent mind, she is well read; the sense she displays in every remark,

and the wit, with which she often sparkles in her speech, have given her a great character here."

"I suppose she has read all the amatory verses that ever love-sick swain penned, and all the romances that the over-heated imagination of a would be scribbler of love, ever conceived. That is deep-read lore now-a-days."

Not so, Sir; such have not been her studies. History, travels, and the best classics both ancient and modern, have engaged her attention. No doubt she may have read love-sick songs, and improbable romances, as a Frenchman drinks coffee and cordial after dinner, to assist digestion. Her studies however, have been not the showy, but the useful, she shines not in the ball room, but at the domestic hearth; for her mind and erudition have given her a confidence in male society, and her frank and cheerful disposition claims the admiration of all who see her."

"She must certainly be a *rara avis*."

"Aye, and with fine plumage: she is rich as a sultaness."

"What is that to me?—Nothing. Do you hold out wealth as an inducement for me to fall in love. I should despise my brother, or my dearest friend on earth, were he to marry for gold. For myself, have I not enough to procure all that nature requires, and even all the luxuries our sophisticated manners sigh after."

"I declare, I have a good mind not to intro

duce you. But listen: She has a cousin who adores her."

"And he, I suppose is a deep read and unostentatious scholar too, the very counterpart of the fair Caroline. Lovers delight in the same pursuit as their mistresses: husbands change, they hate every thing their wives love, and love every thing their wives hate. Man is a jumble of contrarieties!"

"Not so with him; his learning is of a different cast. He is a newspaper and penny-ballad scholar, a tap-room judge and orator—this is his knowledge, that his forte."

"Excellent in faith! I like that."

"More than you like *that:* he has a score of fellows nightly around him, ignorant and ugly as Caliban, and ragged and raw as Sir John's regiment. They look up to him (for he sits exalted at the head of the table, like a king upon his throne) they think him Sir Oracle, and that he knows every thing in the world, laugh at every word he speaks, wit or no wit, and appeal in all cases to this mighty Solomon: for which honor and homage, he pays the landlord's score. That with most men, makes both judge and jury."

"What does he this for? it is a strange ambition."

"I dare not say all I think, nor all the looks and whispers of the Kent men, when his name is mentioned; but let me advise, if you meet him—beware."

"What occupation have his associates?"

"Smugglers, to say the least, and I believe enough could not be spoken to say the most."

"I should like to meet this same fellow: I have studied long the human face, and if I but see him, I know him to the heart's core."

"Beware, a frown from him, were worse than a woman's revenge or a devil's curse. Men have suddenly disappeared, and never more been heard of, who came under his hate. But leave this unpleasant subject; the sun is far below the horizon, and the night air blows chill. Let us descend, and I promise to introduce you to Miss Montrose in the morning, and also if chance offers, to her cousin Richard Montrose."

As early the following morning as etiquette would permit, Egbert put his bays before the chariot, and with his friend was on the road to Montrose House, attended by a servant in the livery of the Aldentons. Their route lay towards the sea coast, and a portion of the way was along the shore. A beautiful prospect of the channel presented itself to them; a pleasant breeze gently heaved the bosom of the ocean, and the foam-crowned heads of the waves, dashed on the shore with a murmuring sound. The further the eye looked from the land, the billows seemed smaller, and their tops less and less white, till they melted into one dark blue level. Vessels of various sizes and riggs tacked up and down; their

tall masts, supporting the bellying sails, reeled to and fro, as they bounded over the waters;—while near the shore numerous small cutters and wherries, some with barked, and some with snow white sails, on fishing or pleasure parties, presented various pictures according to their distance or course, and relieved the monotony of the ocean.

After a few miles ride the young friends approached Montrose policy on the north. A brick wall, capped with brown granite, divided the grounds from the post road which extended along it for about half a mile. In its centre was the gateway, before which the chariot now arrived.—Within, on either side was a lodge facing the avenue, built exactly like each other, of granite, roofed with slabs of the same material; in front each had a door and window, that the warder might observe the departures and entrances. At the gable of one stood a wooden dog house, and a large English mastiff, as the chariot entered, darted out the length of his chain, and growled angrily, but being immediately checked by the porter, re-entered his kennel, in a sullen humor, as if dissatisfied that his vigilance had met rebuke. The chariot rolled slowly along the gravelly floor of the winding avenue, fenced with the ever-green stinted boxwood, neatly trimmed: in the beds beyond, grew dwarf-trees and shrubbery of various kinds, with many flowers, indigenous as well as exotic. As a visible guard to which, posts about

three feet high were planted, and at regular distances from the one to the other undulated a white painted chain.

The visiters had advanced a short distance, the chimney tops were yet only seen, peering above the trees that surrounded and sheltered the mansion, when they espied a lady, loitering with a book in her hand, and a pointer dog sporting by her side. I have of myself little knack in observing female dress, but I shall describe hers as told to me. She wore a sky-blue riding habit, the waist and skirts beautifully ornamented with braid, and decorated with silken buttons: round her neck she displayed a white muslin ruffle a-la-mode d'Elizabeth, and on her head a black beaver bonnet, something in the shape of a bee-hive, canopied with waving black plumes. Round her neck was suspended a chain, which served not only as a decoration, but also as a guard for a gold watch, which was just peeping through her fob. Her beautiful auburn hair of a sweeter tint than an evening cloud, gave an agreeable relief to her ruddy cheeks, while it descended down her neck in enchanting ringlets. Her beaming hazel eyes shone like twin diamonds; her eyebrows and silken lashes, seemed as nature had painted all in the same glowing colors. She smiled as they approached, which showed teeth, not only as white as alabaster, but regular as they had been carved by art's most choice cunning, and a dimple played

on either cheek, which added a charm to her whole appearance. When the chariot advanced, Egbert and his friend alighted to pay their respects to Miss Montrose: a slight blush suffused her cheeks, which verified the simile often used by poets, "her blush was like the smile of morning." With much self-command and naiveté, she exclaimed: "Mr. Aldenton, old Janet says with the proverb, 'long looked for comes at last;' I am glad to see you, and so well and cheerful."

"Miss Caroline," replied Egbert bowing, "that I am well, thank yourself; thoughts of meeting you exalted my spirits, and your presence makes me happy."

"You are always in one mood sir, always complimentary; no wonder we poor female inventors call you a gay Lothario."

"Madam, I endeavor always to speak from my heart; but allow mè to present to you, my good and worthy friend Mr. Hardenville."

"For your sake, I am happy to see him, and for his own, I trust hereafter he will be welcome." There was an enchantment in Miss Montrose's air, which so completely disarmed Mr. Hardenville of his self-possession, that it was a few seconds ere he could return her graceful courtesy, and still longer before he could find words to address her. Egbert saw his embarrassment, and with his usual playful manner, which he often exerted at the expense of the feelings of others, said: "Miss

Caroline, my friend is no Adonis, no sigher after female charms, none of your weak hearted wits who fall in love with every smiling face, and construe every word of politeness into a love token. I question nothing but he is bracing his resolution against the sweet tones and piercing glances, that you have so unexpectedly attacked him withal.

"Madam," said Edward, now politely bowing, "I presume you know my friend too well, to require any reply from me to his witty sallies."

"Yes, sir, I know him of old; O, Egbert, I know you too well to take all your compliments for gospel."

"Madam."—

"Now Egbert, just stop; no madam with me, I am Caroline, you know, or Carry, as you used familiarly to call me of old; do not speak in extenuation, for every word you utter is a compliment or intended for one, though I must say, you have not the wit always to succeed; and even now, by the playful curl on your lip, I see you are coining some complimentary speech, but I vow I won't hear it; so once in your life talk rationally, else Egbert, I shall certainly tell Miss ——."

"Nay, stop that banter, Miss Carry, you are too severe; do not expose me before my friend. Though I have subscribed to Trismegistus' creed, I warrant you Mr. Hardenville sets him down as

a hair-brained fool, and his maxims the overflowings of an uxorious ass."

"Whatever I may have thought, I can now say that ——"

"Come, come, sir, no making love at first sight, and before a third person too; Miss Caroline, I will wager a silver crown, that had I not interrupted him, he would have spoken a love speech as glibly as mad Hamlet ever did to the fair Ophelia."

"And if he play Denmark's son, think you not I could act Polonius' daughter?"

"Faith! you both take me beyond my depth—I am none of your mar-matches, I warrant you, so I will even leave you to your own sweet meditations, and hold some converse with your favorite dog. Cato, brave fellow!" So saying, he approached the noble animal, and with a motion of his tongue, which dogs understand, but language cannot express, he gained the attention and good will of the favorite pointer, who instantly fawned about him, and in a moment both darted among the bushes. Playful as Caroline was, and self-possessed as Edward had always hitherto been, both were now unnerved: a moment they stood gazing in the direction that their wayward friend had taken; their eyes now met, but quick as lightning fell again.—Caroline felt a blush tinging her cheek, and spreading over her neck: Edward's heart throbbed, he made one or

two unsuccessful attempts to speak, at length, summoning up resolution, he found words to address his hostess. "Madam," said he, "my friend is a sportsman and fond of dogs: nay, I believe he takes more pleasure in the canine, than in the human race."—

"Pardon me, sir, it may be that there is an exception; nay, I know there is an exception."

"Indeed!"

"O truly! have you never heard of Miss Ardenburgh?"

"Never."

"You amaze me: why, he so open and communicative, and never told his love to his friend. O! he is a cunning imp,; I find, most loquacious people take the Scottish bard's advice:—

"But still keep something to yoursel',
Ye scarcely tell to ony."

"Last night," replied Edward, "he incidentally mentioned that he was in love, but at the time we were in a contemplative mood surveying the glorious scenery from his observatory, and I did not urge the subject."

"And even if you had, I question if he would have given you any satisfactory information: but it is notorious all over the country. Miss Report, the proverbial story teller, says they are to be married next month, and I believe her in this instance."

"Then I shall insist to see his fair damsel.—Do you know her madam?"

"I have not the pleasure, but she is well spoken of by her friends, both as regards personal attractions, and mental qualifications."

"I will be able to judge of all when I see her."

"How? are you a physiognomist?"

"I have paid some little attention to the science, but cannot pretend much skill."

"Well, I am glad that we have met, for I have long had a desire to question on the subject. John," said she, turning to Mr. Aldenton's servant, "take the chariot to the coach-house, and see that the horses are well cared for."

The servant doffed his gold laced hat, and with a "high life below stairs" congee, led the equipage up the avenue, and in the winding of the way, was soon out of view.

"Mr. Hardenville," said Caroline, "since our *kind* friend has left us, pray ye, let us to Montrose house; it would be a wild-goose chase to hunt for him—he is as errant as my favorite Cato."

"I am at your service, madam."

"As we walk along, pray give me some lessons in Physiognomy."

"I would not presume, madam, to instruct one in whose face so much natural strength of genius, and improvement of mind is displayed."

"Why really, I must say, you have taken an apt lesson from your friend."

"In many things, madam, I should be most happy to equal him: you have accused him of being a flatterer, which my observation has not discovered: I am therefore disposed to consider his conversation only as a *jeu d'esprit*, not being supported by my long tried experience."

"O you do not know him then! he is the most arrant flatterer in Kent."

At this moment Cato rushed from the bushes, and was followed immediately after by Mr. Aldenton; with a smile, and a merry step he approached.

"Well, how goes Hamlet and Ophelia? Have I returned too soon?"

"By no means," said Edward, "we only regret that you left us so abruptly."

"Regret," he replied ironically, "really, I see not a line of sorrow on either face; but I am no physiognomist; yet, I should rather infer that my absence removed restraint, which else had bridled your tongues. I hope you have settled the matter."

"What matter, Mr. Will-o'-the-way?" enquired Miss Montrose.

"O then, Carry, if you ask that question, I presume he has concluded no definite treaty."

"A pretty suggestion, sooth!" said Edward.

"I was questioning your friend about his favorite study, and you have appeared, Mr. Mad-cap,

with your sage conjectures, at the very point of time to mar our discourse."

"If that be the matter, why then, Cato and I shall frolic an hour longer, an' that please your ladyship."

"Stay," interrupted Caroline, "yet go sir, if your visit was intended not for me, but for my dog."

"There comes your sarscasm again; the old saw says 'he that plays at bowls must expect rubbers,' and in faith, I think I get a full share, in my encounters with so keen an antagonist."

In such bantering discourse, they wound along the walks, till they reached the mansion; it was a plain but substantial abode. The rough and uninviting outside, like most English houses, belied the comforts and conveniences within. It was quadrangular, and built of stone that once had been light brown granite, but the storms of many winters gave it a bleak and stained appearance. A portico on the eastern side denoted the front; the porch was supported by four massive stone pillars, and from it were seen peeping various beautiful flowers, which claimed the particular care and superintendence of Caroline.

Miss Montrose and her visiters entered, as the huge oaken door was opened by a liveried servant; while poor Cato stood at the threshold with a dejected air, for he had been too long under the management of the game keeper, to presume to

set his foot in "the big house" as the mansion was called by the Cotters.

To Edward's eye there was a halo and enchantment about the apartment into which they were ushered, that he had never seen elsewhere, and a grace and ease in Miss Montrose's deportment, unequalled by any lady he had ever beheld. They were not in the parlor many minutes till Mr. Montrose and his son Richard appeared; Egbert met them as old acquaintances, while with much self-possession Caroline introduced Mr. Hardenville to her uncle and cousin. Edward bowed politely, yet distantly to old Montrose, but when he addressed the young squire, he felt an involuntary shudder, which Egbert, who anxiously watched him to mark the first impressions Richard would make, immediately discovered.

After as long a visit as politeness would admit, Egbert's chariot was ordered; a pressing invitation from Mr. Montrose, and a look from Caroline, which gave it warm approval, was politely received by the visiters, who now took their departure, and soon were on the road to Aldenton house.

They proceeded on mutely awhile; there was a pensiveness in Edward's air, which his friend had never remarked before; he judged that this mood was produced either by the agreeable impression made by Caroline, or his disgust for her cousin. At length Egbert enquired.

"Well, Mr. Physiognomist, how like you Richard Montrose?"

I cannot find words to express what I think: I expected from your account to see a bad character, but did not think I should meet a fiend. Such he is."

