Per. 2705 d. \( \frac{397}{27} \)
MARGARET OF DENMARK.

Her consort to JAMES III. of Scotland.
DESCRIPTION

OF THE

COLORED, FULL-LENGTH, AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT,

(No. 144 of this Beautiful Series,)

OF

MARGARET OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES III. KING OF SCOTLAND.

The dress of this queen is of green, having a rich border of ermine round the bottom of the skirt, over which appears a jacket, fitting tight to the figure, of cloth-of-gold, and, also, faced all round with the royal fur. The sleeves are tight, exactly of the form of those worn at the present day. The regal mantle, composed of purple velvet, and lined throughout with ermine, is fastened in front of each shoulder; a deep border, wrought in gold and costly jewels, goes all round. The pearls, alone, on this border, must have been of immense value. A jewelled ornament goes up the front of the jacket, from the top of which depends a long gold cord and tassels, a similar cord being placed over the bust. The cap of black velvet hangs over the neck behind, and is ornamented with a double border of gems, similar to that on the mantle. It forms a point over the brow, from which depends a gold ornament, shaped like a horse-shoe; necklace of pearls on a blue ground.

AA—Memoir.
MEMOIR

OF

MARGARET OF DENMARK,
(b. 1453, or 1457.—m. 1469.—d. 1486.)

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES III., KING OF SCOTLAND;

Embellished with a Beautifully-colored, full-length, authentic Portrait.

When Christian or Christierne, Count of Oldenburgh, the father of the subject of this memoir, was elected King of Denmark, under the title of Christian I., it was certainly under circumstances of complicated and extraordinary difficulties. According to the union of Calmar,* a diet, composed of the diets of the three kingdoms, ought to have chosen the sovereign; but the Swedes absolutely refused to comply with its requisitions, and proceeded to the election of Charles Canutson, their own countryman, and the avowed enemy of Denmark. The senate of Denmark, being thus left to decide for themselves, drew-up numerous articles of capitulation, which Christian was required to sign, previously to his assuming the regal authority. To show how restricted he was, in forming any foreign alliance, and how necessary it was for him to win the confidence of his senate, before embarking in any design, however nearly it might affect the interests and happiness of himself and daughter, it may be proper to subjoin the substance of the articles above alluded to. By them, the king agreed that Denmark should continue free and elective; he was not autho-

*In the month of June, 1397, Margaret, second daughter of Valdemar, and queen of Denmark, and Sweden, convoked the states of the three kingdoms at Calmar, where the law, called "The union of Calmar," was passed. The grand and leading proposition of this law was, that the union of the three kingdoms under one monarch, should be a fundamental and irrevocable principle, which was, however, further modified by the clause, that "the sovereign should govern the kingdom of Denmark, according to the laws and customs of Denmark, and those of Sweden and Norway, according to their own laws and customs."
ized to call any foreign prince or noble into the kingdom, nor assign him any revenue; nor give him lands therein; nor admit him into the senate, without the consent of the majority of that body. He could not make peace or war, nor undertake an important enterprise; nor bestow the command of a fortress, without their consent and approbation. He could not alienate, nor even mortgage any lands or fortresses dependent upon the crown, except under the most pressing circumstances, and then only with the full concurrence of the senate. They further dictated to him in what manner he ought to keep his court, and they permitted no tax to be imposed or withdrawn, without their advice and consent: no monarch, indeed, had ever, before, ascended the throne of Denmark with such limited authority. His mildness and moderation, and the facility with which he thus agreed to establish the Danish liberties on so broad a basis, proved, however, in the event, rather an advantage than otherwise; for the Norwegians, struck by his noble disinterestedness, quickly manifested a strong disposition in his favor, and the states being assembled at Opsto, Christian's proposals were accepted, and he was formally proclaimed King of Norway. It will easily be seen how much care, prudence, and even diplomatic skill was required, to obtain so desirable a result among people rude, turbulent, and even jealous and quarrelling among themselves. All contemporary historians, indeed, seem to concur in lauding the virtues of his character. His humanity, too, and liberality, were proverbial; he never permitted any feeling of resentment or passion to hurry him beyond the bounds of justice, it being his favorite maxim, that a king who would be great, and reign well, ought to be more compassionate than any other man. He concluded, in the year 1456, the first treaty which had existed between France and Denmark. Agriculture and commerce flourished under his auspices, and strenuously exerting himself to the last, for the happiness and welfare of his people, he died on the 22nd of May in the year 1481. His queen was Dorothee of Brandenburg, who bore him three children, Jean, who succeeded him, Frederick, Duke of Sleswick—afterwards King of Denmark—and Margaret, whose life and character, with its various conexions, we are now investigating.

In the year 1469, on the tenth of July, James III., being then about twenty years of age, married the young and beautiful Margaret, who was at the time but sixteen, some say only twelve years old. The nuptial ceremony was celebrated in the abbey of Holyrood-house, her father, in lieu of more positive dower, making a formal resignation of his long-disputed claims to the outer or remotest isles of Shetland and Orkney. Andrew Budeir, bishop of Glasgow, the bishop of Orkney, the lord Armandale, chancellor of Scotland, and Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, were appointed ambassadors to convey the bride from Denmark, which was effected with every circumstance of pomp and magnificence. Boyd, however, James' brother-in-law, having in his absence by some means incurred his royal master's displeasure, thought it expedient, without even landing, to return forthwith to Denmark. Another authority gives a more detailed and considerably different account of this nobleman, from
which it would seem that James’ resentment against him may have arisen partly from his own imprudence and partly from the envy and jealousy of others. It appears, that having been elected one of the governors of the realm, he had gained in this situation the king’s confidence and favor, to such a degree, that he could bring about whatever measures he wished to accomplish, independently of the intervention or control of his colleagues in office, whom indeed he took little pains to humour or conciliate. This behaviour on his part, the latter resented with the utmost indignation. Dissension and misrule prevailed throughout the kingdom; justice was but negligently administered, and thieves and robbers, emboldened by the disunion and feebleness of their rulers, committed the most daring outrages; while the practical inhabitants of the outer isles, passing over in their long boats or barges, made constant depredations with impunity upon the cattle and other property of the people residing along the opposite shores. These disorders and seditions in the northern parts of the realm, continually increasing, at length roused James’ slumbering attention, and the representations of the lords being of course directed against the person then enjoying the greatest influence and power, the unfortunate earl, who, in his palmy days of prosperity, had been honored with the hand of the king’s sister, found himself suddenly overwhelmed with unmitigated fury, from which there was scarcely any shelter or escape. A parliament was accordingly called, in which it was decreed by authority of the whole assembly, that he should appear publicly, and answer for the crimes alleged against him. The earl, however, not only refused to comply, but assembled a body of armed men for his personal safety. Being informed, however, that a strong force was being organized against him, he fled into England. James, thereupon, condemned the earl to perpetual banishment, and confiscated his lands and goods to the use of the crown. Finding no great encouragement among the English, he finally retired to Denmark, where he remained, until the marriage of his sovereign with Margaret of Denmark, gave him hopes of being re-instated in the king’s favor. Being informed, however, on his arrival in Scotland, that if he landed, he would be sure to lose his head, he immediately retreated, first to Denmark, and, finally, to Italy. James, by a formal divorce, had compelled the earl to separate from his wife—the king’s sister—who had already borne him a son, slain afterwards in a private quarrel with another nobleman, during the reign of James IV. It is related that, in Italy—the country whither the earl had sought refuge, having engaged in intrigue, he was murdered by the injured and indignant husband. The same authority further states that, in the year 1468, ambassadors were sent to Christierne, king of Denmark, to negotiate the marriage, among whom, Boyd was, of course, excluded; while, in addition to Burdear and the others before enumerated, Martin Wane, the great almoner, and and king’s confessor, Gilbert de Kirike, archdeacon of Glasgow, David Creichter, of Crausson, and John Shaw, of Halee, are particularized. These, arriving in the month of July, were courteously received by Christierne, who forthwith entered into treaty with them regarding the proposed marriage, which was finally agreed to on the following conditions:—That the outer isles, viz.; those of Orkney, twenty-eight in number, and of Shetland, comprising eighteen, should remain in pos-
session of the kings of Scotland, until either the said Christierne, or his successors, should pay to king James, or his successors, the sum of fifty-thousand florins of the Rhine—which agreement was considered to be highly advantageous to the Scottish interests, in consequence of the disputes which had been so long subsisting respecting the right of possessing those isles.

In the month of November, in the year 1469, the marriage being consummated in the July preceding, the three estates were summoned at Edinburgh, where the queen was solemnly crowned, after which, as soon as the winter had passed, the royal pair commenced a progress into the north of the kingdom, and were received at all the towns along their route with the utmost demonstrations of respect and joy, so that, for awhile, none other sounds than those of feasting and revelry were heard from one end to the other of the realm.

On their return to Edinburgh, in the month of May, 1471, the king called a parliament, in which, among other things, it was decreed, that the lords, barons, and boroughs of the realm, should build ships and boats, and provide nets for fishing.

It was also enacted, that none should wear silks in doublet, gown or cloak, except knights, minstrels and heralds, unless they were worth a hundred pounds a year in lands. Pastime of football and other games were forbidden, but the exercise of shooting was universally permitted. At length, another great national, though rather tardy event, once more filled the kingdom with gladness and pleasure. This was none other than the birth of James' eldest son, afterwards James IV. which occurred on the tenth of March, 1472.

Christierne, King of Denmark, the infant's uncle, transported with delight, to commemorate the occasion, immediately gave-up in his grandson's favor, all remaining claim to the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

Queen Margaret, by no means continued to enjoy a life of undisturbed domestic felicity, being soon forced to experience the bitter truth, that connubial fidelity was not among the list of her husband's virtues: a fact which the following circumstance will serve to illustrate. The duke of Albany, finding himself not treated to his own satisfaction, retired to England, where, by his representations, he instigated king Edward IV. to invade Scotland. The English monarch favored his suit, and, accordingly, provided an army of Sixty thousand men, and a numerous fleet. The king of Scots, on his part, no sooner heard of their approach, than he raised a large force, and advanced as far as the town of Lowder. While encamped in this place, the principal nobles who commanded his troops, entered his quarters, and unceremoniously prepared against him a series of charges, which it would seem king James wanted the power or skill to refute. The nobles, who, at such a moment, thus treacherously forgot their duty as liege-subjects, were archibald, earl of Angus; George, earl of Huntly; John, earl of Lennox; James, earl of Buchanan; Andrew, lord Grey; Robert lord Lisle, and others. The accusations were of a nature sufficiently calculated to shew their consciousness of the king's helplessness, and a most unscrupulous freedom on their own part in exercising the power which they possessed. They asserted that he had done many things contrary to his honor and the commonwealth of his realm; that he listened to wicked counsels from men of ignoble birth
and character, especially from one Thomas or Robert Cochran or Cochran, whom, from being a mason he had raised to the earldom of Mar, and by whose advice he had caused certain copper money to be coined, not convenient to become the currency of any realm, which, being rejected by the people, created a famine throughout the land. They moreover alleged that he would not permit his nobles to have free access to him, nor consult with them respecting the government of the realm; but having abandoned himself to voluptuous gratifications, had criminally neglected the queen, his lawful wife, and entertained in her place an infamous female known by the appellative of “Daisy.” They also charged him with the death of his brother, the earl of Mar, and the banishment of his other brother, the duke of Albany; for all which reasons, they authoritatively declared that they would no longer suffer the kingdom to be ruined by such unworthy and unqualified persons. On which, with equal disregard of all law and justice, they seized upon Thomas Cochran, earl of Mar, William Roger, and James Hommill, a tailor, and forthwith hanged them, sparing of the king’s creatures, and at the king’s particular and urgent entreaty, but John Romsey, a youth of eighteen years of age. This done, they returned to Edinburgh with the king, whom, even, they had dared to arrest, and kept him close prisoner in the castle under command of the earl of Athol.

In this emergency, the injured and neglected Margaret gave a strong and affecting proof of her constancy and faithful attachment. It is recorded, that the duke of Albany, Andrew Stewart, lord of Avendale, and others of the refractory chiefs, went to Stirling to visit her and the prince, on which occasion the queen employed her persuasive powers with so much earnestness and effect, that the duke was prevailed-upon forthwith to repair to Edinburgh, without even the knowledge of his colleagues, when he besieged the castle, removed the earl of Athol, and restored the king to liberty.

Different writers relate the circumstances attending this outbreak of the nobles somewhat differently. It is said by some, that news was suddenly brought to the king, that the lords were assembled early in the morning, in the church. James started-up in alarm, asking those about him, “what was best to be done?” In the mean time, he despatched Cochran to bring him more accurate information, when Douglas, perceiving his approach, seized him by a massive gold chain, which he wore about his neck, and gave him into the marshal’s custody. As he and the others were about to be tried, the army gave a singular proof of animosity, by raising a general shout of “hang them,—rogues,” whereupon, they were immediately hurried away, the soldiers being so intent upon their execution, that, as ropes were not at hand, they offered their bridles and baggage-horse-traces for the purpose, each emulously striving for the honor of having his own used first. But not even this circumstance seemed to remedy the great defect of James’ character, nor secure the queen from renewed proofs of his infidelity.

In the year 1486, or 1487, according to some, the king summoned a parliament, which being concluded, he went to Stirling, leaving the queen and prince at Edin-
burgh castle, while he gave himself up to the company of the basest associates and
the oppressive accumulation of wealth, by even the most onerous exactions. The
queen herself did not long survive this fresh proof of her royal husband’s infidelity.
Her death occurred in the same year, and she was buried at Cambuskenneth, on the
29th day of February.

Until her latest moments, this amiable queen continued to enjoy the reputation of
singular beauty, devotedness, and virtue, whilst she herself was conscious of having
used her utmost energies both to preserve and prolong her husband’s life, and to
moderate his vicious character. In this amiable task, she had to encounter many
serious obstacles and mortifying annoyances, which, to say nothing of his inconstancy, a brief summary of James’ qualities will sufficiently shew.

He is reproached with a sordid littleness of mind, which rendered him peculiarly
liable to entertain a jealousy and suspicion of those who were more inclined to the
martial and popular pursuits of the age. His taste for the arts, more feminine and
fissical than strong and manly, were said to be inconsistent with the due discharge of
his duties as a sovereign. Passionately fond of music, devoted to architecture, and
actuated by an usurer’s avarice, he estranged himself from the generous exercises of
war and arms, and regarded with abhorrence the boisterous and martial spirit of
his barons.

Queen Margaret’s life offers a rare example of great personal merit, strongly
contrasted with great personal sufferings; and few families, royal, noble, or plebeian,
afford better lessons of warning, and of imitation, than those taught both by the
house from which she sprang, and by that to which her hard lot consigned her.

With the protection of a faithful husband, Margaret’s exalted qualities would,
in an age of refinement, have contributed largely to the splendor of any court, how-
ever brilliant; and the conditions attached to the settlement of her dowry, actually
put an end to invasions, which had, for centuries, been most ruinous to Scotland.

But this ill-removed princess found James altogether careless of his obligations,
as a husband; and, as a king, he was incapable of turning the distractions of neigh-
bouring states, to the advantage of his own realm, as did his contemporary, Edward
IV,* in England.

To such a sovereign, was Margaret, the daughter of Christierne Ist, the
“popular, benevolent, and humane” king of Denmark and Norway, married from her
native land with extraordinary pomp: the first years of her accession to the Scottish
throne, were, however, passed under fairer auspices.

James himself, young, accomplished, and even learned for his age; as well as
a patron of learning, had, from the character of his mother, Mary of Gueldres,
acquired from his infancy the germs of every vice. Her own delight in gross

* See this Portrait, No. 126 of this Series.
pleasures, encouraged in her son a taste for dissipation, to which his easy nature was but too prone; and her love of power long excluded him from its legitimate enjoyment; so that, from the want of an early exercise of the faculties of the ruler, he was, through his whole life, incapable of discharging the ruler’s duties. Hence, he became a prey to favorites, a victim to degrading superstition, and cruel to his nearest relatives.

Margaret, however, in the events of her life, did but share the melancholy fate, so remarkable in the history of many of the Scottish queens. “Of singular beauty, and worth:—and of graces thought to have sometimes moderated the king’s ungovernable appetites,”—she, nevertheless, suffered the deepest mortification and wrong, being neglected amidst the excesses of a licentious court, and insulted with her husband’s criminal indulgencies, until she sank into a premature grave.

Margaret was, however, happy in two events of her life:—

She lived long enough to implant the seeds of her own virtues in the heart of her son, afterwards James IV, “under whom,” says Buchanan, “the minds of all men were reconciled, and a happy peace and tranquillity did ensue.—Nay, and Fortune had permitted herself to be an handmaid to the king’s virtues. There was so great an increase of grain and fruits of the earth, as if a golden spring had suddenly started-up, out of more than an iron age.”

And if, to have helped to form the character of this admirable prince, her son, may properly be accounted the greatest source of happiness to queen Margaret, it may surely be considered fortunate, in scarcely a less degree, that she did-not live to witness the last stages of the king’s depravity, and died unconscious of his outrages on the members of his family and household, and of the oppressions which he inflicted upon his people.

The great lesson taught by the experience of queen Margaret in her father’s and her mother’s time, is very striking; that upon the parents’ care, and the parents’ good or bad example, greatly depend the offspring’s destiny. Her kindly nature was bettered by her father’s instructions; her husband’s crimes might have been prevented by a mother’s virtues.
VANDYK AND THE COUNTESS BRIGNOLE.

The city of Genoa had risen with the sun of one of her brightest days, to be present at the marriage of the count Brignole. The gay strains of the dance were hushed; the mole opposite the fountain of St. Christopher was deserted; the galleys slumbered upon the calm and azure waters, which reflected, with a rippled outline, the peristyle of the Doria palace. All the elements of noise and motion had transferred themselves to the Via San-Lucca; the crowd that had gathered in the neighbourhood of dei Branchi was directing itself towards San Lorenzo—the cathedral—its countless numbers, like a stream, filling the narrow and tortuous streets, which almost choked up the magnificent approaches to that gothic structure, of polished black-and-white marble.

A—AUGUST 1845.
The Genoese fair-ones are lovely, but the countess Brignole was far more lovely than a Genoese; she was in her eighteenth year; hair, of darker lustre, than her's, was never seen to wave across a forehead of such clear expance, or a finer complexion to irradiate a more angelic countenance. Her beauty was much celebrated in Italy, at an epoch, when, indeed, it possessed so many forms worthy of being presented as models to her artist-children, and the count Brignole, the kinsman of the Durazzii and Doria-Tursi, had erected, in the Strada Balbi, a palace worthy of the adorable creature he was about espousing.

The church of San Lorenzo shone resplendent with the light of innumerable tapers; all the nobility, having quitted their marble palaces, crowded the great nave and the sanctuary; the rich burghers were heaped together in the lateral aisles; the eager and curious populace jostled one another upon the narrow footway under the porch, and round every door. Not a soul had gone there to pray; the goddess of this religious fête was the countess Brignole. From the great assembled conourse, it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to perceive her kneeling before the altar; but when she stood, and, throwing back her veil, turned, for an instant, towards the aisles, a murmur of admiration rose to the roof, blended with the notes of the Gregorian chant, so that one knew—not, rightly, whether the crowd was addressing a hymn of praise to the countess, or to the Virgin of the assumption. It was the fifteenth of August.

There might have also been observed, at a few paces before the steps of the sanctuary, a young man, with features, look, and attitude altogether extraordinary; his dress was not that, either of a noble, burgher or a merchant. It was a costume invented by himself, all of one hue, of black velvet and silk; his countenance was pale; a slight moustache darkened his upper lip, and a pointed beard depended from his chin. He knelt-not with the rest, neither did he assume any attitude of prayer, nor sit-himself-down, as if at ease, but, on the contrary, gazed on the countess with eyes full of mysterious expression. Leaning fixedly against a column, he maintained his rivetted look, and if vivid emotions tortured his soul, nought of them transpired without. To behold him standing thus, one might have taken him for a full-length portrait, fallen from its frame and fixed against a pillar of San Lorenzo. This young man was none other than Antony Vandyk, the painter—like a high-bred steed, awaiting the presence of his master, or preparing itself for active service.

He showed no signs of animation, until the moment, when the leaders of the different civic brotherhoods, with their banners, descended from the sanctuary into the great nave, and, with the silver statue of the Virgin carried by two mariners of the Doria galley, had traversed the crowd, as though it were gliding over its sea of heads.

The marriage-ceremony ended, the whole company formed itself into a procession. The countess walked after the image of the Virgin, followed by her husband, who manifested an air of singularly inflated pride. By birth, most noble, yet the count wholly lacked that mental intelligence, with which nature has seemed to endow the majority of his countrymen. As he passed before the painter, Vandyk, the great artist whispered in the ear of count Pallavicini:—"My life, but for one day of that man's!"
No one heard these words; they were lost in an energetic Salve Regina, which the people rapturously thundered-forth, whilst they devoured the countess with their eager looks, as she showered her largesses into the several basins presented on behalf of the various convents.

Vandyk mixed with the noble cortège, and accompanied it with the procession towards the suburb San Pietro d’Arena. The close of day was now at hand, and the declining sun shot its slanting rays of golden hue over the lovely waters of the Ligurian gulf; the tops of the mountains were, too, gilded with his soft radiance; whilst here and there the merry bells were answering one-another, in joyous peals; the vessels on the lake saluted, with many rounds of artillery, the two triumphant virgins, their banners floating gaily on the breeze; the flowering broom, and costly incense filled the air, and when, with all these joyous sounds; these perfumes from sea and mountains; this rustling and glancing of banners, mingled in deep chorus the Ave Maria Stella, Vandyk felt the tears falling on his cheeks, and a tremor pervaded his whole frame. The Doria palace opened its gates to the clergy of San Lorenzo. The Ave Maria Stella re-echoed from under its colonnades, which ran out upon the sea; the virginal hymn was repeated on board all the galleys around; it seemed as though sea, sky and land were saluting in one wide chorus the young bride, who shone like a star beneath the marble portico of the stately Doria palace.

Vandyk, emerging from the crowd, proceeded to the sequestered gardens, which, on the side of the Giant’s statue, rise from behind the palace in the form of an amphitheatre; there he strove to collect his wandering senses, and to meditate upon what he was about to do. He loved the countess, not with a common and sensual love, but with the passion of an artist; he had adored her during two lengthened years; and amidst its fountains and lemon trees, he had watched this beauteous flower blow and unfold itself in the parterres of the palace-Tursi. The painter had no substantial offering to make these Genoese families, themselves more opulent than kings; he possessed neither palaces of marble, nor gallions in port; he held—himself, therefore, aloof, with the secret of his love; to one man, alone, confiding his passion, and that individual was the noble and generous count Pallavicini: he would, indeed, have willingly bestowed his whole fortune upon Vandyk, but the cost of his palace and his magnificent villa had completely ruined him.

The fête, with its choral melodies, its bells and crowds, had, for awhile, succeeded in distracting Vandyk’s mind from the tortures of unrequited love—but, now, alone, in the solitude of the Doria vineyards, he felt, again, the burnings of his passion. He gazed upon the sea,—that sublime spectacle, which, beheld with such enthusiastic joyousness by the lighthearthed and happy, often saddens, and never consoles the unhappy; he contemplated Genoa, the superb, seated in sunlight upon the mountains chanting her joy with her aerial bells, and associating, upon the selfsame hill, the austere convent, and the villa, riotous with profane pleasure. The painter closed his eyes, and struck his forehead with his hand. At that moment, a freshening breeze wafted to his ear the far-off melody of the moving procession; a dying strain, buoyant, purified as it were in its passage through space, came soft to his soul, like some well-known tone exhaled from the lips of his adorable, the countess Brignole.

Vandyk and the Countess Brignole.
Vandyk, his heart torn by its internal sufferings, arose abruptly, and seized his sword, which he had hung upon the foliage of an aloe.

With hasty footsteps, he descended from the summit of that magnificent garden, steep as the steps of a pyramid; he crossed the bridge, thrown across the street from the trellis to the palace, and entered the gallery in which he had left the count Pallavicini. That gallery was now deserted. Vandyk deigned—not to cast a glance, either at the national frescoes of Perino di Vaga, nor on the statues of Phillippo Carlone; but with intent gaze followed the traces of the procession over a flower-strewn route.

The clergy of San Lorenzo had long, ere this, returned to the cathedral; the crowd had regained their dwellings; but numerous groups were still discoursing in the square of the Annonciade.

"Whilst crossing this square, Vandyk heard the name of his adored countess pronounced; and her beauty extolled, with that noisy and uncouth enthusiasm which too generally marks all similar conversation, which is carried-on in the open air, among the people of the south. He, however, paused—not: the shades of night were fast enveloping every object in obscurity, he glided timorously into the strada Balbi, and, just as he had succeeded in stifling the last, terrible emotions, he perceived the Doria palace blazing with light, decked with tapestry, and crowded with lovely and jewelled women, even upon its every terrace, and in the several balconies of its aerial pavilions. The procession had been followed by a ball, and that magnificent mass of marble, hollowed and sculptured, as it were, into open fret-work, wherewith to give passage to the air and sunlight, all festooned and full of slender staircases and imposing colonnades, fairly shook, as the strains of music vibrated on the atmosphere, and the gay votaries of the dance passed hither and thither, in bounding evolutions.

Vandyk leaned against the wall of the Sherza palace, absorbed in the deepest contemplation, enduring that extreme of anguish peculiar to artists, and beyond the power of utterance to depict; that agony, indeed, so cruelly invented by nature, wherewith, as it were, to punish men of genius for the superior endowments with which she has favored them; and, for the possession of which, they are so insanely envied by the mass, who are ignorant of such sufferings.

Perceiving the count Pallavicini descending the grand staircase, by torchlight, Vandyk emerged from his painful reverie, and abruptly seized him by the arm, and dragged him into the little street, San-Ciro.

"Tell me of that woman; tell me, hast thou seen her?"

"I have just been her partner in the dance," said Pallavicini in cold accents.

"Give me thy hand that I may kiss it; she has touched that hand."

"Painter! thou art mad."

"Through despair."

"Time will cure thee."

"Never!"

"It fairly has me," exclaimed the count.—"I have lost more than a woman; I have lost two palaces."
"Oh! I would give all the strada Balbi for one kiss of that angel!"
"If the strada Balbi belonged to thee, thou wouldest, perhaps, think differently."
"My life, even, would I give."
"That would be somewhat easier for you. But, come, what wouldst thou?—This woman is married."
"Does she appear to love her . . . ?"
"She dances, I tell you, and when a young married woman dances, she thinks of nought, save herself, her toilet, and her partner."
"Fool! . . . and it is for such beings as these that we suffer our hearts to be consumed, that we lose our souls, that we sacrifice existence! . . . and, then, they come and tell us their love is stronger than ours! . . . Infamous derision! . . . their affection for the lover is merely self-love; their marital love, only a conspiracy of the toilette; their maternal love but the common instinct of nature. . . . Oh! I grow mad; my brain is burning; support me, or I shall dash my forehead against the stones."
"My poor friend!" ejaculated the count.
"Oh! I have an intolerable thought, nailed here to my forehead!" and, again, he struck that forehead violently, "which is as a firebrand; an idea which is inextinguishable . . . an hour hence . . . ."
"Come, let us speak of something else . . . Hast thou seen Arazzi's marine subject, which has just arrived at the villa Scoglietto? . . . ."
"No . . . Arazzi paint marine subjects! . . . an hour hence . . . ."
"Does he not excel in such?"
"He excels in nothing."
"Ah! so much for the injustice of artists! His battle-piece in the Doria palace is a chef d'œuvre."
"The coloring is false . . . Listen, listen!—Dost thou hear? the music has ceased; the ball is assuredly finished. . . . Come, let us return to the strada Balbi. . . ."
"It is only a momentary pause. . . . one cannot dance for ever; they are now only resting themselves; the ball will continue till daybreak. What thinkest thou of the frescoes of Perino de Vaga? Admire his talent?"
"No," abruptly exclaimed the painter, "'tis common-place . . . clumsy in execution. . . . Well! the music does not recommence. . . . 'tis finished! 'tis finished!"
"Assuredly 'twill begin, anon. I wish to make thee a present . . . the last picture that remains to me . . . that of the Virgin, by Giordano . . . ."
"Come, let us to the palace Durazzo."
"What sayest thou, then, of Giordano."
"A dauber . . . a painter of galleys . . . keep thy picture. . . . Great Heavens! what a horrible day! . . . . The church, the incense, the flowers, the Ave Maria Stella, the sea, the prayers, the ball . . . Love, inexorable love! It has been a day, to me, burning with penal fire; for others, embalmed with the roses of paradise. Come to the Durazzo palace. . . . Come."
They re-asceded the steep, narrow street of San-Ciro, and they seated themselves upon a block of marble which was being hewn for the Sherza palace.

The music resounded, anew; but there was less noise upon the terrace, less crowd, less gaiety."

"It is the dying exit of the ball," exclaimed Vandyk, in a low voice—"it is my death-note, also."

The count abruptly arose.

"Look, there," frantically exclaimed the painter, "seest thou yon four lattices, they are being closed . . . . Knowest thou whose chamber it is? That, do I! . . . . 'Tis the count's! . . . . Count Pallavicini, art thou my friend?"

"Thy friendship is all that remains to me of fortune; I hold it as the most valued relic."

"Good, then; listen! the night wears; the blood is stagnating at my heart, I die if thou assist me not. Return to the Durazzo palace, demand to speak secretly with the count—whether he be in the saloon or in his chamber; awake or asleep. Thou wilt tell him that his father's enemy, the marquis de Gippino, is waiting for him at the springs in the valley of Serbino, with sword and dagger; that Gippino repairs in all haste to Florence, and stays but for a brief space under the ramparts of Genoa for this mortal duel; that a refusal would be infamy to him; a delay, cowardice. Go, go! the lights are being extinguished, the bridesmaids accompany the countess to the nuptial chamber; no reply, but go!"

"I go," coldly returned the retreating Pallavicini.

The count Brignole was receiving the adieus of some young noblemen, his intimates, when he saw Pallavicini enter, who mysteriously signalled him with his finger: they withdrew, unobserved, into one of the pavilions which abutted upon the street. Pallavicini assumed an air of gravity, as he addressed the count:—

"Know you the marquis Gippino?"

"I know him not," said the count, "but I know that a deadly enmity reigned between my father and him."

"His son awaits you at the springs, in the valley Serbino; he has claimed me for his second; and, ere all your friends take their departure, you must needs choose yours."

The count Brignole remained mute.

"Count Brignole," said his tormentor, "are my words sufficiently clear?"

"I refuse-not satisfaction to a Gippino; I will give it him to-morrow."

"To-morrow your enemy will be on his road to Florence, and he will everywhere proclaim your dishonor."

"This is, truly, a singular moment for a challenge! Well! so let it be, I ask only an hour of him. . . ."

And he was directing his steps towards his bedchamber; at that moment, the countess' last attendant was quitting it.

"An hour!" said Pallavicini, stopping him; "I have not the power to give you a minute's respite; even already, we have lost too much time. . . .

"A moment, at least, to take farewell of my wife . . . ."
"Not one, save time to arm yourself; no more: every minute which passes, takes a grain of gold from your blazon..."

Inconceivable tyranny! wherein I recognize the infallible sign of the Gippini, such as my father has painted them to me a hundred times. Where is my sword? let us depart!"

He returned towards his group of friends, whom he had just quitted.

"San Gallo," said he, "I beg of you to accompany me as far as the church della Consolazione."

"You are going to say your prayers a long way off, before retiring to rest," said the laughing San Gallo.

"Exactly so," coolly replied the count, "will you accompany me?"

San Gallo, half comprehending the affair, made no further reply, but walked towards the staircase.

The three actors in this scene, descended into the street, and walked on silently as far as the postern; there, they found a man enveloped in a cloak, who appeared to be waiting for them. "It is our champion, doubtless," said count Brignole."