"I told you to beware of him."

"So I shall. I would rather encounter a hungry tyger, than he."

"Well, but what did you see in his face."

Not a line rectilinear nor curvilinear, that did not denote the worst of passions, not a feature that did not mark the devil."

"Give me some particulars: I hate generalizing."

"His dark shaggy hair, light bushy eye-brows, and grey eyes, show the dishonest knave; his wall forehead, slightly curving at its top, mark the selfish and unfeeling wretch: while his cat or tyger nose and compressed lips, denote a proud, malignant, ambitious and revengeful temper; and the curl on his mouth, with his hellish smile, tell me he is an arch hypocrite."

"A noble picture truly! but are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"It is possible that I may be, for I have judged incorrectly before now, yet I think not in this case: his character is written too legibly. You know I would rather judge by an hour's study, than by a year's experience of the careless observer."

"So you have said before; and I always thought that it showed vanity, yet as in this case your opinion accords with mine, I must say your are not far wrong."

"Did you not see the sycophantic smile with which he welcomed me? Marked you not the distrustful character, by his eyes rolling about, now on you, then on his fair cousin, and again on me? And saw you not when he met my gaze, how his eyes looked as if inward turned, either to observe if any avenue to his false heart were left unguarded, or to shun my scrutiny?"

"I have noted these things in him before, but never could explain them scientifically. Henceforth I shall put faith in physiognomy."

"Why, have you not always believed in it? It is a science (though some will not give it that title) old as the memory of man; allusions to it are to be found in the oldest writers, sacred as well as profane, and it has stood the test of ages; at times fashionable and again unfashionable, as goes the caprice of this most capricious world; but still it withstands the shock of time and force of prejudice, while astrology, palmistry, omens and magic have been exploded by all learned men, and even by the *canaille* generally."

"There seems to be some reason in your remarks. From what source have you gained that information, which has enabled you to form your judgment on the subject?

"In my studies, I have never been wholly guided by Aristotle, Theophrastus, Lavater, Le Brun, or Cross—many rules of these writers I have found erroneous, and therefore, from my own observation I have set down certain data, which have generally proved satisfactory to myself. Physiognomy is entirely doubted by some, believed in by many to a limited extent, while there are only a few who now-a-days, put full credit in it as a science; phrenology being the fashion. How fashions change! Thirty years ago no philosopher dreamed of such a thing as phrenology; Lavater's essays were in every hand and his maxims on every tongue. Now, in the fashionable world, among those who join in the raging mania, physiognomy is too unphilosophical to be thought seriously of by a calm and sober mind: nothing can decide the character but the bumps, alias organs of the skull. I do not mean to doubt phrenology. I neither believe it nor disbelieve it, because I have not sufficiently examined the subject; but I am sure that whoever will give physiognomy a reasonable and dispassionate examination; whoever, not wholly so *enlightened* as to place it on a par with Witchcraft, Palmistry, and Astrology, will assuredly find that there is not a passion which attacks human nature, but is marked in the face, voice and gesture. The face is emphatically the index of the heart: the magic glass where every feeling of our nature

passes in review. It is beyond the power of man to make physiognomy one of the exact sciences, and those matter-of-fact-people, who discredit every thing that cannot be reduced to mathematical demonstration, must despair of ever being physiognomists. Who can ascertain the precise strength of his temper, or the force of his love? No man. If mankind were to believe those things only which are capable of being reduced to demonstration, they would be incredulous indeed; in fact, such a course would attack the foundation of our holy creed; but I do not mean to give a lecture on my favorite study, we may find a more befitting time."

"No, no, go on," said his friend, "I delight to hear one who has studied the subject so deeply discourse upon the science."

"Excuse me at present, for my mind is so filled with sorrow that such a lady as Caroline Montrose, should be under the protection of such a father and besieged by such a son, that I can think of nothing else."

"Come, come, if you go on at this rate, I shall certainly believe that 'Benedict brushes his hat o' mornings.'"

"Judge me as I really am and I shall be satisfied. I have taken an interest,—a friendly interest, nothing more I assure you, in this lady, for I should lament to see your friend, and she so lovely withal, fall into the lion's den."

"That's a suspicious care Ned: pray guard your heart—such care for a stranger bodes it no good. Be cautious, else you are in danger of surrendering at discretion. Such concern, is always the prologue to a softer passion. I warn you Ned, be chary, if master Cupid reduces such a formidable citadel as your heart,—if you pine and whine after one of Eve's frail daughters, expect no sympathy from me—I shall tease you night and day be assured."

"As you will: but there is no danger."

"Be not over sure; men of stout hearts have thought so before now, and yielded too."

"Nevertheless, I am determined to see her once more, when I shall take the liberty of giving her some counsel."

"That is vastly kind in you; but why all this concern?"

"Philanthrophy alone."

"Good, very good—philanthrophy! an excellent term in faith, I like its sound well."

"You do not seem to credit me."

"Not I; I know too well the approaches of the blind god, or rather devil, to charge your care to the account of philanthrophy."

"No matter, I shall see her once more, and when I shall have sufficiently warned her, I shall rest satisfied that I have done my duty, and then leave her forever."

"Forever! O no Ned! that is a long term.

You will have some little *duty* to perform afterwards: some book to carry, some poem to read, some flower to plant or water in her garden, to perform each or all of which, you must see her once more—then once more for nothing or other, again, and still again once more, till at last you will swear, come what will, come what may, you must see her every hour."

"I am not quite so susceptible."

"Time tries all—we shall see."

"No more. I have made up my mind to visit her to-morrow, and if you will not accompany me, I shall go alone."

"Since you will run your head into the noose, I shall not gainsay you; nor shall it be said I ever deserted my friend. We go together."

As was agreed, Egbert and his friend next morning visited Montrose house. Edward thought that Caroline looked even more lovely than before, and the time passed so pleasantly that he could not, or rather would not take the opportunity to give that advice, which the day previous he thought it his duty to communicate. Thus, for more than a month he was a frequent visiter, but still he never found a favorable moment to warn the fair lady of the precipice on which she stood; and it really seemed that he was every day less anxious to touch upon the theme, for in her society, he found so much comfort, and she was always so happy in his presence, he would fain

consider that her heart must be unclouded, and now seemed willing to believe, that though Richard Montrose was a demon, still he might be kind to his fair cousin; and the reports which were abroad, that he solicited her hand and besieged her with disagreeable suits must be untrue, for Edward had never discovered any dissatisfaction, either in the face of Richard or his father, at the frequent visits he made, nor observed that Richard ever obtruded in his society, or tried by his presence to prevent a free and unrestrained intercourse between her and her friends; indeed he had often urged previous engagements as an excuse for absence, even though he knew that they were roaming through the policy alone.

Egbert, whose love to his betrothed, (for the report which Caroline hinted to Mr. Hardenville had some truth in it,) did not allow him to devote so much of his time to Miss Montrose as his friend, seldom accompanied him thither; but Edward now felt himself on so firm a footing in the mansion, and so intimate with her, that he showed no reluctance to go alone.

Egbert, who saw his friend so constant a visiter, and to that house too, where all its inmates save one he heartily despised, judged that a purer feeling than philanthrophy carried him there; he observed too, a change in Edward's manner; a pensive cast of face, a mind more alive to the

beauties and harmonies of nature, a soul more sensible than ever to thought-soaring music, and in conversation he never indulged as he was wont before, in unkind remarks upon the female character; but when he spoke of them it was with a holy feeling, not as if they were a piece of frail mortality and tenants of this selfish world, but as the creation of some fairer and purer sphere, descended hither in pity to man, to soothe and comfort him through his earthly pilgrimage.

One day as Edward dwelt upon this subject, his friend replied: "Ned, Ned, I see you are caught at last, and I am glad of it, for two reasons."

"Indeed, you are wonderfully quick in perception; but what are the two reasons that make you rejoice I am caught.

"Then, first, I am glad you have a heart capable of feeling and appreciating the charms of such a girl; and second, I am glad that I conjectured aright."

"That I have a heart, I thought you always knew, and chords in it that can sound the wildest or the gentlest tones in our nature; but that I am in love is not the case, and so Mr. Wiseacre, do not chuckle, till your conjecture has at least a loop or hinge to hang on."

"I am already convinced, as true as Master Cupid had gived himself a mortal tongue and told

me you were his victim. You know I warned you of the danger, so blame not me."

"Really you talk at random: I told you long ago that I had fixed a standard of the female form in my own mind, and not having yet found my ideal perfection, I am still free."

"Does Miss Montrose not come up to your mark?"

"She does not: her face is not exactly my standard of feminine excellence."

"Not exactly! well, wherein is she wanting in form or feature?"

"Her nose is aquiline and that is an insurmountable obstacle; I can love none but the Homeric or poetic, as I call it."

"Pooh! 'tis a small business, if that be all, I warrant you it will be overcome; but is there nothing else objectionable Mr. Physiognomist?"

"Yes: her eyebrows are too much arched: I love the horizontal."

"O lord! that can never be surmounted; Madam Nature ought to be hanged for treason against your taste."

"You are disposed to be ironical."

"Not at all; I know that some men have insuperable objections to certain styles of countenances; now for my part, I could never love a girl with squinting green eyes, and flaming red locks. If this be my antipathy, I know not why yours

may not lie in the shape of a nose, or the curve of an eyebrow."

"Exceedingly logical; indeed I must say you are a most apt rhetorician,—I shall study under you."

"Not at present, if you please; for I have an engagement (if you will excuse me,) with one whom you shall see anon."

"Why may I not see her now?"

"For certain cogent reasons, which I shall explain hereafter; so while I go to my turtle dove, I can have no objections that you pay your *duty* to Miss Montrose."

On these terms the two friends parted each his own way. As fast as horse could carry him, Edward was by the side of Caroline; the morning being pleasant and the zephyrs refreshing, he proposed (which he had often done before) that they should walk, and enjoy the morning air.—As they roamed through the serpentine and sweetly shaded walks of Montrose policy, the Hermitage came in view. Edward had never been in this part of the grounds before, and notwithstanding the delicate remonstrance of Caroline he approached it. A moment he stood to survey the architecture; it was circular—the wall formed of the rough oak, and smooth barked birch, interwoven with willows, the crevices of which were filled up with sere leaves and moss. The thatched roof was conical; up the walls

and over the ceiling the tender honey-suckle, and ruin-loving ivy twined, while many wild roses opened the petals of their delicate flower, to adorn this sylvan retreat. The door was formed of the same rude materials as the walls, and the knot of a pine served as a latch. Edward entered, Caroline soon stood by his side on the fir-top floor. In the centre the trunk of a doddered oak rudely carved, served the purpose of a table; while round the walls were ranged seats of wicker work. Only one Gothic arched window threw in a few rays of light: but in the apex of the roof, a small circular opening covered with glass, to prevent the rain penetrating, admitted an agreeable light on the table, by which the visiters might either read or draw.

"This is a sweet retreat," said Edward, "in such a place, small and retired as it is, might two congenial souls pass the few years of life and love."

"I delight in this place," replied Caroline, "here often I seek shelter from the gaudy round of fashionable life; with my port folio or book, I spend many an hour of uninterrupted felicity. I am always happy in rural and sequestered scenes."

"My amusements and my pleasures lie not in the crowded city, drowned in dissipation and unreal display: I love the lonely vale and the sweet perfume of the flower spangled lawn."

"Is there not a tincture of romance in your composition, Mr. Hardenville?"

"In such a place as this, and with such a companion, who so cold as to be insensible to the sweet spell in which romance enthralls the heart?"

"You are disposed to be complimentary."

"I never said as much to mortal before: to man I always speak as I feel,—to woman I would not be insincere."

Caroline had heard from Mr. Aldenton the character of his friend in its true colors: the morning's walk, the present conversation, she hoped and yet almost feared would lead to a mutual understanding: for she was fully alive to Edward's fascinating manners, and he had so often unconsciously paid her such marked attentions, that, with the acute perception of her sex, especially in such cases, she saw he did not regard her with an eye of indifference. She felt in an agitated mood and unable to make a suitable reply; to relieve herself from the embarrassment of the moment she advanced to the window of the Hermitage, and confusedly asked: "have you seen this little linn?"

"I have not."

"It is a delightful water-fall; observe the Hermitage is situated on the very brink, and see how the clear mountain brook hurries over its rough bed, foaming and winding around its rocky impe-

diments with a murmuring sound into the pool so far beneath."

"It is sweet music to hear the gush of the mountain rill; there is something in its sound that, in imagination carries the mind back to man's primitive simplicity, and makes us awhile forget the toils and troubles of this contentious world."

"Look, Mr. Hardenville, how the bramble and the briar growing on either bank, entwine their tendrils and form a rude canopy over the rivulet; beneath the green foliage and delicate flower, the finny tribe find a secure retreat."

"Ay, the silver trout and the speckled parr, swim fleetly along, and leap at the thoughtless insects which skim upon the surface."

"Observe too, that mountain ash, or rowan tree, growing upon the verge of the projecting rock, its boughs adorned with the snow white blossom overhang the precipice and true to nature, are reflected in the chrystal wave."

"It is beautiful: the banks too, are carpeted with various wild flowers, among them I distinguish the yellow daffodil and many colored daisy."

"The daisy is a sweet flower."

"Yes, it has been celebrated by all poets from Chaucer to the present day. Might not Linnæus himself find something in this countless variety?"

"He might, but I am no botanist; and might not Evelyn also had he seen this scene,—the trees

which skirt the margin, and the waving green forest beyond, have made additions to his Sylva: nature is prodigal."

"Yet she is economical: for all in and on the earth, and the atmosphere that surrounds it, nothing is lost, but every thing has its own peculiar use."

"That might teach everlasting truths, which some are so wicked, and think so meanly of our race as to deny."

"Pray do not talk metaphysically now; my heart is on a different key. What do I espy through the bushes? Do not two brooks, or burns as you call them in Scotland, meet, and fall into one, a short distance hence?"

"Indeed."

"Indeed!" echoed Edward, "who would have thought on looking here, that they had once been twain, so harmoniously they blend? 'Tis thus when two congenial hearts link their destinies, they pass blissfully down the stream of time. O my dear Caroline! how happily might we—" he paused, but with a look of tenderness and love, gazed eloquently: a moment her eyes beamed approval, a deep blush instantly crimsoned her cheek; he took her trembling hand, pressed it to his bosom, and impressed his kiss upon her ruby lip. What ecstacy was in this moment! neither had spoken a word, yet by a look, more eloquent than language, both had told the sacred feelings

of the heart, and linked their destinies in one. Such an hour is the most joyous in the life of man, and the most important in that of woman. Who can describe sound to the deaf, or light to the blind? None. It is equally impossible to tell the emotions of that hour, in which a loving and romantic pair, unbosom their passion, and betroth themselves. Edward at last found words.

"O my fair love!" said he.

"Edward," sighed Caroline.

"And art thou mine? O I will doat upon thee! and thou must love me well!

"Till now, I have been alone in the world; I had not a friend in whom I could confide."

"But now, my Caroline!"

"Yes, thou art now the emperor of my heart."

"O I will be all to thee."

"Thou art kind indeed."

"Indeed, in need, I shall be only thine: but let us return, we may be missed."

Edward took her slender arm in his, led the way out of the Hermitage, and slowly wound along the walks; at length he said, "Thine has been a chequered life, my love."

"It has, it has; alas! many an anxious day and tedious night, I have spent in my rightful mansion, under the surveillance of my uncle, and tortured by the disgusting suits of my cousin."

'Now let them dare their worst: I shall assert my prerogative. Pray my love let me have some particulars of thy life, that I may know how to answer them."

"My heart, and its every thought is thine; my poor tongue shall be the interpreter."

"Proceed then, my fair love."

"I will be brief: my father was descended from an ancient and honorable Scottish family. Being a younger son, he could expect but little patrimony and therefore it was necessary for him in some way to seek wealth sufficient to maintain the dignity of his birth. Neither the army nor navy suited his way or habit of life, and his soul had no desire to engage in the learned professions: yet, his mind was improved, his judgment strong, and his soul ambitious. After some deliberation he chose the mercantile life, and with that view, left his native glen and loch to seek in London the consummation of his wishes, an honorable independence. Fortune smiled upon him, he took her at the flood, and sailed prosperously on to wealth."

"At an early age he became attached to my mother, an English lady of this county; he loved her as a man should love a beautiful, intelligent and confiding woman, and she loved him for his worth and affection. Wealth cannot prevent the attacks of sickness; the most virtuous life cannot escape the grave. My father died! I wept awhile, but my tears soon dried: alas! I

was too young to feel my loss; my heart was too green and inexperienced to know what it was to lose a kind and indulgent parent. I saw my mother sit by his lifeless corse, I saw her gaze upon the coffin, till it was shrouded in the sable hearse, and I caught her eyes following the mournful procession, till distance and the winding avenue removed it from her sight. After it was gone, she would sit day after day at the parlor hearth, gazing upon his vacant chair, and at every sound, I have seen her suddenly start from her despondency imagining it was his well known voice calling, "Gude wife," (the familiar term by which he was wont to address her,) but when the sad reality flashed upon her mind, that he was dead, and in the silent grave, she would sink into redoubled anguish. There was a fixedness in her eye, and an unbending expression in each feature: she spoke not a word of sorrow, but I recollect she often clasped me wildly in her arms, and cried, "my daughter, O my child!" Again at times, she would exclaim, "Thou art the last fair relic that binds me to this earth." I did not then comprehend her meaning. I saw the neighbours whispering apart, and at times I caught the sound of my mother's name, but knew not of what they discoursed. Each succeeding day of her loss only added to the heavy grief, that silently preyed upon her heart.—Mute, and uncomplaining she sat, brooding over her inexpressible sor-

row, as if her mind fed upon that which was fast consuming her health and frame."

"The black clouds which hover in the sky grow darker and darker, till they become so surcharged, that the laws of gravitation give them relief in rain. At length my mother's grief found vent in tears: she wept loud and bitterly. By this time I remembered my father like a dream, but I did cry to see her weep. After some months of anguish the keen force of her grief was somewhat allayed; her health was in a measure repaired, and her mind was more composed; but it was only negative health and composure; she seemed rather to exist than live. No outward show or gayety afforded her delight; she looked with apathy on things, which were wont to give her pleasure, and my infant sports only made her happy, in so far as she saw they amused me. At last she removed from London to this place, to seek in retirement, shelter from the officious visits of mouth grieving friends, and to devote her life to my education. This was her favorite retreat, which my father had purchased a few years before, by her urgent desire."

"The rose on my mother's cheek never flourished more; she looked melancholy and cheerless as Cruikston's blighted yew, and every succeeding day brought her a step nearer to the grave.—At length she died! I wish she could have lived to know thy worth, and my happiness. I re-

member her now as some fair vision of a former age, for when she died I had not completed my ninth year. On her death bed, I was always by her side; the hour she died, she called my uncle to her, put my hand in his, and the last words which she feebly articulated, were, "protect my daughter!" then sank down and never breathed more."

Caroline at the remembrance of those days sobbed aloud, and hid her face in Edward's bosom: he could not unmoved look on his fair bride drowned in tears, but felt for the moment her sorrow, as keenly as it were his own.

"Of what did she die?" he enquired in a sorrowful yet soothing tone.

"Of a broken heart," sighed Caroline.

"Alas!" echoed Edward, "grief is a deadly thing."

"My father died," continued Caroline, "possessed of large property; by his last testament, he bequeathed the interest of all his wealth, and this mansion, to my mother during her life time; at her death it was to revert to me, but on my marriage day, the principal also is to be mine.—If, however, I die unmarried, it falls to my maternal uncle and his heirs. My cousin Richard knows this well; not for myself, he is incapable of loving aught but gold—he has long solicited my hand; even if I could overcome the scruples in my mind, to wed so near a relation, his temper,

character, and habits are an insurmountable barrier. His father leaves no means untried to speak in his praise, and sway my mind to him, but all in vain: his very dogs hate him and shun him. But he is my cousin, and though I must endure his society, yet I never desire it. I fear he meditates some scheme to prevent our union."

"Let him try his worst!" cried Edward.

"Perhaps your death or mine, is already planned."

"If he dare harm a hair of your head." said Edward firmly, "I will do more than he thinks my nature can achieve; if he attack me, he will find my arm is nerved with the strength of ten thousand lions, in so just a cause."

"O say not so, your tone alarms me; soothe him, rather than provoke."

"I shall neither crouch nor fawn, nor yield an inch before the losel slave."

"Nay, nay, for my sake, Edward, be not so warm."

"As you command, so I am; but let him beware of me."

"Do not, in mercy do not give him cause of offence."

"For your sake I shall not provoke. But, my love, my observation is at fault, I have never seen any thing to justify the remark, that he solicits your hand."

"O, you do not know him."

"He has never seemed to seek your society; and neither father nor son appear jealous, or displeased at my visits."

"I know they do, I know more than I dare explain: but they can wear a smile upon their face, and put a welcome on their tongue, when in their hearts they could murder."

"Hypocrites, wretches!" said Edward, in disgust.

"They are my relations and protectors, say nothing against them."

"Protectors, indeed! Why have you so long endured them, why have you tamely submitted to their dictation?"

"O! you know not the feeling of a lone and unprotected female: what could I do? My temper is gay, my heart open and by some, my mind and manners have been called masculine, but my face has never betrayed my private griefs."

"Is not the mansion, with all that's in it, and around it yours?"

"Indeed, since I am thine."

"I know enough; not that I wish an addition to my wealth, you know my family and fortune, but as it is now my province to be your champion, I shall assert and defend your rights; and these fiends shall know, that I can maintain your cause."

"Be not hasty, be not rash, I pray you. When

they hear of this morning's arrangement, I fear for the issue."

"They shall not remain ignorant of it long."

At this moment a rustling was heard among the leaves of the bushy grove; Caroline instantly recognized her cousin's step, and fresh fears agitated her bosom. Edward, whose very soul was knit with hers, used all his eloquence, in his most affectionate tone, to soothe her feelings, and so successfully that by the time they reached the mansion, she had firmness enough to maintain her usual gay demeanor.

Richard Montrose was pacing with hurried and irregular step the drawing-room: his pursed brow, compressed lip, and clenched hand betrayed the unhallowed thoughts that were rankling in his heart. He had heard too much. Caroline guessed aright; it was his tread she overheard among the bushes. Old Montrose sat at the hearth, gazing upon a picture, entitled "Satiated Revenge," with such a demoniac expression, that it spoke a dreadful deed was in embryo. These monsters had hearts capable of the darkest daring. It was to this room, that, after their morning walk, Caroline approached a few steps in advance of Edward: the moment her eye caught Richard's, she trembled with affright, for she marked the malignant and revengeful look he darted on her. Edward now advanced, gently took her hand, and led her to a seat. Old Mon

trose turned his face from the gaze of innocence; while Richard, even more inured to guilt than his father, and whom nothing could abash, now threw into his features such a hypocritical smile, and such a welcome into his tone, that the change was so instantaneous, it seemed like the sun bursting the thralls of chaos. This had no effect upon Caroline's fears, who, after a few minutes of unavailing efforts to recover her wonted composure, retired.

Edward was now left alone with old Montrose and his son. The conversatiou which he had held during his walk with Caroline, on the subject of her protectors, had roused up his energies, and guesing the cause of his fair love's sudden departure, he determined to open the subject of his engagement instantly. However, before he had time to speak, Richard said:

"Mr. Hardenville, you must have had a tedious walk with my fair cousin, for she seems so fatigued and agitated with her exertion, that she has retired without paying us the usual courtesy."

"Sir," replied Edward with some asperity, "our walk was neither long nor tedious, and, if I judge rightly, another cause has induced Miss Montrose to retire so abruptly."

"Indeed," said Richard, with an affectation of surprise, "since you can judge so well what was not the cause, perhaps you can explain the true reason."

"I prefer that Mr. Richard Montrose should look for it in his own breast."

At this moment Richard caught the eye of his father, and instantly checked the reply, which his mouth was already open to make; but the deep crimson which colored his cheek, showed to Edward's penetrating gaze the passion that was swelling within. Nothing intimidated, Edward composedly turned to Mr. Montrose, and said, "Sir, may I claim a few moments of your leisure, on a subject of some importance to you, and of vital consequence to me."

"I am at your service always."

Edward bowed in acknowledgement, but Richard being still in the room, Edward cast his eyes upon him, then on the father, in token that he wished a private conversation. Old Montrose saw this, and immediately said, "Mr. Hardenville, do not delay, my son and I are as one; pray proceed."

"Do not let my presence," added Richard, "make your tongue curtail your heart's confession. If it be any thing that concerns me, I must know it sooner or later; nay, Sir, perhaps I know it already; if it be unimportant it will pass unheeded. I never spend my time in unprofitable discourse."

After a short pause, and a few efforts to brace up his courage, Edward proceeded; "I presume Mr. Montrose, you must have observed, that a

more serious, and dearer motive, than politeness or even friendship, has made me a frequent visiter in your family. The kind reception that I have at all times met from you, and the smiles of your angelic niece, induced me to hope, that I might one day call her mine."

"I trust, Sir, she has not refused you," said the old hypocrite, in an affected tone of surprise.

"Indeed she has not, Sir; but this morning she has made me the happiest of men, by turning a kind and indulgent ear to my suit; with your permission, which my present object is to solicit, we will be shortly one."

Richard and his father interchanged glances full of the darkest import, and the eyes of the old man glared even with greater passion than before; then turning to Edward, with a bitter and sarcastic tone, said: "You do me more honor, than ever my niece has deigned; but notwithstanding your polite request for my approbation, I consider any thing that I might say on the subject quite superfluous. Miss Montrose, Sir, (and I am sorry to say it) from the first day she was placed under my care till this hour, has been entirely her own mistress, and if in any thing she ever obeyed me, it was not because it was my command, but her sovereign pleasure."

"I am sorry, Sir," then muttered aside indistinctly, "the infamous calumniator."—"Sir, the

neighboring gentry say nothing of this, and the world reports differently."

"Mr. Hardenville, our neighbors have too much to do within their own doors, to observe correctly what is going on in my house; and the world is like a credulous fool, who when the cry is raised among a discontented mob, be it right or wrong, so does he shout."

"Sir, may I be permitted to say, that this is foreign to the point."

"Foreign or not foreign, this is God's truth."

"May I pray your concurrence."

"Concurrence or not, the head-strong jade will have her own way. If I approve not of the match, she would do as she wills—then wherefore should I say that idle, insignificant, *yes;* for say I yes or no, it will be *yes* with her."

"Sir, I did not think to find you in this mood."

"The girl would rouse a saint to rage. Let me tell you, Sir, I proposed years ago, and since have daily urged, a match that would have done her honor—exalted her to a height, that let her, marry any else, she never can attain. The gentleman is an honor to our nature, and an ornament to our country; but him she scornfully spurned. He is—but no matter, I will not name him—for that,—yes, for that"—he paused, and checked the threat which was upon his lips; his eyes glanced like wild fire, and rage was marked on every line of his face; he paced

the floor for a few moments with hurried strides, then darted out of the room.

Edward from this saw too plainly the miserable life that Caroline must have led, even in her own rightful demesne: the most exaggerated report of her situation which before he though exceeded the bounds of probability, he now firmly believed. He turned to Richard, who sat almost stung to death with chagrin, that his father's temper should have been at this crisis so weak, as to overstep his usual prudence, and disregard the advice which he had so often and strongly enforced upon him. He was seemingly in a musing posture, but the eye that was never off its guard, watched Edward attentively; and when Richard saw that he had turned to him, threw into his features with the most consummate art, the semblance of unfeigned sorrow, that skillful as Edward was, he believed at the time, were the true feelings of the heart.

"Mr. Hardenville," said Richard, in a melancholy tone, "I pray you Sir, overlook my father's failings: he is an old man, and I am sure a gentleman of your observation, knows how to excuse the frailties of age."

"I must say, Mr. Montrose, that I did not anticipate such a reception."

"Allow me a word in extenuation: I cannot sufficiently express my own regret, that my father's temper should have vented itself so unbe-

comingly; in youth he was always accounted fiery and precipitate, but the next hour was ready to die for the man he had offended. When people come to his age, prudence often slumbers, and the failings (I cannot call them faults) of the heart show themselves often and loud, on the most simple occasions. Take my word for it, I know my father well; he will deeply repent of his passion, and make honorable amends in the morning."