"It is," replied Pallavicini. "Thou knowest, then, Gippino?"

"Not at all; he met me in the strada Balbi: he asked me whether I was a noble; he explained his business to me, and I accepted the office."

"Thou hast done well; with thee, at any rate, we shall not have to fear an ambush.""

"I thought the same, that my presence would give you confidence."

"Thanks."

They emerged into the open country! Vandyk walked on first; at some twenty paces, a head; he stopped in a little wood of tamarind-trees, whose sombre foliage still further increased the obscurity of night. 'Tis here, then, count Gippino, that you will inaugurate your lists, with those of my noble house."

Vandyk seized his sword, but did not reply.

"I forewarn you," continued Brignole, "that I am about to defend myself vigorously, for I will not make a widow of my wife, ere the first night of our nuptials."

Vandyk sprang upon the sward, and placed him on guard. The two adversaries instantly crossed weapons. The combat lasted not long; Vandyk received a violent plunge through the right arm; feeble of constitution, and already predisposed to attacks of phthisis which was consuming him still in his youth; exhausted, moreover, by all the anguish of that terrible day, he fell, from weakness, upon the grass.

"I am going to send you a surgeon," coolly exclaimed the count Brignole, and he withdrew with San Gallo.

Pallavicini lavished his attentions upon the unhappy young artist.

My friend, "said Vandyk to him, "I have gold sufficient to re-purchase thy palace and villa: I give it thee. Run after that man, fight with him; thou wilt be more fortunate than I, thou wilt kill him."

"Thy blood flows, I must needs stanch thy wound, calm thyself."
"Let my blood run, leave me to die . . . Know'st thou not that he is about to re-enter his palace in triumph; that warm caresses await him there; that paradise is about to open for him, and another and a darker world for me? Go, I tell thee, overtake that man, ere he reach the ramparts!"

"Calm thyself; I conjure thee, be calm. Tomorrow, we will begin afresh. Let me stanch thy wound."

"Ah, thou fearest him!"

"Come, thou would'st not insult me!"

"Well, then, I, myself, will pursue him, I . . . leave me. . . leave me . . . I will . . . maledictions on his head!"

Vandyk swooned.

When Vandyk had recovered his senses, day was breaking over the summit of the Appennines, and "What a horrible dream!"—were the first words he uttered. He cast his bewildered gaze around the meadows, kissing Pallavicini's hands, and bathing them with his tears; then, pointing with his finger to the blood-stained sword, he smiled bitterly, and raised his eyes to Heaven with an expression which lofty spirits, alone, can infuse into their countenances during the hours of consummate despair.

"Feel'st thou strong enough to return citywards?" said Pallavicini.

"Yes . . . but what have I in common with the city now? . . . All is lost . . . Look how smilingly the sun rises! How joyous is all nature! In a dream, this morning, I heard the lark sing . . . Nature is full of these deep ironies . . . What matters to her my wretchedness? Were she to deck herself in crape, for every suffering being, 'twould be an eternal mourning . . . 'Tis well! 'tis well! deck thyself in azure and gold, beauteous sky of Italy, laughing to scorn the misery of thy children."

"I think we shall be able to return now," tranquilly, observed Pallavicini.

"Oh! thou, thou who art of marble, like the villa thou hast built . . . hast ever loved?"

"Often; but with thy strength, never."

"Hast thou loved women who returned thy love, and then united themselves to others?"

"Certainly."

"Well I and then what didst thou!"

"I consoled myself," as best I was able.

"Ay! that's singular; thy words have calmed me. Give me thy hand, that I may press it, thou giv'st me strength, anew."

"Thank Heaven! Thou art better! Take my arm, and let us reach the city on foot. Listen: the countess Bri . . . ."

"Oh! pronounce—not that name!"

"Be it so; the countess is lovely, ravishingly lovely, 'tis true; she has the transparent tinge of the rose, eyes luminous and azure, like the gulf of Genoa; coral lips; pearly teeth; an ivory neck; a waist, oh! I knew but one who has a waist like hers,
'tis the Venus of thy friend Titian of Venice. As for her mind; for her qualities of heart and soul, thou hast never spoken to me of them; I see that thou carest but little about them. . . Thus, give me four-and-twenty hours, and I will give thee another countess Brignole.'

"Oh! peace! peace!—impossible!"

"Impossible! I would give thee a better than the countess Brignole. . . For myself, I have lost my palace, let them give me a finer, and, on the faith of a noble, I will for ever console myself. . . Good! thou smilest; our affairs are mending. Cospetto di Venere! Away with these whistling larks; and nature, that makes a jest of thee; speak reason. My friend, all the countesses in Italy are not worth the blood which thy artistic veins have just poured-forth. . . .

"But, come, what other woman would'st thou tell me of?"

"Blessed be Nostra-Dama-della-Remedia, who dwells in the street we are just entering! We have wrought a cure! Thou art already interested about another woman!"

"Tis sheer curiosity"—

"I understand. . . Eh, per Dio, the love of an artist, is, I verily believe, but a species of intoxicating curiosity. If the Venus of the villa Adriani were buried a thousand feet under ground, thou wouldst, to dig her out, convert thyself into a delver in open day; gaze on her, and be the first to embrace her.

"Tis true."

"You are a race of men mastered by your senses; thus has your inconstancy passed-into a proverb; you make unto yourselves a museum of mistresses, like a cabinet of paintings; 'tis your craft, you study nature; you merely regard a fine model, where another man would behold the ideal and dreamed-of object of a platonic and immortal passion. Ah! Well! I will give thee a model which shall make the Venus Aphrodite, in her bath, attire herself for jealousy."

"Her name?"

"Thou shalt know it tomorrow. To day, cure thy fever, and sleep."

In discoursing thus, the two friends had, by a circuitous course of back streets, arrived at the porch of their dwelling, upon the square, della Annonciade. The city was still buried in slumber. A surgeon was summoned; he pronounced the wound exceedingly slight, notwithstanding the quantity of blood which had flowed from it. The only regimen he prescribed was four-and-twenty hours repose.

On the morrow, about noon, a domestic, wearing the livery of the Brignole, the bearer of a letter, entered the apartment of Vandyk. Pallavicini was helping to attire the artist, who was still weak and deadly pale. The count Brignole begged Vandyk to repair to his palace.

"Behold a strange incident," exclaimed the painter; "what wants the count with me? . . . He knows me not; he has never seen me."

"Thou must go to him," said Pallavicini. Would'st thou that I should accompany thee?"

"Certainly, I shall not go alone; . . . 'tis some infernal snare. The count suspects something. Quick, quick! to the palace Durazzo."
"'Tis very fortunate; I fear thee a relapse; thou art about to see her again and . . ."

"Her, see her again? never! never! I will see the count, I need but see the count . . . Oh to behold her again! I should expire of shame, jealousy, and despair . . . Come . . ."

"Thou art not calm enough to sustain this visit . . . We ought to wait until this evening or tomorrow . . ."

"Not a minute longer . . ."

"Alas! for a relapse."

"Oh! thou know'st me not! 'tis over, I tell thee; 'tis no more than a remembrance, a painful dream . . . Let us to Durazzo."

Vandyk had 'attired himself magnificently; but the splendor of his costume could not dissipate upon his countenance his suffering and agitation; he was fearfully pale, and his step, which with effort he essayed to render bold, was unsteady, like that of one convalescent. He had slung the arm of his wounded hand in a scarf of pourpoint lace; with the other; he steadied himself by the balustrade of the marble staircase of the palace; Pallavicini followed him sighing.

He was ushered into the gallery, where the count suffered him not to wait.

"Signor Vandyk," said he, advancing quickly towards him, "will you deign to excuse my indiscretion: I was apprised of your having returned to our city; I had the honor of your acquaintance during your first visit; I have therefore hastened to offer you, upon this occasion, my friendship and my palace. Durazzo is the hostelry of great artists, is it not, count Pallavicini!"

Vandyk bowed, but made no reply: he was completely overcome.

"I beg you will be seated, Gentlemen," continued the noble host, "I wish Signor Vandyk to speak to you upon a little matter. I was married yesterday; a marriage resulting from no chance, for I may truly say that it was a marriage of the affections: but I now desire that our intimacy be formed under auspices worthy of your talent and my fortune: I wish you to paint the portrait of my wife. Though I were even to cover your canvas with sequins, I should remain still the obliged."

Vandyk bowed again. This silence was interpreted as the timidity of a young artist, brought face to face with a great noble.

"Upon what day may the model place herself at your disposal!"

"To-day; I am ready," replied Vandyk in a low voice.

"'Tis delightful of you, signor artist; you anticipate my wishes. You will find in my study canvas already prepared; I wish to have a full-length portrait, like that of the marquesa de Velletri, which you have painted, and which is a chef d'œuvre, like all to which you put your hand . . . Apropos! Count Pallavicini, tell me, how did you leave our champion of Serbino? Have you any news of him?

"He has set out this morning for Florence.

"He was an assassin hired by the Gippini; I knew that. My enemies wished to have murdered me, on my marriage day: 'twas well-devised gentlemen, be good enough to wait a moment; I am going for my wife." He re-entered his apartments.
Vandyk and Pallavicini looked at one another for some time, without speaking.

"A word of advice, Vandyk, would'st thou have it?"

"Yes."

"Be gone."

"Impossible! What would the count say!"

"What matters it?"

"He would think me mad."

"In another quarter of an hour thou wilt be so effectually."

"I abandon myself to my destiny."

"But, remember thou art wounded, that thine hand cannot hold the pencil."

"I will paint with my left hand."

"Thou art pale, art suffering, agonized: thou'st die during the task.

"So much the better.

The door opened and the countess entered.

One might have said that she illuminated the gallery, with the rays of her dazzling beauty. Pallavicini, himself, sent forth an exclamation of surprise, which was torn from him in spite of himself, for he had never beheld her so beautiful. She wore a robe of black brocaded silk; her shoulders and arms were exhibited to view, and the fabric marvellously contrasted with their luminous whiteness. She saluted the two strangers with a celestial smile, and addressing herself to Vandyk, said to him with an incomparable grace:—"Signor, I await your commands; 'tis, indeed, an honor for me to seat myself before you."

"Let us enter the studio," said the count Brignole, "the signor Vandyk will choose his palettes, pencils and canvass."

The four actors in this scene entered the studio which was contiguous to the count's gallery.

"Now, continued the count," you are at home; will you permit us to remain?"

"Vandyk belonged no more to earth; he replied not; but Pallavicini taking pity on his friends' love, with the most perfect sangfroid said to the count:"

"I know, Vandyk; we must place him at his ease; he loves-not to paint before witnesses; let us depart."

The countess and Vandyk remained alone in the studio.

"I knew nothing so beautiful as your portrait of the marquesa Velletri," said the countess in a familiar tone, as if to engage him slightly in conversation.

"I shall make every effort to merit your approbation," timidly replied the painter."

"You have acquired it beforehand. I do not know the marquesa Velletri; is she beautiful!"

"I have never seen her, madame."

"How? you have painted her portrait."

Ah! the marquesa . . Pardon me, madame, I was so occupied with my palette and colors . . She is beautiful, I believe."

"It seems that you very easily forget your models. . Oh! are you going to paint me sitting! I do not like that posture; I would be standing, laughing, holding a flower in my hand. Does this dress please you?"
"No, Madame."
"Ah! you find it too sombre, perhaps."
"I like that better which you wore last year, at the fête of the Doria palace."
"Were you at the palace Doria upon Rogation day? Ah, I did not see you."
"I had the honor of dancing and speaking with you . . . It seems, that you forget, with equal facility, your partners in the dance as my models . . ."
"That's charming! I have had so many partners, . . ."
"And I so many models."
"You are piqued, signor Vandyk, excuse a jest . . . But if we are continually talking, my portrait will not progress.
"Your portrait is finished, madam."
"Finished! you have not given it a single stroke of the pencil."
"Finished, a year ago. We may quit the studio."
Vandyk arose, bowed to the countess, and walked towards the door.
"Seriously, are you going?" said the countess.
"I am, and you will permit me to carry away the key of the studio; I wish to return here this evening to put the last finishing touch to your portrait."
"Will it be necessary for me to sit?"
"Quite useless; the portrait is finished."
"When will you give me the solution of this enigma?"
"Tomorrow."
"Ought I to tell my husband of it?"
"As you please.
"I shall not mention it."
"Perhaps, 'twere better not."
Vandyk double-locked the door, and went to rejoin the count Pallavicini upon the terrace.
Your first sitting has been a short one;" said Brignole.
"I shall come this evening to take the last," replied the painter.
"You have, truly, a marvellous facility."
Vandyk and Pallavicini quitted the palace; and when they had passed the church San Carlo, Pallavicini abruptly interrogated his friend:—"Well, how do you find yourself?"
"Cured."
"Completely?"
"Nothing more was wanting than the remedy you told me of."
"Thou shalt have it."
"A silly girl just escaped from the convent! A simpleton who slays you at every word she utters! only two days married, and all the attractions of a coquette of forty!"
"Good, good! But you must-not persist in this conversation . . ."
"Oh! be tranquil . . . How namest thou the person whom thou spok'st of?"
"This evening we will see her; I promise thee . . ."
"This evening, then; at seven o'clock, wait for me before San Carlo. I have business until that hour."
Vandyk and the Countess Brignole.

Vandyk ran home, and detached from the wall of his alcove a veiled and unframed picture: it was the full-length portrait of the countess Brignole, which he had painted from memory,* a magnificent chef-d’œuvre, executed in all the delirium of an ardent passion; it was just perceptible that the artist’s hand, usually so firm, had trembled upon the bosom of the adorable woman, and that the emotion of the lover, overcoming the usual vigor of his pencil, had there betrayed his feelings.

Vandyk enveloped himself with this canvass, making it serve him like a vestment, threw his cloak over it, and returned to the Durazzo palace. He boldly traversed the gallery without announcing himself, opened the studio, and placed the countess’ portrait in a frame. Then, summoning a domestic, he said to him:—“Tell the noble count, that the portrait of his lady is finished.” Saying which, he quitted the palace.

Some short time afterwards, Vandyk married the daughter of lord Ruthven; a marriage brought-about through the active and intelligent negotiations of Pallavicini. But the poor artist had been wounded to the heart: he died of phthisis, at the age of forty.

Such is a tale that was one day related in the Durazzo palace, at Genoa, to one who was standing before the portrait of the countess Brignole, painted by Vandyk.

[* For a very recent, anecdotal confirmation of this power of the painter, to paint from memory, see a subsequent page.]
THE OFFICER'S RETURN FROM INDIA.

A vessel leaves fair Indus' golden land,
And hundreds crowd along the Eastern strand;
The sails are set—the ponderous anchor weigh'd;
The captain sees his last commands obeyed.
Forth, like an eagle, darting on the prey,
She cleaves along the brine her liquid way.
Hark! Of retreating friends the parting cheer—
Again, again, 'tis wafted to the ear;
And as the vessel lessens on the view,
Full many a kerchief waves a last adieu.

But these grow dim, and vanish far behind.
The rattling cordage and the whistling wind;
The heaving ocean's strong and sullen dash,
That lash'd the vessel's side with ceaseless plash;
The master's mandate shouted hoarse and high;
The eager seaman's quick and brief reply;
The faint "all right" that floated on the blast,
As the last top-sail bellies from the mast,
Were all the sounds that sooth'd the mind's distress,
Like Arabs shouting in a wilderness,
Where, 'mid the howling waste, which frowns around,
E'en robber's voice may come—a welcome sound.

A sadness dwells upon the lonely sea,
From which reflecting minds are never free;
A silent admiration mix'd with awe
Thrills us in that dread court of nature's law.
Below—a dark, mysterious depth, unknown—
Where fancy shudders, timorous and lone;
Above—the sky, in rival grandeur bends
To close the view, but greater beauty lends.
We feel as if the MAJESTY of heaven
Sat there enthron'd, and there HIS laws were given.
The Captain's Return from India.

The voices of the waves like echoes fall
Of nature answ'ring to her Maker's call,
From the wide chambers of her ocean-cell—
Like HIM, unseen, incomprehensible.
Thus pondering o'er that blue and solemn deep,
While billows after billows onward sweep,
A passenger in melancholy mood,
With folded arms, surveyed the chafing flood;
And as he gas'd, a tear, in spite of pride,
Reluctant, mingled with the briny tide,
As came the thought, that, ere he reach'd his home,
His bed might be beneath that ocean-foam.

Already death was feeding on his frame,
And chill'd within his heart the vital flame;
But hope, that lingers when the dart is sped,
And will-not quit her post but with the dead,
Still inly whisper'd 'all might yet be well,'
And he placed safely where his lov'd-ones dwell.
A son of Britain he, and one of those,
Whose independence alter'd friends to foes;—
Good friends! Who with a rich and generous spirit,
Made flattery the stepping-stone of merit;
And turn'd the man, from adulation free,
Adrift upon the waves of poverty;
Or gave to fortune, interest or birth,
The post which should have crown'd the man of worth.

But Hymen, from such prejudices free
To share his splendor—and his misery,
Had bless'd him with a young and blooming wife—
A flower that cheer'd the wilderness of life;
And doubly bitter was the parting hour,
Which tore him from his lovely, fav'rite flow'r;
Doom'd him, alone, in other lands to roam,
Far from his own dear isle and dearer home!—
A time when love had bless'd the parent stem,
And Heaven smil'd upon a double gem,—
When two young buds, inhale'd of life the dew,
And Nature form'd another ere it blew.

Swiftly the ship descends the watery slope,
Now doubles Gama's sunny cape of Hope;
Now bending, northward, to the glowing line,
She cleaves mount Atlas' tributary brine—
The Court and Lady's Magazine.

That temple of the storm, the western wave,
Where either world might find a coral grave;
Now pass'd the rich Canary's happy isle,
Where, erst, all pleasures were believ'd to smile
And Teneriffe's high peak—Madeira's vine—
Frown'd o'er the sea, or promis'd gen'rous wine.
Now, by fam'd Gibel's strait the vessel run,
Heard the faint booming of the signal-gun;
Now onward, still, thro' Biscay's troubled bay,
The seamen mark'd the heaving billows play;
Now gleam from far the hostile shores of France;
Now sea-girt Albion's chalky cliffs advance;
At length, thro' scenes, well known, in safety bore,
The soldier trod, again, old England's shore.
No respite bless'd that soldier's sea-toss'd pillow;
The whirling stage succeeds the rolling billow.
His native hills, with smiles, proclaim him come,
Home was his polar star—his soul was home;
And, seeming to relent, the dire disease
Promis'd an age of happiness and ease.

Deep in the windings of a wooded vale,
A hamlet's hum, ascends upon the gale.
See where you cot, superior to the rest,
Upon the hill uprears its humble crest,
The neatly-planted plot before the door,
The poplar-trees that many a winter bore,
Which, like two venerable elders wait,
To greet the stranger at the garden-gate;
The fragrant woodbine, and the laughing rose,
That o'er the rural casement climbing close;
The sweet serenity that reigns around
Annoance of peace the consecrated ground.
Within the parlour of that quiet cot,
Not discontented with her humble lot,
A lady sat, upon whose polish'd brow,
The wrinkling furrow time had fail'd to plough;
Tho' sorrow's-brush had paiz'd her faded cheek
Which thirty winters had refus'd to streak.

An open letter fill'd her eager grasp,
O'er which her quivering lip appear'd to gasp;
Along the page, love's hurried glances sped;
Her fair hand trembled while the words she read.
Then sudden bursts of joy the tearful tide,
By re-awaken'd happiness supplied.
One blooming boy, that near the table play'd
The Captain's Return from India.

His toys forgot, close to her footstool stray'd;
A girl, whose age more sympathy could shew,
Implor'd to share her mother's fancied woe;
While the half-conscious infant, on her knee, Peer'd in her face, and cried for company.
The happy mother, speechless in her joy,
Her daughter kiss'd, and kiss'd her cherub boy.
Delight renew'd the tide of language, then:—
"Children," she cried, "Papa will come again.
He'll scarcely know his little laughing boy;
And Emma's grown so tall, sedate and coy;
And Willy too!" and as the child she press'd
The conscious blush remember'd joy confess'd;
Then, shrinking even from a daughter's gaze,
She strove to hide affection's tell-tale blaze.
"Emma, my child, let every thing be right;
Your father may be here, this very night."
And childish glee, and many a merry bound
Betray'd the pleasure which prevail'd around.
Now, o'er the distant hills, the king of day
Began to shed a mellow parting ray.
What trembling hand hath rais'd the wicket-latch?
What ear now lists the murmur'd sounds to catch?
What faltering step is tottering to the door?
What form now throws its shadow on the floor!
One burst of wild and mingled ecstasy
Proclaim'd the father come—"'Tis he—'tis he!"
His wife rush'd forth and on his bosom hung;
His happy offspring round their parent clung;
E'en, with the fulness of delight oppress'd,
His head reclin'd upon his partner's breast.
Together pour'd their sympathetic sobs;
Together heav'd their bosoms' constant throbs.
Diseas'd and weak, but doom'd no more to roam,
The soldier was restor'd to wife and home.
What months or days he liv'd, be still unknown—
He died, at least, surrounded by his own. W. Ledger.

We have just read the anticipated bliss of the home-bound voyager.—The following lines, circulated in the year 1837, give the reverse of the picture. At a time, then, when our Colonies—whither so many are forced to seek food, shelter, and home—are occupying so great a portion of the pressing debates, in our national councils, we trust the reprint will tend to create a still deeper and more widely-spread interest in the subject. The last farmer, we knew,—a gentlemanly man—was so forced to leave his home with a very large family; chance made us acquainted with him at the foot of Fort William, in Scotland, where, benighted, we were most kindly entertained. Alas! there are tens of thousands of such valuable subjects, who are thus forced to wander. At home, then, let the more fortunate brethren strive to cultivate the most liberal policy.

B. 2—45
DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND, IN THE AMERICAN PACKET-SHIP, PRESIDENT, FOR NEW YORK—WRITTEN WHILST SAILING DOWN THE CHANNEL.

By J. S. Buckingham, Esq.

Dear England! while slowly thy shores are receding,
And the trace of thy white cliffs grows dim to the view
Some cheering presentiment whispers I'm bidding,
The land of my fathers a short-lived adieu;
That the home of my childhood, whose green hills and vales
Have gladdened my heart, when most burdened with pain,
Will soon welcome me back, when with favoring gales
I return to enjoy all its pleasures again,
Oh! Fate—in uncertainty's dark womb concealing
The events of the future—with ignorance blest,
Still prolong the delusion—nor blast by revealing
The first ray of hope that irradiates my breast
Though faintly it glimmers, I'll cherish it there
Till time shall its embryo expand into flame—
Till again I embrace the few friends that are dear—
Yes! dearer than riches, than power, or fame.
Believe me, ye faithful and fondly-loved few,
That wherever my track—at the line or the pole,
The pleasures of hope, like the spring's early dew,
Will cheer, and refresh, and invigorate my soul;—
Yes! though driven from justice, tho' exiled from friends,
My heart spurns with scorn, base subserviency's chain;
And where'er my dark course thru' this banishment bends,
It will bound with the hope of our meeting again.
While from the tall mast the blue signal's still waving,
And the breeze fills the sails that the morn saw un-furled,
A pang—half indignant—swells my bosom while leaving
Thy shores, once so famed as "The hope of the World;"
For though to the slave thou canst liberty give,
And meditate for justice when nations demand,
Thine own children, when plundered, oppressed, and deceived,
Find nor justice, nor mercy, nor truth at thy hand.
But it shall not be always thus heartless and cold,
That thy rulers shall falsely and faithlessly sway;
The spirit of freedom which filled thee of old,
Shall call to thy councils men nobler than they;
Then party and faction together cast down,
Shall fall before KNOWLEDGE and justice combin'd;
And coronet, mitre, and ermine, and crown,
Shall yield to the sceptre of virtue and mind.
Oh! hasten the day, thou OMNIPOTENT JUDGE,
Which thy prophets and seers have so clearly portrayed,
When the world, now so filled with injustice and fraud,
Shall be purged of the dross which corruption has made;
When the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of Thee,
And the sword shall give place to the tongue and the pen;
When truth shall encompass the globe like the sea,
And justice establish her throne amongst men. September, 10, 1837.
THE

DEBATES ON NEW ZEALAND.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

ON THE

17th, 18th, and 19th of June: 1845;

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR OF
"DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING ON OUR COLONIES."

"Our most experienced official men have treated the subject of Colonization with indifference."

Speech of Mr. M. Milner, June 17th, 1845.

PRINTED FOR THE KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY, LONDON.

The publishers express themselves greatly indebted to the honorable members of the house of commons, for their several, corrected speeches—some of which they handed-over,—as requested, to the parties also reprinting the debate—but in consequence of several booksellers being engaged on the same subject, their edition has not been rendered immediately necessary. The pages, however, of 'The Court Magazine' contain an adapted portion of the introductory paper which was to have accompanied their issue.

LONDON:
DOBBS AND CO. (COURT MAGAZINE OFFICE,) 11, CAREY STREET,
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

1845.
RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLUTIONS to be moved in the House of Commons the 17th day of June 1845, by Mr. C. Buller; Captain Rous; and Mr. M. Milnes respecting New-Zealand:—

MR. CHARLES BULLER.—1. That the conclusion of the treaty of Waitangi by Captain Hobson, with certain natives of New Zealand, was a part of a series of injudicious proceedings, which had commenced several years previous to his assumption of local government.

2. That the acknowledgment by the local authorities of a right of property on the part of the natives of New Zealand in all wild land in those islands, after the sovereignty had been assumed by her Majesty, was not essential to the true construction of the treaty of Waitangi, and was an error which has been productive of very injurious consequences.

3. That the New-Zealand Company has a right to expect to be put in possession by the government, with the least possible delay, of the number of acres awarded to it by Mr. Pennington; that the company has this right as against the estate of the Crown, without reference to the validity, or otherwise, of its supposed purchases from the natives, all claims derived from which have been surrendered.

4. That the company, in selecting the land to be granted by the Crown within the defined limits, cannot claim the grant of any land not vested in the Crown.

5. That means ought to be forthwith adopted for establishing the exclusive title of the Crown to all land not actually occupied and enjoyed by natives, or held under grants of the Crown; such land to be considered as vested in the Crown for the purpose of being employed in the manner most conducive to the welfare of the inhabitants, whether natives or Europeans.

6. That in order to prevent land from being held by parties not intending to make use of the same, a land tax, not exceeding 2d an acre, ought to be imposed; that all parties claiming land should be required to put in their claims, and pay one year’s tax in advance, within twelve months.

7. That such tax ought not to be considered as applying to the whole estate of the New-Zealand Company, so long as they shall continue to sell not less than one twenty-fifth of the land granted to them annually, and spend a fixed proportion of the proceeds in emigration.

8. That such tax ought also not to be considered as applying to lands now actually occupied and enjoyed by the natives, or to reserves set-aside and held for their benefit.

9. That reserves ought to be made for the natives, interspersed with the lands assigned to settlers, with suitable provision for regulating their alienation, and preserving the use of them for the natives, as long as may be necessary, and that these reserves ought not to be included in calculating the amount of land due to that company.

10. That, as it appears by evidence that the non-settlement of the land-claims has been productive of great confusion and mischief in the colony, it is expedient to adopt measures for granting legal titles, with the least possible delay to the actual occupants of land, unless under special circumstances of abuse.
11. That the prohibition to all private persons to purchase land from the natives ought to be strictly enforced, except that land which may have been purchased by natives they should be at liberty to sell again, provided the transaction be sanctioned by the protector.

12. That it is highly important that the governor should have more effectual means of enforcing obedience to his authority, and also greater facility for visiting frequently the different settlements: and that with this view it is expedient that an armed steamer of moderate size be placed at his disposal.

13. That it is expedient that the settlers be organized as a militia, under the orders and control of the governor; natives, under proper precautions, being allowed to serve in it.

14. That it is expedient that an attempt should also be made to raise and discipline a native force of a more permanent character, officered, in general, by Europeans, but in which any of the natives who may be found trustworthy, may hold commands.

15. That the employment of natives in the civil service of the government, in any situations in which they can be useful, is highly desirable.

16. That efforts should be made gradually to wean the natives from their ancient customs, and to induce them to adopt those of civilized life, upon the principle recommended by Captain Grey, in his report on the mode of introducing civilization amongst the natives of Australia.

17. That the principles on which the New-Zealand Company have acted, in making the reserves for the natives, with a view to their ultimate, as well as present welfare, and in making suitable provision for spiritual and educational purposes, are sound and judicious, tending to the benefit of all classes.

18. That the committee, upon a review of the documentary evidence relating to the loss of life at Wairo, without offering any opinion upon the law of the case, deem it an act of justice to the memory of those who fell there, to state, that it appears that the expedition in question was undertaken for a purpose believed by the parties to be lawful and desirable and which, also, example in analogous cases had unfortunately led them to expect might be effected without resistance from the natives. The committee cannot withhold the expression of their regret at the loss of life which occurred, especially the loss of Captain Arthur Wakefield, whose long and distinguished services in the British navy are recorded in the papers before the committee; and of Mr. Thompson, the stipendiary magistrate; Mr. Richardson, the Crown prosecutor; Captain England, Mr. Cotterell, Mr. Patchett, and Mr. Howard.

Mr. Monckton Milnes.—On Mr. Buller's motion respecting the New-Zealand Company, to call the attention of the committee of the house to the claims and circumstances of the New-Zealand Society.

Captain Rous.—To bring before the house the state and condition of the colony of New-Zealand; and to submit to the house that the Treaty of Waitangi, confirmed and approved by her Majesty, should be maintained in its full integrity.

List of speakers on the resolutions:—

June 17. Mr. C. Buller; Mr. M. Milnes; Mr. Hope.
June 18. Captain Rous; Mr. Aglionby; Mr. Barkly; Sir R. H. Inglis; Mr. Hawes, Sir Howard Douglas; Lord Howick.
June 19. Mr. Ellice; Mr. Cardwell; Mr. Mangles; Mr. Colquhoun; Mr. Shiel; Sir J. Graham; Lord John Russell; and Sir R. Peel.
THE DIVISION. Thursday, June 19 1845.

Motion made, and Question put "That this house will resolve itself into Committee, to consider the state of the colony of New Zealand, and the case of the New Zealand Company."—(Mr. Charles Buller)—The House divided; Ayes, 172, Noes, 223.

**AYES.**

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**TELLERS.**

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| Bailey, J jun | Cardwell, Edward |
| Baillie, Colonel | Carnegie, Captain |
| Baird, W | Castletreagh, Lord |
|              | Chelsea, Lord |
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|              | Chute, W L    |
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|              | Cole, Hon H A |
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|              | Colquhoun, J C|
|              | Colevile, C R |
|              | Compton, H C  |
In our last number, we mentioned the intention of enlarging upon colonial affairs. We are enabled to do so, as our readers will see, from the pen of a well-informed and talented writer. The paper itself has been adapted to the pages of this periodical, but it was, in reality, in a great measure, written for "The Knowledge Society" as announced; but the re-publication of that debate, after the speeches, corrected by the members themselves, had been obtained from many members, was not further proceeded-in, as, at least, two editions of it, are, or will shortly be, before the public. We will not detain the reader, by a longer introduction, except merely saying, that if any mind could rightly mediate between the wants of any colony and our own people, there are few which might-not in the grand interchange of good-feeling and reciprocal commerce greatly increase each others comforts and prosperity.

THE BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY, 1845.

It is now thirty years ago since the poet Wordsworth told the world that "the wilder waters, the will, the instincts, and the appointed needs of Britain, do invite her to cast-off her swarms, and in succession send them forth bound to establish new com-
munities on every shore where aspect favors hope, or bold adventure; promising to skill and perseverance their deserved reward." Thus speaks our author:

With such foundations laid, avault the fear
Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for joy;
For as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious bees
Fraught with their burthens; and a way as smooth
For those ordained to take their sounding flight
From the thronged hive, and settle where they list
In fresh abodes, their labour to review;
So the wide waters, open to the power
The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast-off
Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;
Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favors hope
Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.

To this noble presage of our colonial career, now actually in the course of rapid completion, so far as concerns "the smallest habitable rock," now occupied by Britain, or which some other civilised nation will soon everywhere occupy, the poet added a pathetic appeal to "British lawgivers* not for shame to sleep at the centre of this vast circumference of hope; but to prepare a people capable of completing this glorious destiny of our country,"—by carrying true civilization over the earth. "Yes," he continues:

"Change, wide and deep, and silently performed,
This land shall witness; and as days roll-on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect,
Even till the smallest habitable rock
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
Of humanized society, and bloom
With lived arts, that send their fragrance forth,
A grateful tribute to all-ruling heaven."

So little care, however, has Parliament for the discharge of this duty, that it is even unmindful of the horrible events which occur as usual in our colonies; and regardless of the revolution, slowly working its way in our colonial policy, which must infallibly multiply those horrors an hundredfold if the workings of the system be not accompanied with a humane system of government.

The general indifference which has been hitherto manifested, and, indeed, until almost the present stormy parliamentary skirmishings, arising from the recent dreadful events, is perfectly astounding in a Christian country, where works of benevolence and sympathy form so great a feature in the national character. But this is not
time for reflecting minds to stand idle, whilst there is, apparently, so great a probability of further shedding of blood.

All Europe is now horror-struck at an atrocious deed committed by the French soldiery in Algiers, which has brought into one day, a perfect type of fifteen years of conquest and cruelty, whilst, in those fifteen years, before that monstrous deed was done, scarcely a whisper was once heard, to show that Christian Europe cherished one indignant feeling, or that France, the Christian representative of Europe in northern Africa, experienced one hour of remorse, when the fatal Moniteur recorded the plunderings and massacres, which daily marked the progress of their boasted civilization in the ruin of a semi-barbarous people. The wars of Russia upon the Circassians, and those of America upon the Indians, during the same period, have equally disgraced the Christian name, and yet been alike utterly disregarded by the Christian world.

So, throughout the whole range of the British colonies and of British India, the most sanguinary deeds have been done during this same period of time. Yet the public, the intelligent people of this country, if not insensible to the disgrace of sanctioning those sanguinary deeds, are, at least, so greatly occupied in money-making and speculative engagements, that some monstrous explosion seems to be necessary to shake-off this fatal lethargy.

The debate, upon the affairs of New-Zealand, commencing, June 17, is the first, full declaration of a change that has been taking-place in our Colonial policy, during the last seven years. From motives of economy, and from feelings of philanthropy, all parties at home,—sir Henry Parnell's friends uniting with those of sir Thomas Fowell Buxton—had for several years strenuously opposed the extension of our Colonies. The exceedingly unsatisfactory state of our administration of Colonial affairs, indeed, brought them, generally, into discredit,—the use of Colonies being run-down, in consequence of the abuse of them.

Nevertheless, our Colonists have continued to spread, rapidly, in all quarters without any guidance;—sometimes even rebelling against the crown, which resisted their spreading;—their great territorial extension being irresistibly pressed-forward by a steadily increasing emigration from home. But that extension of power has not brought the improvement of administration, which new circumstances required, and experience might have taught. On the contrary, old official evils have gained-strength from indulgence; and the popular vigor, which increased our Colonial possessions, confined itself to the development of their natural wealth, instead of justifying the acquisition of that wealth, and securing its enjoyment, by purifying the government, in spite of which our Colonists have flourished.

The debate has opened the subject, in a way to promise a thorough reform of its various parts. It settles all doubt as to the opinions of the most powerful men in the country being favorable to Colonization. It, also, places the general respect for the good of the uncivilized natives of our Colonies out of doubt. It further establishes the superiority of free, Colonial institutions, over the despotism, of late years, exercised, by the Colonial office. If the debate
leave these topics insufficiently discussed; and, as it almost entirely passes-by
the reform of the Colonial office itself, as well as the question of a system for
the control of our relations with barbarous tribes, connected with the Colonies,
the spirit which has dictated many of the speeches, cannot fail, in due time, to
take also these directions. There must be a "change, wide and deep" in
our Colonial government, to correspond with the vast increase of our Colonial
and Indian dominions. At this moment, our white population, abroad, equals
that of the thirteen American Colonies in 1776; and if that population
were collected into one mass, and not severed by oceans, it must resist misrule
in a new rebellion. The injustice which the white population, as well as the
colored people, suffer, is such, that a conservative member of the house of
commmons* has cited our Colonial government as the type of evils which he is ready
to avert from Ireland, by the sacrifice of all that is dear to the patriot, and
to the man.

This is a calamitous state of things, springing from the fact of our Colonies
having long ceased to be governed by statesmen; and from their being subjected
to the management of clerks, where impunity for the frightful disaster which
misrule causes, is insured by parliament being kept in profound ignorance of the
most important colonial affairs;† and in whom corruption is such, that they
proclaim notorious illegality as the necessary rule of our administration,‡ even
whilst its iniquity is too cruel even for their unscrupulous approval.§

It remains to be seen whether colonists cannot rouse public attention, and whether
the popular elements in our national character and constitution will rescue our
colonial world from the succession of disasters to which it is exposed, and, perhaps,
prove the ruin which repelled the colonies of Spain, Portugal, Holland and France,
from the same vices.|| With an ordinary degree of attention to a colonial-office
administration, the debates can hardly fail to lead to an improved management
of these affairs. It exhibits all the spirit of old-English maritime enterprise,
enlightened by modern intelligence, and humanized by pure philanthropy; and,
happily, there is far more in the extremely various speeches made on that
occasion, than what belongs to the special circumstances of New-Zealand—
important as they are.

All parties are agreed, that the past conduct of our Colonial affairs has been
in an high degree injurious to British interests, as it has often been most unsatisfac-
tory to the Colonists; and even more unquestionably fatal to the aboriginal races
of men, with whom Colonists have had intercourse.

Nevertheless, our Colonies have, daily, and silently, spread wider and wider, until

* Speech of Mr. Recorder Shaw, Hansard's debates, 1845.
† On South Africa, no papers have been printed for seven years.
‡ The Statesman, by H. Taylor, Esq. a Clerk in the Colonial office, in p. 268, as to the
irresponsible of ministers; p. 122 and 137, as to incumbrances; and p. 127, as to appoint-
ments to offices.
§ In p. 152, as to redress of grievances.
|| Tavernier's Travels: Life of Cl provenç by Mannoni: Regnald's European Settlements in
the East and West Indies,
they now, in America, in Africa, in India, in China; in the Asiatic Archipelago, in the Australias, and in the South Seas, comprise regions, to which the old thirteen American Colonies, which won their independence against us by a civil war, are, comparatively, almost a speck on the globe.

To reform the policy, and the administration, which are so little in harmony with this vast acquisition of territory, and rapid-spreading of our people, will demand for the discussions, which are plainly coming on, respecting both that policy and administration, a full and correct report of the New-Zealand debates.

The first debate has relieved the question of colonization of its chief difficulty—the resistance, which the government has offered during many years to the extension of our Colonies; and which resistance has been supported by a powerful part of the economists, as well as by still more powerful men among the benevolent portion of the community. This is much changed. Some considerable persons, belonging to both those parties, even supported the spirit of Colonization on this occasion. Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Hindley, with the Young England party, voted for Mr. C. Buller's motion, or, in other words, voted in favor of the New-Zealand Colonists; and the heads of the government, in resisting the claims of the New Zealand Company, earnestly advocated Colonization in New-Zealand; in which they were joined by the leaders of the opposition.

If the leader of the philanthropists in Parliament* still opposes Colonization, as unjust to the aborigines, his party, out of doors, has sent its most distinguished members, along with the merchants and bankers of London, to convince sir Robert Peel, that Colonization may be rendered humane.†

The resistance to the extension of Colonies having arisen from the more laudable motives of economy and benevolence, and there being no difference of opinion as to the great respect due to both; the satisfaction of both must be aimed at in the new measures, which it remains for us to devise.

The debate of the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June enters largely into most of the topics upon which those new measures are to turn; and the speakers (independently of those who devoted themselves to the special controversy, in the case between the New-Zealand Company and the Colonial office) severally discussed distinct points, so fully, as to give the appearance of a well-concerted arrangement.

Mr. Monckton Milnes made an early impression in favor of inquiry, by his most remarkable, and true declaration, that he found the most experienced official men treating the question of Colonization with neglect—that is to say, the chief agents and trustees of an immense national interest habitually abandoning their duty. Happily, this fact, although it naturally shook the confidence of a young statesman in the opinion he was inclined to form in favor of that great national

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* Sir R. H. Inglis.
† Mr. S. Gurney, and Sir E. N. Buxton, were among the merchants and bankers of London, who addressed sir R. Peel, some time ago, in favor of Colonization on a good system.
interest,—Colonization,—had ultimately no other effect on his mind than to render him the more cautious in examining its claims to attention, and the more zealous in promoting it, when convinced of its extreme importance. But Mr. Milnes fell into a great error on this occasion. He referred with applause to Sir Robert Peel’s rash apology for the oppressions of civilized states upon barbarians; and with something like scorn to the doubts which have been expressed of the soundness of that apology. Mr. Milnes forgot that Lord John Russell effectually at the time rebuked Sir Robert Peel, who readily submitted to the correction. Error, on such capital points as this, proves the necessity for further discussions, whereby ignorance might be removed and sound principles established, on the whole subject.

A new member, but one who is connected with old interests in the West Indies, Mr. Barkly, struck a still heavier blow upon the abuses of our Colonial administration; and although declaring himself a friend to the ministers, he roused attention from all sides by denouncing the wretched system of Sack, long pursued in the Colonial Office, which degrades the government, and injures, in turn, all who confide in it. Whilst Mr. Mangles, and Mr. Colquhoun, paying a sincere tribute to good missionaries, proved the danger of giving political functions to religious agents. *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

Next, Mr. Ellice elevated the debate, from a controversy, to its true level of statesmanship; upon which it was kept by Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, in a spirit that justifies a sanguine hope of a great Colonial reform being at hand.

Mr. Shiel’s brilliancy offered a striking contrast to the sober reasoning of Mr. Cardwell; and Mr. Hawes said enough upon Colonial government to make it a matter of deep regret, that he has not persevered in the motions, of which he gave notice last year, for bringing the subject of a direct representation for Colonies in he house of commons, under consideration.

But of the very important matter abounding in all these speeches, the most remarkable is Lord Howick’s confession of his own alleged “errors respecting New-Zealand during the last 14 years; which errors, as is asserted in his lordship’s speech, were shared by every successive Secretary of State* for the Colonies in that period;—Lord John Russell being the first, partially to recover from the mistake.

What Lord Howick calls errors, were—1. Treating the natives of New-Zealand as independent; 2. Opposing the settlement of New-Zealand, before 1840, as a British Colony.

On these heads, although they are by no means necessarily connected with each other in the manner which his lordship implies, he advocates a great change in

* By the earl of Ripon; Mr. Spring Rice, now lord Monteagle; lord Glenelg; the marquis of Normanby; the earl of Aberdeen; lord John Russell; and lord Stanley—with their under-secretaries, Sir George Grey; Mr. Labouchere; Mr. Gladstone; Mr. Vernon Smith; and Mr. Hope.
the Anti-Colonization policy† pursued before 1840, in compliance with them; and sir Robert Peel agrees with lord Howick on both heads; although he would now respect the independence of the natives, because it was once acted upon.

Both sir Robert Peel and lord Howick, when they shall be better acquainted with the whole subject, will perceive that Colonization, and the independence of the natives, (i. e. their free-will to consent to Colonization) are compatible.

Lord Howick attributes these “errors” to the imperfect information possessed by the government, in 1832, as to the real state of affairs. On which head, sir Robert Peel’s speech also proves, not only that information upon the facts referred-to by lord Howick, was once wanting among leading statesmen, but, also, that the first lord of the Treasury is still utterly uninformed upon the most important point in the case, notwithstanding his obvious desire to become master of it.

† The same Anti-Colonizing policy was pursued as to Natal in South Africa from 1824 to 1842, partly from financial, partly from philanthropical views; which have both signally failed. Private adventurers, Colonial governors, and the Colonial public, called in vain for the foundation of a British Colony there, with guarantees for the enforcement of humanity. At length, after the loss of thousands of lives, a Colony is established at Natal by us, without one such guarantee. The result is fearful. The following intelligence from the Northern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope of a late date, is only a glimpse, in futuro, of the massacre which did afterwards happen.

“Colesberg, 21st April, 1845.

“Procrastination was the rock on which the government struck, in settling the Natal question, and one would have thought that the blood which was shed there would have proved a salutary lesson. But, alas! it has turned-out otherwise, for altho the Colonial government has been warned over and over again of the disorganized state of society over the Orange River, and the fact of the emigrants making every warlike preparation to attack the Griquas at Philippolis, with whom we have a treaty, and, by that treaty are bound to render them assistance when required, still, a most wicked and exterminating war has been commenced by the emigrants, and no decisive steps have been taken to arrest the same, further than endeavoring to persuade the emigrants to desist, otherwise the government would interfere. The civil commissioner has used his utmost endeavors to mediate between the parties, and cautioned the emigrants of the consequences; but they defy the government, and declare they are quite independent. In the meantime, the most frightful carnage is carried-on between the emigrants and Griquas. The latter have defended themselves bravely against an astounding force of emigrants, whose anger is wrought-up to perfect madness; and unless some most decisive measures are at once adopted, it is difficult to judge where or when the scene of bloodshed will terminate.

The whole district of Colesberg declare the cause of the emigrants to be just, and are endeavoring to intimidate the troops from crossing the River to protect the Griquas, whose green meadows the boors have long viewed with a jealous eye; and they seem bent on exterminating the natives, in order that they may quietly enjoy their territory; but, surely, the British Government can no longer sit in the easy chair, when the present crisis calls for justice and firmness.”—Cape-Frontier Times, 24th April, 1845.

This event is of indescribable importance. The combatants are, British subjects, on one side—emigrants, from the Cape Colony, whom the policy, which lord Howick now repudiates, refuses to guide—and, on the other side, Hottentots, whom the zeal of one of our oldest missionary societies has raised to Christianity and civilization, the first fruits of a great missionary success. War, in such a case, will call-forth the reproaches of all England against the system which permits it.
This imputation deserves to be established by formal proofs, beyond the grave inaccuracies pointed out in the notes upon Sir Robert Peel's narrative of the progress and influence of philanthropy since 1834.

Our recognition of the independence of the New-Zelanders,—that is to say, of the necessity of having their consent to the alienation of their lands, is traced by Sir Robert Peel to some humane declarations of the marquis of Normanby, supposed to have grown out of a new-born philanthropy, first advocated by Mr. Fowell Buxton in the House of Commons in 1834; and this independence of a barbarous people is held by Sir Robert Peel to have been declared indiscretely, although, honorably, on our part. He would have preferred claiming the right to New-Zealand upon the ground of discovery, and by the prerogative, to holding the territory by cession from the chiefs.

This view of the case, however, places the constitution of England in a light, both historically false, and politically oppressive and dangerous.

It was a great mistake to date our philanthropy, with the noble efforts made by Sir T. Fowell Buxton, in 1834, for its revival. Notwithstanding the frightful neglect of our duty to barbarous people connected with the Colonies, that duty was not utterly abandoned in all quarters. Before 1830, dispatches of Sir George Murray, when Secretary of State, distinctly recognise it in reference to the Indians of Canada, and, in 1823, a commission was planned in the Colonial Office itself, for the reform of the Indian department in their behalf. But, chiefly, through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Wilberforce, the foundations were laid in 1822, for the restoration of the Hottentots to the enjoyment of civil liberty, and of other advantages, which, along with the persevering labor of the missionaries of all denominations, have raised that once unhappy race to civilization, and a safe union with our Colonists.

The reports of three royal commissioners, Mr. Bigge, Sir William Colebrooke, and Mr. Blair, from 1821 to 1829—documents too little known,—and not a tittle Cape-Dutch benevolence, contributed much, also, to this good result.

Notwithstanding the seizure of all Australia, without any regard to the territorial rights of the natives, now known to be well defined among themselves, his violence is not founded upon the true prerogatives of the Crown, or in any justifiable, maritime usage.

On the contrary, by the law of England, respecting the discovery of new lands, as signified in our earlier, Colonial history, and in such royal instructions as were given to Captain Cook, for the voyage in which New-Zealand was discovered, the title so gained was valid only against other civilized states, not against the natives. The next step upon discovery, before acquisition of sovereignty in the soil, was, the consent of the barbarous natives, that their country should be so acquired by the Crown of England in sovereignty.

That Sir Robert Peel should have been unaware of these undeniable points, can only be accounted for by the fact, as undeniable, that our old Colonial learning, as well as our old Colonial liberty, has been forgotten by English states-
men. The philanthropy of sir T. F. Buxton, in 1831, was not new-born. It was only a revival of a generally suspended duty.

The long, previous neglect of what was so revived, had raised confused notions on the subject; which sufficiently account for incorrect opinions, where the best intentions are well-known to be entertained on the subject.

The embarrassments of the New-Zealand company are very much traceable to the same error, as to the really legal and natural rights of the native people. The association which preceded the company, took a correct view of the capacity of the natives; and asked from Parliament proper powers to treat with them as with rational, independent beings. The company set-out by respecting that principle, but abandoned it; therefore it is that the public approve of the defeat of Mr. Baller, notwithstanding the universal condemnation that prevails, of the Colonial office, which, from 1840, left New-Zealand-affairs to accident, intrigue and folly.

Lord Howick, also, when tracing the alleged errors of the Government and Parliament during the last fourteen years, from 1831 to 1845, leaves-out most important circumstances in the case. He says, truly, that lord John Russell, after wisely agreeing to the Colonization of New Zealand in 1840, fell into a great mistake, by omitting to follow-up that measure with a proper system of administration. But lord Howick, in praising the New-Zealand Company's scheme, which, he says, lord John Russell was so wrong to neglect in 1840, forgets that, two years previously, the New-Zealand Association proposed an incomparably better system to Parliament; and that, in 1838, this better system, which was contained in Mr. Baring's Bill, was thrown-out by the House of Commons, his lordship being one of those who voted against it. An essential characteristic of that bill was, to respect the independence of the natives; and the Company's chief act in New-Zealand, besides the purchase of land, namely, the sitting with the natives in council, was conformable, in this respect, to the principles of the Association. This great measure of the company's settlers in New-Zealand—their sitting in council with the natives—realized, most happily, the theory of the association, by securing an important step in the political amalgamation of the British emigrants with the native people. The still greater mistake of the company—to which all the misfortunes of the Colonists are attributable—lay in the subsequent neglect of the views of the Association, in favor of a just system of intercourse with the natives. When Parliament refused to sanction the delegation of high powers of government to the association, and the protection of the natives was thus referred exclusively to the Secretary-of-State for the Colonies, the company might well have insisted upon a proper system being adopted to secure the discharge of that duty. But year after year passed away, after 1840, and the company, with lord Howick and everybody else, left the great event of the Colonization of New-Zealand to "the Chapter of Accidents" the melancholy description given, we repeat, by sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to the course of proceedings which prevails in the Colonial office.

Not the least interesting portion of this great debate is, that which concerns
the missionaries. On all sides, their labors were declared to have been directed with unwearying zeal and good effect; and those speakers who expressed, the most unreservedly, wishes that all political functions should be withdrawn from them, were not wanting in testimony to their usefulness, in their more appropriate sphere. The result will be fortunate, if, after their extensive success has contributed to change the disposition of the public, and to stimulate the activity of the government in favor of uncivilized people, the efforts of the public and government shall multiply the regular powers of the missionaries, by releasing them from all extraneous duties.

The result, will, probably, be, a provision of means to relieve missionaries completely from the frequent and pressing necessity of interference in the political affairs of a barbarous people. This may be accomplished by political agencies, wherever our traders extend beyond our Colonial frontiers; and by the multiplication of our friendly relations in all quarters with a barbarous people. This is one of the means to cover our advancing Colonies with relations of peace; and its great advantage has been heard during the last nine years on the Eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, where tranquillity has followed upon perpetual war, mainly in consequence of the adoption of a system, of which such agencies form a conspicuous part.

There are known to be tribes in New-Zealand to which the same agencies are now strictly applicable; and the multitudinous islands of the southern and, eastern seas, offer other fields for the same system, to an indefinite extent.

The increase of trade, the lessening of the expense of wars, and the value of the new territory which we are acquiring, such for instance of the 18,000,000 of acres at Natal, in South Africa, and those of New-Zealand, will amply provide for the expense of such agencies, civil protectorates, medical establishments and every other civil aid which might and ought to accompany our spreading people over the earth.

Such civil establishments, provided by the state, would multiply voluntary religious missionaries, by relieving the missionaries of extraneous duties; and the experience of New-Zealand irresistibly proves that, left to themselves, missionaries are unequal to the difficulties of their position in savage countries, unless we are prepared to prohibit the migration of white men to those countries; and to pass new laws to justify sending armies to enforce the prohibition.

A wiser course will be to guide the enterprising Colonists in their adventurous career, so as to make their progress beneficial to the barbarous tribes, universally eager to have intercourse with us; and this homage to the claims of humanity will permit the honest extension of our Colonial territory in all quarters—in Africa—in the South Seas—in North America—in all which region our national interests are now in danger of being crushed by rivals, or destroyed by dissensions.

The duty of the philanthropists, in regard to religious missions, is, more and more to imbue the government with their true Christian spirit; not as they have done of late, to impress the spirit of governing upon the missions. They have, by so doing, unfortunately, placed the missionaries in a false position, by
formally investing them with political functions, inconsistent with their profession, and exposed them to difficulties, for which it is no reproach to them to be unprepared. A worse consequence has followed. Trusting to missionaries, in order to protect and improve the aborigines, the philanthropists have neglected to press those reforms upon the government, which the necessity of the case required, and the genius of the times calls for. A wiser course, insisting upon the reform of the laws and administration, would increase the legitimate power of the missionaries, by relieving them of the present necessity of discharging political duties. By that reform, the spreading of our Colonist’s whom no human influence can stop, will be guided, so as, in all quarters, to carry blessings and peace, instead of ruin.

The economists, from sir Henry Parnell’s time, have opposed Colonization, on pecuniary considerations only. It remains to convince them, that means exist for introducing a new and more prudent administration into Colonial affairs, so that the reproach of mismanagement and waste may be removed, and a liberal provision of money, for all good, Colonial purposes, be sanctioned by the most cautious guardian of the public purse.

These views would open a wise system of Colonial government, calculated to resolve one of the most interesting of political problems:—namely, how the civilized and the uncivilized may meet, to their mutual advantage. Their separation has been attempted at various times by good men. It failed in Paraguay—when planned with great ability by the Jesuits. It has failed in New-Zealand and in South Africa. Instead of persevering in that error, we must apply our best energies to render amalgamation more happy in its results. The system which shall aim at this end, will begin with a careful survey of the facts of the whole case—and the improvement of every circumstance that influences our relations with barbarous people, everywhere and in every degree, will follow. Each country will have something peculiar to be attended to. But so much success in particular cases has already proved the utility of many means of action in the matter, that a determination to meet all difficulties, manfully, and like enlightened statesmen, must soon have the reward of general success.

The debate began with the affairs of New-Zealand, and mainly turning on the questions arising upon the intercourse of Colonists with the natives, has been wisely carried by most of the speakers, and especially by Mr. Ellice, upon the larger question of Colonial government in general; and from the manner in which her Majesty’s ministers received the views offered in favor of a return to our old, free course of Colonial government, it may be safely inferred that great changes, in this respect, are coming. It is a curious fact, that the despotic

* The committee of the House of Commons on Aborigines, in 1837, when advocating the policy of checking Colonies, to save the natives, with a consistency fatal to the character of religious missionaries, recommended that, in future, young missionaries should not only be instructed in piety but be also so brought-up as to be political teachers to the Aborigines.—House-of-Commons Papers, 1837.

C. 2—45.
Colonial system, so extensively established, for various reasons, in our settlements, in the last fifty years, has not materially tended to benefit the savage, although the crown, which administers that despotism, has neither Colonial interests nor peculiar prejudices to serve, by continuing old oppressions. A popular reform will not, therefore, injure the uncivilized natives; and it may be reasonably expected, that where the institutions, to be now improved, affect them as well as the whites, the friends of both will concur in preparing for the improvement of those institutions.

In 1838, the New-Zealand Association brought a bill into the House of Commons proposing measures which would have gone far to realize all that is desirable on the subject, and the New Zealand Company would not have incurred the ruin that threatens its operations, if it had not abandoned some of the great principles of their bill.

In 1840, Lord John Russell drew a scheme of government for New-Zealand, which, also, would have done much to realize the most sanguine hopes then entertained respecting New-Zealand-colonization. It was substantially the plan proposed in 1830, in a book entitled "Humane Policy."

Fortunately, there are good precedents on the Journals for something analogous to full reports. In the reigns of William III. and of Anne, by the zeal of the great lord Somers, statements used to be made, annually, upon all Colonial affairs; and these reports will be found in the Journals during 14 years. In 1841 a proposal was made to lord Stanley for a like digest; and that proposal was strongly supported. Lord Stanley received it, at first, with some favor; but it mis-carried for reasons which are-not known. It aimed at furnishing ministers, Parliament, and the public, with an analysis of past, and current Colonial affairs; so that no arrears should exist, but a clear view be had of them up to the date of the very last arrival.

This proposal concerned the important topic of our relations with Aborigines; but the principle of it applies to all Colonial affairs.

It is difficult to conceive that such a Debate as that, of the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June, should not lead to inquiries, which must put all right.

Numerous measures, indeed, might be pursued, of a nature to secure extensive improvements in every branch of Colonization; and there is one recommended by high, modern authority, which might be instituted without delay, with the greatest advantage—a royal commission for an inquiry into all that concerns the subject, at home, and abroad. At home, various public departments possess immense stores of information, now locked-up even from the heads themselves of those departments. The missionary and philanthropic societies; the great, commercial and shipping companies, and the scientific bodies, could furnish vast additions to that official intelligence. The literature of the country would contribute much. Private individuals would eagerly bring their collections and experience in aid of a great, national endeavour to solve the difficult problem, how civilization may spread, to the extinguishment of barbarism, without destroying the
barbarians, not unmindful, perhaps, how Britons themselves were formerly sold as (white) slaves in our Bristol market.*

The chief advantages of such a commission would be, its strong tendency to reduce into a good system, many isolated efforts now working in all the Colonies and at home, to save and civilize Aborigines; and its powerful influence in encouraging the kindly disposition well-known to prevail extensively among Colonists, towards natives, in spite of old prejudices; and which seem capable of bringing-about their social and political amalgamation.

The plan of such a commission was, at the first, proposed for the Parliamentary report upon Aborigines, in 1835, 1836 and 1837 analyzed in the speech of sir Robert Peel. In its place was, unfortunately, substituted, the nine recommendations of the committee's report of 1837, most of which have been severely criticised, both by philanthropists and Colonists. And, probably, this change in that committee's report was the true reason why the system of humane policy in the Colonies, which was then contended-for, in vain, and which almost all now call-for, did not follow, as the natural result of the committee's labors.

If these remarks are well-founded, an appeal may be made with propriety to the numerous and powerful bodies of all classes, to whom the good name of sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the Chairman of the Aborigines Committee, is decidedly dear.

Upon one point, there seems to be no difference of opinion. In the New-Zealand debate on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June, namely, respecting the right of British subjects to go as settlers to a barbarous country without the sanction of our own government, on that point, sir Howard Douglas† used the strongest language, in reprobation of any body of Englishmen presuming to take such a step; he would have deported them to New-South-Wales.

Against this view of the case, the writer unhesitatingly expresses his opinion, that further discussion will vindicate the New-Zealand Company on the point, and that, if, instead of so soon falling-in with the Colonial Office in its maladministration of New-Zealand affairs, after the colony was first founded in 1840, the company had strenuously insisted upon the carrying-out of lord John Russell's, alias the humane-policy system, their misfortunes, and those of the whole colony, might have been averted. It is for some such system that the talented author of "Dialogues of the living on our Colonies," now earnestly calls.

*See a tale entitled "William of Eynsforth," which, with its many notes, gives a highly interesting description of our forefathers, and the treatment experienced by them at the hands of their masters.

†In our next number, as the expression used by sir Howard Douglas involves a great principle, we purpose giving his speech as corrected by himself.
ANECDOTE OF A MODERN PAINTER,

OR

PORTRAIT-PAINTING FROM MEMORY.

Many a reader may, probably, exclaim, after perusing the previous little anecdotal story of Vandyk, do you think it possible—is it even in the least probable. Could the imagination so truly conjure-up the very features of, even, the most beloved object, so as accurately to commit the whole, in its very ideality, to canvas! Let us be pardoned for removing this unbelief. We have had recent proof, whilst preparing for the press the present debate, upon the New-Zealand question, how very accurately very many of the several members who spoke in the house could call-to-mind all they uttered, and commit it for our use to paper—but this is a fact too well-known as often occurring to need being dwelt-upon—and where is the parent, or the tutor, who could not find the child who would well remember what it cared to learn. Where, again, is the sister, who, from the lively interest which characteristically, in almost every family, marks the tie of brother and sister, but can well remember the lineament of every feature, in that dear object's face. How much more, the brother his sister's; whose winning—nay even captivating-ways, during the period of boyhood, have held him, bound him, as if with a silken thread, to his paternal dwelling. But how much stronger than all these, temporarily, alike, forgetting father, mother, sister, brother, are the traces of love, early love, upon the human soul. Of the lover, alone, we will, then, temporarily speak; but not of him, whose soul is pierced with Cupid's fiery shaft, but of him, whose heart, steeled against that passion in its warmth, is taken-captive with the platonic love of form, and now to our story.

It was only the day before we chanced to place hand upon the previous story relating to Vandyk, that we had been invited to accompany a relative, who, in the bloom of youth, and the pride of womanhood, had, at the instigation of her friends, gone with her husband to have a double semblance of her countenance. We will abstain from mentioning names, since it might appear that we were alone seeking to benefit the artist. Turning aside from our fair companion, we were told, that a certain portrait, hanging against the wall, was that of ————.

"I have seen her," said the visitor, as hastily as inconsiderately.

"That cannot be," replied the lady, "She died four years ago—she was the sister of my husband—abroad, the first year of her marriage."
The Youthful Desertor.

The brother of the departed was at our side, and we felt aggrieved that we might have hurt his feelings by so abrupt an allusion to that portrait.

The gentleman then consulted us, asking whether we thought there was any resemblance between him and the departed. Casually glancing, we found that the upper portion of their faces coincided as nearly as would the outlines of the different sexes. Not exactly so the lower; with lips mildly compressed, there was a firmness and a graceful dignity, which might well tend to make a strong impression upon him, who had the pleasure of only beholding the portrait, and how much more on an artist who had seen her.

To be brief.

The artist, in question—one, not, be it mentioned, a youthful swain, but one rather advanced in years, had, it seems, from mere recollection, drawn that lady’s portrait—three years after he had heard of her death. True it is, that he had for a long while taken the likenesses of members of the family.

The portrait-taking which we are recording occurred July 22, 1845, not far from the north-side of Oxford-street, rather east of Regent-street. The families to whom it refers are of Somersetshire, and the family of the deceased lady then resided near Taunton.

Thus may a tale be told, full of doubtful characteristics, yet be perfectly; true and capable, as this, of easy verification. We might append another anecdote connected with the living parties—We had never seen this newly-married, until a brief time before the event, yet, when we first saw her, we immediately knew the lady; that is, we took her, without further intimation, for her own mother—whom we last saw, about eighteen years before, when she was but some few years younger than her daughter: now, had we possessed the artistic powers, above alluded to, what was there, the mind bearing full recollection of the absent, to prevent the creation of a similar form on canvass—in like manner as images of things, long, long past, are, at once, and instantaneously, created before the mental vision.