"Sir, I shall report nothing of it, till I see him again; I fervently hope, however, he spoke not by premeditation, but on the spur of the moment."

"I can assure you, nothing else my good cousin, for so you shall shortly be," as he said this, with feigned affection, he took Edward by the hand, and wished him a thousand years of happiness, and expatiated in rapturous terms or the many inestimable qualities of Miss Montrose, and added, "I speak from experience of her amiable temper, excellent mind, and numerous attainments: be assured, Mr. Hardenville, my father dotes upon her, and never in a composed moment, indulged a thought in the least unkind; on the contrary, he comments in the most exalted strain on her many qualifications;—you yourself have heard him extol her highly."

"I have, repeatedly."

"The secret of the present tirade, is shortly this. There is an old, ugly, and disagreeable haggard, a cotter on our estate, who attacked

him in his ride this morning, for some trifle or other, in a manner which I need not repeat. She is such an unseemly sample of the sex, that his temper being roused by her, he (as you know it is the nature of most men,) cursed the whole female race, and in that mood was he, when you entered."

"I observed a frown upon his brow."

"'Twas that, nothing else, believe me. Now I trust you are satisfied."

"If what I experience in the morning tally with this, I shall think no more on't."

"Take my word for't Caroline is yours, and with his warm approval."

"My family, certainly can be no objection."

"On the contrary Sir; you stand in all respects, to say the very least, equal to ours."

Thus, did Richard's art lull to sleep Edward's better observation; and as he internally desired to be on friendly terms with the whole family, he was the more easily persuaded. But it is strange that men and often the closest observers of nature can be deceived by a smooth tongue and a plausible manner. That Edward should have credited Richard's artful invention, even although he had been warned by his friend, and his lovely Caroline, added to his own antipathy, shows how insinuating that arch-fiend could make himself, and how weak is human nature. A kind word and a soft tone have magic in them, and often achieve more than

the sword. That which men really wish, the simplest circumstance, or the most unconnected tale too often gives them confirmation; in such cases, prudence seldom scans the subject. Richard saw the victory he had achieved and inwardly exulted at it. He had often marked Edward's frequent visits, and his many private interviews with Caroline, and as she seemed always delighted in his society, it roused in his mind the strongest suspicions of a mutual attachment; now however convinced, or well knowing if there was, not without hopes, but he could prevent their marriage and force Caroline to his own designs, and as other schemes of the darkest dye in the calendar, occupied his time, he allowed this to pass unheeded; but now, that the truth of their union, flashed upon his mind, his soul was roused to revenge; but the cunning of his nature wore the open face, and kind tone, which had so completely deceived Edward.

"Will my cousin Edward, that is to be," said he, "do me the pleasure to be my guest to-morrow? I shall provide a dinner worthy of so good a friend, and my father's manner, will add a welcome and relish to the whole."

"I feel the honor of your invitation, but being already the guest of Mr. Aldenton, I know not if in courtesy, I can accept, however my own inclination might lead."

"Nay, nay, I will not be refused; your friend

will surely in such a case, and at such a time leave you to your own decision: I will not be denied."

"With his permission, I will be honored as your guest.—Good and unexpected event, I see his equipage coming up the avenue."

"Indeed," exclaimed Richard, in a tone of mortification.

"He will be here in a moment; I shall answer you then."

Mr. Aldenton and Caroline now entered the parlor. Richard looked as black as a thunder cloud, bit his lip, and advanced to the window; fear and disappointment were expressed in every gesture, from what cause, was best known to his own heart.

"Miss Montrose," said Mr. Aldenton, as they entered, "The gentlemen seem closeted on cabinet business, which we have interrupted, pray let us retire."

"Stay, stay," said Edward, "this unexpected visit, and at a time so opportune, gives me more joy than I can express."

"Ned, you know I always come at the very nick of time."

"Mr. Montrose has this moment invited me to be his guest at dinner to-morrow, which, without your approbation, I could not accept."

"My dear friend, your politeness does me too

much honor; in whatsoever you find pleasure, I certainly do."

"Mr. Montrose," said Edward, "I cheerfully accept your invitation."

"Sir, it will be my poor endeavour to receive so good a friend, of my fair cousin, especially, with becoming entertainment."

Caroline, at this instant caught the dark piercing eye of her hated relation; bold and wicked as he was, he could not withstand the gaze of her innocent scrutiny—his eyes instantly fell; this was so unwonted with him, that affection for her betrothed created wilder fears than she cared to show, or even could express; and Mr. Aldenton not being invited, confirmed her worst suspicions. In a moment, however, she recovered her presence of mind and with all the ingenuity of her sex, turned to Mr. Aldenton, and addressed him:

"As Mr. Hardenville will be my cousin Richard's guest to-morrow, will you honor me, by being mine."

"Ay, Miss Carry, and note the day in my calendar, as the fairest invitation I have ever received; but *you* must entertain *me* well, I shall frankly claim the attention of your guest."

A frown spread on Richard's face, and sarcastically addressing Caroline, he said:

"I find my cousin has prevented me the pleasure of adding another to the number of my guests; but as she knows so well how to play the hostess,

and, as I presume intends not to serve a separate table, it will add immeasurably to the festivity of the occasion. Pray ye, excuse me, I have an appointment at this hour, which demands my attention. Good morning"—and immediately he left the apartment.

"Thank heaven he is gone!" sighed Caroline.

Wherefore?" asked Edward.

"You such a physiognomist," said Egbert, "and ask that question! a child might have seen by his expression that he has some wicked deed in view."

"I saw in his face," said Caroline, "a more dreadful look than I ever beheld before. I told you of him; he has a fair tongue, and I believe might even deceive a saint. I gave you hints as broad as a female dared; I am sure he meditates you no good—so, I advise ye, beware."

"Did I not tell you to beware of him, before you ever saw his face."

"So you did."

"I will bet," said Egbert, "my bays against your sorrels, that even such a judge of character as you pretend to be, might be deceived by him."

"As I am sure he has by his invitation, some foul plan in view, to conduce to your safety, I was bold enough to ask Egbert to be my guest; but if I might advise I would recommend that both

refuse. Should you return in the darkness of night, I know not what may befal."

"I have said I will come, and I shall come," said Edward firmly, "If I show fear at this crisis, I will be harassed all my life afterwards. Guilt cannot stand the gaze of innocence. If bold at the outset, his machinations will soon cease; but I cannot believe he meditates aught against me."

"You do not know him," said Caroline, "else you would not judge so lightly."

"If he has deceived me to-day I shall know him to-morrow, my fair bride.

"What!" said Egbert in surprise, "what is all this: why Carry, you are frightened to death for the safety of this arrant fellow, and he calls you nothing less than '*fair bride.*' O, thou woman-hater, thou double Benedict what is the meaning of all this!"

"I can explain all."

"Why, Sir, you make Carry blush: thou arrant knave, if thou hast committed grand larceny on her heart, thou shalt be transported."

"I am *transported*—she is mine: art thou not Caroline?" She could not speak in answer to this question, but turned her eyes on the ground, and blushed deeply.

"Mr. Physiognomist," said Egbert, mimicking his friend, "an aquiline nose, I cannot bear, and arched eyebrows are my antipathy."

"These, Sir, I now consider the highest pitch of feminine beauty."

"O! you have played me double: I told you Sir, how it would be—but away with irony; I will not jibe further on the subject. I must say, however, Ned, that, had you searched all Kent, you could not have found a better, nor made a choice more congenial with my feelings. I wish you worlds of joy. Come Carry, no more bashfulness; when you know Edward as well as I do, you will confess there is not his match in merry England."

"Egbert, I must say, I knew not till this morning how firmly she was entwined around my heart; she is its better part, and never can be sundered.

"Well, well, say no more on't: I see this is a trying interview for Carry; for there she stands as mute and beautiful as Pygmalion's bride, ere Jupiter heard the mortal's prayer, and gave the marble life. Let us go Ned, it is time we were home."

"Good morning, my sweet love," said Edward.

"Good morning, Carry," said Egbert.

"Good morning gentlemen," replied Caroline.

The two friends departed for Aldenton house and Miss Montrose retired to her apartment.

Richard, who had taken his leave on the plea

of an engagement, instantly sought his father's chamber.

"Richard," said the father in a surly tone, as his son entered, "where is the boy? fool that I was to let my temper overmaster me."

"Let not that disturb you: I have touched him well."

"Indeed! my brave son."

"I made a notable excuse, which has cajoled the silly cotquean."

"Then have I peace again; yet I was sure you would patch up the awkward breach. But how?"

Richard then explained the artful manner by which he had accounted for his father's sudden burst of temper; told with what credence Edward listened to the tale, and the good understanding in which they parted. To bear him out in the deception, he strongly urged the necessity of his father receiving Edward the next day, on the most friendly terms, and not to withhold his sanction to the marriage; with which old Montrose promised implicit accordance. Then Richard exultingly added: "he dines with me to-morrow, but by an unlucky chance, Caroline invited his friend, Aldenton, to be one of the party, who that moment arrived, however, both fare the worse for it. To night, I shall see these men of whom I spoke, who have nerve for any thing, and as I nod will act, so that they are well paid.

What is it that you intend?"

"That this sighing, foolish Hardenville, and his officious friend, be well cared for. As they return home in the darkness of night, my minions shall attack them, and give them the oblivious ocean or a stagnant pool for a bed, till doomsday's trumpet sounds. They die; yes, they shall both die."

Richard, no more on't, leave the matter to my management; I have thought of much better. I shall season the repast with the best grace I can, and Hardenville shall have, in words, approval to wed my niece, and a safe journey home in the evening, but no more. Caroline shall be provided for, and he may go mad, if it please his humour.

"What would you propose?"

"Young blood is precipitate; the marriage with my permission will be fixed on an early day; till then, we can mask our purpose with smiling faces and welcome tones."

"What then, Sir; I do not comprehend you.—Am I to lose Caroline; is her wealth to pass into stranger hands, and all my ambitious schemes, which her gold will give me power to achieve, be forever frustrated?"

"By no means; else she shall be a caged virgin all her life. You she shall wed, or none."

"By what management."

"The marriage eve will soon arrive: we must

make it a glorious time. Let her maid be sent away on some wild-goose errand; let the butler that night cease his occupation, and our cellars thrown open to every menial in the house; ply all with liquor, from the Steward to the meanest Scullion, and if perchance there be one who drinks not enough, I have an opiate, a harmless, but friendly drug, which will do the business well for them; by midnight the senses of each and all will not be worth a fig's end, the joyous occasion will be a good apology. Then, Richard, let the three Frenchmen, your lately bribed slaves, be in the offing with their lugger; and see that your agent in Calais, be led to attend to such instructions as I shall send to him."

"Well, Sir, what then?"

"Leave the rest to me, and question no more.—But Richard, methinks an opiate would do Caroline some service on the occasion; her bridal eve might else be a sleepless one, we shall think on't."

"I trust to your discretion; I am convinced no portion of this business will lack your good management."

"Nothing shall be wanting; be it your occupation to see all things properly attended to. Say no more; let all come on silently but sure."

Next day Edward and his friend mounted upon their fleet coursers, well armed, to serve in case of need, and attended by two trusty footmen, set

out for Montrose house. Edward's heart beat quick; he had many doubts and fears of the reception he might meet. He thought of old Montrose's conduct on the preceding day, Richard's exculpation, his conversation with Egbert and Caroline, to all which was added, his own original dislike both to father and son, when introduced into the family. Then again, he imagined that Richard especially, was not such a character as his friends reported, or his face bespoke; else, his conduct could not have been so friendly as he had at all times found it. He spoke not a word to Egbert of the fears which agitated his bosom, for he knew well the answer he would receive; if deceived how he would be jibed his pride could not brook the thought. O pride, how it rules poor human nature! Therefore, be resolved that by the events of this day, he would form his final judgment. In this mood they arrived at the mansion.

Old Montrose met both in the most friendly manner, his attentions to Edward were particularly marked, and he sought an opportunity to apologize for his unseemly conduct on the previous day, and confirm what Richard had said.—The time past with the greatest harmony and cordiality on all sides. Egbert also seemed to forget the estimation in whieh he held the Montroses, and was all frankness and kindness

After dinner, when the wine had circulated

freely, and the rest of the party were engaged in conversation, Edward stole from the table, to enjoy awhile the society of his lovely Caroline, who had according to custom, retired some time previously.

They held sweet converse, and the time sped rapidly on. O, what a joyous hour is that, in which two hearts linked with the strongest chain of love, meet to fix the bridal day! What rapture is in the moments! How weak is language in the cause of love, when sighs and looks, must be the heart's interpreters!

The lovers fixed that day month, for the happy one, which was to link them eternally together.—Edward soon returned to the table, and communicated what had just passed, and told the day that his happiness was to be complete. It was received with such seeming satisfaction, and such feigned pleasure was depicted both in the face of old and young Montrose, that Edward and his friend imagined, there could not possibly be any secret objection to the match, and that Richard, finding he could not win the love of Caroline, had concluded to show joy on the occasion to conceal the disappointment at his heart. "How often does the face smile, and the tones sound kindly, to conceal mortified vanity!" thought Edward. At a late hour the party broke up. While Egbert and his host were passing some complimentary

farewells, Edward sought an opportunity to bid his Caroline adieu.

"Well my love, I must say good night."

"Good night, Edward," she replied, "but O! be wary on the way."

"Fear nothing, my love, the kind reception that I have experienced from your relations this day, has made me change my former impression of their characters, and doubt my own judgment."

"Since yesterday," said Caroline, "I have received more attention and kinder looks than I ever experienced before. I do not understand this; but I fear that after such a calm, will come a terrible storm."

"Fear nothing, sweet Caroline."

"Be watchful on your journey home; and pray, when you do arrive, despatch a messenger hither, on some feigned errand, for I shall be in agony till I hear that you are safe."

"I will my love, good night," he gave her one fond embrace, and hurried from her presence.

He found Egbert on the portico, and the horses ready saddled, waiting his appearance. They were soon upon the road, and in pleasant discourse of their kind reception,—the great change in the Montroses, and reproaches against their own discernment, for having formed such unfavorable impressions, they arrived safely at Aldenton-house, without having seen the slightest cir-

cumstance to excite suspicion even in the most timid breast. Edward according to his promise to Caroline, dispatched a servant to announce his safety.