The truth is, we regard these announcements of men who have raised themselves to greatness, as some peculiar appendages to their individual genius; whereas, in the daily, hourly walk of life, we might almost say, every minute, things, quite as singular, present themselves to the minds of the reflective.

With, then, how many, very many, pretty, little anecdotal tales, might not our readers, during their next summer excursion, (we mean this present year’s,) favor us, if they would but open their eyes, use their ears, and apply their understandings.

*There was a lovely expression in the countenance very like that in our Portrait of Charlotte Corday.
THE YOUTHFUL DESERTER;
A TALE OF THE ARMY, PARTLY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Although the majority of our countrymen exclaim against the cruel and disgraceful custom of flogging in the army and navy, yet there are many advocates for its continuance. The Press, and many of the most intelligent Peers and Members of Parliament, have exclaimed against the practice, yet it is still continued.

It was after a hard-fought battle, in which the enemy had been defeated, that Walter rested against the carriage of a dismounted cannon, and applied his canteen to his lips, in order to slake his thirst with the few remaining drops which it contained. At that moment, a deep moan arrested his attention—he paused and looked around—an old soldier, bearing a deep wound on his wrinkled forehead, had cast a longing look towards the canteen: Walter paused. The liquor was at that moment more precious than gold or diamonds,—to him it was a banquet; but his heart was that of a true Christian: and, although he was almost fainting from thirst, he raised the poor dying soldier, and held the canteen to his lips.

"Thanks! comrade, thanks!" exclaimed the veteran, "may heaven reward your humanity. I feel I cannot survive above a few minutes. I fear-not death, and I could die happy and contented, but—" Here he paused, as the burning tears ran trickling down his cheek—"I have a son—a poor boy but twelve years of age—he will be fatherless, without a friend, without a protector——"

"Say not so," exclaimed Walter, "I will be his friend and protector. I will speak to our captain (if the bullets of the enemy have spared him,) and endeavour to get your son admitted into the Military School; our captain is a brave and generous man, and is always ready to administer to the wants and wishes of his men."

"Thanks, my brave comrades, thanks!" exclaimed the veteran, as he grasped Walter's hand. His eyes became fixed, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell back a corpse. Walter placed him on the gun-carriage, and, as he turned to leave the spot, called heaven to witness that he would keep his promise.

The distant bugle called the troop together, and Walter hastened to join the brigade to which he had been attached. In a few weeks, the regiment returned to quarters, and Walter lost no time in seeking out the orphan, to whom he had undertaken to supply the place of a father.

Albert Barford was a fine youth of his age, and inherited the brave spirit of his father; but being left to the care of distant relatives, during his absence, he was suffered to rove-about, wherever he pleased, without control; and the consequence was, that the boy's mind had not been fixed towards any particular point. It was a parade day that Walter enquired of his comrades where he could meet with this same Albert.

"There he stands," replied the soldier, as he pointed to a youth, who was attentively listening to the military band.
Walter, who was off-guard for the day, made his way to the spot, where the boy stood: and watched the effects of the music; the boy seemed delighted.

At the conclusion, Walter tapped him gently on the shoulder, and in an encouraging tone of voice said:—"Well, my lad! how do you like the band?"

"Oh, very much indeed!" exclaimed the boy.

"And how would you like to be one of them? enquired Walter;"

"Oh greatly," replied the lad.

"Well," rejoined Walter. "Come to me after the parade, and, perhaps, I may get the business managed for you." Albert gladly promised to meet him, and they parted.

The soldiers soon concluded the business of the morning, and retired to the guard-house.

Young Albert was true to his appointment, and Walter gradually broke to him the bad news of his father's death. Tears quickly streamed from his eyes, and the agonizing sobs of his bursting heart struck deeply into Walter's bosom.

At this moment, captain Barton approached, and observing the boy's distress, and Walter's efforts to assuage his anguish, stopped to enquire what had happened. Walter immediately related the particulars, from the time of his father's death, up to the moment of his meeting him on the parade, and concluded by saying that he had vowed to protect the boy, and he would keep his word.

"You are a brave and worthy fellow," said captain Barton. "I am proud of having you attached to my company; I will take the necessary means to have the boy admitted to the military school, and have no doubt it will be effected in a few days. Here is some money, corporal Walter! see that he is properly provided with food and lodging."

"I will, your honor," replied Walter.

"I have no doubt of it," said the captain. "In your care he will find a second father."

In a few days, measures had been taken for that purpose. Albert was admitted into the Military school; and as he evinced a taste for music, he was placed under the charge of the master of the band. In the course of time, he became quite a proficient, considering his age, and felt proud when he was enabled to join the youthful band, on parade. But after the first year, this kind of life harrassed him, and the discipline of the establishment became irksome to his roving disposition. From the window of the barrack, he could see parties of youth, amusing themselves in the surrounding fields, with kites, balls, and at other games. He longed to be one amongst them, and began gradually more and more to dislike his situation, until it increased to aversion. The summer had now approached, and his restless mind began to feel the calls of duty, as a chain which withheld him from the enjoyments and pleasures in which other youths could indulge. The fine weather, and the beautiful appearance of the surrounding country were, at length, too tempting for disposition, and, in an evil hour, he quitte the barrack—deserted.

It happened about this time, that a change took-place in the government of the military school. Sir George Adamant was the new commander. He was a brave
soldier, and had seen much service; but he was very severe, and required the observance of the strictest discipline. The slightest fault assuredly met with prompt punishment, and although he maintained the establishment with extreme regularity, it was not by conciliatory measures but by harshness that he inspired terror into the hearts of those under his control, and no wonder if his men did not harbour good feelings towards him, or that the regiment did not look up to him as a protector and father, but regarded him as a tyrant.

Albert’s absence was soon discovered, and the most vigorous means were set on foot for his capture.

On the other hand, Albert had no sooner quitted the barrack, than he made his way towards the nearest village, where he changed clothes with a plough-boy, who gave him a trifle of money to complete the bargain, on account of the grand appearance of the uniform jacket, and, clad in his new habiliments, he soon after joined a party of youths in a game of cricket. The day passed pleasantly enough; but when the shades of evening descended, and gave them notice to separate, Albert found himself alone; each of his companions had retired to his respective home, but he had none to give him welcome: his heart misgave him, he found he had acted wrong, and repented of the error which he had committed. He thereafter walked along despondingly, and entered the village, intending to seek a lodging for the night; but what was his horror and dismay, when he observed a placard describing his person, and offering a reward for apprehending him as a deserter. He was aware that an attempt to enter any house would, therefore, be attended with danger, and after wandering through the most unfrequented paths until a late hour of the night, he laid himself down in a hay-field; and, overpowered with fatigue, fell into a profound sleep.

Morning dawned, and the sun rose majestically; and, shining on Albert’s uncovered face, occasioned him to awake. He looked around him with a feeling of agitation; troubled dreams had disturbed him during the night; and he awoke unrefreshed, miserable, and desponding.

He heard voices near him, and a noise of sharpening scythes; he listened with a palpitating heart.

Two laborers were conversing about a youth who had deserted. “What will be done to him if he be taken?” enquired one.

“He’ll be shot or flogged,” replied the other; “unless, perhaps, if he surrender himself, he may then get-off easier.”

These words had due effect on Albert. He quickly rose, and hastily left the field, and, retiring to a sequestered spot, began to think what was best to be done. At length, after due consideration, he decided on returning to the barracks and surrendering himself. With a heavy, but repentant heart he trudged along: his mind wavered; at one moment, he thought of concealing himself from his pursuers, but, again, he felt prompted to return to his duty. A few hours brought him within sight of the barrack—he paused, but, at length, entered and surrendered himself.

Each soldier felt happy that he had returned, and felt convinced that his youth
and inexperience would plead for him, and that he would escape with only some slight punishment. But they were mistaken.

Their austere commander would not make any allowance for the indiscretions of youth, and laid great stress on his having parted with his uniform. "Discipline must be maintained" said he—"and youth is the proper age to check disobedience and breach of duty, otherwise it will be imbibed and firmly fixed when they grow to manhood." To the surprise of the Regiment, a court-martial was summoned to try the poor boy, and with equal parade and ceremony as if the culprit had been a man of years, who had seen some service.

Would it be believed, that a commanding-officer, surrounded by others, bearing the King's commission, could be found, who could libel the army to such a degree as to bring this boy to trial, for this temporary absence or desertion, and pass a sentence of severe punishment upon him.—Oh fountain of mercy! What sentence? Could any human-being hear it named, without the blush of shame mantling on his cheek, and teaching him to exclaim:—"What barbarous times we live in!"

The sentence was, that he should receive one-hundred lashes—be branded on the shoulder, and then dismissed the service. A youth, a mere boy to be subjected to a punishment, from the severity of which the boldest man would shrink with horror.

Gentle reader, this did not occur in Algiers, nor in Siberia, nor among the savages of Timbuctoo, but in a christian country, and in the presence of a titled personage. What a reverse to the treatment of the gallant captain Barton.

This young and unfortunate victim to a savage law, smarting under the effects of the torturing lash, was sent to the hospital, and, after his cure was effected, was discharged from the service, with the stigma of dishonor indelibly stamped upon his person. Alone, unfriended, and broken in spirit, poor Albert left the barrack, and hastened forward, without knowing whither: but he was not forsaken, for he met with his second protector, the noble Walter, who embraced him with emotion as he ejaculated:—"My boy, my poor, ill-fated boy—I have heard it all—It was a cruel transaction, and has excited such a feeling of disgust against the commanding-officer that he will henceforth be branded with the title of "The Butcher of the Regiment."

But you are ill, your heavy eye speaks what you feel; you need consolation, you need assistance, you shall want, neither, while it is in my power to grant it. Come with me, I will see you safely lodged, and will then think of the best method which can be used to promote your welfare. To this end, Walter was not idle, and although he feared to speak too openly of the cruel usage which his protegee had experienced, lest he himself should be brought into trouble, still, he communicated with others, whose hearts beat in unison with his own.

Albert, no longer a soldier, had, consequently, no further fear of restraint: he was placed under the care of an elderly gentleman who had formerly possessed a competent fortune, but who had assisted his friends and acquaintances to such an extent, that, at last, he himself wanted assistance. His circumstances became reduced, and, as a last resource, to preserve him from penury, he became a Village-Schoolmaster. His beginning, did—not promise much, but the rapid improvement of the children
entrusted to his care obtained such notoriety, that his school rapidly increased, and, in the course of time, several of the neighbouring gentry engaged him to attend their houses, to instruct their children.

It was to this decayed gentleman that young Albert was entrusted; and, as his master's business had so greatly increased, he required a person to take care of the school during his absence. In a short time, Albert had become sufficiently initiated to be able to prepare the books and other matters for the scholars, and, under the careful tuition of his kind-hearted master, he soon became capable of teaching some of the younger scholars. Time rolled on, and Albert felt happy and contented: his assiduity was unceasing, and, in the course of a few months, his improvement was so rapid, that he had made no inconsiderable progress in geography and navigation. These studies gradually implanted a wish in the mind of the student to visit foreign countries.

One morning, previous to the opening of the school, a message was brought to Albert, stating that a soldier wished to speak to him. Albert guessed it could be none other than his good friend Walter. He flew to the door, Walter stood before it, but now, no longer the poor corporal whom he had been accustomed to behold. No! Walter had exchanged the white-lacings for the gold—the smart red-sash, which encircled his waist, and the three golden bars on his arm, betokened that Walter was promoted to a serjeancy.

Albert grasped his benefactor's hand, but his eye seemed to avoid his gaze, the hand trembled too—Albert looked confused, and seemed anxious to learn the cause. "I could not go without seeing my poor boy, first," exclaimed Walter, as the tear gathered in his eye. "We are ordered to Gibraltar,"—continued he, "and it is possible we may never again meet, so you see I have come to bid you farewell, and to render up my trust. I have already informed you that your father Ulric Boscawen died on the field of battle, he had nothing to leave his son, but a good name, and this sealed packet, which he said contained documents, which at some future time might be of service, but with a request that the seal might not be broken until necessity required it. He further requested that I would take charge of it, and hold it in trust for you. I have done so, but as I am about to quit England, it would be folly to take it with me. I therefore resign it into your own hands, safe and untouched as when first I received it. "There was a solemnity about the manner in which Walter pronounced the last sentences, that spread a tremor through Albert's frame. Each remained silent, for awhile—the pause was, at length, interrupted by the entrance of the schoolmaster, Mr. Darlington, who wondering at Albert's absence, came to ascertain the cause. "Oh, I see you are engaged with a visitor "Well! I will not interrupt you." So saying, he was about to retire, when he was interrupted by Walter, who exclaimed:—"Don't you recollect me, Mr. Darlington."

"Indeed, I did not," replied Mr. Darlington, until I heard your voice; your dress is so very different to the one in which I first saw you, that I really did not recognise you, at the moment. As you mount the gold lace, I presume you have met with promotion, I need scarcely add, "deservedly so."
"You have guessed rightly, sir," replied Walter. "I have met with promotion and chiefly through captain Barton's instrumentality. Oh sir! He is a noble spirit, and I would go through fire and water to serve him. I have called to see my little protegee, because I am about to quit England, as we are under orders for Gibraltar. I shall leave him in your care, with a full assurance that he will be kindly treated, and everything done which can tend to his advantage.

A soldier is but a poor man, but, as far as my means extend, my hand shall always be put-forward to assist him."

"There will be no occasion for that, serjeant; I have known prosperity, and I have likewise known adversity: you have done your duty towards this youth, you have commenced the good work, and I will proceed with it: and, if I live long enough, will carry it to the end; and if he continue to be as assiduous as he is at present, I shall not have much trouble to effect the completion of his utmost wishes. He shall remain here as long as he feels inclined; and, when he parts from me, we shall have learned to esteem each other.

Your goodness is extreme, sir," replied Walter—"and should the fortunes of war spare me to return again to my native country, be assured you shall find that a British soldier knows how to be grateful. Farewell, sir! Farewell, my dear boy! Attend strictly to this gentleman's instructions, and, doubtless, you'll reap reward.

Albert, in silence, pressed the hand of his good friend, Walter, but his heart was too full to allow him to speak. Mr. Darlington, however, prevailed on serjeant Walter to remain and take some refreshment, and thereby give Albert more time to reconcile himself to the separation from his friend.

Early the next morning, the regiment to which Walter was attached, was actively employed in preparation for their intended departure, and, on the following day, they were in full march for the place of embarkation.

Albert was a long time before he could suppress the feeling of sorrow which the loss of his good friend, Walter, had occasioned: but he had yet to sustain another, which he had not anticipated—at all events, did not expect would occur so soon.

Mr. Darlington, Albert's present protector and instructor was laid upon a bed of sickness, occasioned by his having been caught in a severe storm of hail and rain, and having remained some hours in his wet clothes before he reached home. At first, his illness appeared but slight, but he gradually became worse, and although medical aid was promptly called-in, Mr. Darlington's illness baffled all their efforts, and he died in the arms of his protegee, the now forlorn Albert.

This worthy gentleman's death was much regretted by the neighbourhood, for he had been a kind and active friend and adviser to those around him, and his conduct was such that his society was coveted by the rich, as well as by the poor. The day of his funeral was a day of general mourning; not one of the residents in the hamlet failed to shed a tear in token of sorrow for departed worth. By general consent, a marble-tablet was placed over his grave; the words were few, but spoke a volume in his favor:—

Here lies John Darlington,

The poor man's friend,

The rich man's pride.
This was a death-blow to poor Albert’s expectations; he had now lost his only friend, his last hope. To attempt to carry-on the school, himself, he conceived to be beyond his means; and his heart now yearned to meet his former friend, his benefactor, Walter. But this was a matter, not, easily, to be accomplished. Three years had elapsed since he had departed, and Albert owned—not sufficient to enable him to go to so distant a spot. But where the mind is resolved-upon-a-purpose, difficulties will sink before perseverance and determination. Albert was, now, but eighteen years old, and being once more thrown-upon the wide world, the ardor of a youthful spirit, once more, possessed him. England no longer had the charm to bind him, and he resolved to quit the land which gave-him-birth; as soon as the opportunity should arrive: a month had barely passed, ere chance accomplished Albert’s wishes. A young gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood, who was about to enter the navy, as a midshipman, having heard of Albert’s proficiency in geography and navigation, resolved to receive such further instruction as it was in his power to give. Accordingly, Albert having received a message to that effect, failed—not to attend at the appointed hour. The young gentleman (Frederick Colston) found that Albert possessed much information, so that he derived great satisfaction in pursuing his studies in conjunction with him. Albert, on the other hand, felt an irresistible impulse to seek his fortunes on the sea. The glorious exploits by the British navy, seemed to fire his soul with ardor, and the frequent conversations which passed between the youths, after their studies were concluded, were such as to inspire delight, and create a desire to join the navy. Mr. Frederick Colston received orders to join his ship at Plymouth. Albert felt a great inclination to see Plymouth and the British navy, and he joyfully accepted Mr. Colston’s invitation to accompany him as a companion on his journey as far as that port. The next morning, the youthful preceptor and his pupil set-off on their journey, and safely reached Plymouth. The aspect of the fleet had an electric effect on Albert, and when he heard that some ships were about to convey troops to Gibraltar, his every hope seemed to be centered on the fleet. No time was lost, ere they were on board, and as the captain was an old friend of Colston’s father, he received his son with hearty congratulations on the deck. Captain S——, was, nautically, a shrewd, straightforward sort of a man, and much attached to his calling. In his opinion, there was no occupation so honorable, as a command in the navy; his ship was an index to the system of regularity which was pursued on board, a disciplinarian, but not too strictly so; every man was expected to do his share of work, and to do it properly, at the exact hour fixed by the regulations. The cat-o’-nine-tails was a thing unknown in his ship—if it so occurred that he discovered a skulker, or a fellow who, in other ships, would incur the lash, he would set him to polish ring-bolts, or some such laborious employment, which seldom failed to check idleness and insubordination for the future.

Captain——S. observing Albert’s extraordinary earnestness, as he continued at Colston’s side, and feeling rather prepossessed in his favor, thus accosted him:—“Well, young man, were you ever on board a ship, before, that you look round you with such astonishment.” Albert, touching his hat, replied, no, sir: but I have read much, and studied much regarding ships.
"Indeed," ejaculated the captain; "and what advantage have you derived from these studies," eh! Do you know the use of the compass?"

Yes, sir," replied Albert, as his cheek glowed with self-confidence.

A short time convinced the captain that Albert was not ignorant of navigation; and he felt a desire to prove him, further, on the subject: "Well, my fine fellow said he;—"How would you like to join a ship-of-war?"

"Very much indeed, sir," replied Albert, "And if a chance were to offer itself, should be happy to avail myself of it."

"Indeed," ejaculated the captain, "If that is the case, young man, you may probably soon have an opportunity of obtaining your wish: one of my clerks is too ill to attend me on this voyage; if, therefore, your friends or relations are willing, I may possibly give you a berth, on board."

"Friends!" echoed Albert, "Alas, sir, I have neither friends nor relations; I am alone; nor kith nor kin have I.

"Well, if that's the case," said the captain, "you had better remain on board, and I'll see what can be done for you. Pass the word, there, for Lieutenant G—to step this way."

"The lieutenant was quickly before the captain."

Mr. G—said the captain, "Take this young man, below, and give him in charge to Mr. Hallet, my chief clerk, and let him see what he can do for him." "Albert thankfully acknowledged his obligations, and followed the Lieutenant down below. The captain made several enquiries respecting Albert, of young Colston, who, as far as he knew, informed him of all the circumstances connected with him.

"Poor fellow," said the captain—"these are hard times to be sent adrift in the world, without a friend to help you, to steer clear of its shoals and quicksands. However, I have taken him in tow, and if he turns out any thing like what I expect him to be, he shall not want a friend: I will be a father to him. I once had a son myself, but he was stolen by gipsies, when young, and I have never since heard any tidings of him. Ah! That was a sad day, for it so affected his poor mother, that grief and anxiety threw her on a bed of sickness, from which she never rose again; but, come, I mustn't think of that, now, it always gives me the blue-devils, and renders me unfit for duty."

"Seven bells sounded, and every man struck-work for the evening.

"Set the watch," all hands to mess," cried the boastwain, as he merrily piped his shrill whistle; meanwhile, the captain made enquiry of Mr. Hallet, respecting young Albert's qualifications, and Mr. Hallet having reported favorably, he was at once placed in the situation which had become vacant.

On the following day, signals were made, announcing that lord Howe—the admiral—had approached; the whole fleet was soon under weigh.

At this period of time, great preparations were made by Spain and France, to regain possession of Gibraltar. They had already succeeded in wresting the Island of Minorca from the English, which event filled the Spanish government with such excessive joy, and so greatly flattered their vanity, that they were determined to possess Gibraltar, whatever the cost. An army of 72,000 French and Spaniards
besides 47 Line-of-Battle-Ships; numerous floating-batteries, constructed on a plan, supposed to be fire-proof, and a squadron of Frigates were employed to accomplish this object, which, with such an overwhelming force appeared to be a matter of certainty; but not so to the brave and intrepid governor-general Elliot, whose memorable defence of that important place, and the severe defeat which the enemy experienced, in their strenuous efforts to obtain possession, planted imperishable laurels on the brows of the English. The enemy having failed at all points, and being beaten-off with prodigious loss, found, to their cost, that Gibraltar was not to be taken by any human means, while defended with such skill and bravery as had been manifested by general Elliot and his heroic garrison.—The only chance, that now offered itself, was, then, to reduce it by famine; which seemed to be feasible, as it was well known that the garrison was nearly destitute of provisions. It was for this purpose, that lord Howe had sailed from England with a powerful fleet, and a numerous convoy, laden with every kind of stores and provisions. The enemy was soon made aware of this circumstance, and they were taking measures to oppose his design, for which purpose they stationed themselves even in the bay of Gibraltar; but while lying there, a dreadful gale of wind came-on, which dispersed their shipping, and drove the S. Michael (a Spanish 74) under the works of Gibraltar, where she fell into the hands of the English, and her crew, consisting of six hundred and fifty men, were made prisoners. Soon after, the British fleet hove in sight, which caused great joy and exultation in the garrison: but their anxiety for the safety of the provisions- ships was unabated, when they discovered that, through the carelessness of the masters of the transports, only four, out of thirty-one, had reached their destination—the others having been driven past the bay, into the Mediterranean. Lord Howe, however, lost no time in sailing after them, and bringing back the convoy in safety, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants of Gibraltar. The ship in which Albert had obtained a berth, was one of the first, which had entered the bay, and it was much harassed by a French 74, and a corvette, which had the boldness to follow close up to the works.

The English captain, bull-dog-like, let-go his anchor, and showed his enemies that he was not one of those who fight, and run; and the bold Briton gave them such a warm reception, that they were glad to sheer-off, and leave that part of the convoy unmolested.

Many of captain S—'s crew went-on-shore to assist in the landing of the stores; amongst them, was Albert: they found that several had been wounded by the shots, fired from the enemy's ships, by which they had been followed into the bay. Albert was foremost in seconding the efforts of the crew in conveying the wounded to a place of safety, and it was on his return, that he observed an officer with three men, in a boat, in a disabled state, vainly endeavoring to reach the shore. Albert lost not a moment, but rushing down the rock, jumped into a boat, that was lying at its foot, and rowed rapidly towards them. He found that the men were all wounded, and that the boat was in a sinking state: not a moment was to be lost. With great exertion, he dragged them out of the sinking boat into his own, and brought them safely on shore. He conveyed the officer to a suitable shelter, and the two
other men were taken-care-of by some of the boatmen. The house to which Albert conveyed the wounded officer, was attached to the guard-room, and one of the first persons he met-with, was his old and valued friend, Walter. His arm was in a sling, and a bandage round his forehead proclaimed that he had-not escaped the fray, without feeling the effects of the enemy’s shot. The recognition of the two friends was instantaneous.—“Albert!” “Walter!” were uttered at the same moment; the wounded officer needing their immediate attention they forthwith conveyed him to a house, and Walter went to procure a surgeon, while Albert attended him. Having with great care divested him of his military coat, he discovered a severe wound in his shoulder; Albert had stripped-off his own, wet jacket, which had also been much torn during his exertions in the boat, and, as he turned-up his shirt-sleeve, he unheedingly exposed the brand upon his arm; in raising the officer to a sitting posture, his eye seemed riveted on the mark; stedfastly he gazed on Albert’s countenance, and, after several ineffectual efforts to speak, stammered-out “’Tis he, ’Tis he!” and sank-back senseless. By this time, Walter returned with a surgeon’s assistant, who immediately conveyed the officer into an inner apartment. Albert was still with him. In a short time, the officer slightly recovered. His wound was examined and declared to be dangerous, a ball had passed under the blade-bones of the shoulder, carrying part of the uniform with it; and a severe wound across the forehead added to his danger.

When he had partially recovered from the probing of the wound, and wiped the falling drops of agony from his face, his eye seemed to search for some special object, and, at length, singled-out Albert—a tremulous movement of the lips denoted an inward struggle. Albert was at a loss to guess the cause, till, looking stedfastly at the wounded man, to his surprise and terror he recognised him to be the same colonel Admant, who, five years before, had sentenced him to the halberts; and the indelible mark of disgrace was imprinted on his arm, by the very man, whose life he had saved at the hazard of his own. Albert, hastily covered the hated brand; strange sensations filled the minds of both. Colonel Admant felt-himself humbled, when he reflected that he owed his present safety to one, whom he had treated with such undue severity; and Albert felt alarmed, lest his misfortune should become known, which might eventually cause his dismissal from the situation which he held. In this dilemma, he had recourse to his old friend and monitor, Walter, who advised him to leave every-thing to chance; and encouraging him with the hope that recent occurrences would bring matters to a satisfactory termination, he led him away from the scene, which had occasioned him so much anxiety.

Captain S—, finding that Albert had not returned on board, went-on-shore to seek him; and happening to make his first enquiry of Walter, he immediately informed him of the events which had delayed his friend on shore. “Well done, well done,” exclaimed the captain, “I thought the lad had some good stuff about him.” And so, he brought them safe, ashore, did he?” “I shall mark the log in his favor for that.

“I don’t know what it is, but, when I look in that lad’s face, there is always something that rouses-up my’ heart, and squares all my yards in gallant trim.”
"He is a fine lad," rejoined Walter. "I always thought he would turn-out well."
"You always thought?" echoed the captain, "why, how long have you known him."
"About ten years," was the reply.
"So so," then he is some-what of an old acquaintance," said the captain.
"Well, I said, when he first came-on-board, if he turned-out well, I would stand
by him, and I will keep my word. Where is he, where is he? Let him heave-in-
sight, and I'll take him under convoy, and never part with him, till he stands highly
rated on the ship's books.

In another moment, Albert stood before his generous captain.
"Come hither my lad, you have nothing to-fear-for; since your time has been so well
employed, I cannot find-fault with your lingering on shore; but come, youngster, I
must hear the whole of this adventure, so, come with me, and let me have it all cor-
rectly logged-down: Albert followed the captain, and Walter returned to the wounded
colonel. His danger had increased, and the surgeon gave but slight hopes of his
recovery. The colonel requesting he might be left-alone with Walter, a few minutes,
his attendant quitted the room, according to his wishes. "Come hither, Walter," said
the former, faintly, as he beckoned him towards him. "Walter, you have been a brave,
steady, and exemplary soldier, during the time you have been in my regiment; I
have noted your conduct, and have never known you to neglect your duty. Your
meritorious zeal raised you from the ranks to a serjeant; and your intrepidity in
the late battle deserves a further promotion. I have a commission to dispose-of; it
shall be yours; and I trust your conduct as an officer will prove, that many of the
most worthy to fill that station can be chosen from the ranks. I feel that I am dying;
I am fully aware that the surgeons consider my case, as quite hopeless, and there is but
one thing which presses heavily on my heart at this moment, and that is, the harsh-
ness which I exercised towards that youth, through whose exertions I am at this
moment numbered with the living. Bred, from childhood, to the rough life of a sol-
dier, brought-up, under a disciplinarian, who, mindful only of the strict subordination
in a regiment, drew no line of distinction between the hardened offender, and the more
trivial delinquent, who dealt as harshly with the mere youth, as with the man of riper
years; imbibing these precepts in early life, it is no marvel that I should have con-
tinued to act upon them. This boy deserted: martial law makes no distinction as to
age, but, still, I feel that, in such a case, I might have ameliorated the sentence with-
out compromising my duty. I wish I had done so; at all events have spared the
brand which stains his arm, and which now weighs heavily at my heart. You have
acted like a father to that boy. I know-not how I best can recompense him for the
service he has done me; your kind-heartedness will suggest the best method to re-
ward him. In this pocket-book, you will find an order on my agent for £180. To
your charge I resign it, well-assured that you will use it in such a manner, as will
be most beneficial for him. Leave me, now, Walter, and let my attendant come to me.
I have some few commissions to give, and then I must prepare myself for that event
which cannot be far distant.

Walter bowed and retired: the attendants entered the colonel's room; mortifi-
cation was fast proceeding, and a few hours put a period to his sufferings.
Walter lost no time in seeking Albert, whom he found in company with his captain; who expressed extreme pleasure at the account that Albert had given him, of his exploits, since he came on shore. The captain, however, observing his torn dress, said, that it was necessary he should go on board in better trim, and ordered that a new jacket should be provided for him: this was soon accomplished, but what was the captain’s surprise, when, on Albert stripping his arm, the brand of desertion caught his eye.

“What?” exclaimed captain S. with a look of fury; “Have I been harbouring a rascally deserter?”

“Oh no, no, you are deceived, sir,” exclaimed Albert, in agony.

“Do you think I disbelieve my eyes?” replied the captain, angrily.

“I beg your pardon sir,” said Walter, as he stepped between Albert and the captain. But if you will hear me explain this matter, I trust you will find that this poor lad is more to be pitied than reviled.

“Well, go on, I should like to hear what excuse you can make for a man, deserting his duty,” said the captain, pettishly.

“Sir,” replied Walter, firmly, yet respectfully, “I have served in my regiment twenty years, and, in that period, have never been reported for neglect or breach of duty.”

“I have risen from the ranks to corporal, and then to serjeant; and now I have the gratification of knowing that, in a very short period, I shall be a commissioned officer, in the same regiment to which I have been so long attached.

I do not mention these things from any feeling of pride, but, simply, because I imagine you will feel assured, that a man, who has so deported himself, would not state any thing, but what was strictly true.

“Good—very good reasoning,” said the captain, some-what softened.” I will always attend to any man who fulfils his duty.

Walter resumed his discourse, and related the whole of Albert’s history, up to the time of his being left at the late Mr. Darlington’s school: the captain had, indeed, been already made aware of what had subsequently occurred, by Mr. Colston—the young midshipman.

“This is a hard case,” said captain S. “I like regularity and discipline myself, and despise a man who skulks from his duty, but I don’t hold with such severity as this youth has experienced. Does he not know who were his parents.”

“They died when he was very young,” replied Walter. “His father was a soldier, and fell on the field of battle; I closed his eyes, and promised him that I would be a protector to his son, and I have kept my word, as far as laid in my power. There was a sealed packet, of which he also gave me the charge, requesting that it might not be opened until necessity required it. Albert you have it:”

“Yes, replied Albert, it is here, I have never parted with it.”

“Humph!” said captain S. “There is something rather mysterious about that packet, and, as it was not to be opened until necessity required it, I should most certainly say, that the moment had now arrived, and I advise you by all means to open it, and read its contents. Albert without hesitation produced the sealed
packet, and presented it to Walter, who immediately broke the seal, and read as follows:—

The Confession of Ulrick Boseauen:—

"Albert Boseauen is not my son, nor is he in any manner, related to me."

"I was formerly attached to a gang of gypseys, and I stole the child, while playing in the garden, for the sake of the rich clothes and ornaments with which he was bedecked. The little cross, herewith enclosed, was worn round his neck, and was the only article we did-not sell, feeling it might be recognised, and lead to our detection."

"Enough! Enough!" exclaimed captain S. "I have heard enough—I know the cross—Yes, I recollect it well—it belonged to his mother,—you've raised a hurricane in my breast; and my hulk is shook, as if it had just shipped a heavy sea. What! The villain! Steal the boy! The child! My boy—my child—James—my dear James, come to your father's heart." The father and the son embraced, while Walter, the generous Walter, who was a willing spectator of the happy meeting, exclaimed in the plenitude of his joy:—"Well, I always thought the boy would turn-out to be somebody."

Captain S.—and his restored son took an affectionate farewell of Walter, to whom James made-over the sum of money presented by the late colonel, and then went-onboard the ship, where the captain gave a merry feast to his crew, in consequence of having found his lost son, and each hearty fellow drank success and happiness to their captain, his son, and the British navy.

SONG OF THE VINE-DRESSERS.

Joy, brothers, joy! Above the Rhine
   Its stony brow "the Altar" rears!
Not vainly bends the laden Vine;
   Each grape shall melt in golden tears!
Such sweet-weeping, brothers dear,
Only may we witness here!

Joy, sisters, joy! For this, your prayer
   Was duly to the Virgin sung,
And through the blossom-scented air,
   All-night the May-bells sweetly rung
May the hopes of your young spring
Know as fair a ripening!
AGNES—-

A BALLAD;

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

The harvest-moon shed purest rays
On mountain, grove, and lea,
And pour'd a flood of dewy light
Around yon chesnut-tree.

Amid the shade its branches flung,
A virgin sadly wept;
Her pensive thoughts were fix'd on one
Who in that shadow slept.

At times, she spoke, but heavy sighs
Her speech imperfect made;
And bitter tears were gushing fast
As thus she faintly said:—

"Ah, wherefore, hast thou fled so soon
From friendship, love, and me;
Untimely wrapt in final sleep
Beneath this fatal tree.

'T was here that, first, thy vows I heard,
At summer-evening's close;
Here—when the evening-star shone bright—
They laid thee to repose.

The pale wild-flowers are springing, now,
Around thy place of rest,
And slender bells wreathèd carelessly
Upon thy mouldering breast.

Still'd is the heart that warmly beat,
And quench'd thy beaming eye; —
O, why! is Agnes left to weep
In hopeless misery?

Companions of my joyous hours,
Remembering what has been,
With maiden-blossoms strew my grave
When I no more am seen;

And lay my ashes at his side—
The faithful, brave, and fair—
Whose every wish in life, was mine;
His lovely tomb I'll share."

The harvest-moon again shines bright,
On mount, on grove, and lea;
But lovely Agnes sleeps in earth
Beneath the chesnut-tree.

Banks of the Yore.
THE BRIDE OF THE HAMLET.

The most divine of all the glories of Nature, is the first rising of the godlike sun—the coming of the early morning:—when we behold, above shadows of twilight, darkness scattered and shot-through with golden beams of light, while the bright day appears, clad in the living colors of the sky; whilst, down below, the earth, aroused from sleep, and touched, by sunshine, into life again, springs-up with many sounds, responsive to the call;—the stir of silence; the thrill of living things; rustling of trees, and breath of wafted winds; the buzz of insects, and the song of birds, all breathing the pure harmony of heaven and nature heard in one. Afar, the opening landscape meets the view:—the sun-crowned hills emerge; the hoary woods and forests wild; the verdant slope and grassy knoll; the stream, and silver fountain; wide pastures and green meadows, burst-forth, all beautiful, as things new-born, that promise of futurity.

Such was the sweet aspect of the country, and the fairness of the morning, just new-risen over yonder hamlet, where, in humble dignity, there might be well remarked the dwelling of farmer Rushbrook, a man who, from the peasant’s state, had attained to some respectability as an agriculturist, being the proprietor of lands to a considerable extent around his rustic tenement. The house, itself, in honest truth, was small and of rude design, with roof overgrown with mossy verdure and creeping plants, that had caught the yellow tints of many summer suns. The farm was large, and well-stocked besides, where sturdy chanticleer, of many-colored feathers, strutted amid a troop of dames of spotted plumage, various, the sultan of a wide seraglio. The ox, the heifer, and benignant cow, held, here, superior sway; and the hog gruntled, quiescent, in short-lived repose. Each thing that dwelt here, thrived, indeed, with marvellous rapidity, growing oostreperous with good cheer, and oftentimes, with happy clamor, calling the good farmer to lead them, almost before their time, to that market, to which they were pre-doomed. This was how his riches had augmented. Nothing grew there, but it surpassed, in size or quality, the produce of other farms around; and the very blackbird, in a wicker cage, beside the parlour lattice, sung sweeter melody than other birds.

Before the break of day, the worthy people were always roused from sleep, and prepared to meet the sun, ere his pilgrimage had yet well commenced; and, on this morning, they were more alert than heretofore. Two peasant-lads were busy in the stable, and the old, household servant, with farmer Rushbrook’s daughter, was seen through the open lattices, in active preparation for their matin meal,—not homely cottage-fare, but such substantial viands as best become the table of a thriving landholder. There was much, too, to admire—of snow-white linen, bleached to surpass white snow itself; of cleanly and discreet arrangement; of skill in culinary lore; nice choice of dairy-delicacies, and full-flushed fruits of rosy ripeness, plucked, newly, from the trees. These were assorted and laid-out by the neat hands of pretty Marian, the farmer’s
only daughter, one, supposed to be gifted with singular powers, in all deeds of
woman's handicraft.

She was a blushing lass, was Marian Rushbrook; a pure child of nature, happy as
one who never yet imagined a terrestrial world beyond her own—the little circle
where her footsteps strayed. She had no notion of the contrariety of fortune, or
the perversity of fate; she had been in love, and her father approved her choice,—
she sought—for nothing beyond. Therefore, briskly and gaily, she performed all
life's pleasing duties,—and, more particularly, those of this day, for a gentleman
from London, an old friend of her father, had come to visit them; and, as country-
friends always welcome city-folks, she had a heart, open to such welcomes, and she
was resolved to act as it became her—the head of the farm-house.

It was no unpleasant sight to see, at last, when the warm, August sun had mounted
the high heavens, and every cloud had drifted far away, this rustic group, just seated
at their fresh morning-repast;—a young girl, so cheerful and pretty,—an old father,
so hale and strong, though in the mid-winter of his years,—and, besides, two other
figures, equally pleasing, perhaps, though of another character. One, was the friend
from London, a man with sharp features and keen grey eyes; and thin, withal; and
with looks, as though of needle-like poignancy, intended to pierce-through, even
tough material; in fact, the air of one, confirmed in the belief of his own acuteness.
The other gentleman was the curate of the parish, and schoolmaster, also, about half-
as-old-again—as pretty Marian, but, nevertheless, her suitor; and he was, doubtless,
of agreeable physiognomy, having an eloquent eye, but melancholy deportment and
over-studious mien; as if he might, haply, know secrets, which he was-not altogether
inclined to divulge; but these are the ways of learned men, when in the society of
the ignorant, or the simple-minded.

But, let-us-not forget another person who stood there, in the back-ground.
This was a lad, a worker in the field—his name was Adam Coleton. There was
nothing, perhaps, so really unprepossessing in him—being robust and tolerably well-
favored—but that an air of morose discontent, and inward dissatisfaction pervaded
every action. He was engaged at the back of the parlour, mending the farmer's
whip, and though old Rushbrook appeared not altogether to approve his occupation,
before a city-friend, yet he both doubted, and feared the consequence of stating,
perhaps, his objections, except in such a manner as might accidentally occur. No
sooner, however, was the breakfast finished, than Marian tript into the garden,
interspersed with orchard-trees and hedge-rows, and winding walks between.

Reuben Ainslie, the curate, bethought him of the like pastime, and presently joined
her in her ramble.

Farmer Rushbrook's thoughts spoke-out, in words, at once.

"Yes, sir," said he, "my daughter, Marian, is going to be married; and, as neigh-
bours say, she is the prettiest girl, for many miles round. It is a rising of her
fortunes, too, for she is to marry the schoolmaster, a great scholar, and curate, besides;
and, bless 'em, when the merry-making's over, they'll be as happy as two turtles in
dove-cot."

"I hope they may, farmer," said his friend Winterbough, "but there is no sun-
shine without a cloud; no day without night; no spring without rain: great heat brings-down great tempests. I hope they may be happy. I hope,—but there is such a thing as despair. I wish, man—but wishes are vain."

"Content, sir, is a good thing," said the farmer, "and they are contented, that's certain!" and, perhaps, willing that no one should hear farther his discourse, he turned to the lad, who was still mending the whip, and added: —"Adam Coleton, very late to work—late to rest;—but you're ill, belike, again, lad."

"No, no, not I, anyhow," said Coleton, sullenly, "I shall go to it in a minute,—perhaps, now,—mayhap, never."

"Friend Winterbough," said the farmer, unable to restrain himself further, "my girl's husband, that is to be, is a gentleman—a learned man, sir. As ye come from the North, ye may have heard his name, Reuben Ainslie, sir, Ainslie—that's it."

"Yes, I know the name," said Winterbough, "a common name enough. He is a Perthshire man, I doubt not."

"The very place!" cried Rushbrook. "Dang it, but you've hit it, sure enough: Coleton, boy, to work, to work,—you'll hardly get that job done afore sun-set."

"Yes, yes," said Coleton, doggedly; and he added, grumbling, "sha'nt we, though, then, let it be undone! Nothing but work—work."

"All I hope is," said Winterbough, rising, "that the young people may be happy. Good Rushbrook, there is a wrong, and a right side of all things;—good husbands, bad husbands,—sweet and sour, black and white,—angels and devils, fairies and fiends,—monsters of mirth, and monsters of misery. You have had no dark days, you must expect them."

There was a lugubrious air of prophecy in the method of Winterbough's discourse, that startled the farmer, and worked-upon his simplicity at once.

I trust no harm will happen to the child," said he, "do ye know anything of the name of Ainslie."

"I have heard it," said Winterbough, "and a bad name, too! Many a man, with a better one, has been hanged before now."

"He seems a good man," said Rushbrook, doubtfully, and bewildered by the other's words.

"Seems! Aye, indeed!" cried Winterbough, and he paused in awful silence.

"Beware. Have you never stood in the glad sunshine of day, the golden harvests waving in full fields before you, when, suddenly, dark clouds come on; no sound is heard; not a wind whispers, ere the rain falls, and it breaks-down in cataracts and waterfalls; the stout corn stoops before it—the summer's harvest, there, is swept-away. Have you seen this? You have."

"Ah! see, I have seen many things in my time, and lost money, too," said Rushbrook, in some perplexity, turning to Coleton; "but go ye now, lad, do ye go down to the fields by yonder, don't be so downcast, man, don't ye."

"Teaze, teaze!" said Coleton, fiercely, I hope ye may come to ruin—ye and your family. It will be done soon enough. I'm tired of it all;" and leaving hastily his occupation, he flung from out of the apartment.

"The lad is crazed," said Rushbrook, "ever since our Marian was going to be
married. Well, we must treat him kindly, howsoever, to the last, as behoves happy people to treat the unhappy.”

“You expected happiness to spring from that young man,” cried Winterbough, exultingly, "you see, sir, you see!

"His friends sent him to me,” said Rushbrook, “to learn the art o' ploughing, sowing, reaping, and so on, and he's a willing lad; but, somehow, he fell in love with our Marian.”

"That's it! Look-about, see, that's it," said Winterbough, with the hawk-eye of the soothsayer, who knows the game, fit for his quarry; "be watchful. Misfortunes have happened, will happen—may, might, could, should. Corn may be blown-down, blig' ted, trampled; harvests may fail—your daughter be married, yet, to a villain—fade-into a shadow—die, broken-hearted. Thousands of ills may happen, if we would but think of them.”

"Wait till they do, friend," said Rushbrook. "But, come and see the farm, a snug, thriving piece of land enough. Tom Tilt, I say, lad."

"Yez, zir, yez," said a voice.

"Go down to the field and keep poor Coleton company, for fear o' harm," said the farmer.

"I wull, zir," said the voice, "I wull."

"That's right, lad," said his master.

"Come—friend Winterbough—what will happen, I am a happy man to-day;" and seizing his oaken stick, the old man trudged sturdily around his domain, pointing out its beauties and capabilities, though often interrupted by the fearful hints and prophecies of Winterbough.

They visited thus—and day after day again—the various departments of this delightful farm; and, as though the charms of country-life had penetrated even the bosom of Winterbough, and instilled, there, a temporary peace, he had forgotten to doubt or prognosticate further of the future, merely hinting that the pleasurable remembrance of these days, spent with his good friend, Rushbrook, was not likely to be soon effaced. Rushbrook, also, that he might sufficiently recall the past, forthwith determined that their marriage should take place; and Reuben Ainslie, who had often asked in vain, and Marian, who had never yet consented, now obeyed the old man’s wishes, and it was agreed that the young couple should be united in a very few days.

This, altogether reconciled Winterbough to a longer stay amongst them; for, indeed, as he was not an unobservant man, he had found much matter of interest in the inhabitants of the farm-house, and was well satisfied to remain longer with them. He was, in fact, fond of looking-out for squalls; but, strange enough, he could find none here; he delighted in ill-omens, but none were here; he was the curlew that flies gaily out to meet the rising storm, but, there, no storm arose. In earnest truth, he looked-upon life as a tragic scene, beheld in the perspective, and nothing would persuade him that even a farce might not end in tears, or the development of strange, mysterious facts; and this was one of his reasons for staying with his honest country-friend.
In farmer Rushbrook's dwelling, there were, certainly, some evidences which he had conjured-up out of which mischief might be brewing,—this must be it. The blithe hilarity of honest Rushbrook, was, to him, a sure sign of coming ills, invisible: his daughter’s heedless footsteps implied some danger near; the very step of Reuben Ainslie, mightily suited, as it might draw the tragic sock,—and his melancholy, but not unpleasing reserve, bespoke a world of trouble, yet untold. Then, there was Adam Coleten, evidently deeply in love with the farmer's daughter, it might be worth-while to trace his conduct—to watch the issue. But there was one other person, also, not the less remarkable to Winterbough; this was the cow-herd, a poor, working peasant, called Tom Tilt.

"Do you see, my man," said Winterbough, one day, in the fields, raising his stick towards the horizon, and pointing it where the west-wind blew,—"there, yonder, the day looks-bright, but we shall have rain—rain to-day—or next day—or—do you see."

"I do, zir," said Tom, "but zays nothing. I keeps a tight tongue about what don't concern me."

"You are a silent lad, 1 perceive," said Winterbough, mysteriously, as though questioning a criminal.

"I am, zir," said the lad, "the zound of the hanimals is enough. I hears the zound o' the plough, the zpade,—it zounds enough, zir, for any un."

Winterbough shook his head, meaning to imply that some hidden, untold quiet must certainly lurk in such a silent spirit; but he would try him once again—it was the very next day.

"How do you amuse yourself?" said Winterbough, with philanthropic sympathy, "what do you do, young man?"

"I wurk, zir," said Tom.

"I never hear you speak," said Winterbough, "a very natural thing."

"Dare zay, zir," said the lad, "but the tools iz company, the trees iz company. Look at them there crows, zir, in the fields down by, them caws and chats, and caws again, but I don't see that they do much good by it; zilence is the only thing, zir."

This was all marvellous to Winterbough, and, more so, more full of mysterious import, when, on that very night, he found Adam Coleten in one of the passages watching for Marian Rushbrook to retire to her chamber, with an anxiety that, might be truly lover-like, but was, nevertheless, somewhat suspicious; and more particularly so, when he called-to-mind, that he had often heard that voice before, calling, with sullen hoarseness, from the kitchen-stairs, "good night, Miss Marian." Moreover, he had once found him lying, at midnight, in the lower passage, prostrate like a lubber-fiend, lost in sluggish sleep, that might imply some mischief lurking near. All these phenomena were narrowly watched by Winterbough.

Meantime, the happy family were making fitting preparation for the marriage-day; and, soon, too, for those employed in arranging the revels, but not soon enough for those designed to enjoy them: the day came-round, at last—a lively, sunshiny day, just fit for the occasion. We would willingly tell, only that the theme is somewhat a flight too high for us, all the pomp and pageantry of the rustic scene, with how
kindly and sedate a smile Reuben Ainslie greeted his fair bride;—how surpassing
tfair sweet Marian appeared, clad all in white, as wealthy maidens may be—how very
merry was the bluff, old farmer, at sight of such good fortune in his child—and how
Winterbough himself managed to pluck a rose from out the garden, and plant it in
the bosom of his coat, without remarking, though it pricked his fingers, that even a
blushing, glorious rose could never grow without a thorn beside it. We might
descant, also, upon the troop of village-bridesmaids, tastefully attired—the peal of
rustic bells set cherryly a-going in honor of the parson and the humble family, good
to the poor around them—and tell, after all was over, how the hospitable board well-
nigh broke down, from its excess of plenty—and how many churls and chubby
peasants were congregated there;—and, then, again, the long carouse and dance
upon the greensward, where Marian led-off the dance herself, the pride of village
maidens, and the boast of the far-country round.

But Winterbough, though he enjoyed the scene, observed something, besides all
this. Adam Coleton was not there, nor had been seen that day. At last, strolling in
search of him, he was discovered lying under a willow-tree, beside a brook, that
wound its unseen way across the distant meadows. His eye-surcharged, gazed-upon
vacancy, and Winterbough would have accosted him, but that he felt much like a
person who beholds a rampant ox, pawing the grassy earth, enraged with summer
heat—he would much rather retire from the encounter; and so he did, and somewhat
hastily too.

Torn Tilt also kept-away from the merry-making; but, being of a more penetrable
nature, and being questioned by Winterbough, why he did-not attend the sounding
fiddle, he told his mind, at once:—"We hears, zir," said he, "the sound of the
little lark, up-yonder, in the skies, singing in the clouds,—what do a man want
more? Lauk, zir, any bird o' the bough zings better. Zilence, zir, zilence for me."

Silence, to the apprehension of Winterbough, was a dangerous quality, and some-
thing must come of it. However, the day closed-in, amid a night of stars, and
nothing came of it, and one week had passed, and nothing had occurred, saving that
old Rushbrook, in the fullness of his delight, had made over nearly the whole of his
earthly possessions to Reuben Ainslie, while he and his wife were, by this time,
comfortably settled in the farm-house, while the small parsonage was repairing, under
the farmer's authority, he having appointed himself the supervisor of the whole.
To the astonishment of Winterbough, Tom Tilt still luxuriated in the silence of the
fields; and sullenly, Adam Coleton renewed his duties as heretofore. So was it,
when an event suddenly occurred, that excited Winterbough's interest, at once, and
threatened to shew, plainly, that a skill in augury, or the knowledge of ill-omens, was
one of his undoubted acquirements.

It was a fine morning, and, in the distant fields, they were gathering-in the corn,
hard at work, while the sun was in the sky, for fear of rainy weather. This fear,
this doubt, was often hinted to them by Winterbough; but Reuben Ainslie and his
wife had neither doubts nor fears, but were rambling about the farm, as though
life consisted only of hope, or happiness.
At length, they stood opposite the farm, at the back entrance opening into the fields; and many thriving plants were clinging round the windows and over the porch, forming a pleasant scene enough.

"We will plant another honeysuckle and wild roses over the door," said Marian, "and an ivy to twine round the oak,—what say you, Reuben?"

"Roses and honeysuckles," said Ainslie, "two plants for lovers. We are old-married people, love. The ivy round the oak may be well enough."

"You laugh," said Marian, "why laugh? I am sure you will always love me kindly."

"Always faithful, never to be changed," said her husband; "will that motto do, love?"

"Surely we can find a better," said Marian, "let us try to find it."

"We shall waste the day, Marian," said he. "My pretty wife hinders business sadly."

"No reproaches," she answered. "There, you may go; I am tired of you."

"I shall be back," he said, "in one short hour, and would have gone."

"Reuben, dear," said Marian, "will you remember what I told you?"

"What was it," he replied. "I had forgotten."

"Only, how hard it is to let the bird fly," she answered, with a pretty coquetry; "but we must try to pull it back again—back by the silken thread. But don't be angry, Reuben."

"You are the best, sweetest, dearest of women," said Reuben Ainslie, lost in a kind of delighted transport.

"Bless me! There, good bye," she said. "How husbands hinder household duties!"

"Good bye," said Reuben, "I will pay you for these pranks, another time," and, reluctantly, he departed to meet farmer Rushbrook, by appointment, at the parsonage-house. Marian entered the farm, viewing, from the parlour-windows, her husband crossing the fields.

"Sure, Margery," she cried, "he is a fine fellow, is he not?"

"The finest couple in the county," said the woman, "though I say it."

"How blithe he is," cried the young wife. There, he crosses the style, now, he turns-back,—ah, the trees hide him."

"Lauk, well!" said Margery, "to see your loving ways."

"There is some-one at the gate," said Marian. "Who is it? A strange woman."

As she spoke, old Margery hastened-out to unlatch the wicket, while Marian moved up-and-down the room, attempting to catch another glimpse of Reuben Ainslie, through the distant trees.

The woman, with a slouching and reckless air, entered, and advanced up the narrow hedge-row avenue, beside the farm-yard. Her dress was tawdry, and marked with an attempt at fashion, evidently far beyond her means. She halted at the door, while Margery came to say that a lady wished to speak with Mrs. Ainslie.

"Let her come-in," said Marian, as she arranged her curls at the glass; and the woman, as she approached, presented an appearance, not so unhandsome, as utterly unprepossessing, and somewhat too bold, besides.

"Is your name Mrs. Ainslie, pray?" she enquired; regarding the young bride with eyes of scrutiny, rather painful to a modest woman."
"My husband has just left home," said Marian, tremulously. "My name is Ainslie."

"I watched him-out, before my entrance here," was the reply. "I have some business with you."

"With him, you mean," said Marian. "He will soon return."

"No, no, with you, I mean," she answered fiercely. "I can tell you, something, that he would not much like that you should know. Shall we talk here, or elsewhere?"

Marian, in some alarm, sunk down upon a seat, and, faltering, said, "he has no secrets from me. You seem angry. We may be heard, but—but, you can tell me here."

"This is all well," said the woman. "You look and seem happy, and he can pretend to love you, as he once did me; but all his injuries shall now be known."

"You must not say this," said Marian. "I don't wish to be proud; but he is my husband."

"Proud, indeed," retorted the other. "He is a villain. I say it—a villain."

"Oh no, no, no," cried Marian, in sudden terror, "Remember, good woman, I am his wife."

"Good woman, forsooth!" she cried, in breathless anger. "Poor and miserable, I have travelled from Scotland in search of him. Three years ago, he left me all deserted; but he shall satisfy me, now, or die for it."

"Can he be so wicked!" cried his wife. "But, though I myself am happy, he shall not leave you now to perish. I will entreat him to protect you. Indeed, I pity you."

"You may spare pity for yourself," was the quick answer. "Your pride and pity may be of use to you. Reuben Ainslie, his land, his property, himself, all belong to me—and I can prove it."

"Poor woman, you are mad with grief," cried Marian. "What can I do? how help you?"

"You must come to me for help," said the woman. "From this house you must depart; and, if you would hold-up-your-head before honest people, you must bribe me to be quiet, too."

"The place turns-round," said Marian. "You frighten me. You had better see my husband,—only leave me."

"It may be my place to order next," said the woman. "Do not forget when once I tell you. In my early youth, I loved this man, and he loved me. Six years ago, he wooed me, and he won me,—but would that we had never met! His cruelties and endless injuries, I, alone, can tell. This Reuben Ainslie courted me, and he married me; but grown weary of the bond of wedlock, he left me, alone, in want, to perish. I have found him here. I say, he is my husband—I, his wife."

"I don't hear you, or I do hear you," said Marian. "What is that? Speak. Whisper it again."

"Ah! young woman, it is the truth, too surely; and, as heaven blesses all that springs from truth, it shall yet bless me; yes, and reward me, too. You may believe it. We have met together at the altar. He is my husband."

Marian, shrieking, fell down on her knees, before her, and cried-out, "husband!"
Oh, say it never again, never, never, and I will bless you:” but ere she could say ruther, nature wrought within her, and so strongly, that she fainted. At the first sound, old Margery rushed in.

“My dear child, ill,” she cried. “Look-up, my darling;” then, turning to the woman; “you impudent jade—you hussey, out of this place. Here’s a pretty scene! Out—out.”

“I am going,” said the woman; “and, good people, I wish you well out of your troubles. I shall be with you, by and by, again;” and, with rude indifference, she departed. Old Margery calling loudly for assistance, brought to her aid Tom Tilt; but as Marian recovered, the incoherency of her discourse led the old dame to some singular conclusions, respecting the past life of Reuben Ainslie.

Meantime, in the elm-tree walk, at this very hour, Adam Coleton was strolling with another man—not a peasant, like himself; but with one of, possibly, meaner moral condition, though, in outward garb, his superior in circumstances. This man had been frequently seen, of late in his, company, in the fields, at the public-house and elsewhere.

“They are very kind—too-civil, by half,” said Coleton. “That Reuben Ainslie has a smooth tongue, but I hate him. I hate the whole family, Benson, and I will bring them to ruin.”

“That is sooner done than thought,” said the other. “But now, your cause of hatred?”

“You know it,” said Adam Coleton, sullenly. “I loved Marian—thought she would be mine. This Reuben Ainslie came between us.” He clenched his hand, grasping, as it were, the air. Well, have you never held a bird, trembling, fluttering, till you felt inclined to kill it?”

“If a bird comes between me and the sunshine,” said Benson, “I shoot at once.”

“Suppose you reared it in your bosom, and it flew away,” said Coleton; “once caught again, would you not grasp it kindly, and so kill it?”

“This you can do,” cried Benson, eagerly. “Have you got the papers?”

“No, I say, no,” said Coleton.

“Did you see Ainslie flinch when he met me?” asked the other. “What would you say if I told you he had two wives?”

“Say,” cried Coleton. “Two wives, and marry Marian?”

“He has another wife,” said Benson, emphatically, “and I can prove it.”

“Oh, my girl—my girl!” cried Coleton, lost in sorrow; and, then, recovering himself; “Say? Why, Benson, you are a villain—this a falsehood—a black-hearted falsehood. He dare-not do it.”

“Well! Here let it end,” said Benson. “You say that she has wronged you,—the man is in your power, but he is a generous rival. Keep the secret; let him live with your old love, since he deserves it. I know he has another wife, and living, too.”

“Ruffian!” cried Adam Coleton, “and he has brought the girl to shame. A wild-beast wouldn’t have hurt her. Curse him, sir, curse him.”

“Walk by the straight way, it is the shortest,” said Benson. “He married another woman five years ago—she is my sister, Coleton.”
"Be secret, man," said the other, "for this will break her heart;" while over his face there were flashing, rage, contrition, pity and despair, unspeakable.

"You have done me services, and will, again," said Benson. "Obtain the papers, now you know the secret. Are you deaf, or dead, or do you understand? The life of this man, Reuben Ainslie, your enemy—her husband—is in your power."

"And she!—she loves the man," said Coleton;—"her husband."

"And would love you," said Benson. "He, in prison, in chains; sent beyond sea;—why, there's your chance."

"She never loved me," said the peasant.

"But you have hated them," was the reply.

"I have—I do. To see her smiling—the old man happy, and Reuben Ainslie proud of her. I would die, myself, to see him dead. If it came to a death-struggle between us, I would pull him down deeper and deeper. They talk of hell—deeper than that—my soul should follow him."

Lost in this outbreak of his feelings—in the emphasis and energy of his words, he paused; the listener did not reply, awed by his wild discourse.

"Those papers are all we want," said Benson, at last; "this is your only chance. Get him out of the way. Make the girl an offer, and marry her."

"It is like May-morning, breaking clear," said Adam Coleton, roused into sudden hope;—"he, beyond seas, and she will then be mine. None shall scorn her—she shall be my wife."

"We will have Reuben Ainslie in prison, before sun-set tomorrow," said Benson. "Only get the papers. Cheer-up, my man, this is your revenge."

"Do all things gently," said the other. "Don't frighten the poor girl."

"Nothing can be done without the papers," said Benson. "What say you; shall it be done to-morrow?" But Adam Coleton hesitated ere he replied.

"How do I know," said he, at last, "whether you may-not be a villain, Benson—How, I ask?"

"This, I know," said Benson, "it shall be worse for them both, if Ainslie don't do my sister justice. I will have, not his life, but the girl's life, whom he has married."

"Not while I am near," said Coleton. "You must cut me down first, man, if you will."

"Come, come," said Benson, soothingly; "do what we want, friend. Among the papers is the certificate of the marriage; this is the thing we want."

"And what a villain I shall look," said Coleton, "if Marian ever knows it."

"You told us that the papers were locked-up," said Benson, "in an old cabinet in the farm-house. I will break-in, myself, but I will have them, though I should slay them, both, in the attempt."

Adam Coleton gazed at the man in stupefied amazement, for, though of unrestrained passions, the peasant was not, by nature, vicious.

"It would be hard for them to think," he said, "that I was a dishonest dog."

"Suppose I put the papers somewhere, and you, Coleton, find them?"

"I see," said Coleton. "Well, a very good plan, too."

"You are-not guilty—I am not so. Where shall I find them?"
"You know the willow by the stream, where I always sit upon a summer's day. She used to sit there, knitting. Well; I'll dig a hole, and there—"

"It will do," said Benson.

"Tomorrow, at day-break," said the other, "they shall be there." And thus, moodily, they retired to a neighbouring public-house to drink, and talk-over the designs of tomorrow.

It was early, when the family at the farm retired to rest. The harvest-moon was shining brightly, so that the fields, around, out-house and barn, rose up as prominent as in broad day; and even the trees, stirred by the passing wind, were seen waving athwart the twilight. The late restless and perturbed deportment of Adam Coleton, made it in no way remarkable that he should linger last, and as a door opened from the farm-house-stairs, into the room, or loft, above the stables where he slept, it was easy for him to abstract papers from a recess where they were secreted, though not under lock and key, for these were things not common among humble people, whose simplicity of mind forbade suspicion. At this cabinet, a place set apart for the young parson's memoranda of parish-business, Adam Coleton had often seen him handle a packet, which, because it was beheld with such consideration, he supposed must be that now in requisition. Bearing, therefore, his iron lamp into the parlour, back again, he opened this ancient escritoire, and lighted instantly upon the papers, of which he was in search. As he scarcely knew the meaning of the act that he committed, he felt no compunction on the occasion.

Now, Tom Tilt, who, with a peasant's ignorance, had something of the poet's fantasy, had been wandering in the moonshine; and, just at that instant, passed the lattice, as Coleton was engaged in the act; but as he never interfered in things that did not concern him, as his motto was "to see and say nothing," he crept-up the ladder into the loft, and laid himself down to rest, in happy peace. At an early hour, Adam Coleton was about, again; and, ere the usual time of labor arrived, he had dug a hole under the willow-tree, wherein he secreted the packet, confident in his own innocence, since, after this, he was by no means answerable for the consequences, or for their falling into the hands of his master's enemy.

The morning rose, again, both blithe and healthy, high winds and a bright sun; and Rushbrook, having wandered with Winterbough over his own small property took his way to the village, whither Winterbough dogged him with indefatigable footsteps. "The crops are fair, the pastures thriving, the orchard-trees weighed down," he said, "but there are such things as blight, pestilential winds and vapours; dead blight—live blight—white blight—black blight; worms consuming, sir, all they come near. Even among men, there are cannibals. It looks fair, but death, famine, plagues, destruction surround us."

"I trust in the mercy of heaven," said the farmer; "the Christian's reliance; but there's his worship. We shall have a bow and good morning, sure enough."