The time now passed in the extensive preparation for the nuptials, nothing was omitted that money could purchase, to add splendor to the occasion. The tenants and dependants on Montrose estate, were all provided with new dresses and a sumptuous entertainment was ordered for them. To Edward's own estate the same liberality was extended. The nobility and gentry of the country round were invited to the ceremony, and as it was agreed that as Edward was to convey his bride, together with all the guests, to his own mansion to dinner, an early hour in the morning was fixed for the solemnization.

The sun rose that day, in all the glory of summer's prime. Edward was early up, and as he gazed upon the beautiful sky, the blooming earth, and listened to the sweet notes of the woodland songsters, his bosom heaved with inexpressible joy. Every omen spoke of boundless felicity; every face showed unalloyed pleasure. His heart was light and buoyant, as the soaring lark's that floated in the air, and sent his merry song to earth.

Edward now set out for Montrose-house, in company with his friend Egbert, and attended by numerous servants; as he entered the gate of

the estate a train of young maidens strewed flowers in his path, and the countrymen unharnessed his horses, and drew the chariot to the house.—Edward alighted and was received with every mark of attention and even affection. He was immediately ushered into a room splendidly decorated, where already a number of guests had arrived.

"How is my bride, this morning?" he enquired of Richard

"Sir—Sir!" he exclaimed in an embarrassed tone.

"How is my bride?" he asked again.

"Well—I presume she is well; but Sir—she has not yet made her appearance."

"She takes long to decorate herself, this morning," said Egbert.

"Doubtless, Sir," Richard replied, "she will appear in her best colors ere long; the most unostentatious maid at such a time, will be somewhat fastidious, and this probably detains her."

An hour passed, it was a long and anxious one to the groom, still Caroline did not appear; the guests were all in attendance: the priest was in waiting, and nothing now was wanting to complete the ceremony, but the bride.

"Where is her maid?" asked Edward in the greatest anxiety, for now strong and dreadful fears flashed across his mind.

"Sir, we have not seen her this morning," said old Montrose.

"Send to her chamber; yes, send immediately."

A domestic was instantly dispatched upon the message, and in a few moments returned with a downcast look, and in a melancholy tone told that Miss Montrose was not in her apartment.

"Not in her apartment!" cried Edward in agony, "where, where can she be!"—and he stood petrified on the spot. The company interchanged dark and distrustful glances: Richard and his father saw the feeling that pervaded all, and both looked guilty as Cain, when first he met Adam's gaze, after Abel's murder. Edward now aroused from his trance, wildly exclaimed, "where is my bride!" and rushed from the parlor.

Seemingly unconcious of his actions, Edward entered and examined every room in the house; of each domestic he asked a thousand incoherent questions, without waiting for an answer to one. His search was fruitless; no trace of Miss Montrose could be found. At length he returned to the marriage apartment, with frenzy in his looks; the guests were in a confused state, some pacing the room, some sitting mute, while others were assembled in groupes in earnest conversation.—Richard and his father were loud in their grief, and showed much perturbation of mind. Egbert quite self possessed, was eagerly giving orders to

various servants, who on receiving his commands immediately departed.

When Edward entered, all eyes were turned upon him. The first person he met was Richard.

"Where is my love?" he cried, "where, Richard, where is she?"

"I would give the world to know."

"Thou double dealer, thou dark designing knave, thou hast played me false; this is another added to the catalogue of thy infernal crimes."—This was spoken in such a tone, that Egbert fearful of consequences, used his best endeavors to prevent his burst of passion venting itself further.

"Nay, nay Egbert I shall speak. Thou Richard Montrose, thou adder-heart—thou hast robbed the world of the object of my adoration, the garden of my hope of its fairest flower, but villain, thou shalt make restitution, else, by the God that reigns, thou shalt dearly answer my offended heart. Thou gray-headed wretch." he exclaimed, turning to old Montrose, "thou art leagued with thy hellish son; if thou hast checked her flow of life—nay, if thou hast harmed a hair of her head, by all that is holy in heaven and sacred on earth, thou shall dearly answer it."

"My good guests," said Mr. Montrose, "you were invited here on a joyous occasion, but alas! what a scene you witness; my dear niece missing, and my nephew, who should this day have been,

touched in the wits. Yes my fair niece, the prop and comfort of my declining years has mysteriously disappeared; I trust this is but a frolic of her wayward humour, and that she will be here anon."

"This worthy gentleman," added Richard, "the choice of my lovely cousin's heart, and the approved of my father's maturer judgment, has in the frenzy of his speech passed some ungenerous censure on me; but such is my grief on this melancholy occasion, that I take no heed of it—for I fear his calmer reason, has been displaced by madness."

"I am not mad, but I am furious, Sir; I know thee well, false Richard; I have heard of thy former dark and hellish deeds, I see them now, yes, even now, stamped upon thy face: Caroline herself has told me of thee, ay, of thee too, unnatural uncle, and warned me of your arts. I speak what man has never dared to speak before; but I have heaven and virtue on my side, then let the guilty tremble."

"Stay, stay Edward, this is not well," said Egbert, "your bride may yet appear."

"Away, away! I am roused to fury, and while heaven awards me strength to speak, I shall speak. Villains, I know your impious plots, your hell-dyed deeds, but I shall have vengeance."

The guests were petrified: the ladies left the room, the gentlemen with hurried step walked to

and fro, and interchanged looks mingled with suspicion, fear and awe.

"Do not disturb your mind's quiet," said Richard addressing them; "that Miss Montrose is missing on her nuptial morning, is to me the source of inexpressible grief, her strange and mysterious disappearance adds immeasurably to my heart's sorrow; and there stands my worthy father, sorely troubled in thought, more at this sudden bereavement, than at the ungenerous accusations of Mr. Hardenville. I can answer for myself, I know nothing of this disasterous chance; but call every servant, question all, search each corner of the house and of the estate, nay, skirre the country round: I will give a thousand pounds to him who brings my cousin back."

"Dissembler!" said Edward, "hypocrite! thou knowest where she is; thou hast caged her in some safe retreat and need not offer a paltry reward to him who brings her home: but O God! if thou hast killed her.—Egbert, I am faint, support me, lead me to the sofa."

Edward fell into his friend's arms, pale, and apparently lifeless; what a change his nature had experienced! in a moment from the most joyous mood to horrible thoughts: his feelings, which had burst themselves in such passionate language, exhausted his frame, and when he spoke of the possibility that his love might be murdered, his nature was quite outmastered. He was led by Eg-

bert to the sofa; the guests assembled round, but he waved them to retire that Edward might have freer air: in a few minutes by the application of perfumes, he recovered a little, opened his eyes, and faintly said, "Egbert, my friend hold me—the sun is dark, the room turns round, lead me, lead me hence." Then after a short pause he wildly cried, "she is dead they say, and tauntingly cry, a lifeless corse is to be my bride,"—then starting on his feet, as if it were the last exertion of decaying nature, he exclaimed, "tis false, by heaven I know 'tis false! Richard, thou bloody villain make instant restitution; and thou, hoary headed demon," turning to Mr. Montrose, "pretend not ignorance; restore her to me on the instant, else, give me confirmation at once, and tell me thou hast murdered her: for as there is a God, who knows thy impious deeds, I shall assuredly know the truth at last, and heap dreadful retribution on your guilty head."

"Be still, Edward," said his friend, "you take the matter too seriously, all may yet be well."

"O! I am sick at heart: I have no more relish for this deceitful world. Hold my head, it swims around, terribly as Corry-Vrekan, when the adventurous Dane dared the whirlpool—I will be lost too—but hold it firm—firmly Egbert—Well—well," and again he sank senseless on the sofa.

It was a melancholy scene for the guests, and especially for Mr. Aldenton, to witness the fair bride missing at such a time, and to see his hapless friend in such a disasterous plight. Not one who marked Mr. Montrose and his son's strange manner but thought Edward's accusations well founded. Their grief was too loud, and their desire for instant search too eager to be the unfeigned feelings of the guiltless heart: yet who dared openly avow his suspicions? At length the various guests, who saw that their presence in such a scene could avail nothing, and whose gay and lightsome hearts ill accorded with its gloom, began to depart, and in a short time not a stranger was left in the house, save Egbert, and the unhappy groom, who still lay unconscious, in spite of all the aid that was administered to him.

A servant now entered in breathless haste. "Well John," said Egbert, "what have you learned?"

"Nothing, your honor: the porter says that no one entered or departed yesterday after night fall, except Mistress Mary, our young lady's waiting maid." Another servant appeared. "Thomas, have you got any clue?" "No, Mr. Aldenton: the horses are all in the stable, and not one has the appearance of having been on the road these four and twenty hours—and Master Crupper the equerry, says, that he locked the stable

door yesternight, and kept the key in his pocket, till he returned this morning. "Well Donald," said Mr. Aldenton, to another servant who now entered, "have you heard any thing?" "An' it please your worship Sir, I hae speir'd at a' the folks, cotters, ploughmen, laborers an'a' but nane saw ony steer about the toon* yestreen." "Do not, my good fellows, let your enquiries cease here: ask every one,—search every where, and if any thing be learned that is material in this case, return instantly to me. A noble reward awaits him who discovers Miss Montrose."

The servants bowed, and retired. Another appeared in a moment after. "What saw you on the beach, my good fellow?" asked Egbert.

"Our boats are there— the oars, sails, and all things else, are safe in the barge-house."

"Saw you nothing then, Dan?"

"Only the mark of a keel on the sand."

"A keel, said you! what might you guess were the dimensions of the vessel?"

"That I cannot say, but it might be large enough to carry a dozen across the channel and never wet a hair of them."

Richard now entered. Edward still lay powerless, and unable to comprehend the enquiries going on, but when Richard saw the eager look of Mr. Aldenton, and the servant in the room, he

* Toon—Angl-town. A term used by the Scotch peasantry for the out-buildings belonging to a farm or an estate.

showed an unusual trepidation, which Egbert marked and cast a scrutinizing glance on him, then turning to the servant, whom he was questioning, asked: "Was that mark seen last night?"

"I can take my oath it was not."

"What can you take your oath of, you drunken rascal?" demanded Richard.

"I beg pardon young master, I said that I saw the mark of a keel on the shore this morning which was not there last night."

"And what of that, slave?" said Richard.

Mr. Aldenton interposed. "Mr. Montrose allow this good fellow to give his information, by my instructions was he despatched."

"Question as much as you please, Sir, for nothing would rejoice me more than to discuss every point, and examine every circumstance that may lead to a trace of my cousin. Well, sirrah!" added Richard, turning to the servant, "give us the history of your searches, but beware you cast no unjust imputations on Jack Marlinespike, my bargeman, nor start suspicions to which you cannot bring unqualified proof. Mr. Aldenton, Jack has been a faithful sailor, and although I desire as strongly as any man alive, to have this mystery solved, I will not have aspersions cast upon my long tried dependants."

"Sir," replied Egbert, "he has said nothing that implies foul play by any one, but merely

stated a simple fact, which itself may lead to nothing. Well, go on Sir."

"That is all, unless it please your honor to know, that Billy Whitler returning from the carousal in the Hall last night, saw a strange sail in the offing."

"What can that lead to Mr. Aldenton?" enquired Richard.

"It may be material for ought I know."

"Some fishing smack, I suppose."

"No master," said the servant, with the self complacency of one who thinks he gives agreeable news, "Billy swears it was not a smack, but a French lugger."

"Smugglers, nothing more, I'll warrant, if such were really there," said Richard. "But I question much if that tippling rascal saw any such thing. Mr. Aldenton, I am sorry to speak of the scene witnessed in this house last night. My father to testify his joy of the marriage which he so anxiously wished to see solemnized, prepared good and sufficient cheer for our domestics and dependants: to remove restraint he as well as myself retired before our usual hour, and the ungrateful varlets, either made the butler tipsey or bribed his keys, and the empty casks and broken bottles, may testify to the havoc made in the wine cellars. Sir, I am ashamed of them all: when I awoke this morning, my servant was not in waiting, and on descending to the

Hall I witnessed a scene, that I cannot describe. Sir, last night not one could have told a sail from a cloud or wave, and you may still see, if you will take the pains, some lying like brutish sots, while even those who are able to move about, lack their usual decorum."

"I know not, Mr. Montrose," said Mr. Aldenton, "why you should be so anxious to remove the impression that a sail was seen last night;" and he added ironically, "that cannot possibly affect the purity of your character."

"Sir—I say—Mr. Aldenton," replied Richard, with an embarrassad and trembling tone, "as you observe that can be nothing to me, nor is it: I thought, Sir, that this idle and prating fellow, from an old pique he has against my bargeman, endeavoured to turn this silly rumour to his disadvantage in my esteem."

"Indeed!"

"As I can take my Bible oath my young Squire, I never had a quarrel with Jack Marlinespike, in all my life; we have been too often in the tavern together, and know good ale too well to quarrel about the brewer."

"This in my presence!' said Richard angrily, "Peace, sirrah! and know your proper place.—Leave the room instantly." At this rebuke, which he seemed to think his vigilance little merited, the domestic retired, with more dissatisfaction in his looks than his tongue dared to express.

"You may observe, Mr. Aldenton," said Richard, when the servant left the apartment, "that this fellow has still the fumes of last night's debauch in his head, and takes a licence, which otherwise he would not have indulged, in my presence. But how is our worthy and sorely oppressed friend?"

"He will be better soon I hope. He moves."

At the moment Edward opened his eyes and attempted to raise himself up, but being too much exhausted, Egbert supported him.

"Was it a dream," he cried, "or was it indeed reality?"

"What?" enquired Egbert in a soothing tone.

"O! I know not, I thought I sat upon a desert rock against which the wild seas dashed, and heard the mermaids cry, 'she is come, she is our sister, and the earth man weeps because his bride is ours.'"

"O! you rave Edward, this is but a wild fancy of your disordered brain."

"No, no, I heard the sound, loud as the waves, and saw the wild scene palpable as the sun. I marked the ocean damsels, combing their sea green hair, as they mounted the waves upon their cars of glittering conchs, attended by a train of monstrous and unshapely things, crying 'to the jubilee, away, away.'"