At this instant, justice Sharp, the village law-functionary, was seen emerging from his dwelling, and advancing up the street towards them. His clerk attended him:

"Get the warrant drawn-out," he said. "Let the young man come before us."
The clerk, bowed, in token of obedience. "Do it, gently, treat them, civilly, for they are decent people." The clerk bowed again, and passed forward, up the village. It was just then the justice beheld farmer Rushbrook, and shaking his hand, said:—
"why, my good man, you are, indeed, in time."

"Good day, your honor," said Rushbrook, "I was just coming about some famous rosy apples for the young ones."

"Apples may be rosy," said Winterbough, "but the core—the core—there, ruin and decay are lurking, sir."

"I see, Mr. Rushbrook," said the justice, "you are in ignorance of the heavy cloud that overhangs you."

"A heavy cloud," said Winterbough. "You see, sir, a heavy cloud! Even in broad sunshine."

"Though your worship's face looks darksome," said the farmer, "yet, if my child is safe—"

"I pity you," was the reply. "It is some consolation that you have not lost her quite."

"I left her safe at home," said Rushbrook, alarmed. "Let every man hold his breath against the storm and brave its act. What does your honor mean?"

"It is a sad truth," said the justice, "terrible—dreadful indeed."

"Sad—terrible—dreadful," repeated Winterbough, "sir, sir, these are the only words for this life."

"Here is a statement," said justice Sharp, drawing out his pocket-book; "a deposition upon oath that Reuben Ainalie, your son-in-law, is married—married before."

"To my daughter Marian," said Rushbrook, boldly.

"Another woman claims him," said the justice. "My dear fellow, they say he married his first wife five years ago."

The face of the good farmer flushed scarlet, then shrunk into mortal paleness back again; and, indeed, the physiognomy of Winterbough, sunk fifty fathom deep in woe at once.

"Two wives! sad, sad," he muttered. "I knew the thunder-cloud would break—the bird fall from the tree while singing. Its always the way in this life."

"Come, farmer, look-up, though," said the justice, himself softened by his distress.

"In this country, the laws befriend all, equally."

"My child—my child," cried Rushbrook, bursting into grief at once. "The prop of my age is broken away—the flower of my house withered—the honor of my heart for ever gone. Sir, sir, I see her lying in her shroud, her heart cleancut broken. She'll never look-up again. I didn't mean to cry like a boy, neither."

"It might have been worse," said Winterbough; "murder—horror—house-breakers—robbers—death—destruction—at a stroke."

"I don't believe it, I won't," cried the farmer, his hopes revived. "Reuben Ainalie is a good, young fellow, and he loves her."

"The woman, unhappily, has proof to bring," said justice Sharp.

"She must then submit," faltered Rushbrook, "like humble human beings as we are."

"Evils, dangers, sorrows, troubles, difficulties," said Winterbough, "injury,
disappointment, miseries, agonies,—these are the ghosts of life,—death, sir, death in the back-ground; there's a picture!"

"I fear, farmer," said the justice, "the officers are at the cottage by this time".

"God bless your worship. She has a good religious heart," said Rushbrook, hurrying away. "I should-not have minded bad crops, thin harvests, not a doit; but my poor child. I'm a miserable man."

"I knew it. Quite natural. Always the way. I knew it," repeated Winterbough, and their voices were now lost in the distance, as they hastened away.

Meantime, Marian, all alarmed, well nigh distracted with the hints of the woman, and her own surmises, besides, had passed a sleepless night, and met her husband at the breakfast table, with a melancholy aspect, of such unearthly whiteness, and a strangeness of deportment, also, that was altogether calculated to arouse his tenderest sympathies. To his enquiries, she returned no comprehensive reply; to his anxious looks, no corresponding tenderness: A kind of quiet horror had beset her, pervading every word, glance and gesture. At length, Reuben Ainslie departed for his morning stroll; but whether from some internal disquiet, or perplexed by his young wife's conduct, or because he began to fear the approach of some unexpected illness, or that he wished her coolness, her horrible silence to be explained—but he shortly returned, greeting Marian with more love-like solicitude than ever.

"Well, sweet one," said he, "what, still melancholy? Has this short hour not blessed us with a change?"

"Is it so short a time, Reuben, since you left me," she said, in tones of sorrow.

"About an hour; perhaps, a little more," he said.

"Only—only an hour," she sighed-out.

"Only!" he cried, "what! Would you have me leave you quite?"

"Not that, Reuben Ainslie, not quite that."

"You speak as though you were weary of me," said her husband, with pained expression. "What is the matter, love?"

"Nothing, only weary of this world, dear Reuben."

He approached her with just a husband's kindness. "Come, you are ill, dear girl," he said.

"There; come no nearer. There—no farther, man," she said. "I am trying to hate you—to forget you."

"Well, dear wife," said he, "this is some new freak. I must wait till you are in a better humour."

"Wife! Did you call me wife, Reuben?" She gasped, and she caught hold of him. "Say it again—one—once more."

"For shame, love," he said, terrified by her appearance, for the feelings of simple nature are soon seen; "this is dilly. You must be mad."

"I am almost," she said. "You must forgive me. Oh, Reuben! I can hardly speak the words—but she—your—your true wife has been here."

A burning hue, an ashy paleness passed over the face of Reuben Ainslie. His arms were round her, but they trembled violently; his eyes were on her, but they shrunk away; his lips that would have kissed her, were compressed into firm
rigidity; clay-coldness was upon him; but this might be sorrow, distress, and
doubt; or guilt, contrition, strong amazement.

"Who has been here?" he whispered. "Has Hester Ray been here? why, when?"
"You know the name," said Marian. "Perhaps, you loved her once."
"I did hope you could never doubt my love or truth," said Reuben Ainslie, with
some attempt at evasion; "or would seek to know circumstances better, indeed,
concealed; better not spoken-of; better not explained."
"It is hard to doubt wherever we have loved," she said, with energy. "If this
be true, why, take me to your heart, to die there, where I have lived so long. Now,
tell me."

But he now betrayed agitation and confusion altogether inexpressible; while she,
with all her tenderness of love, embraced him.

"In a moment of imprudence," he said, "ignorant of the world, when very
young, I saw this Hester Ray."
"You saw her—you met her—yes, dear." She gasped between.
"I met her; yes. I married her," he said. "There, gently, love;—the woman?
She was false. We were divorced in Scotland. She has no claim. Why look so
wild? Come to my arms, and smile again, my Marian, even now." Whether there was falsehood in his accents, that could not be conceived, or some
over-weaning fondness in his actions, that made him still more doubted, but she half,
turned-away in tears.

"You seem unlike the man who married me," she said. "Dear Reuben, either
you or I am changed."

Her manner was enough; and Reuben Ainslie, in a wild perturbation, hurried
away, crying-out, "as I am a living man, it is not so. The proofs are here, both
of my truth and the poor woman's errors:" and he went to the desk where the
papers had long lain concealed; and finding none in this drawer or in that, he threw
the whole contents in mad excitement on the floor; but nothing there was found.

"The papers—the packet," he whispered, from time to time," where are they?
Oh, where is it?" But finding nothing that he sought, he halted for an instant, like
one lost in some sudden difficulty, and presently rushed forward to his wife, clasping
her with love and anguish met all in one.

"I have—not deceived you," he cried aloud, "as heaven is my witness. Come,
one embrace, my girl." "You look all pale and wretched," she said. "Dear, we are parted, never to
meet again, though kindly we have loved, and truly, too. Your hand has dealt
the blow against your poor girl's honor, and her life. Well, Reuben, well. Go, and take
my blessing with you. My heart has ever loved you, faithfully though it has come to this.
"Dear wife, I never doubted you," he said, in deep contrition—and there was
strong affection, too, concealed within his words—"yet will I prove that kindliness,
that feeling, generous purposes alone, have led me to act thus. These people can
prove nothing against either you or me. And I will prove, too, dear Marian, you are
my rightful wife—my only rightful wife—honored and dear, the matron of my
household. What would you more? Only look-up, and tell me that you think me
not quite a villain—a something once worthy to be loved by you, a simple and true-hearted woman."

Marian did not reply, but, as they were now seated side by side, she fell upon her knees before him.

"I kneel to ask you nothing for myself," she said, "Grief is in your looks. Can you not feel all that I would ask of you?"

"What would you?" he said, in embarrassed tones. "What can be done?"

"This woman is prepared to swear against you," said Marian. "She claims you. All this is proof. Flee—flee, and let me know that you are safe."

"Why bid me go," he said, "unless you will go with me?" But Marian rose up at once, a stern decision in her manner.

"It would be easy to work, to beg, to starve, to die with you," she said, with true simplicity; "but, no, she is your first wife—she claims you. We can never meet again."

"Your own, dear words tell me," said Ainslie, embracing her, "that you are indeed my wife—all virtue, gentleness and love. Come, all will yet be well." And as he drew her towards him, he entered into farther explanation of his early acquaintance with this Hester Ray, which, if true, represented his fate, as most unfortunate in ever having known her; and, if not altogether so, served for awhile to quiet her apprehensions, and support her in this hour of doubt and tribulation. Still, there was enough excitement, in all that Ainslie did, to rouse her suspicions, and a distraction of manner, not very likely to persuade her, but that he must be in—a-measure guilty. But the excess of his affection, the natural fear of losing her esteem, might, in themselves, produce such hesitation and confusion.

While this was passing, Hester Ray and Benson had wandered from the village in the direction of the farm-house, watching the arrival of the officer to take Reuben Ainslie in charge. Being much in-advance of the clerk, and legal parish-functionary, who were trudging along the road at no very business-like pace, of about a mile an hour, and with no considerable liking, besides, for the task they were set-upon, Benson and his companion amused themselves by strolling into an adjoining field, that they might be witnesses, if possible, of all that might occur in Rushbrook's cottage at the moment of Reuben Ainslie's apprehension.

"No fear, we are now safe," said Benson. "He can prove nothing. You hold the certificate of the marriage. I am the witness. We are on safe ground."

"Is it just, now," said the woman, angrily. "When he parted from me, he was poor, a beggar, and I was glad to get rid of him; but now he has made a step in the world, he shall support me."

"And me, also, my girl," said the man. "But keep to facts. He ran-away from you, left you without shelter or a home. I am your brother—my name is Phillip. You hold the certificate. He holds no proof whatever. He must support you. We shall do-him out of something; then he may keep the girl."

"But he shall not, though!" she said. "That young jade shall live in no house of mine; eat at my table; sit on my hearth-stone;—they are all mine. No, we must hunt her from home, at once."
“And what is to become of me?” asked Benson. “We must make a bargain for us both. That is my argument.”

“Let him call me his wife,” said the woman. “You shall see, Benson. But here comes the officer, and justice Sharp’s man with him.”

They were, indeed, now seen turning-down the lane to the farm, and Benson and the woman quickly followed them, curious to behold a scene of distress, with which, apparently, their feelings held no sympathy.

Now, Tom Tilt had remarked these mysterious personages lingering-about the farm, and he had some suspicions, which, nevertheless, he kept to himself; but, then, he also strictly kept the outer gate barred against any access, and was always on the watch besides. The aged Margery, also, had her doubts. The appearance of that strange woman, the dejection of Reuben Ainslie, the illness of her young mistress, had raised her suspicions; but a certain position, also, which she had lately assumed, stooping about the house, with her ears just on a level with the keyholes of the various apartments, had revealed to her many circumstances, of which she would have willingly been ignorant.

At the instant, however, that Tom Tilt saw the gold-lace of the constable, he saw that all was wrong, and gave the alarm; and thrusting, first, a heavy cart against the gate, to prevent all ingress, he sped into the presence of old Margery. It was astonishing to behold how her aged limbs were moved into sudden velocity of action; to hear how her tremulous voice rung a loud peal throughout the household; how her fists knocked clamorous against the parlour door; while she cried out:—“Hide, master, Ainslie, hide! They shall never take you, while I’ve a nail to claw at them. They’re coming through the farm-yard gate. You lout—you lubber,” she vociferated, as Tom Tilt pursued her, “will you not fight for the family o’ the Rushbrooks? I’ll stand-out to the last bone of me:” but she was suddenly stayed in the torrent of her discourse, by Reuben Ainslie himself advancing before her, and meekly asking what all this disturbance might imply. The wan figure of Marian also appeared.

“He shall not be taken,” she said. “Oh! never—never! Dear Reuben, how you tremble.”

“You tremble, love,” said her husband, with a melancholy smile. “There is no danger nigh.” His looks might well be seen to belie his words. “Go, Tom Tilt,” he added, taking a long breath. “Don’t let it be said we disobeyed the laws. Open the gate at once. If it be me they want—I am here.”

There was a dignity and calmness in his words, that conveyed a temporary consolation to those around him.

“There is nothing like the blessing o’ wits,” said Margery. “It makes wonderful creatures of us;” and she stood-by, obedient.

“Zee, man, zee,” said Tom Tilt to Adam Coleton, as he met him in the passage.

“If a’re, ou zeen a raven flopping on the house-top of the master, I’d ha said, why be you here? an splint his crow with a blow o’ my fist, man:” and, at his honest words, Adam Coleton sculked away.

The gate was opened reluctantly; Tom Tilt looking-on, much with the air of the household dog, when his domain is intruded-on. The gold-laced beadle walked
slowly forward, followed within the paling by some few urchins who had tracked them to their destination. As they were beheld approaching through the windows, farmer Rushbrook, brandishing his staff, and hot with rapid exercise, was thus pursuing them, dogged by Winterbough, whose loquacity had ceased, but whose woeful prognostications were now stamped in every feature; yet, to an indifferent spectator, ludicrous withal. The group entered the farm-house together, Rushbrook breaking his way through them, with an impetuosity that spoke, enough, the desperate excitement of his feelings.

"Stand-away!" he cried, "all of ye, away, and let me see my child. Look-up, my girl. This is my daughter, sir, a child after her father's heart. Look-up; here your old father here, my chicken."

The poor girl, in a sensible kind of insensibility, received the old man's caresses; but with a voiceless recognition, an attempt at waking into way, that moved all who beheld her. The strange men, even, were enough moved to wish their business over.

"Is your name Reuben Ainslie, sir," said the officer.

"My name is Reuben Ainslie, certainly," was the reply, pronounced in distinct accents. Marian shrank, but the farmer turned scarlet.

"Here is a warrant in the name of Hester Ray," said the man, "declaring you her husband."

"It may be possible," said Ainslie; and Marian now blushed, while Rushbrook changed to livid whiteness.

"If possible, sir," said the officer, "you must come along with me."

"I am ready," said Reuben Ainslie, firmly.

"At these words, the face of Hester Ray protruded from the door, full in his; and a horrible aversion of expression passed over that of Reuben Ainslie. Something else, also. It might be guilt, fear, shame, remorse, pride, contempt. It could scarcely be one, alone, of these, but many that worked within his heart, so to speak—out in silence.

It must be granted, that the hideous countenance of Hester Ray aroused not one emotion of pity in those present. It was good-looking, too; but disfigured the worldly thoughts and passions. There were dreadful emblems of the mind, apparent malice, ungoverned rage, selfishness, revenge, and some unspeakable depravity of air, besides. Contrasted with the sedate demeanour of Reuben Ainslie—the beauteous simplicity of Marian—the honest, rough exterior of Rushbrook—even with the pale, city-like anxiety of such a tradesman as Winterbough—it was hideous indeed; in its demon outline, its fiendish desire of ill.

"Aye, aye," said she. "He is my husband, and he knows it. I was a good wife to him, and would be again. Many a happy day we'll spend together yet. You know me, Reuben Ainslie; you know me."

"Woman," said Ainslie. "How can you meet me here thus boldly? Prove all you can; I defy you."

"Prove all you can," she answered, boldly; "it is nothing. The hour of retribution is at hand."

"Give me the paper, sir," said Ainslie, as though out of patience; and having
perused it slowly:—"I attend you, sir. I am ready. Marian, dear wife, one word."

Marian looked up, passed her hand over his brow, smiled amid tears, and took his hands in hers.

"She can't speak," said Rushbrook.

"Remember," said Winterbough, "worse may happen, child. A man thinks he is on the brink of ruin; he fails—he can pay the full amount. Lawyers creep in, rascals, thieves, pilferers; white turns to black; eighteen shillings sink to one; one to twopence-halfpenny; ruin, insult, follow—crush, destroy, annihilate."

But all this was lost upon the hearers, being drop-out in syllables undistinguishable, in that long interval, where feeling swallows up all else. At length, farmer Rushbrook broke forth in speech.

"Look ye, Reuben Ainslie," said he; "I think you be an honest man; but if you have brought my child to this disgrace, she can't outlive it; her death be upon your head and heart for evermore; and, see, the curse of humble farmer Rushbrook follow you—the curse of a dishonored man."

"I don't fear it, farmer," said Ainslie, though the tears were swelling fast; "there, dear wife, one kiss:" but as he touched her lips, as she came to life, awhile, again, her soul spoke out, though incoherently, all her suffering and grief.

"Who—who is here?" she cried. "Who claims him. It is all a dream. Where is the woman? There is none. Do you see, Reuben, love! None."

"I am the woman—I!" cried Hester Ray;" and he shall satisfy me or die—die on the scaffold. I will see him hanged, myself, but he shall own me."

Marian shrieked, and threw herself upon her husband's bosom, holding him lest he should go.

"My child—Oh my poor girl," cried Rushbrook, falling into tears.

"Other ills must follow," groaned Winterbough, "will—yes—will;" and he turned towards the window to hide his propensity to weep with those around him.

"I am ready," said Ainslie. "Marian, farewell; nay, unclasp this tender hold. God bless you, love."

"Let us hope, child," blubbered Rushbrook, "faith, and hope, and charity; the only consolation:" and, thus, Reuben Ainslie rent himself away.

"The young missus will die in this here swound," said old Margery; and, so, she interrupted the farmer's lamentation, and, happily, by shewing the necessity of exertion weaned them from the contemplation of their misfortune.

It was certainly too apparent to the throng, that Hester Ray was raised to the highest pitch of insolence and triumph, in the misery of an unoffending girl. As they departed from the farm-house, this she displayed, not only by gesture, but by expression; vowing that a woman's vengeance was not easily appeased, neither was hers, and she would yet hold him in her thraldom. Such insults, however, were quietly enough shewn, for the respect paid to Ainslie by those who had him in charge forbade any more open demonstration; nor was his path molested, save by some few wandering urchins, who wondered upon what business the parish-constable could be engaged, when Reuben Ainslie, the parson, made one among the company.

They came, at length, in sight of justice Sharp's residence, a square-built house,
surrounded and overgrown with thriving vines, nurtured in the sunlight; these throw-out redundant leaves and curly tendrils, whence the green and purple grapes emerged in knotted clusters, very beautiful to view. This was the only grace—one given by nature—that the plain mansion boasted. At the door, the justice, a corpulent and kindly man, was standing, waiting the arrival of the parties involved in this singular affair. He advanced, on seeing Reuben Ainslie, with an air of sympathy, somewhat flattering, too, from so elevated a personage as the magistrate of a district, so renowned in the eyes of its own inhabitants, as the one where this village was situate.

"I am sorry, Mr. Ainslie; upon my word, sir, rather a serious charge, this," said the worthy delegate of the law. "But come-in, sir, let us hear questions, decide, do all things that become us."

The invitation was received by all, alike, for all pursued him into the huge, oaken parlour, generally devoted as the place of examination for culprits; but when there, and the justice was seated, it was apparent that his honour was perplexed in his vocation, at having to question so erudite a gentleman as Reuben Ainslie; at all events, so his prolonged silence was construed by those who were present.

I am pondering over," he said, at last, "debating, within, Mr. Ainslie, the peculiar points of law in such cases. I find them sharp points, not easily set-aside. You understand, sir, what can you say?"

At this question, Hester Ray started-forward, and Benson beside her, with a kind of cur-like sagacity, ready to snap and snarl at once, when, or when-not required.

"He can say nothing," cried Hester Ray, but her words were stayed, by the justice waving his fat fists, indicative of silence.

"Let the gentleman speak," he said. "The prisoner is under the protection of the law;" and that imperative fist was raised majestically, again, pawing the atmosphere. His voice fell-into a low, entreating kindness, as he repeated:—"Mr. Reuben Ainslie, what have you to say, sir—what can you have to say for yourself?"

"The charge is altogether unfounded," said Ainslie. "As to the proof—"

"Ah, sir, the proof—the proof indeed!" said the magistrate, his full face expanding with the intensity of his thoughts.

"That, I have-not by me," said Ainslie, and the justice’s visage collapsed like a bladder of wind, sinking at once into vacuity.

"You have it not by you," he repeated, with ominous accent. "Where are they?"

"Lost, sir, as I believe," said Ainslie.

"A man may lose his fortune, wits, life, without knowing it," said the other, his hand upraised again; "but to lose documents, parchments, law-papers, proofs more valuable than all, or either, betokens rashness unadvised. How can the law protect you against such evils?"

"What proof does the woman hold," asked Ainslie. "Let me know this."

"Ah woman!" ejaculated the magistrate, as if she were the person now caught in some snare, or legal difficulty; but she quietly drew-forth the copy of the certificate of her marriage, at sight of which the justice started ludicrously, aghast. Reuben Ainslie was calm as ever.
"This looks bad—indeed," said the magistrate; but after a while, he added, "what can we do Mr. Ainslie?"

"All that the law commands," was the reply; "only, sir, give me time, and I may yet free myself from this imputation."

"Time is of no moment among the learned in the law, undoubtedly," said the magistrate; "nor shall it be with us. We allow you, sir, two days:" and here the sagacious functionary eyed the plaintiff, as though to pierce-out, by a critical survey of her aspect, the precise position in which the prisoner stood; but she shewed an unabashed impudence of aspect, that bewildered the mist-encircled senses of that worthy man. He uprose, hastily, and making his fat hand of authority do the work of the tongue, he thus implied that the duty of the day was over. He then closed his eyes, whether with fatigue, or kindly compassion, or lost in forensic lethargy, was doubtful. But though these magic signs had been given, not one of the company moved. "Mr. Reuben Ainslie, I must keep you prisoner here, sir," he said, at length; "and it may be some satisfaction to you to remember that, during your misfortunes, the domicile of the country magistrate has been your abode."

"I take it very kindly, sir," said Ainslie, "and thank you;" and smiling at the justice's rotund proportions, he turned away; then gazed with calm scorn upon the woman, and scrutinizing the man with looks of deep enquiry, he placed himself under the charge of the constable, as before. Justice Sharp arose, and each went his way, some to the way-side house, and some to talk-over what had occurred.

The room, in which Reuben Ainslie was incarcerated, was at the back of the house, on the ground floor; and was defended by bolts and bars from without, and the window fortified with iron staves of considerable thickness, that forbad the possibility of escape, if even Ainslie had encouraged the idea. But no such thought employed him, though it was evident he was absorbed in meditations in no way pleasing to him. On his asking for pens and ink, they were brought, and he wrote hastily a few lines to Marian to console her, entreat her, also, to search zealously for the packet, now so essential to his deliverance. This was sent-back by Tom Tilt, who had tracked his young master to the justice's, and was lingering about the premises, loth to return home without him; but, on receiving an explanation of his mission, he departed forthwith.

In the meanwhile, as the first consternation subsided, the inhabitants of farmer Rushbrook's cottage were engaged in deciphering the strange history of the past, which was now laid before them; and though they all hinted that they did-not believe one word of the story, yet the anxious grief that they could-not conceal, betrayed too clearly that their suspicions were far stronger than any hopes they dared to encourage. Adam Coleton, who had been absent during the separation of Ainslie from his wife, entered the house, just as he had departed, and time enough to behold the distracted state of Marian, of which he had scarce caught a glimpse, than he retired, in sullen gloom, into one of the outer sheds; where, lying down on some loose straw, he fell into moody abstraction, which lasted-out the day. But Winterbough undertook the duty of consolation, which he discharged according to his own approved method of speech.
"Consider, child," said he; "women—good women, too, have married men, whose ten fingers are like grappling-hooks in the back-pockets of their neighbours;—long-fingered, light-fingered, sleight-of-hand, nimble-footed,—but they steal, run, are taken, and there they are, swinging in the front of Newgate. See, it might be worse."

Marian sighed, but answered nothing.

"Think, if you had married a man of blood—a murderer," he added, more solemnly; "his willing eye intent on slaughter, wandering in quest of prey, brandishing a knife or razor in the face of friend or foe; hacking at human throats—in fact, child, swimming in blood. Think of this, think—it might be worse.

If Marian could have smiled, she might have done so at this image of active slaughter; but though she listened seriously, she gleaned no comfort, most assuredly, but sighed more heavily than before.

"So, be prepared," said he again, turning to Rushbrook, who sat by; "the worst may be to come. What security have we? Look at yonder cow-herd, plough-boy; behold old Margery; you, child; you, Rushbrook; I, myself—I, Jeremiah Winterbourne—we may all come to be hanged, we may, indeed. And let us be satisfied it is not so; that we are—not hanged yet, though we may be—we may be—but, this is some consolation, sir."

However, while he held-forth in this manner, it would be only just to state that he certainly had watched narrowly every one in the farm, and had come to the conclusion that such apparent sunshine of prosperity must have its end; therefore, he spoke from this strong belief, and from this only.

The arrival of Tom Tilt with Ainslie's letter, brought some better passing-comfort though there was a melancholy ambiguity of expression, not likely to foster hope, and a seeming certainty, having lost his wife's esteem, that might also imply that he was no longer deserving of it. But this did-not prevent Marian from searching everywhere for the papers mentioned; and she did so, but ineffectually; for nowhere could they be found or traced, though the sun had sunk and twilight came, before she could consent to give-up the prospect of their discovery. She had just sent a few lines back again by Tom Tilt, when, as Rushbrook and Winterbourne were strolling, lit by the evening-star, through green, sequestered lanes, the woman, Hester Ray, again appeared at the gate, and demanded to see her once more. A beam of hope glanced through the young bride's heart, but was quenched again by an indefinite sensation of horror, at the prospect of meeting her, whose first appearance had cost her so much. She had scarce time to conceal her emotion ere she entered, and seated herself as with the intention of holding a lengthened conversation.

"I have not much time to spare," said Marian, trembling from head to foot, "but, still, if you will tell me what you wish, I will try to hear, and tell my husband of your visit."

"Why, I like to come to business at once," said the woman, "the sooner people understand one another, the better for them."

"Perhaps so—I should hope so," faltered Marian.

"I was thinking whether we could not come to an arrangement," said Hester Ray, without any fuss or noise about it."
“Have you seen Reuben,” said Marian.

“Not I, indeed! since justice Sharp put him in limbo,” said the lady. “All I care about is the name of wife—his house—his property—his money. This is something worth a woman’s while. What do I care beyond? Now, perhaps, you want the man?”

“Want the man!” said his bewildered wife. “I don’t know, indeed. It is natural for me to love him. What do you mean?”

“I’m past love and all that sort of nonsense,” she replied. “This is what I mean. If you give-me-up his house, property, name, and so on, and let me live at my ease, why, you may keep him yourself, if that suits you.”

“Keep! How? In what way,” said Marian, clapping her hands; “Oh! I would do anything in the world to save him!”

The woman’s face-of-brass now shone more bold than ever, with a delighted hideous glare of impudence; while she, whom she addressed, sat expressive of mild enthusiastic faith and strong affections, that spoke out and would not be controlled. Her eager, anxious feelings brought a smile upon the woman’s face, that ended in loud laughter, most unmusical.

“Well, take him to yourself,” she said; “only do what I want, you are welcome to him.” And she drew her chair closer to Marian, who shrunk instinctively away, as from some loathsome object; and then resumed her seat, fearful of shewing fear.

“This is what I want of him,” she continued, “an allowance and the parsonage to live-in; and, as for you, he may take you a cottage, a few miles off, visit you when he pleases, do what he pleases, for I shall never interfere. You, my dear, may be his left-handed lady, if you will; my promise shall be given to remain quiet and say nothing more. Now, this would suit us both.”

“No, oh no! never, never,” said Marian, starting-up, the crimson-blood mounting from her heart, and onward to the brain, burning in all her face, in every pulse, and quenching the full lustre of her eyes in rising tears of shame; and she now stood before the woman firmly. “No,” she said, “if you are his wife, this is his duty to you; if you are so, why, I am not. I will live with my dear father; try to comfort his old age, and—and yes—I must be patient and submit. I will be humble. But, as she spoke, the gushing tears gave utterance more powerful than words. How impressive the performance of such resolves, what anguish, rising from despair, was in the very thought.

“This country-life seems to make soft hearts,” said Hester Ray, “but go and live in cities as others have done, and you will grow wiser, my girl; not half so kind or foolish;” but she waited some few minutes, ere Marian could reply.

“I will tell Reuben all that you have said,” she faltered-out, at last.

“You must tell him before we come into court,” said Hester Ray. “What a simple thing you are! If once we both swear that he has married us, I may come into his money, and so on. First come, first served. But as for him, they’ll put him on board the hulks—send him beyond sea—off with him—we are neither of us very likely to be troubled with him. Ah! You may stare.”

Marian had drawn the handkerchief from her eyes, and stood transfixed in wordless

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horrors. Her tears were staved; her heart was lost in its emotion; struck, as it were, into a short and sad insensibility—the state of deep distraction.

"The best thing you can do," resumed the other "is to go to him; tell him to creep-out of it how he can; confide himself to me, and all will yet be well. He may pretend that he has been abroad—supposed me dead—had heard so; and you resign your claim, and we shall triumph."

"I will," gasped Marian. "I will do anything." For the bare idea, of Reuben leaving his native land—of Reuben laden with hard chains—of Reuben far away without a friend beside him; this was the inexpressible something that worked within her thoughts like madness, leading her dearest purposes away to opposite extremes of action, all unconsidered.

"You will do anything" said Hester Ray, with marked decision; "of course, a woman will do anything for the man she loves. But what you will do, he will not."

"Why not?" his wife's eyes entreatingly enquired; but sunk again beneath the creature's that she gazed-upon.

"He was always obstinate, self-willed, perverse," continued she, "and more likely to run-his-head-against-a-wall, than any man I ever knew. He will-not consent, I know, to your proposals."

Marian cast the same, sad look of wonder and interrogation full upon the face of the speaker.

"When I married him," said Hester Ray, in lower terms; with the bland voice that, in-the-way-of-the-world, too often covers falsehood, "then, I had money. He spent and wasted my little fortune at his will. Nothing would stay him. You will find, now, that he will brazen-out his deeds; and he will have his way. I have been his victim: you are now. There is one way—one only—that might save the man from this last punishment."

To save, to serve—to sacrifice life itself; this is the feeling of the heart that loves, towards its one object; denied all this, all is desolation; but, if the hope remain, the rack and torture of the spirit's suffering, all his past-by, to reach at one the great glory of serving—of defending, what love and its dear duty has so consecrated. And this was Marian's feeling; and though the woman's manner did not please her, she could-not but even view the shadow of a hope with quick delight.

"What will save him?" she whispered. "What? It shall be done."

"One thing, certainly," was the emphatic answer.

"Tell me," she said, "and don't fear to tell me. To see him in the court, before the judge—to hear the sentence—to know that he is gone." The words she uttered so unawares, too much explained, indeed. The woman spoke-out at once:—"He never loved me," were her words. "He would sooner sacrifice himself, than give me, his wife, one moment's happiness. Now, perhaps, you guess what you must do."

"I must go to him, and entreat him to tell the truth—that, only," said Marian.

"You must go," said the other, "forswear him to his face; renounce him; tell him that you will never see him again; and then, if you do-not come into court, to claim him, he may yet be saved. I want my rights, certainly, but not the poor man's life, though his honor and life may be both forfeited."
"Who talks about his life," said Marian, distractedly. "But I will see him—tell him how tired my heart is of him—that he must go away from me—that he must be good to you. Others have parted, and so, Reuben, must we."

"You will, then, do it," said the woman. "I can prove he is my husband; and if you do not appear—"

"But you must promise," said Marian, eagerly, "that you will treat him kindly."

"I will," said Hester Ray, "far more so than he has deserved; but we must have patience, and pardon all who injure us."

Marian was turning to her, to point out how she must treat her husband for the future, how tenderly and how well; but there was something so truly disgusting in Hester's countenance, gesture—all—that she was silent, only saying, incoherently, "I will tell him he never married me—that we must part—that it was all a mistake; only—only go. See, my poor father, there, is coming-home again."

"And when will you let me know?" said the woman, with calm self-possession. "My parents won't see me shamed. I was never born to work, and I can't starve or die of want."

"I will see Reuben tomorrow, and let you know," said Marian, hopelessly; and as Farmer Rushbrook and Winterbough appeared in the distance, the woman hastily departed, leaving the unhappy household to retire to rest; while thoughts of sorrow only filled the space, which airy dreams and light repose once so sweetly beguiled. Amid weary meditations, the light of morning dawned, welcome amid darkness; but not with the blithe welcome of the day—all rosy smiles of hope and joyous sunshine, such as once shone upon their roof, such as always shine where sure content and peace abound.

There was one, however, who had slept heavily during these few hours, and awoke, suddenly, as with the intention of business, which must be immediately pursued. This was Adam Colleton, who, since the imprisonment of Ainslie, was sunk in more abject despondency and reserve than ever. Now, arousing with the lark, he hastened out into one of the winding paths across the meadows, and having reached a hawthorn hedge, along which grew some overhanging beech-trees, he strolled beneath the boughs, till, after awhile, Benson and Hester Ray joined him there, as though by appointment.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Benson, in high glee, "what have you got to say to me? You look thoughtful."

"I am," said Adam Colleton, morosely; and the woman laughed a light laugh.

"What has made you so?" said Benson, with a mocking air of solicitous enquiry. "I suppose you have been thinking of the young master, Reuben Ainslie, and are filled with pity and contrition."

"I know this, " said Colleton, "down there at the farm, there is no living in the place now; not a word spoken, not a look given. It would have been better for me to have been laid-under-the-turf, at once."

"Tush, phah, man," said Benson, all will be well, and the girl will have you at last.

"Why, Ainslie is in prison," said the woman, "she knows that he is my husband,
and, when all is over, she will be glad to marry you, if only to make her an honest woman."

"Can you pluck a star out of the sky when it's shining brightest?" cried Adam Coleton, with a kind of savage excitation; "can you give honor where there is none. It isn't any one can make her dishonest; it isn't I can make her honest. She holds all such creatures as we are in scorn. She's above us by nature, somehow."

"Only make the offer," said Hester Ray, "she will love you, and marry you. What would you more?"

"Can she love me? No, no," he cried. "Love a wretch—a thief—a villain—a deceitful villain! Does the bird love the snake, or innocent lambs the wolf. Love? Hate, you would say."

"If we make-good our cause, the girl will be disgraced," said Benson; "no decent man would have her."

"Disgraced!" said Coleton, surily. "I say any man would marry her."

"That you will be able to see," said Benson, coolly.

"We shall see," returned the other, and a kind of regret betrayed itself through all his sullenness.

"Well, well," said Benson, in a soothing tone, "appear before her as a suitor, tell her you will protect her; and she, who is neither maid nor married, will be glad to be a wife again; in fact, you will be happy."

"Happy! I will tell you what, Benson," cried the other, doubling his fist with fierce energy, "and you, too, you woman, for all you stand smiling there, I have lost my happiness—my peace of mind for ever. I hated them once, but now I hate myself;" and here he struck his breast while speaking; "I know it—I feel it—here—here—I'm a villain. I would give-the-world to be the miserable wretch, despised, deserted, all I once was, to see her happy once again."

"She will be so," said Benson, "happy with you, depend upon it."

"I wish that I could be in the girl's place," said Hester Ray; "to be in such a plight as she is, and find a worthy man, who, with the brand of shame upon me, would have me still. Would'n't I prove a blessing to him?"

"Aye!" cried Benson, "aye, indeed!" and Coleton sunk into gloomy meditation; but, at length, he said, "Sure, perhaps, you speak well, and she might smile again. If she would be my wife, what eye should look her down, or tongue upbraid her? And, yes, it may be so."

"There, this is well," said Benson. "I knew that you would cheer-up and be-a-man-again. The papers were-not taken for nothing, you know."

"I stole the papers," said Coleton, doggedly, "call it by the right name."

"You have the papers," said Benson, "or we have them. Well, and what then?"

"Why, call me a thief, sir," said Coleton. "what then? Is it right or wrong, sir?"

"The papers prove, or will prove, her husband to be worse than any thief," said Benson; "you have said that you hate the man."

"Hate! I do. Aye! deeply. He always looks and seems above me."

"Those papers shew that he has married another besides the girl you love," said Benson, rapidly, "and you, you were his rival. Remember, he gained the girl's
affections; he triumphed over you; but you now prove his infamy and guilt, and
conquer him and bring-him-down-to-ruin. You marry her;—there is your lasting
triumph—the closing blow of battle. Will-you-not smile?"

"To see his rage and shame," said Adam Coleton.

"And I shall swear against him," cried Hester Ray, "for I can swear most justly."

"He will be like a reed within your grasp," urged Benson.

"To bend—to break—to crush him—eh!" said Adam Coleton.

"Certainly; as sure as tomorrow comes," said the woman.

"The justice sits tomorrow," said Benson. "Will you meet us there?"

"Yes, man, I will," said Coleton, his hopes renewed; "this Reuben Ainslie, I hate
him with all my heart and soul. Let him be only half as miserable as I am, and I
shall be content."

"That's as sure as sunrise," was the answer.

"Yonder, they are stirring at the farm," said Coleton, "and I must be in the
fields, not here;" and so they parted, hastily, under the apprehension of being
observed conversing thus together.

The man, Benson, followed him with his eyes, betraying some unpleasant sensation
of doubt, or mistrust, as he wandered away; which, after a short interval of silence,
he imparted to his companion.

"I hope those papers," said he, "may remain, till over tomorrow, buried beneath
the tree, where he has placed them. I fear the fellow's intentions, after all."

"Did'n't you pretend to him," said the woman, with a bold laugh, "that it was
the certificate you wanted. That we have got."

"Well—what then?" asked the man, in some sudden perplexity. "There is
danger still."

"None, that I see," said the woman. "We are safe enough, if we will but
believe ourselves so. You know he married me. Get me admitted to his house
again, and you shall be rewarded."

"We will try hard," said Benson. "It must be a stout breeze, indeed, that shall
upset my love for you, or my exertions for your welfare. So, come on, my girl:" and,
discouraging of their prospects of the morrow, they returned to their abode in
the way-side public-house.

At about this same instant, Marian was gazing-forth upon the morning landscape,
with eyes of hopeless apathy, and all-indifferent to those beauties of nature, whereon
the matin-light confers such glorious freshness. The beauty of such gifts was gone
from her, and the delicious repose of mind and thought, they ever bring in times of
peace or prosperity. She was in this state of melancholy abstraction, when old Margery,
the household-servant entered. "Here's a bright day, Miss," said the woman.

"Is it?" said Marian, "I had-not noticed it, Margery."

"Ah! chicken," said the old woman, "when the heart's heavy, we're sure to forget
the sun, shining above us. But, who's to be down-hearted? Not you, I trow. Aint
you been in the church, and come out o' the church?—What would they have more?
As for that queen, he never married her."

"Oh! dear, Margery, what is to be done," asked Marian, lost in deep distress.
"There," said the old woman, "there, my posy, there's nothing like crying, to hinder the heart breaking. Look at yon lad, Adam Coleton, if he'd once fall a-blubbering outright, he'd be a better man, 'stead of brooding of sin and mischief, belike."

"They say that Reuben is to go beyond sea," sobbed Marian, "that nothing can save him, that, perhaps, it will come to worse—oh, Margery."

"Lauck o' me!" said Margery; "but he's a great gentleman to come to such as that. No, no, justice Sharp will say, it's all in my own hands, sir, and your larning saves you. He'll never dare to ship him off—not he."

The boldness of this assertion, and the tone of conviction with which it was uttered, for some moments, silenced her, whom she thus addressed.

"This would never have happened, Margery," was the reply, "but we have lost some papers out of that cabinet."

"Lost, and, I, here!" cried the old woman. Lost, indeed! Tom Tilt," she cried, still louder, "here is some of my master's property missing. That I should live to see the day! Come here, lad, I think you are honest;" she added, as she held him by the collar of his jacket, towards her.

"A quiet tongue's an honest un, good 'oman, any day," said Tom Tilt; "an industrious hand's, a clean un, too, or I baint what I be. It's hard work, talking, though."

"We are robbed, you oaf," she answered, "what do you say to that."

"Zay, nothing," said the ploughboy. "If-so-be, it baint money, it baint nothing worth talking about, nothing o' valy, az I knowed."

"He's a poor ignorant-dolt, miss," said the woman; but I'll scummage the house out, but we'll find 'em."

"Those as likes talk," said Tom Tilt, "let 'em talk; it's worse work than ploughing anyhow. But I zees and zees, and says nothing, but knows what I zees."

"What do you see?" asked old Margery.

"Az how, zilence, the zound o' the plough-zhare, and the zong o' birds, and the zounds o' natur, iz the best thing for a man, az I know," and without hearing farther, he strolled to his rustic duties, back again.

An interval of silence succeeded, while Margery rushed from one apartment to the other of the small farm-house, the old woman's voice keeping time to her work as she tossed things over and over, and loudly deprecated the possibility of any one, single article being lost, where so careful a housewife as herself held the sway. But for all, she cried, "that they must be here, they must be there," they were found nowhere, and she at length returned to her mistress with the crest-fallen aspect of one, found to be out-in-her-reckoning, or at-fault in the one perfection upon which she most prided herself.

"Have you seen Adam Coleton," said Marian, at last; "let us ask him about them."

"The lad 's out of his wits," said the woman, "or something like it—staring mad,—don't eat nor drink, like a Christian, nothing but sleep and sulk. But here
comes the master to breakfast;" and, at the instant, farmer Rushbrook entered; the morning-meal was spread by Margery, with an observant alacrity which shewed that she, at least, was not one likely to neglect him in his hour of adversity.

Winterbough was engaged upon the same consolatory discourse as heretofore, "Consider, my good sir," he said, "consider, meditate, be comforted. Other misfortunes may come. You see a bird singing its merry lay upon a tree—a hawthorn-bush,—a shot is heard—the bird is dead! The cock that crows in the morning may be eaten for dinner, some few hours after. You meet a friend, shake hands, think him a good-fellow, perhaps he's dancing upon air, a month another—hanged, sir, hanged! It's the way of the world, so be consoled un't.

"It's all very well, Mr. Winterbough," said the farmer, "but where one's child is the sufferer, it's hard to bear. When the rain pours, and the flowers are crushed, we somehow feel more, than when the lightning fells the aged tree; one is years growing and half dead belike, the other, being a child of the sunshine—of the season,—do you see. There's no comfort for me."

Such are the words that passed between them, as they entered, and, as old Margery left the room she commented upon them:—"Aye, aye," said she, "there's Mr. Winterbough at it again; thunder and lightning,—rain, rain,—pour and pelt,—death—and-ditch-water, and all the rest of it. Blithe man as my master was, it's enough to make an old servant's hair stand-on-end to hear him. It's no knowing, what servants have to bear-with."

However, had the old dame witnessed what was passing in the breakfast-room, she might have found reason to change her opinion of Winterbough, for, on beholding the pale face of Marian, and the jolly farmer's care-worn deportment, his words of condolence were ended and converted into kindly acts of attention, better becoming this unhappy occasion. It was rather to get each rid of his own unpleasant thoughts, that they strolled forth, again, into the farm-yard; and, after a whole hour's reverie, that appeared to Marian, but a few short minutes, she thought she heard some one entering, and, looking-up, perceived that it was Adam Coleton.

Coleton's state of mind, of late, might well be remarked by those around him, since it so evidently betrayed itself in every look and gesture; in morose sullenness of mien, in sullen-disquiet, in restless motion, or gloomy inactivity. But now, there was a peculiarity of expression, altogether inexplicable, as he looked-upon Marian with cold eyes of triumph and strange meaning, and, yet, there was some of the softness of love kindling there, which could not be concealed. Was it, or was-it-not? She beheld and doubted. However, the peasant stood before her, more firmly, or more seemingly himself, than he had lately:—"Adam, I want to speak to you," she said, with her usual mildness.

"So, I hear," he answered; "and what would you say, Marian?"

"I think you would do me a kindness."

"Perhaps so," was the reply.

"You know best, Adam Coleton."

"You know how you have treated me," said he. "Though we were all one household, you choose a stranger to come amongst us, and marry you."
"Sure," cried Marian, "you could do me no harm. Surely not."

"You may be mistaken—why not?"

"Why, Adam Coleton! We have known one-another from childhood."

"Yes, I remember," he said, his voice suddenly faltering; "we were children together. It's not likely to be forgotten."

"You were friendly to me, then, because I was your master's daughter."

"Friendly!" he cried, with fierceness. "I loved you, girl, truly loved you—dearly—madly; and I have money; and if I had worked for any other man, you would have married me."

"Well, well," said Marian, soothingly. "That, is over now,—but, Adam," she said, after a pause, we have lost some papers from yonder cabinet."

"Perhaps you think I stole them?" he replied, with hoarse emotion.

"No, no. But if we could find them, I should be a decent, honest wife, again, and none would scorn me. But, how strange you look!"

"Another man, who loves you still, perhaps, would marry you," said Coleton, in some embarrassment.

"Impossible! Oh," never!

"This Ainslie—he, your husband, is a villain," he said, and he approached her.

"When he is gone beyond sea, and you, forsaken, there is a man, Marian, a man—a heart, that loves you, dearly,—your shame is nothing to him, he knows the girl he loves,—and, so, when you are alone, only call him by the name of Adam Coleton, he won't forget his vow. And think, Marian, if I am changed, you have made me so."

"No, Adam, no," said Marian. "I fear you as much as falsehood. I could never marry you."

"But you could marry one without a spark of common honesty," said Coleton, with suppressed energy; and love him, too, as if he had treated you kindly."

"I do love him—I can't help it," she cried, enthusiastically, "and O, Adam, try to save him for my sake."

"I hate him for your sake," said Coleton, "now more than ever. He has done more than I dare do; he has brought the girl, I loved, to shame, and it would just please me to see him die for it."

"Die! Oh! Adam Coleton," cried Marian, and she clasped his arm entreatingly.

"This I know," was his answer, "if he ever loved and married that woman, there, at the public-house,—and I know that he did—he did, Marian! he could never have loved you. Now, this is my feeling," he urged, with bitter emphasis, the hot tears burning in his eyes, "there, no one else, say, heart, ever sought,—I was't one to-be-looking-in-a-pond, and to think that the star I saw there, was the true one. And, if I looked above me, in the skies, as you may say, there was the true one, shining there, and I felt it was so, after my own nature-like,—and never, afterwards, had a happy day, as you best know, Marian."

"You know nothing, then, of the papers," said Marian, abashed by his energy of words and actions. "If you did, Coleton, you would surely give-them-up."

"What if I did!" he cried, with fierceness. "If I did know! I wouldn't save Reuben Ainslie, if, even, a word would save him."
"You have never seen them, then?" said Marian; but he turned away, in re-proachful silence, and left her suddenly.

At this instant, the morning, which had been altogether heavenly, was, everywhere, over-cast by a heavy cloud, that, rising from the west, threw its lengthening shadow, in one dark line, athwart the horizon,—so dark, that it was reflected on the far meadows down below, over which the mimic shade crept slowly, eclipsing all the verdant beauty of the pasturage, the meadows green, the golden corn-fields,—and they were thus divested, both of the light and life that made them beatuful. Marian sighed, beholding it, seeing her own fate there depicted; but as the old farmer entered, Winterbough rushed after him in full discourse.

"There was a morning!" he cried, in triumph. "You don't see such a one in a thousand. Silver clouds, golden skies, pearly sprays, diamond dews—changed into night—heavy as lead, sir. Birds were singing—songs stopped; lambs were frisking—not now a leg to stand upon—lying under the trees, sir; trees waving—now motionless; all nature gay, sir—but now in the dumps. We must expect it, sir. We pick a flower, lo! a reptile peeps-out! We take a peach, the stone obstructs the windpipe! We think to leap-over the stream—we leap in! Look, sir, look, the dark cloud advances."

"We shall have rain," said the farmer."

"And what else?" asked Winterbough. "Can we answer that question? No. Consider: rain, sleet, snow, hail, pelting and pouring; winds, breezes, high winds, hurricanes, rending all things asunder; lightning—forked lightning—running lightning, enough to blind you; thunder, moaning, roaring, rumbling, cracking overhead; we may have this—we may be inundated—harvests swept away, houses inhabitants, cows, sheep, live-stock, lovers, husbands, wives, children, in one general rain. Let us, therefore, look-out and be prepared, good farmer."

Indeed, as his prognostications appeared about to be verified, and the rain began to fall, his voice rose into a higher flight of exultation, which reminded Marian of the necessity of closing the doors and windows of their humble dwelling, for which purpose she quitted them, leaving Winterbough in the height of his glory, witnessing the coming storm.

"Now, who could have foreseen it?" he cried, "but here it comes—the dark cloud, sir, over the top of yon hill—down the hill-side—through the meadows—sweeping along at once;—drops of rain fall—they may turn into water-spouts, and swamp the lands around."

"And what is it all to me, friend," said the good farmer, "since my poor child has lost her happiness."

"What?" cried Winterbough, seizing him by the button; "everything, sir! Why, this was unexpected, and worse may follow;—the same with Reuben Ainslie. He is detained prisoner by justice Sharp—may be committed for trial, convicted of a capital offence; dungeons, fetters, transportation, hard labour, for life;—away he goes! but, still, be comforted;—worse—worse may follow.

"Nothing can come so near my heart as this," murmured Rushbrook, grief rising in his bosom, I'll forgive all else."
"Look you, friend," cried Winterbough, "it may cut it to the core—branch, and roots. Your daughter—good friend—she may die—a broken heart—consumption suddenly ensues—and she is gone. My dear friend," he urged, as he saw the rain pouring, and heard the wind rising, "believe me; this very house might be blown, by the storm, about our ears; a flood—a deluge—sweeps-through the fields and swallow-up whole harvests; so be prepared—be consoled. Horrible—dreadful—frightful catastrophes might take place—be on the look-out—be comforted."

The farmer did not reply, and silence succeeded, during which they each gazed on the landscape, beholding it with his own peculiar sentiments, either of doubt or confidence; when, all at once, over the distant hill, a radiant gleam of sunshine burst, lighting up the wide country—and, as by a magic stroke, the rain ceased gradually, all nature was revived, and there arose, stretching through airy space, the gorgeous rainbow of many woven hues, of light and shade, commingled into one; while every spray of tree, or shrub, or humble flower, glistened with silver-drops, reflective of all the heavenly colors now glowing in the skies, and on the earth, and shedding sweetness to the enraptured sense, around and everywhere.

"I will be comforted," cried Rushbrook, as he beheld the changing scene; "and as the sun comes-out, and nature's tears are stayed, as you may say,—we may come out of all this sorrow, and be happier than we think-for. Oh, sir, hope's the only comfort, after all."

"Hope is dangerous,—better to anticipate the worst," said Winterbough, "only be prepared, friend."

Now, though the weather cleared, and perfect sunshine lasted till twilight came, Winterbough would not believe but that the placid skies might yield another shower, or awaken slumbering tempest into sudden wrath; but, in this, he was disappointed. Farmer Rushbrook, however, drew a favorable omen from the brightness all around, which shed a temporary calm upon the good man's feelings; not the less so, that he knew not whence it came,—one of those genial sympathies of nature, which blesses all who feel its power, who question—not its coming or departure. Thus, in some measure, revived, he took his cheerful glass and inwardly hoped, and prayed, that the next day's cloud of fortune might pass away as this had done.

But the last golden-ray of the sun's beams had scarcely retired behind the hills, casting a level line of glory along the far horizon, while the nearer scene was sunk in dreamy twilight, when Marian, having summoned Tom Tilt to accompany her, took the way to justice Sharp's house, intent on seeing her husband; on displaying that indignation which she did not feel,—in fact, on casting him off, or doing anything, or everything, that would save a life so precious to her. Upon their way, they beheld Benson and Hester Ray, strolling around the precincts of the farm, and watchfully observing the road they took; and this did not appear to be altogether agreeable to the acute sensibilities of Tom, her chosen escort, on this occasion.

"Zee, missus," said he, "them there carriag lurks about uz still—they hovers where the little birds fly—it's always zo. Shouldn't I like to gie it 'em, wi a waggan whip! It z like when the hornets and flies, and them like, teazes the plough-horse—honest creter, working for it z bread—doant I zee 'em, and slash at 'em,—it's their
fun to be making the brute-beast miserable;—but, noa—noa, the hanimals iz zilent and peaceful enough, if them there insects wouldn’t be at ‘em,—and zo ‘ud we be, missus."

But rueful, indeed, was the aspect of Tom Tilt’s countenance, when he found that this piece of eloquence was lost-upon his young mistress, who answered him only with a long-drawn sigh. This seemed to awaken in Tom’s mind some notion that something must be going-on at home—quite out of the common way, truly:—“Howsomever, missus,” said he, “silence is the best eyes for uz to zee with—then we knows what we zees—you zee.”

At this instant, a turn in the road revealed justice Sharp’s house in the distance, at the very sight of which Marian hastened her pace, as though more anxious than ever to behold its present inmate; and whether it was the rain-drops that bedewed the hedge-rows and trees that grew beside their path, or the view of the temporary prison where her husband was detained, or the kind of rough sympathy of Tom Tilt, but tears burst-forth and would scarce be stayed, even when they had reached the worthy magistrate’s abode, and, but one instant more, and she would be permitted to see him, whom most of all she wished to see, of all persons in the living world besides. It seemed now to her, almost something too much resembling shame to seek his dear society; and impudent, besides, to let others know that she did so. It required, in fact, a little making-up-of-the-mind, ere she could venture to knock, and request to speak to his honour: upon the mention of her name, however, this was immediately granted. She found the justice just-risen from table, in an excellent humour, refreshed by one of those luxuriant repasts, whose frequent enjoyment his rotund person so truly verified, and enlivened by the luscious juice of the grape, whose influence was ever so apparent in the scarlet hue of his face, and the lustrous twinkling of his eye:—“You wish to see your husband, Reuben Ainslie?” he said.

“1 should like it very much indeed, if your honor could permit it.”

“Ah! what can be more natural,” said his worship, thoughtfully; “nor do I remember that there is any injunction, prohibition, inhibition, record, rule, law, statute, in such cases, to forbid the friends of the prisoner from visiting, conversing, holding confab or communication, or intercourse with him.”

“I should hope, not, sir,” said Marian; and whether the justice’s feelings were aroused by beholding so pretty a young woman in so much distress, or whether it was an outburst of legal oratory, but he started-up, with his phisiognomy all flaming, and bestrode the room while speaking.

“We take-it-upon-ourselves,” he cried, “the responsibility, risk,—go, see, speak to your husband. We may be justices—we may be magistrates—but we have got our feelings still—can’t get rid of them. Young woman,” he added, in lower tones, approaching her, and a spark of peculiar intelligence was lighted in his eye, “it’s a pity, but what that way-of-the-world—hag—that woman—could be got-rid-of—for your sake;—lucre—money—a bribe—a bribe—and mums the word;” and here he broke-forth again;—“what should we do, if you were a child of our own? What should we do—feel—think—experience—what should we feel—think of that—my
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dear," and ringing the bell at every pause, on the servant entering, he ordered her to be shewn the room which her husband now occupied.

When the door was unlocked, and her name announced, it was with a strange kind of diffidence that she presented herself before Reuben Ainslie, with blushing timidity that might well awaken love, yet dashed with tears that might no less inspire pity. At her entrance, Ainslie, who was seated in melancholy-thought, started in pale surprise, but caught her presently to his bosom with all the energy of grateful affection. She, who had resolved to be cool, dignified, composed, anything but what she was,—she was at once overcome, and fairly wept aloud; and he, though not so openly resigning himself to his situation, was silent from the force of conflicting and secret emotions.

"I am come, Reuben," said the young bride, at last, "to bid you good bye for ever. It would have been as well, Reuben, dear, if you had told me that Hester Ray was your wife, for then I might have loved you in my own heart, peacefully, and not have been shamed before the world. Now—"

"Now, what are you but my wife?" said he regretfully. "Be-sure, Marian, I have acted for the best."

"And what is she—the woman?" said Marian, "she says you married her, and she can prove it."

"She may do so, for I did marry her."

"If you had told me this," sighed she.

"If what, dear Marian? he asked, and then broke-forth more energetically.

"How talk of my own degradation? How repeat my own folly? How shew that, through the will of parents, my own blindness, I could be so duped. Had I loved you less, I might have more easily Risked the chance of your reproaches, or your scorn. I thought—hoped—believed—that I should never hear of the woman again. Oh God! how gratefully would the rest of my life have been spent—could it have been so permitted!"

Marian turned suddenly pale, and held her hands clasped closely, as though internally resolved to carry-out the plan she had designed, as the only means still remaining to save her husband's life, for so, she now conceived it.

"Dear Reuben," she said, in accents of petition, yet with considerable firmness, too, though her voice faltered, slightly, "dear Reuben, forgive me, for I need it truly."

"Forgive!" cried Reuben Ainslie, "you have to forgive me."

"I do, indeed," she said, in the same tone. "I will try to do so. But I am resolved never to see you again—to hear you—to be with you;—never, never again! Your treatment of this woman makes me hate you,—and I could never love you again."

"This is what I foresaw," cried Ainslie, "this is why the secret was kept,—this my mind has known and felt many days. I know that I have lost you, love, for ever."

"You must do what I wish," said Marian, with trembling accents, "I am going to leave my native village—my home and friends. You must take this poor woman back into your house, provide for her and treat her kindly. She is your wife. I—dear Reuben—am but a wicked creature, for every one will think me so, you must forget me and take Hester Ray back to your house again."
"How much I admire the notion of a change between her and you," said Reuben Ainslie, ironically. "Never—the woman never returns to my house; deserted by you, I am forfined by all else."

"I shall never return again," said Marian, "we can never meet again. I could never love you again. When I am dead and gone, you will, perhaps, remember my words and treat this woman kindly."

Reuben Ainslie arose, and taking her hands between his own, as he sat there, he looked down upon her with looks of love and admiration mingled:—"This I shall remember," he cried, with passionate emphasis, "how good and fair the creature I have loved; how great her loss, never to be forgotten. But, my dear wife, we will prove this woman nothing and be happy yet, believe me."

"Did you not marry her?" she asked.

"I did, certainly."

"And marry me, dear Reuben?"

"Aye, most- assuredly," he cried, in more tender accents, "and I loved you too."

"Think of what punishments men suffer," she said, "who have been tried for such things!" but he did not reply for many minutes.

"All this might have been spared," he said, at last; "if those papers had been found!" but there was a peculiarity in his manner, that aroused fresh suspicions in her mind, that she could not repress.

"Oh, Reuben!" she said, "you have deceived me and broken my heart; but not for this would I see you punished. To save your fame and life is all I wish."

"I know it, dearest girl," he answered in delighted ecstasy. "This is the happiest day of my life, to see and feel all that you are to me—a simple-loving wife."

"Never call it happy," said Marian, "a most miserable day!"

"Not altogether so," said Ainslie, "since I know the sincerity of your love for me;" and he paused, as though calculating the chances for and against that which he was about to say. "Suppose even the woman were to prove herself my wife," he added, "what difference would it make between us? None. I believe you loved me, and do so still: you would regard nothing as too great a sacrifice for my sake; and if our marriage is not quite the thing, our true love may make it so, and who shall interfere?—Not this woman, when we have provided for her."

"You know, Reuben Ainslie, that I love you," she said, rising with looks of wonder.

"And what is the world to us?" said Ainslie; while she thought his face expressed something never seen before. "Love is the only law we recognise, and who shall part us?"

Modesty could scarcely blush so much like anger, as she did then; and her slender figure was stretched to its utmost height of dignity, while scorn played on her lips, and tears sparkled in her eyes. Reuben Ainslie gazed in pleased emotion on her.

"I did not think it would ever come to this, Reuben," she said, "to wrong me and then insult me. I know it is not common for a learned man to marry a farmer's daughter, perhaps; but oh! A civil, honest lad would have treated me better than this. If I am not your wife, Reuben, I am nothing else in the world to you—or to myself, Reuben, so don't treat me so hardly:—but you are not the man I married.
"Whom then did you marry?" said Ainslie, in unkind tyranny, such as men are apt to exercise towards her whose heart they feel is too much all their own; above all, if their condition be superior to such humble claims of love. He had asked the question, but no answer was forthcoming. Marian crossed the room and fell upon his bosom, in such a state of hysterical tenderness as gentle but faithful natures may experience; and, as she wept, some color, as of shame, passed over Ainslie’s countenance.

"Come, come," said he, "it was only done to try the humour of my little wife, and see how far she would venture for me. There never was a bride more maidenly, or one more after her own husband’s heart. Believe my words," he whispered, in softer tones, "that woman may separate us for awhile, but, after all—after awhile—all will be cleared-up. I have written letters and can bring proof of my innocence."

"When? Where?" she asked, eagerly; and he did not reply. She drew away from his embrace, and said with agitation, "tomorrow, I shall not be there—not claim you. You have but one wife, that is Hester Ray."

"Why not, there," said Ainslie, "what would your absence do, dear Marian."

"She is one wife," said she; "if no one else is there to claim you, you are free."

"My dearest girl, my wife, my Marian," he cried, pursuing her as she motioned to retire," if you resign me, I am lost indeed; my happiness, gone for ever."

"You loved her, and you married her; this makes me hate you. I could never love again," said Marian, resolved to perform her task, to save him from the possibility of danger, to compel him to act up to the point that might secure his safety and his life.

"I knew that your affection would cease for ever," said Ainslie. "But one word, dear Marian."

"Be sure," she answered, casting her looks of paleness back upon him, "dear Reuben, it is the truth, whether Hester is your wife or no, I could never love you again. I would never see you more,—we are like strangers to one-another."

As she spoke, she broke away from him with much energy, that the falsehood of her expression scarcely covered the reality of her feelings; but, nevertheless, it all equally bewildered and deceived Ainslie, who had least of all expected this termination to the interview. He remained like one stupefied by a sudden blow of fate, which no chance can discover or amend. She had scarce, however, as it seemed to him, departed, when he was interrupted by a visitor far less welcome. It was Hester Ray. Through justice Sharp, who was really willing to arrange matters, if possible, and who, indeed, was startled by this serious charge, she had obtained permission to see the prisoner, and was, therefore, at once admitted.

"Well, Reuben Ainslie," she said, as she sunk upon a seat, "you least of all ever expected to see me again, doubtless."

"Never—never, certainly," was his answer, while his looks expressed an uncontrollable aversion, approaching to disgust. "I was in hopes, that, on this side the grave, we might never meet again; that the dreadful memory of the past might be wiped-out for ever, both from my heart and brain."

"Oh, you know how you have treated me," she cried—"that, before we were six
months’ married, you left the house, ran-away, and, but for your poor father and mother, would have deserted me; but they recalled you. Then, afterwards, what followed, you know it all.”

“I do, indeed,” said Ainslie,” with bitter emphasis, “how the prime of my life was wasted—lost with you; how miserable the day—the hour—how accursed the life—the spring-time of my life—passed in your presence, bound in such base thralldom.”

“My money was very agreeable, however,” she said; “it set-you-up-in-the-world and that was all you sought.”

“They—all they sought-for”—he replied; my poor, good, anxious parents; and you managed to squander it.”

“It is nothing new,” she said, quietly, to hear myself charged with all your crimes, in turn. However, I did wish to save you, if I could—to see if you would make any arrangement—provide for me as your wife, if only in consideration of that poor girl that you have married—that she might-not be the sufferer.”