"My dear Sir," said Richard, addressing Mr. Aldenton, "this is an unhappy sight; his senses

are quite bewildered; I am glad that the eager exertion of my father to make recovery of Caroline, keeps him from the scene; his heart else would melt."

"What voice is that," cried Edward wildly, "it has a hideous sound: drive it hence, drive it hence." His eyes now rested on Richard.—"Oh! oh away!" he muttered shuddering, and turning his head round, outstretched his hands as if he would drive the hated object from his sight.

Richard retired a few paces; Mr. Aldenton, had a request upon his lips, but before he could give it utterance, old Montrose's voice was heard in the corridor, calling, "Richard my son, Richard."

"Excuse me Mr. Aldenton, my father wishes my presence, and I must retire to wait his pleasure; but although I be absent, all that is in the house is open to the use of our afflicted friend, and I pray that you will call freely for whatever may do him service."

"Is he gone?" asked Edward, the instant he he left the apartment.

"He is."

"Is there yet any information of my love?"

"Do not be too anxious, she may yet be found."

"Never, never, my heart cries loudly, she is irrevocably lost. I fear I have talked wildly, and confusedly as a dream; but I am better now. I shall not rest a moment here; take me hence; Egbert, take me hence."

Edward was immediately conveyed to Aldenton house, where in spite of every attention that was in the power of man to administer he lay sorely sick of a fever for several weeks.

During that time every search was made for Miss Montrose, that ingenuity could devise, but in vain. The sea and ponds were raked, the country round examined, nothing was seen to cause suspicion, that murder had been committed in the woods, nor did the surface of the lawns show any mark, that a recent interment had taken place. The civil authority, did all that lay in the compass of the law, a thousand witnesses were examined but not a cue could be found; and though conviction was in the breast of all, that Richard and his father were privy to the mysterious circumstances, still nothing could be proved against them.

Edward at length began to recover slowly, and bore his mind's anguish with unexpected fortitude. "I leave time to unravel this mysterious affair," said he one day to Egbert: "while there is no assurance that she is eternally lost, hope, that flattering kelpie of the heart leads us on in search of brighter hours."

"Some trace may yet be discovered."

"'Tis a faint hope, still I cannot in justice to my heart entirely despair; but O! 'tis a slender hope. My feelings have, by this chance, experienced a dreadful revolution. I take comfort in

nothing, and though I may hereafter wear a smiling face, the clouds of despair will lower darkly on my heart."

"Nay, my friend, cheer up and bear like a man thy sore affliction."

"I shall do all that nature can compass; but when I look upon the green fields and glorious sky, I cannot but think how happily I once surveyed them. The noble scenery which I have gazed upon from your observatory, the beautiful walks of Montrose grounds, where I have so often loitered with my lovely Caroline, and my own estate, which from infancy, I had been accustomed to think the paradise of the world, seem now to my eye, like blasted deserts; and when in imagination I picture to my heart their pristine beauty, I sink into redoubled anguish; fertile England is to me a barren heath, or blighted wilderness."

"What do you mean by these remarks?"

"To leave them for a time at least, perhaps for ever. I shall travel."

"Where do you purpose to go?"

"No matter where; all the world is now alike to me: I shall proceed to the Continent first. A change of scene, the manners and customs of foreign people, and the countless variety of their physiognomies, may, in a measure dissipate the grief which now so heavily weighs upon me."

"Leave your country!" exclaimed Egbert, "never Edward, never; leave England! the

land of all that is noble and magnanimous! the land of your dearest associations."

"Ay, the land of all my severest afflictions."

"I never shall advise you to this step; remember Voltaire's patriotic line:—

"A tous les cœurs bien nes que la patrie est chere."

"No matter, your eloquence cannot dissuade me from my intent. I have made my arrange ments, and to-morrow I shall depart.

"Whither?"

"To Naples—I sail thither first: what afterwards may be my course I know not, but you shall be advised: and I must request that you will write to me frequently, and if a trace of my bride be found—hapless or happy, I pray you, instantly inform me."

Egbert tried all his eloquence to dissuade him from the voyage, and patiently wait in England a few months longer, to abide what time and chance might bring forth; at length finding all his efforts unavailing, he promised a faithful compliance with his friend's request. Edward embarked for Naples. His voyage was boisterous and tedious till he reached the key of the Mediterranean; but when he passed the narrow strait and entered the classic sea, a prosperous wind impelled him swiftly on his course, and in eight days, he entered the beautiful bay, and saw Vesuvius'

"Meteor standard to the breeze unfurl'd."

His mind was ill at rest, and he roamed from place to place, careless as the summer cloud, of his course. He stood on the Rialto, and saw the guilt-covering Venetian gondola float past him on the canal; he saw the "Seven-hill'd City" he visited the "City of Palaces," and stood in the city of "Mosques and Minarets." Then travelling into Egypt, he looked on Pompey's pillar, gazed upon time defying pyramids, and thought "an hundred centuries looked down upon him."

Changing his journey, he arrived at classic Greece, that

"Land! of the pencil, and the lyre,
The marble, and the dome!—
Whose name is to the muse a fire,
Whose temples are a home."

"Now, he was in that land, which, when a student in Oxford, of all others he wished to visit. With this land what associations were in his mind! With this land, once the pattern of all that is beautiful in art, immortal in works of genius, sublime in philosophy, disinterested in patriotism, and heroic in war, he was a stranger, with which, under different circumstances, he might have been as familiar as with the Iliad. Careless however, as was his observation, he marked,

"'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more."

In his unhappy state of feelings, Edward, although he traversed the land of science and of

song, could not like a classic pilgrim, visit those sacred shrines where departed greatness lies entombed, or view the mouldering records of their mighty minds; but he rather strove to seek forgetfulness of himself, than remembrance of his earlier days when the world seemed all sunshine, and life a wild romance.

He next set sail for Marseilles; thence he passed into Spain, and traversed that unenclosed land of hill and dale. He crossed the rugged Pyrennees, and before him lay the beautiful France. He travelled through her fertile fields and luxurious vineyards. He stood on the bank of Geneva's romantic lake. He gazed on the scene of Tell's glorious deeds; he saw the huge glaciers of the ancient Alps and marked the wild chamois, bounding from steep to steep, pursued by the lordly and intrepid hunters.

Reckless of his course, he again passed into France, and travelling idly about, he arrived one summer day, at the city of * * * *. After dinner, he set out to visit a nunnery situated in the suburbs, to the Abbess of which, by special favor, he had obtained recommendations. As the Janitor opened the large oaken door, studded with huge iron bolts, he entered the outer wall, and the massy building presented itself full to his view. He was immediately admitted, and the old Abbess who received him with more politeness than he

thought belonged to the nature of her surly calling, showed him the chapel, cells, hall, and other apartments which it is not our province at present to describe. When he had surveyed the interior of the nunnery, he was led into the garden: there he observed many nuns loitering about, who the instant he appeared, kissed their crosses, and covered their faces with their long veils; some of black, and others of white lace, according to their vows.

"Madam," said Edward to the Abbess, in tolerable French, which I have translated for the benefit of my readers, "you have some interesting and pious virgins in your nunnery."

"Indeed, Sir," she replied, "there are maidens here, under the care of God, whose humble instrument I am, so entirely weaned from the vanities of the world, that I hope to meet them, when this earthly scene shall have passed away, in the mansions of the blessed; while I am sorry to add, there are others, whose minds are under the influence of the tempter, and who are more zealous in their thoughts of the flesh,than in their vows to heaven."

"There must be some interesting histories, connected with the fate of many of the sisters."

"Indeed, some have come hither for the pure love of heaven, to spend their lives in the cause of religion, and in a thousand ways administer to their own souls, as well as to the comfort of the

poor and unenlightened of the neighbouring city; while others, from unfortunate or ill requited attachments and disgust of the world, have entered within these holy walls, and sigh again for the unhallowed things without. But I use to the utmost of my humble abilities, the means that God has placed in my hands, and the inspired books that pious fathers have penned in their holy cloisters, especially that excellent work, written by a native of your country, whose spiritual name was Father Francis, but whose world cognomen was Theodosius, addressed to his sister in God, Constantia."

"I have read it; it shows us in true colors the wisdom of heaven, the Almighty's protecting care, and the gratitude we owe, for His manifold blessings."

"Sir, it gives me joy to hear one of the worldly throng speak in such terms; would that all in my nunnery were as much impressed with its invaluable precepts. I have one lady, who a few months ago was placed under my superintendence by her virtuous and religious parent, who, from the hour she entered these holy cloisters, has so deeply brooded over her melancholy, that she has little time to devote to her soul."

"Has she been unhappy in the world?"

"Alas! she has too severely felt the arts of man, and listened too implicitly to the professions of one, from whom she merited more regard."

"She has been unfortunate then?"

"Too truly: but her history I have never learned; on that point she has been as silent as the tomb. Listen, she now sings a sad song. In that arbor she sits for hours alone, and as you hear her, passes the time with that mournful strain."—Edward suddenly paused, as if he were fixed to the spot by some powerful spell, and breathless, listened to the song. He heard distinctly that pathetic Scotch melody, which was the greatest favorite of his happier days, "The Flowers o' the Forest." The music ceased, but in a few moments commenced again, with a sweet yet melancholy tone, the words:—

"I have seen the smiling o' fortune beguiling,
I have felt her favors and found their decay:
Bright was their blessing, and fond their caressing,
But now they are fled, O! fled far away."

While he listened to this stanza in breathless suspence, he stood in such an unwonted posture, that the Abbess, remarking the singularity of his mein, immediately said: "Kind Sir, you are overcome by this accident, perhaps it reminds you of former days."

"It does indeed! I have heard that song before; it is the approved choice of my fancy—and that voice! it is a tone familiar to me as day, and thrills upon the tenderest chords of my nature.

At this moment the unhappy Nun appeared from the arbor, which, before had entirely concealed her from observation. Silently and slow-

ly she walked onwards, so completely absorbed in her own thoughts, that she was quite unconscious of the presence of any one. Edward still stood fixed to the spot; as she drew near, a breeze suddenly threw the white veil off her face, and—Caroline stood before him. "Good God!" he exclaimed, and clasped her in his arms. Why need I try to picture that which language cannot describe? Why should I endeavor to portray the emotions of the lovers' hearts, at the joyous and unexpected meeting? It were a vain task. Suffice it to say, that, in a week Caroline recovered from the settled and pale melancholy which had left her but the shadow of the gay and beautiful girl, that first caught Edward's fancy, and his kind attentions contributed immeasureably, to soothe the shock, which her feelings experienced on meeting.

In the interim Edward had been actively preparing the necessary proof, to convince the Abbess of Caroline's real history, and his claims to her heart and hand. She was convinced; her heart was touched with pity at the mournful story. With the consent and prayers of the holy Abbess, for a prosperous voyage, Edward departed with his new found love for England.

A few days after this event, Mr. Montrose and his son were seated in a private apartment of their mansion, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Richard," said the father sternly, for such

was his usual tone when addressing his son,—"when go these men to the Continent?"

"To-morrow, sir, an't please your humour, they have received instructions, backed with a weighty and glittering advocate, enough to persuade a very saint. They will soon find the fool, and promise to bring undeniable proof that he is no more. This trouble might have been saved, had I not thought the fever would have burned him up, or when he was convalescent, had not that villanous doctor dealt doubly with me. The gold that I gave him was enough to bribe a minister, but the conscientious Galen sorely repents of it now."

"What did ye, Richard?"

"Under this deception I could not remain unrevenged—a brother craftsman has medicined him to madness."

"He deserved it all."

"Ay, and had that all been doubly doubled, it were too poor for his desert."

"Edward I hear is roaming from country to country."

"So my letters say: he is not air, but a palpable man, and they will find him."

"Caroline still maintains an unchanged demeanour. Desbrosses assures me that the Abbess is ignorant of all, and he has taken such steps, that, should the silly girl blab, her tale will find no credence."

"I fear not on this point, but I dread her aversion to me: how can we sway her heart?"

"Rest your mind easy there. A maiden's heart is not an impregnable citadel, nor an inaccessable mountain: time has achieved more wonders ere now, than overcoming a girl's whim—so fear nothing."

"Then sir," subjoined Richard, "her scruples of relationship."

"Scruples of bean specks! Thou hast but a poor knowledge of woman; Sir, they are all hollow-hearted and capricious as the wind; and this innate virtue, modesty, and such sweet sounding words, are mere bug-bears to frighten striplings, and please the hypocritical parsons."

At this moment a loud and joyous shout was heard in the avenue; Richard ran to the window, and saw a chariot with a lady and two gentlemen seated in it, followed by a long train of peasants, indulging in all the boisterous mirth and antic gestures that happy occasions inspire in the bosoms of rude and uncultivated clowns.

"What do you see, Richard?" asked his father, impatiently.

"I know not, yet I tremble, as if an earthquake shook the eternal globe. Can it be! Heavens and earth! father we are undone, totally ruined—She is found."

"Who, who! tell me Richard,—instantly," demanded old Montrose, in the most agitated tone.

"Caroline," replied Richard, "and with her, that whining lover, and his detested friend."

"By my eternal soul!" exclaimed the father, then flew to the window, and with his own eyes, saw confirmation—"'tis too true Richard, we are indeed undone; yet, fly to your men; these brave associates will do you service.—Let not your nerves be unstrung in this hour of need—if you lack cunning and courage now, thou art no son of mine,—run, Richard, and ere I look upon your face again, tell me they are in hell. Away, away." Richard in the greatest haste took his departure, while his father stood, frothing, and cursing in such impious words and tones, that he more resembled a demon than a man. "I shall stand the brunt;" he cried, "ay, were the infernal pit to yawn before me, I should not shrink an inch, and now, shall spurn them into insignificance." In a few moments, his mind turned to the reality of his dreadful situation which passion before had veiled; he was seized with a tremor in every joint; cold drops trickled over his forehead, blood oozed from his eyes and ears, as if he had stood on the highest peak of the Andes. "Now they are on the portico" he cried, "I am not well, my nature fails me, which heretofore has ever been my prop. I shall retire a few moments to my chamber: then, shall I meet them face to face, and curse them to perdition."

He had just time to make his disappearance, when the hall door opened, and Caroline, Edward, and Egbert entered. Caroline never looked more lovely, tho' never less pale; the life and gayety of her disposition was changed to a pensive and melancholy cast. Many circumstances might have occasioned this; she saw as the chariot drove rapidly towards the mansion a different appearance of the pleasure grounds—instead of the neat and elegant parterres which she left a few months before, she marked rank weeds rioting over the beautiful beds of flowers; the boxwood untrimmed, and the shrubbery in many places broken down and withered. Then she considered that she was returning to an inhospitable abode, and knew not what might be the issue of the hour; and her face betrayed the marks of fearful anticipations.

"Cheer up my love," said Edward, who saw the uneasiness of her mind, "this is your rightful home; I am beside you, and my good friend to back us withal."

"I cannot but have some feeling on this occasion," she replied: then addressing a servant, asked "where is my Uncle, Sir?"

"He has this moment retired to his room."

"And where is Richard Montrose?" demanded Edward.

"He has just left the house, and in such haste, that he gave no information of his course."

"He shall never step within these doors again," said Edward with some warmth. "As for the old man, he may stay in his room to-night:—to-morrow,—we shall think of him."

"My dear Edward, we must do all things gently; conciliate rather than provoke," said Caroline, beseechingly.

"Your uncle, Carry, shall be left in charge of the judicial authority: but for Richard,—I shall see to him."

"I hope my friend," said Egbert, "you will do nothing rashly."

"O! persuade him from harsh measures," entreated Caroline."

"We shall require a guard to-night; we may not be enough, Egbert, to protect this precious gem," then turning to a servant, Edward enquired "where is Dan?"

"The instant he heard of your return, and my young lady's, God bless her! he flew to the barge house to tell Jack Marlinespike of the news. Jack and he are great cronies; and," continued the servant, on this happy occasion giving his tongue more than usual license, "I'll warrant they are swigginglike kings, the brandy that Jack got from the smugglers.'

"I found this same Dan," said Egbert, "a trusty fellow, and honest. I admired his manner, Carry, the morning on which you disappeared."

"I always liked him," added Edward, "and

therefore I purpose that he shall be Captain of the night. I shall seek him myself."

"Nay, nay Edward," said Caroline, in a beseeching tone, "rather send for him."

"My love, fear nothing, I leave you in safe company."

"It is not for myself I fear."

"Be not uneasy then, on my account, I have a good and trusty friend in my scabbard."

"No, no Edward? it is not altogether the danger of men either, but the wild elements that I dread: the air is sultry, and black clouds gather thick above us: do not go, I beseech you do not go."

"Heaven will surely spare its wrath for the guilty wretch; pray Carry, grant me my own way in this particular. Egbert, I leave you to entertain and protect my love, till I return," and immediately he departed.

"He is the same wayward carle, Carry," said Egbert, when Edward had gone, "that he has been all his life; it has been his nature since his cradle-days. Let him have his way, he will soon be with us again."

"I hope no harm will befal him," said Caroline, with some agitation.

"Tush, tush! this love is a tender thing; a very thought sickens it almost to dying. Come, Carry, do not be uneasy, but beguile the hour with the history of your mysterious disappear-

ance. I have not yet had time to question on this subject."

"It is told in a few words:—for a week preceding the day fixed for my marriage, my uncle was as kind as a father, but on the nuptial eve, he was all affection and tenderness—begged me to pledge him in a glass of wine, ere retiring for the night, in token of his love and earnest wishes for my happiness;—it was an unusual ceremony, but I consented and drank. I anticipated a sleepless time, but I had scarcely reached my chamber, till sleep pressed heavily on my eye-lids, and unconscious, even before I could think what might be the cause, or had time to ring for my maid, who was not in her usual place, I sank into a profound slumber. I awakened, I know not when, by a rushing and roaring of waters around me,—a cracking of cordage, and flapping of sails above me; then I thought it was a dream, but soon I found myself in a narrow birth; I felt a rocking motion, I heard the creeking of timbers, and the rude voices of boisterous men—then the dreadful reality flashed upon my mind, that it was no dream, but, that I was on the wild ocean. Mortal tongue could not describe the emotions of my heart in that hour! I was quite unnerved, and sank powerless on my pillow, expecting every moment that the monsters on deek would hurl me into the roaring deep. I thought of Edward: then, my unnatural uncle and cousin, stood like

savage demons before my bewildered imagination, and shrieked in unhallowed tones, 'revenge, revenge!' Oh! how my heart shuddered for the issue of my fate! When day-light appeared, I was invited on deck; we lay before a French port,—I knew not which nor where. I was immediately landed, and received by a gentleman—no, by a ruffian looking fellow, and conducted by him, with less rudeness than I expected, to the nunnery, in which, Edward so unexpectedly found me. I need not describe my feelings, nor my treatment there, but in justice to the Abbess I must add, that I believe she was ignorant of the cause of my captivity, and my heart, even to her, could not confess its sorrow; yet she treated me like a mother." Caroline paused, then Egbert exclaimed, "It was a mysterious affair! It is strange," continued he, "that chance will often accomplish what the strictest scrutiny cannot achieve: but, I always thought, that Edward had a secret presentiment you were on the Continent, from the circumstance that the mark of a keel was observed on the shore, and a French lugger seen in the offing."

"So he said; would that this chance were safely ended."

"Fear nothing Caroline: fate's tempest is over."

"Ay, indeed! but the big waves of her fickle ocean still roll dangerously around us. All is not

ended yet. Richard still lives, and no one knows what dark design now engages his attention. My uncle too, stays absent long: what course he may pursue, I know not."

At this instant, a servant entered, and said, that Mr. Montrose was in his chamber taken suddenly ill with a grievous sickness.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Caroline, "Mr. Aldenton he has been unkind, yet he is my uncle still; pray let us seek him, and administer our comfort."

Egbert bowed acquiescence, and immediately they left the apartment together.

Edward bent quickly on his way to the beach, when he departed from his bride and friend. The clouds which darkened the horizon, rose higher and higher, till the whole heavens were covered, dark as night; the wind at intervals blew in violent gusts, and agitated the ocean, till it lashed and foamed about like a huge leviathan ready to devour the earth. Now the lightning flashed, and the loud thunder roared: flash after flash, glared more vividly, and clap after clap sounded louder than the preceding, still Edward undismayed, paced fleetly onward. Heavy drops of rain fell as if the herald of a torrent; Edward wrapped his mantle closely around him, and as the rain now poured furiously down, he covered himself so completely, that had even his Caroline met him, she could not have recognized her lover. The barge-house was now in view,

and as he reached the beach, he saw a figure pacing the sand with rapid and irregular step, wearing a large French cloak, so that his face could not be seen. This may be Jack, or faithful Dan, habited thus by the liberality of some smuggler, to ensure good will and silence,—thought he; but when he saw the stranger advancing, with more majesty in his step, than is natural to one of the lower grade of society, his opinion changed, yet he imagined, as he could not recognize the gait, that it was one caught in the storm, about to solicit shelter from its fury. They met.

"Who art thou?" said the stranger, in a coarse, yet stern voice, as if he expected an instant answer to his demand.

"One, sir, who will not be questioned thus," replied Edward firmly, for the blood rushed to his face, at the indignant tone of his interrogator.

"Ha! wouldst thou beard the untamed lion in his lair? Who, and what art thou; give me instant answer sir?"

"I shall not: with a request I might comply; but a demand, so haughtily spoken, I spurn. Who art thou that dares question thus?"

"A man, ay sir, and one, that, if my thoughts interpret aright, it will freeze thy soul to look on."

"Wert thou the arch-fiend, with all the infernal legion at thy back, I should not budge one inch."

Thou speak'st it bravely sir: if thy spirit dare grasp thy sword, with as much courage, as it wags thy tongue, it might advantage thee—but I am here! speak out sir, who art thou."

"I think I know thy tone—if thou art not he,"———

"Whom dost thou think me?"

"A notorious villain, a blood-thirsty knave."

"I am sir," and as he spoke he threw the cloak forcibly from him;—"I am,—Richard Montrose!"

"I thank thee God, I am satisfied," and regardless of the storm, Edward disengaged himself from his covering.

"Edward Hardenville!" exclaimed Richard, "'tis I should thank heaven for this meeting; thou dastard,—thou interloping fool,—thou hast done more to cross me in my projects than ever mortal dared; but stand a moment till I tell thee *what* I am."

"Villain, I shall hear no more, innocence cries out for justice, and heaven calls on me to be her champion."

"Step not into Ætna's crater" cried Richard, in a tone that spoke not only defiance, but confidence of his own power.

"Monster! I would brave the eternal fire, in such a cause as this. The elements are warring loud, but I pray that great Jove will spare his

thunderbolt, nor take vengeance into his own hand. My nature has o'erstepped itself, to such achievements as shall make thee, guilty wretch, crouch beneath my gaze. Thou, Richard Montrose, thou art my victim; by my hand alone, must thou fall, to give me peace."

"Vain braggart; think'st thou the threats of a tiny thing like thee, can scare the hero of my daring deeds."

"Words are edgeless weapons, I shall hear no more: on, hell-bird,—on!"

"Cotquean, thou shalt hear! I shall tell thee to thy teeth, before I am avenged, thou coward slave, thou mean intruder, that thou hast stepped between me and the jewel of my hopes,"

"Peace, sir, and let our swords speak for us."

"Stand back, I am not done: slave, thou hast crossed my path, marred my dearest prospects, and blighted my aspiring schemes; whoever did this before has never lived to tell the tale, and thou, dastard, shalt not exist to boast. Look on the foaming ocean, lashed to wild rage, but unequal to that within my breast; if these waves had tongues, they could reveal such stories of my prowess and revenge, as would shrink thee into insignificance, yea, would strike the thunder-bearer dumb."

"Thou impious fiend; draw, draw, draw."

"My tongue has told enough, thou dost accel-

rate thy doom. On coward"——Richard brandishing his sword, advanced one step and placed himself in an attitude of defiance: in an instant, Edward stood boldly forth with unsheathed weapon, and the flash of his eye told the daring of his heart—but, in a moment, he fell powerless on the earth. In an instant however he recovered. "What is this?" he cried, then starting on his feet. Ha! Richard! where art thou fiend?" then casting his eyes about, he saw his foe prostrate on the earth: the sword melted in his hand—his head singed to baldness, and he lay motionless, as in sleep, save for one black streak that marked his face, and an unearthly expression painted on each feature. "Dead!" exclaimed Edward," then heaven's own lightning has revenged my cause, and my soul is bloodless. Thou guilty fallen wretch," he said, bending o'er the body, now more in sorrow than in anger, "to die as thou hast died, with such imprecations on thy tongue, and guilt upon thy soul, what must be thy doom!" A few moments he stood gazing on the lifeless corse; then raising his hands and eyes upwards, sighed, "tis done and injured innocence is satisfied!" Now starting from his reverie, "What!" he exclaimed "heaven also is avenged"——for he saw the glorious sun, bursting through the eternity of clouds, dispelling the gloom, and having silenced the thunder. In a moment, the sky showed not

a stain upon its azure concave, and the earth looked as before the storm, save for the drenched ground and dripping trees.

Edward looked around, and saw two men running rapidly towards him; he discovered them to be trust-worthy Dan, and Jack Marlinespike —"Master, Master, what is this!" exclaimed Dan, as he reached Edward. "Say, not one word my trusty fellow, I am not in a humor to be questioned."

"Oh!" ejaculated Jack, "my young squire dead!"

"Ay, sir," said Edward, "Heaven has annihilated the guilty wretch. Dan, make all dispatch to the house and bring assistance to convey his body thither; I shall follow immediately."

Dan did not wait for a repetition of the order, but hurried off, his heart on his very lips, so eager was he to be the first to give information of the catastrophe.

Various and strange were the thoughts that crowded the mind of Edward, as he gazed for a moment on his lifeless enemy, and marked the horrid expression of his scathed and unnatural lineaments—turning to Jack, he directed him to remain with the body till assistance arrived; then paced with a firm step onward to the mansion.

We left Caroline and Egbert, at the moment they departed from the parlor to seek old Mon-

trose. When they entered his chamber, he lay upon his bed, writhing in the greatest agony, and groaning bitterly. Caroline approached him ere he was conscious of her presence.

"How art thou, uncle?" she enquired in a tender tone. The hoary headed wretch turned his eyes upon her, glaring with a wild and fiend-like expression, she shrunk back in terror at the sight then wildly he cried "avaunt! hence, thou witch! else will I tear thee to ten thousand atoms. And thou, intermeddling fool," now observing Egbert, "away, away! ere my curses fall like blights upon thee."

"Sir, we come as friends," said Egbert, "to offer our comfort and assistance in thy tribulation."

"Thou canting milk-sop, thou officious knave, begone! I shall fire the house, that I may be the death of thee."

"Oh! uncle, uncle!" cried Caroline, in the greatest distress, "speak not thus I pray, else you will kill me."

"No! I will not be so *kind*—but I shall pray to God, or sell my soul to hell, that I may be granted power to torture thee—I will create vipers, with stings innumerable, more agonizing than the pangs of death, to prey upon thy vitals, and be countless years devouring thee."

Caroline shuddered at his impious words, and sank upon a chair, overcome with the dread-

ful threats. "Cheer up, Carry," said Egbert, "be not unnerved at this crisis, your uncle is frantic, he would not speak thus else."

"Ay, sir," exclaimed Montrose, "I am roused to fury, and were I not tied to this burning bed by some unnatural spell, oh! I would do—I would do! Where is Edward—where is the dastard?"

"He has gone to the beach, sir," replied Egbert.

"Then oh! then," he cried, grinning with a diabolical smile, "may Richard, my noble minded son, but meet him; or if he do not, should heaven war thus with such unnatural wrath and spare his pigmy head, I shall curse the Everlasting."

As her uncle, more like a demon than a man spoke, Caroline trembled like the aspen: fears for her lover's safety now flashed athwart her mind as reality, and all the soothing arts that Egbert used, could not restore her to composure.

"Ay, daughter of Lucifer, tremble beneath my frown—the heavens are cloudless now, and were it to be done,—'tis done! But hadst thou, blister! capped my dearest hopes, and wedded my son, thou wouldst have been dearer to my heart, than revenge is now; but 'tis past, 'tis past, and thou art eternally curst."

A voice was heard without at this instant, crying, "where is my master, where is my master?"

"'Tis Dan, 'tis Dan!" exclaimed Montrose, "conscientious as he is, he brings me joyous tidings—Oh! these pangs—Heaven or hell, spare me till I hear them—be they as I hope—be I revenged, I shall jump into eternity."

"Be not alarmed Miss Caroline," said Egbert, "'tis faithful Dan; such a man surely is the herald of happy news to the innocent."

Dan now rushed into the room, pale and breathless. "Is he dead!" demanded Montrose eagerly—

"O yes Master! he is stone dead."

"Thank God!" cried Montrose in ecstacy, "then I defy heaven, or the eternity of worlds to mar my peace; sickness and pain may waste my frame, but my soul shall triumph still."

"Who is dead?" said Egbert, himself now in the utmost agitation.

"Oh! my young master!"

"Who, Dan, who? give me the name," continued Egbert, nothing pacified at his answer.

"My young master Richard."

"Thank heavens!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Death and destruction!" vociferated Montrose starting fiercely up, "thou lying varlet—O! if thou hast trifled with me, thou hadst better have lost thine eternal soul—air, air—Carry, curse on thee. If thou dost wed be thy bed fruitless—While thou dost hang upon the husband's lip—air, air—unroof the house, air—may blights

wither thee : May——O God! may'st wish to die—yet never die—May'st thou be—air, uncanopy the heavens—air—Curse, ay, curse, curse"—now choked with passion, and overcome by frenzy, the guilty wretch sank down upon the pillow quite exhausted. At this moment Edward entered the apartment; Caroline rushed to him, that, by her own embrace she might be convinced of his safety. "Peace, my fair love," said he, "all is well. Egbert, my friend, thy hand. Dan, do thou thy message on the instant."

"We have had a dreadful scene," said Egbert.

"Oh! terrible indeed!" sighed Caroline, "I shudder at the very thought; but hush! he is still now."

"Nature cannot long withstand such a tempest," added Egbert.

Edward advanced to the bed, and gazed on the wretched and frenzied Montrose. He lay as in sleep, but without its peace. Now his whole frame was convulsed, and he writhed in the deepest agony; his clenched hand and gnashing teeth ; the flush and then the deathly paleness of his face, and the cold drops trickling over his forehead, seemed to speak the dreadful struggle of the guilty soul to maintain its mortal habitatain.

"Alas! alas! is this the end of wickedness? who could look on such a sight and ever forsake fair virtue's ways? Come hither, poor and eva-

nescent humanity, gaze upon this appalling spectacle, it will teach thee the doom of the impious and the guilty!" As Edward spoke, the unhappy man opened his eyes, but no sense seemed in them.

"Who calls?" he wildly cried, "I shall not come; away, drive these fiends away! they gnash their teeth at me, mock me with diabolic tricks, —beckon me. No! thou monstrous, mis-shapen fiend! I shall obey neither thy nod nor thy command—glare, if thou wilt, thy horrid blood-red eyes upon me—Hah! they scorch my very soul—Oh the world for a breath of air—they tear me—away with them—is there no power on earth to save me from these fiends —Gods! what is this!" Now turning his eyes on Edward, which were almost bursting from their sockets, he cried, "Who art thou? Edward! curse on thy milk-white soul—Carry, wed him; ay, wed, wed, wed, and live in everlasting torments—away with the mocking devils, away! air—still more air. If I should die, my ghost shall till doomsday hold a poisoned chalice to thy lips, whose very sight shall be an endless, living pestilence—whose taste shall be worse than—Oh God!—I'll be immortal, that I may curse creation—the furies tear me —away ye monstrous fiends! avaunt! I'll drive ye to—" then with one wild convulsive effort, as if he would have crushed a giant, he

bounded from the bed, and fell upon the floor a lifeless corse.

Richard, with his father, twins in crime, were buried privately, in one grave. In a few weeks all was peace and quietness in Montrose House, and the sun of happiness dawned upon Caroline, now Mrs. Hardenville, who with her husband, the owners of the estate, dwelt there in peace and pleasure. Egbert, who had been long engaged to a lovely girl, but whose sympathy for his friends delayed the nuptials beyond the appointed time, was married at the same hour ; and the bonds of friendship firmly entwined in the hour of affliction, grew stronger and stronger each succeeding year, and at this day, there are not two more loving couples, or warmer friends in all Kent.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

I drank; I lik'd it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys;
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul:
To the late revel and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disordered rest.

PRIOR.

It was a remark of an old and intelligent friend of mine, that, he would rather wed his daughter to a man not rich, but of industrious and economical habits, than to one born to fortune, and bred up in the unprofitable rounds of dissipation. There is much philosophy in this sentiment. A man of character and business habits will never be reduced to want in this enterprising country: or, if perchance, misfortune should overtake him, he will soon be able to place himself again on a comfortable footing. But on the other hand, the heir of fortune soon knows, that when of age, enough to satisfy his ambition will fall to him, if the sum be one hundred, two hundred thousand or more or less, his inexperienced eye looks upon it as an inexhaustible fund, for his mind has not become capacious enough, nor has he been sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of dissipation to know, how even in a lifetime, he

could expend so much money. Accustomed to indulge in such thoughts, he considers the respectable mechanic and the plodding merchant, as beings inferior to him, and every thing connected with their craft, derogatory to the character of a gentleman. He looks on all things that give the least trouble as *a bore*, and every duty that is unfashionable, as *shocking:* his days are spent at races or cock-fights; his nights, at routes or balls, and lastly, at gambling-houses—these are expensive pleasures, and his fortune is soon squandered. The merchant is at his desk, at the Exchange, or business part of the city bargaining with prudence; this is an honorable and honest line of life and leads to fortune. Thus does the merchant's career end, where the heir's began; but nevertheless how different is the climax.—The merchant supports an unblemished character, and a sound constitution; the other is idle and dissolute, with ruined health and broken constitution.

I was a few years ago, during a tour in England, forcibly reminded of these truths. On my arrival at * * * * I put up at "The Crown;" being "Fair week," the Inn was crowded with travellers, and I was obliged to take a bed-room in the upper story of the house. During the night I was awakened by bitter groans which proceeded from the garret; they disturbed my rest, for there was such agony in the tone, that I was

sure a fellow being was suffering excrutiating pain. Next morning I informed my landlord of the circumstances, and inquired whence they proceeded.

"Most honored Sir," said he with a low bow, and fawning smile, "there is a wild, dissipated and pennyless rascal in my house, that I have taken in on charity, to save him from starving in the streets; but if he disturb the repose of my worthy guests, I shall turn him out of doors in an instant."

"Not on my account, sir, he was no annoyance to me; I am only sorry for the poor gentleman."

"Poor gentleman, eh! he is a worthless fellow, who has plagued "the Crown" for years past, and though I say it myself, saving for that moaning loon, there is not a quieter and better Inn, in this county."

"Who is he?"

"Jack Spendall, a wild, worthless rake; it were better both for himself and the county round, that he were a tenant of old Neddie's, than in my garret disturbing peaceful travellers."

"Old Neddie! who is he, sir?"

"The grave digger; he has more tenants than ere a lord in the county, and peaceable withal."

"So you wish he were dead and buried; why that is certainly kind: what sir, would become of your calling if travellers put up at old Neddie' hostelry?"

"I meant no offence, your worship; an' I must say it, though it may come ill from me, there is ne'er an Inn in all ***shire, where gentlemen receive more civility, and better fare, than at "the Crown."

"Let this pass; I have a mind to see the poor sick person, if you will show me the way."

"Your honor's wish is a command to Thomas Chaulkwell; and though I say it myself, as I mentioned before, there is ne'er a worthy (and wealthy, he muttered aside) guest can say, that he had not every wish attended to in my house, as soon as his pleasure was known. Will you walk this way?"

As he spoke, he bowed most profoundly, and led me up stairs. When we reached the floor on which my bed-room was situated, I discovered a common ladder which led to a trap door, up which the host of "the Crown" climbed, and I followed. We entered a miserable lumber garret poorly lighted by two windows, the panes of which were broken, and admitted alike the rain, or cloud, or shine; there I saw strewen about the floor, broken glass and china ware, worn out harness and useless lumber. In one corner, on a straw bed covered with dirty horse rugs, lay a pale and emaciated figure. As we approached him, he asked in a most beseeching tone, "good Master Chaulkwell, for God's sake give me a glass of water."

"Will you be good enough, sir to attend to this sick man's wish," said I.

"An' it please your worship," and he retired for the pure beverage.

"O kind sir!" exclaimed the tenant of the garret, "I am glad to see any one in the shape of humanity, created being has not been near me in three days, nor has a morsel passed my lips during that time."

By my assistance he raised himself up, and I marked a skeleton figure that made me involuntarily shudder. His face was marble pale; every feature showed the ravages of disease, and the marks of bodily, as well as mental agony. His forehead was high and commanding, over which his sloe black hair hung in disordered ringlets: his colorless lips, his feeble voice, and light watery eye, informed me that his days were almost done. From his condition I could not correctly judge of his age, but I guessed he might be between twenty-six and twenty-eight. I was touched with pity at his unhappy situation; for at my first interview, I discovered from our short conversation, that he was a man of mind, and a gentleman withal. Some may think that one in his miserable plight could not be a gentleman—'tis an ungenerous thought. In my observation on character, I have ever found, that wealth does not make the gentleman. There is an innate principal in the gentle born, which nothing can

take away, and which is discoverable, no matter under what garb it may be seen; on the other hand I have met men, who by industry, or chance, became possessed of large fortunes, assume a station in life, and speak in a tone, that nature evidently never intended that they should—and in spite of all their display, the most superficial might see their low breeding in every action.

To return from this digression:—Having no pressing business to hurry my departure, I concluded to remain a few days at "the Crown," and do all in my power to administer to the unhappy man. I paid him some attention, and by my order he was removed to a more comfortable room, and every thing that the physician whom I called in directed, was obtained. How grateful he was! Visiting him one morning, and finding him better than usual, I requested a sketch of his life. He told me his short history, and nearly in the following words.

"My name is John Spendall, I am the only son of the late Squire Spendall, of this county.—My mother died, when I was an infant, and my father did long survive her. He left me a valuable estate, and a large amount in stocks, which was placed in the hands of trustees, till I became of age. I soon found that I had no master to control my actions or superintend my education—I did in every thing as I pleased: I was allowed too much money, and I began to think it was a

valueless thing, and only meant to be thrown away. At fifteen I went to London—a vast field was before me, and I sought out every pleasure which a boy at that age could wish. I was courted by my associates, and called the best and cleverest fellow in the kingdom. I believed all they said, and as they entertained so exalted an opinion of my talents, I would not allow them to pay for any part of the pleasures in which we engaged together. They begged of me to loan them money; I thought them noble and honorable fellows, and that it would be an insult to refuse them. By this course, I found in one month, that the sum allowed to me by my trustees for the year's disbursements was expended. I wrote for more, and was refused. What was a man of my spirit to do without money? I was introduced to a *kind* and *liberal banker*, (as he was called) who could not bear to see young men without money, and from him, time after time I borrowed large sums, at the *moderate* interest of fifty per cent per annum, payable at majority. When majority arrived I was not legally bound to pay these debts; I knew that I had entered into a foolish bargain, but I felt myself in honor bound to satisfy them, and discharged all to the utmost farthing. Having obtained possession of my capital, I thought there could be no end of it. I indulged now in more expensive habits of dissipation: I need not particularize and expose my own follies; suffice

it to say, there was not a species of what the idle call pleasure, invented by dissolute man, in which I did not engage. At horse-races, at cock-fights, at dice, at cards, and nameless games, I lost day after day, large sums; but as I bore all with patience, and still continued to be the dupe of sharpers, I was called a true bred gentleman, a man of spirit, and a good player. These titles pleased my foolish fancy; they were the will-o'-the-wisps that lit me on to destruction. I was for a time, comparatively a temperate man, but gradually and gradually, I became a"—he paused, as if the word would have choked him, in a moment after, he wildly cried "yes I became a drunkard! That was the climax, that was the cap-stone of my degradation. Why need I dwell on this theme: I was ruined; my stocks gone, my estate sold, and with only fifty pounds in my pocket, I returned to this house a few months ago. Being accustomed to expensive habits, that pittance did not last me long; and when gone, that unfeeling Chaulkwell—sir, at the very thought my heart almost bursts with indignation. Once he was a poor servant in my father's family, to whom, and to myself he was indebted for all he possesses in the world, and yet when my money was expended, sick as I am, he stuffed me into that loathsome garret, without even a drop of water to quench my burning thirst. Why should I dwell on the ingratitude of the world; why need

I say, that when poverty overtook me, of my countless friends not one was left; no, not even one to bow or speak to me as I passed them in the street; or if perchance they did speak, in place of their former flattering epithets, with the smile of contempt on their faces, they cried 'dog, dog,—dog.' Yes! even to such a state of abject degradation, did the terrible vice of drunkenness reduce me."

"Oh! if created being ever had cause to spurn the world, or wish its annihilation, I am the one; I have cause within my bosom to make a million of Timons; but, Sir, for your sake I will not curse mankind; yes, Sir, for you alone. Yet, I have heard the professions of man, and basked in the smiles of woman,—I have found them both false as the infernals. Were it given me to live my life again, but that can never be; or were Heaven to grant a few brief years of further existence, which I cannot hope to have, and even do not wish,

> ——————Companions I would make
> Of wolf, of panther, tiger, bear and snake.

"Kind Sir, my strength is exhausted, I can say no more. Your imagination may fill up that which else I might have said." He ceased; his exertion in the narration was too much for his strength. Language could not tell the tone in which he spoke, or I might describe feelings, that the words of his history cannot convey.

He lived a few days after this, but spoke nothing coherent. He died in my arms. "Alas!" said I, "is this the end of the youth of fortune—has the heir of a princely estate come to this at last?"

Soon after I left "the Crown," paying the landlord's bill, and depositing a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of interment. I could not remain in the house, nor bear the attentions of such a man as Chaulkwell. I did not upbraid him for his conduct, well assured it would serve no profitable end, but silently departed.

THE END.

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