“Suffer!—to suffer,” said Ainslie, “is the doom of all who come within your baleful influence. From what, now, would you save her?”

“From Infamy and disgrace.”

“You are merciful,” he answered.

“From degradation and want—for she will come to it.”

“You are generous,” he retorted, and added, with double energy, “but when she seeks for shelter from such as you—when cast-upon your charity—she will be, indeed, most pitiable.”

“I thought if you would come to some arrangement with me,” said Hester Ray, “the girl might be spared, and all parties satisfied.”

“I can imagine it—I can conceive it,” said he, satirically.

“You were never known to act like any other man,” she replied. “You wish to sacrifice her, as you have ruined me; but she won’t long out-last your cruelty, that is one comfort:” but, at these words, Reuben Ainslie broke-forth into unrestrained indignation.

“Is this to be endured!” he cried, “that, no-where I can flee and be free from you; prisons, dungeons, caverns under earth, any place preferable to the least chance of seeing, hearing, conversing with you! By what right are you here? By whose permission? why are my thoughts and senses to be distracted by you? Enough, that you have robbed me of the chance of happiness.”

“You know your guilt—that haunts you,” she returned, as she arose. “The guilty never are at rest. Then you will hear nothing in reason—come to no terms.”

“To none,” he answered, scornfully; “go, only go and never come again.”

“You will meet us, then, tomorrow—in court?” she asked, with quiet malice.

“I will be there,” he said, “when either you or I will be the conqueror:” and they parted, both smiling with equal scorn, only that Reuben Ainslie shewed some sense of pained embarrassment.

It was just as dusk, twilight, was coming-on, and she was seated in the way-side public-house with Benson, her companion, in earnest-conversation, when Adam
Coleton again joined them, with looks and gestures of greater dissatisfaction than ever; in fact, with much of the appearance of an ignorant mind, distracted by that crisis of events, which had been brought-about by its own weak contrivances, but from whose consequences it was equally unable to extricate itself or others. He sat for some time in moody silence, but, at length, broke-forth in words.

"I'll tell you what, Benson," said he, "I don't half like what we have been doing together, and I won't go on with it."

"You don't half like it," said Benton, "but, now, I do. As for going-on, we have got no farther to go, only before justice Sharp, tomorrow."

"I know this," answered Coleton, in a more decisive tone, "what's to be seen at the farm, down yonder, is enough to stagger any man."

"And what can you do now to mend it?" asked Benson.

"What, indeed," said Hester Ray, "why, the man don't know his own mind for a minute together!"

"You shall see," said Adam Coleton, fiercely, "I shall tell them where the papers are buried in the earth there, in the darkness of night, I shall dig them up, again, I shall let them know that I am a villain, and, perhaps, after all, the girl's husband may be saved. Who can prevent me?"

Benson looked at his companion, and she returned an answering gaze of doubt and quick amazement. The man coolly folded his arms upon the tables, and eyed the other with defiance, 'ere he replied:—"When a man places himself in my power," said he, "he is not likely to get out of my clutches in a hurry. Who is to prevent you?"

"You may let them know that you are a villain, but I can make you out, swear you to be, prove you to be a greater villain than ever you imagined yourself to be. Say but one word, my good fellow, and you acknowledge that you have robbed your master of papers,—suppose there are people to swear that you have robbed him of other property besides;—eh! what say you?"

"He has lost nothing else, that I know of," said Coleton; but there was a churlish embarrassment in his manner, wherein there were discernable, also, some evidences of fear, which gave his companion a decisive advantage over him, and one which, seemingly, he was not inclined to neglect, for he drew forth a purse and dangled it tauntingly before the other, ere he replied:—"He has lost nothing that you know of," he repeated, "indeed! But he may have lost silver, gold, money, property; and suppose that you are made-out to be the thief, you are the thief,—suppose we two people swear it,—eh, what? Eh, you poor clod-pole!"

But his derisive laugh was stayed by the quick motion of the peasant, who, rising-up, his face teeming with unspoken passions of shame and rage united, levelled a blow at Benson, that might-have been more than commonly fatal, but for the interference of Hester Ray, who was apparently well skilled in alert defence of him—the abettor of her contrivances.

"Say that I stole money, again," cried Adam Coleton. "Call me a thief, do. Now I'll tell you a bit of my mind. This knife, here, I lop the trees with it, I could drive it up to the handle in my own heart, for ever having trusted you; and well,
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now, talk to me again in that tone, and if you've got a heart in your body, I'll find it out."

The man wiped his forehead, disfigured with the blow, and the woman tendered her assistance; but there was somewhat in the quiet paleness of Adam Coleten, now, that bade them cease their cares; and attempt some means of ending their dispute.

"What would you be doing?" said she, soothingly. "Sure, just now, when everything will be cleared-up, what is the use of good friends quarrelling together."

"It may be so," said Coleten; "but I am tired of the thing—tired of life, altogether. There is no peace night nor day; in the house, or in the fields;—maybe, when peace is gone out of the soul of a man, it's nowhere to be found afterwards. I shall go and give-back the papers, and have done with it; and if Reuben Ainslie can't clear himself, then, it is not my fault."

The woman caught him by the garment, ere he departed; the man prepared, reluctantly, to answer him.

"Stay," said she, "listen to what Benson says about it."

"It is easily said," replied Benson, after some secret deliberation. "You may go to the tree, yonder—the beech-tree—where the papers were buried; you may dig fifty fathom deep if you will, the papers are gone from there,—I, myself, did it,—they are destroyed.

"All but one," said Hester Ray, "the one we wanted,—that is safe enough."

They paused awhile; and Benson's quick glance, while speaking, was returned by an answering one from his companion; quite expressive enough to reveal that there was some understanding between them; but Coleten, staggered by his avowal, and conscience-stricken, still remained silent.

"I can do no more, then," said he, at last. "If the papers are clean-gone—they are. But this I know, that if Marian don't have me after all, a desperate man makes-short-work of this life."

"Why, you would-not go to kill yourself, just as you might be married to her?" said the woman.

"Tush, man, you'll say something else, tomorrow," said Benson; but casting-back upon them his reproachful looks, blood-shot with inward anguish, ready to burst-forth, he slowly quitted them.

"What shall we do?" the woman asked.

"Nothing;—what can we?"

"Will he be quiet—keep the secret?" she asked again, more anxiously.

"When fear drives, the false are faithful," said the man. "Trust in our luck tomorrow;" and, in this reliance, they caroused-the-night-away.

Not so Adam Coleten; by the light of such diffusive moonshine as fills the heavens, above; all airy space, and lights the earth with silver twilight in the place of day, he wandered homeward; but as all was dark, within, so it seemed dark without, and nature, studded with the diamonds of the sky, did not recall him from the earthy gloom, where his own thoughts had cast him. The sight of Marian, seated at the cottage parlour-window, was to him something more eloquent.

But Marian, in her distress, innocent, yet sorrowful, was seated there, drawing G—2. 45.
from-out the starry spheres and the veiled atmosphere, a far more perfect peace than
she had lately known; for so, the calmness and sure repose of nature works-upon
simple minds. Peace is the messenger of hope; and, from this serenity around,
many hopes were rising, which she did-not wait to question, but welcomed them
with a too willing heart, believing, trusting in the morrow. The entrance of Adam
Coleton, however, startled her, and too suddenly dispersed the fond illusion. He
approached the window; leaning against the opposite side, he fixed on her the same
burning gaze of angry grief, with which he had just quitted Hester Ray and her
companion. His presence, alone, brought-back the truth of all her sorrows and re-
newed despair; so that, before she was well aware, the tears were streaming from
her eyes again, in lost emotion.

"I have just come, Marian," said he, at last, "to see, if things go wrong to-
omorrow, whether you will live in the village—not Reuben Ainslie’s wife, nor the
wife of one who loves you?"

"In the village! Live!" said Marian, "Die, you mean. I shall-not long trou-
ble the poor old man nor any of you."

"Trouble," said Coleton, in whispering agitation. "Girl, girl, dear girl; my
name is Adam Coleton, a poor, miserable, unhappy wretch, but one who loves you
truly. Don’t now—don’t go out of court, humbled and disgraced, as though no
honest man would marry you,—I would,—I will,—and will work again in my old
master’s farm, a happy lad again. It’s not for your money or your pride; it’s to
work for you—fight for you. There’s nothing in the world comes-hard to a heart
that loves heartily. You know—you know it all."

"I know my own heart, best," said Marian; "beyond tomorrow. I never wish
to look. I could never marry you, Adam Coleton.

"But if they prove the marriage?"

"Never, then," she said.

"If—? oh, Marian!" he said.

"Never—never," she re-iterated; "indeed, no,—never;" and her face was up-
cast to his, meeting calmly the passionate ardor of a gaze, not to be questioned.

"I have done the worst acts of my life, only for your sake," he said, em-
phatically. "I shall tell you all, Marian, and so it ends. The woman came here,
claimed Reuben Ainslie for her husband. They told me of papers wanted to prove
it: because I sought to win you, I stole them, yes, stole them,—and—"

"And where are they?" cried Marian.

"They prove his marriage with the woman," he replied. "It is true, Marian,
all true:—but ere he could say more, she fell-back nearly fainting.

He said "They proved his innocence," she faltered. "He is lost for ever.
Well, I will pray," she added, slowly recovering, "I will be humble. Prayer, you
know, Adam;" but that one distracted look—that pale despair—the energy of her en-
treating hands—had wrought him into fury and excitement—yet unknown before.

"There’s no one killed you but myself," he said. "I have been an ungrateful
servant to my master, and a base villain to his child. But when you hear I am
dead before you, Marian, then forgive me; anyhow, I have loved you."
But all she answered, was "Go, Adam, go,—there's no hope, now. I'm weary of myself;" and Adam Coleton, gazing at her, steadfastly, for a time, at length retired, as though led away by some fresh project that he meditated.

During this night, however, no one in Rushbrook's cottage knew repose, although each to the other kept up some seeming appearance of tranquillity. The farmer, himself, passed the weary hours in meditating upon the future, probable fate of his unhappy child. Winterbough was pondering upon the chances of a secret commission, with which he was bound, early the following morning, to the nearest port-town, to bring some certain intelligence to Reuben Ainslie, that might clear him of the charge now laid against him; but, then, its success Winterbough naturally doubted. Marian looked upon the morrow, as the day which was to separate her for ever from the object of her love—the love of a simple mind to one infinitely her superior in mental acquirement;—and Adam Coleton, tossed to-and-fro, mad with the mischief that he had himself committed; the chance of losing Marian's esteem; of Reuben Ainslie's departure to a foreign land; and of all the inevitable consequences of his blind passion, and despair:—and, then, again, the possibility of her becoming his, and all his joy, resulting from an exposure of her husband's villany, and the reward he had thus so justly obtained, if she became his wife. As for old Margery, she was dreaming whether the packet would still be found. Tom Tilt, in fact, was the only one in the household who slept soundly, his slumbers disturbed but by imaginary sounds of twittering birds and running brooks, the pleasant objects that beguiled his field-labors in the summer-time, at this period of the year.

However, the new morn, that dawns alike on misery and joy, erewhile, in a few short hours, arose again. Winterbough was the first person who appeared, awoke from a short sleep by the bright sunshine pouring through the honeysuckle that hung around his windows; and he bestirred himself at once, saddled his horse and prepared for quick departure, like one who felt that not a moment must now be spent in inactivity. He had lost none of his prophetic air of woe, when farmer Rushbrook joined him, sleepy still with inward disquiet—and reluctant to behold the day, once joyous to him.

"I can't help thinking, sir," said he, at last, "I think as how Reuben must be a good fellow; and with the blessing of Providence, we may yet hold up our heads."

"I wish you may, farmer," said Winterbough, "but beware of pitfalls, marshes, quicksands, gulps, caverns, precipices—they are always yawning, opening, gaping, wide, wide before us, if we would only see them. Sir, beware, beware."

"Aye, sir, true enough," said Rushbrook; "and, may-be, ye will meet us at the justice's. As ye know something of the name of Ainslie, you may be of service."

"I may, friend," said Winterbough, in deploring accents, "and may-not; I might, and might-not. The prisoner may turn-out to be a most wretched swindler, scoundrel, ruffian, rogue, that ever existed. He may so: beware, my friend. You speak of my return. Who knows? I may be waylaid, trepanned, ensnared; may be thrown, sir, thrown! My horse return alone! Hopes a dangerous thing—"
very dangerous. Good bye—don't be too sanguine—beware—beware!" With these words, he departed on his errand, but not ere old Margery appeared.

"It's a cold morning, eh? good Margery," said the farmer.

"Cold! aye, I warrant me, you think so," she replied. "A boiling pot couldn't keep one warm where Mr. Winterbough is. Let the sun shine ever so, there isn't a green leaf to be found nowhere:"—but at the approach of her young mistress, she ceased speaking.

"Come, my child," said the farmer, "cheer-up,—try it, anyhow. The good Christian hopes all things, and submits to all things; and we will learn the lesson as becomes us."

Marian kissed him, and returned into the house, where, kneeling in their homely parlour, the pious family offered morning prayers; more ardent, not the less grateful, because, with spirits chastised, they came before their great Creator, humbled in fortunes and in hope, since last they knelt there. Some natural tears flowed down the young bride's cheeks at the memory of what happiness once was hers, and now what misery,—also, to see the place of Reuben Ainslie vacant, once dear, and now how much more dear! As she rose-up, the old man's kindly arms sheltered her, and, in their protection, she found a seeming consolation. Her father, at last, called her attention to their servant, Margery, who, ready drest, had served their simple repast, and was now all alert for action.

"What, Margery, are you coming with us?" said her young mistress.

"Aint I, indeed!" was her retort. "I aint served you in sunshiny weather to leave you in wintertime. My humble respects to my old master; but I'll bring a warm heart with me, too."

"It's a heavy day," said Rushbrook; "but we will not murmur, child."

Ere a minute had passed, though, the old woman was telling, more freely, her opinion to Tom Tilt, who, in the snug retirement of the kitchen-hearth, was taking his frugal meal.

"There's justice Sharp," said she, "a kind-hearted gentlemen, but he aint have the tongue of a woman. Lauk a mercy! I'd get-off the young man in no time. I'd talk 'em all out of their senses, but I'd do it. I see by his face, master Ainslie aint done it—he's too handsome. I'd clack and clack till all the justices in the land shouldn't know where they was—not they! They shouldn't hear themselves speak. But, Tom, aint ye coming with us?"

"Noa, Margery, noa."

"What are ye about? Come, lad," said she.

"I am going to dig," he answered; "the sound of the spade be enough for me. You baint doing no good kicking-up-a-clatter."

"Aye, lad, there be no genius like a woman, that way," was her retort; "we beat the men out-and-out. The men writes what they says—we say what we says; we don't want the gift o' spelling. A woman's a genius of herself."

"Y. z. maybe," said Tom; "yo be a magpie, old 'oman:" and with this sage

Meantime, at an early hour, the house of justice Sharp exhibited signs of inward
tumult and preparation for the expected trial. The worthy man was stirring with
the lark, and having refreshed himself with extra rations of substantial fare, he
prepared himself for the mighty task, to which the late events impelled him,—that
of judging of the just or unjust conduct of no less a personage than Reuben
Ainslie, pastor and schoolmaster of the hamlet. This was the most extraordinary
case that had come before him, and roused each sense of glory and pride within
him.

The house, the appointed room—the scene of action—was scarce arranged,
when Hester Ray was seen strolling—about before it, and again demanded permission
to see the prisoner. The justice, who had that instant invested himself in his
magisterial garment, caught a slight glimpse of the gold-laced constable, stationed
at his doorway, just as he received intimation that his fellow magistrate was awaiting
him—who, in fact, then, in the very height of his glory, was pleased to be more
than usually affable, and as nothing better becomes greatness then conde-
sension, he was pleased to grant the request. Reuben Ainslie, had, therefore,
scarce risen, and prepared himself, than it was intimated that his wife wished to
speak with him.

"Pshaw! your wife!" echoed Ainslie, as she entered. "I thought it was Marian."
What now? What do you want with me?" he asked, in anger and impatience.

"You will say the same to Marian, tomorrow, lad," said she, "but you can't
get-rid-of-me."

"Would we had never met—not now," he answered, in some agitation. "You
will have one satisfaction that best suits your malicious mind, you will be the death
of this innocent girl, at last."

"What then? and what am I?" she cried. "Reuben Ainslie, your conscience
pricks you. You have wronged me—cut-me-to-the-heart,—my hour of triumph is
come—you have no power left."

"None, seemingly, none, indeed," he said, in much emotion. "This innocent
creature will be a sacrifice between us."

"I might forgive you," she said, "Out of pity—"

"You forgive—you pity!" he laughed, derisively." And what is the price of
either. Woman, how I despise you"

"Well, well," she replied, coolly. "Has your wife, as you call her, any terms
to make with me? She might still come to some arrangement."

"Go woman, go," said Ainslie," as though wrought-up beyond all patience.
"Let me, in these last few moments, have leisure for my thoughts."

"You fear me, you know it, you fear me," she repeated with threatening gesture,
and yet, as though herself annoyed by his silence.

"I do fear you, it is true. I do."

At this instant, Reuben was in some measure relieved by the entrance of the
clerk, to tell him that his presence was required in the justice-room.
The apartment designated by so high a title, was a large, low-built room, with a
sanded floor, and windows opening upon a pleasant garden. At the upper end, a
large oaken table, and chairs of no ordinary size, indicated the locality where the
legal dignitaries were seated during the periods of examination; while, around, there where forms of the same rude workmanship for those to repose-upon, who were permitted to be present.

Now, as no one had ever been committed to trial, that had not utterly carried-out the preconceived opinions of justice Sharp, relative to his innocence or guilt, this portion of his duties was, to him, one of heavy importance; and the place of their performance a kind of hallowed region, not lightly to be intruded-on.

The justice, during these private examinations was accompanied by another magistrate, whose principal merit seemed to be, that he listened in silence, acquiesced in all things that his learned brother thought-fit to order, and filled-up the vacant seat with a form, enough resembling life to set-aside the charge of only one magistrate performing the onerous duties of so important an investigation. Rushbrook and his daughter were the first who entered the room, and kindly enough did this high functionary deign to receive them.

"Mr. Rushbrook," said he, "this is an unfortunate affair; but your daughter shall meet with all justice and kindness, be assured."

"I trust in your worship's goodness," said the honest farmer. "This has come like a death-blow upon us, sir. I am somehow stunned: I don't quite know what it's all about yet. Thank his honour, my dear child."

"My heart's too full," faltered Marian; "indeed, sir, I'm truly grateful."

"Be seated, my good girl," said Sharp. "Above all, hope for the best."

"I'm humbly obliged to your honor," said Rushbrook. "Come, look-up, my darling."

"We think-fit to arrange," said the justice, with growing dignity, "that Mr. Rushbrook and his daughter should have every attention during these proceedings."

Indeed, the pallid and deplorable state of Marian, who, as the time approached, became more and more agitated, altogether warranted such peculiar care; and, certainly, her modesty and beauty could do no less than excite pity, even in a more impenetrable breast than that of justice Sharp. Old Margery was in attendance behind them, gently instilling into the ears of Sharp's housekeeper, an aged crone like herself, the supposed facts, and her real opinion of the whole state of the case. Of course, anything but what proved to be correct.

"Let the prisoner appear," said the justice. "Take-care that everything be quietly conducted;" but ere he could whisper some passing observation to his colleague, a bustle was heard, and Hester Ray and Benson appeared, followed by Adam Coleton, in his usually gloomy state of despondence. This sight, beholding his own servant in company with the strangers, seemed rather to bewilder farmer Rushbrook, who, after an interval, broke-forth as follows:--"What, Adam Coleton, left your old master and gone among his enemies? A dog's a bad dog, lad, that quits old friends for new. Ye should have come with us."

"Maybe, farmer," said Coleton; "but I want to hear what's proved against Reuben Ainslie."

"Aye, lad," said the farmer, "but love your neighbours as yourself, and ye won't find-out harm against him."
"It's the open daylight," said Coleton; "and there's no need to seek it."

"Well, boy," said Rushbrook, in a broken tone, "let's pray Heaven it may'nt be so."

"Let the prisoner, Reuben Ainslie, appear," said the high voice of the justice, whose pride-of-state was rising with the excitement of this scene—to him exciting. Presently, indeed, Reuben Ainslie appeared, not the happy curate of a thriving village, nor the husband of a loving and lovely wife, but pale with a sleepless night and restless thoughts, and, also, with a distracted emotion visible on his aspect, unexpected by all. He cast his looks on Marian with manly tenderness, and passed onward to the side of the apartment, pointed-out to him.

"He don't seem to like it much," whispered Benson. "We shall make him feel at last."

"We shall see who wins the day," said Hester Ray, "whether it shall be that young vixen or myself. I thought you promised to let me know his mind," she added, turning to Marian, with bold insolence, "but not much of that, no, no, my pretty madam!"

"Let all be silent," said justice Sharp. "We proceed to business."

At this instant, Marian, whose eyes had been fixed on Ainslie's countenance, since his entrance, whose heart was throbbing with intensity of feeling, timidly, but with ardor, approached him, and threw herself into his embrace.

"Reuben, dear Reuben," she said, and turned her blushing face upon the magistrate. "Oh, your worship, forgive me, but, indeed, he is my husband."

"Be at peace, my girl," said Ainslie. "No harm shall happen to you; yes, believe me."

"Son Reuben," said the farmer, rising, and worked-up by the situation of his daughter, to an energy of passion, yet unfelt. "I think that ye are honest: Ye could-not hold my poor child to your bosom, and kill her as she lies there. I'm sure you're not the man to do it. Ye have been taught religion. I don't believe ye such a villain."

"Why tremble so," said Ainslie, to the young girl, as she clung around him, "dear creature."

"The person who prefers this charge against the prisoner," said the justice, his eyes glistening in tears, the-while, "the person who prefers this charge, must now appear. Speak—and, at once." The loudness of tone with which he closed his speech, revealed the effort he had used to appear self-possessed.

"I am the person, sir," said Hester Ray, advancing slowly, with a courtesy of affected humility, admirably played-off. "My name is Hester Ray."

"Let that be stated," said the justice to his clerk. "Do you hear? As she deposes her name is Hester Ray. What further does she state?"

"About five years ago," she continued, "Reuben Ainslie married me. He was the first love of my youth. I never failed in my duty as a wife; he knows and feels it. I loved him only too well. I cannot tell my sorrows: but he was young and thoughtless. He brought my little fortune to utter ruin—ran-away—deserted me—left me to perish from want and hunger, and grief, and left me a beggar to seek..."
my daily bread. These letters, written to me by his parents, will best shew your
worship all my sufferings.

Justice Sharp took the papers, and having perused them, he glanced restlessly
from one to the other of the parties around him, and doubts and fears of moment
evidently occupied his thoughts.

"These tell enough," he said, in hesitating accents, "almost too much. Well,
good woman:" and whether abashed by his searching looks and brooding eye, but
she stood more modest than before—more like the object of his bounty or protection.

"I traced him here," she added—"found him in decent circumstances—saw that
he had deceived a simple, honest, confiding girl—a beautiful young creature. He
has deceived both her and me: he knows it."

"Can this be true?" whispered Marian. "No, no, my heart says no."

"What can you answer, Reuben Ainslie, to this charge," said the good magistrate.
Did you ever, sir, see this poor woman before? Did you ever marry her? Answer
wisely and honestly."

"He cannot deny he did so," cried Benson, "for I was present—I was one of the
witnesses."

"And who are you, sir?" asked the magistrate, and he cast the same scrutinizing
gaze upon him, that had so abashed the woman; and even he flinched before it.

"My name is Thomas Benson," said the man, reluctantly.

"You hear," said Sharp, turning to his clerk, "his name is Thomas Benson."

"I am brought here through friendship to this worthy woman," said the man,
"out of pure friendship."

"Very kind—kind, indeed!" muttered Sharp. "Now, Mr. Ainslie, what have
you to say? Did you ever marry this woman?"

"I did marry her," was the reply; and the red-russet face of farmer Rushbrook
waxed pale, indeed, and a slight, almost inaudible cry broke from Marian.

"Whisper it," she murmured to her husband, "whisper it—it is enough, dear."

"She was my wife," said Ainslie, "but base and false—false as the worst
of women."

"Too true and kind to you," cried Hester Ray, "I'm the most unfortunate of
women," and tears actually burst from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks while
speaking.

"Sir, sir," expostulated the magistrate, "you should have got-rid-of one wife
before you married another;" but Ainslie smiled, nay, almost laughed, aloud, in scorn
and pure derision of the thought.

"Well, sir," said Hester Ray, boldly enough, "but I hold here the certificate of
our marriage. Here it is, your honour."

"I will swear to the name and writing of the witnesses, that appear therein," said
Benson, with equal confidence." She speaks the truth, sir, the truth, upon my word."

"Who—what are you, sir," cried Ainslie, wrought-upon by the man's assurance.

"I never knew you. Strange that I should have forgotten you!"

"A mere subterfuge to conceal his guilt, your honor, retorted Benson, quickly.

"I am one of his own townsfolk, and he knows it. Hester Ray is his wife."
The Bride of the Hamlet.

"You call her Hester Ray," cried the justice. "Ah!—sir,—ah! suspicious that! Note it down. He calls her Hester Ray, though he says her name is Hester Ainslie." He winked significantly at the specimen of magisterial authority beside him, and was answered by an approving nod.

"We were married," said Ainslie; "but, by the laws of Scotland, we were divorced;—this I will swear, most solemnly."

"The law requires proof, Mr. Ainslie," said the justice, "if you can give these proofs, why, the case is over.

"The proofs," said Reuben Ainslie, in evident agitation, "they are lost—missing;" and he added, with still more embarrassment, "but grant us time—a few hours even, and——" but, here, farmer Rushbrook started-up, in uncontrolled excitement, and cried aloud:—"Reuben Ainslie, I'm afraid ye are a villain. Ye never told me ye were a married man; and why not? But no, ye have robbed me of my child."

"This looks like guilt, indeed," said Sharp, addressing his colleague, who nodded his reply.

"Never mind," faltered Marian. "When all is over I can die at last."

"I never told you, farmer, of my marriage," said Ainslie, "nor dared to breathe it to myself. How could I mention her—that woman—my shame and my dishonour. I loved your daughter, and, perhaps, blushed to own my great mistake. I feared that Marian might even doubt the value of that love, which had been bartered at so low a price. I shall say no more."

"You speak well, sir," said the justice; "but, remember, you are brought here upon the charge of having married these two women. You know best whether you can disprove it. If not, as both lay-claim to you, the punishment of the law must be enforced—must fall upon you. Marian, my dear,—good Rushbrook,—what has your daughter to say to this?"

This question drew all eyes on her, to whom it was addressed. She was standing beside her husband, whose arms supported her. There was unspeakable anguish in her looks, and a wildness in her gaze, that told her heart was beating too quick for human thought, and lulling into unnatural sleep the senses with it.

"What have you to say, poor child?" said the good justice.

"Nothing about Reuben;" she answered; nothing, indeed:—only I am—not his wife. A poor, miserable creature, that only asks her neighbours to pass-her-by, and never look upon her. Your honor knows that Reuben Ainslie never married me."

"Yes, but he did though!" cried old Rushbrook; and, in his energy, he started full before the magistrate; "and if he has ill-treated you, my darling, dang it, it ain't your old father will let him go. No, no, let me have the law of him, though he die for it. Shall he come here and take the flowers out of my bosom—the gift that nature gave me,—and not buffet him in return? It shan't be, my girl. I'm not a young man, now, or I might beat some honesty into him, for your sake, child! But let him have the punishment the law allows us."

"Lauk love ye, master," whispered Margery, "be quiet, now. Don't ye see the poor-thing wants to save her husband's life; and let her have her way this once."
The young woman," said justice Sharp, "seems to wish to disclaim all interest in you, Reuben Ainslie, and leave you free."

"Yes—yes—your honor," gasped Marian; "he is free—O, quite free!"

"I am married to Marian Rushbrook," said Ainslie; "she is my wife, and all the village knows it."

"Oh, Reuben, my husband," she whispered, "deny it—deny it all, and save yourself. Turn-me-out-of-doors; leave me alone in the wide world; call me by any name but that of wife, and I will smile, indeed, I will. Yes, leave me,—oh! deny me. I ask it on my bended knees."

As she sank down, Adam Coleton, who had been leaning, during this scene, against one of the windows, wrapt in seeming melancholy and sullen thought, started forward, and looking on her quietly, said in a hoarse whisper:—"This husband of your's, you see Marian, what a black-hearted rogue he is. Come, say ye will be mine. I love ye, dearly,—and then all will be right again." But Marian broke from them all and threw herself before justice Sharp, whose eyes were glistening with tears of kindly sympathy.

"It's all a mistake, your honour," said she; "a dream—and nothing but a dream. There was a marriage and bridesmaids, and they went to the church, all of them walking in a dream; for poor Marian Rushbrook was never married—she has no husband—for what is Reuben Ainslie to me?—nothing—nothing, indeed."

"Here is the certificate of my marriage, your honor," said Hester Ray, "this I swear to; and would at my dying hour, as I hope to go to Heaven."

"This is a bad case—a very bad case," grumbled the magistrate—interrupted by the wild cry of Rushbrook, who, beholding his daughter fainting, lost all self-possession at once.

"Take my curse, Reuben Ainslie," he cried aloud, "take an old man's curse, for ye have killed my child. Oh, my Marian—my child—my child!"

"I stole the papers," cried Adam Coleton. "My heart can't stand out any longer, Benson, so as well tell at once." But, ere anything farther could take place, a heavy step was heard, and Tom Tilt rushed into the room, regardless of all forms of ceremony, and threw-down, before justice Sharp, what might seem to be a heap of mould, but which was, in fact, the very packet of papers required.

"Silence is the only thing arter all," said Tom Tilt, bluffly. "The zilent man's always a zafe un. There, your worship's honor."

"And what is this?" asked the justice.

"I zeed Adam Coleton bury 'em under the beech tree," said Tom, "a bird was zinging on the bough above him—but I said nothing."

"I stole the papers from my master," said Coleton, "the woman's certificate was one of them."

"False, upon my life, sir," cried Benson.

"Every word a falsehood," repeated Hester Ray;—but Winterbough here strode into the apartment, wiping the perspiration from his brow, covered with dust, and evidently just returned from off a hasty journey.
"There, Mr. Ainslie," said he, delivering a letter into his hands, "read it, sir,—only don’t hope too much. It may be some fatal intelligence—unforeseen misfortune—awful calamity—and be prepared. Many a man has built a house, when, lo! The foundation being false—walls fall-in—there, sir, it is a heap of ruins. Beware—beware."

But during this discourse, Reuben Ainslie, in much trepidation, had perused the contents of the epistle; and drawing a long breath of self-congratulation, he handed it over to justice Sharp, himself. That excellent personage took his own time in studying the true meaning of each paragraph, ere he deigned to pronounce his opinion: and, perhaps, delayed the more, in order to give dignity and emphasis to a judgment so decisive. He waved his hand with superior importance during the delivery of the following speech:

"This letter, from an eminent solicitor in London," he said, "positively states that certain legal documents are in existence, papers extant to prove that this person, Reuben Ainslie, by name, was, precisely three years ago, formally divorced in Scotland, from the woman calling herself Hester Ray;—that, therefore, as we impugn—not the privilege of such courts in sanctifying or annulling marriages, by the canon-law in such cases, either party may be considered free to marry again, and such marriages are held, not only quite justifiable, but holy, both in the sight of God and man."

Here the worthy justice paused, awhile, in this torrent of eloquence, and glancing the magic scrutiny of his eye on every individual around, he added, solemnly: "I pronounce this gentleman, Reuben Ainslie, free of all blame or guilt, and of this charge against him. Not guilty, sir; and I, the magistrate of this, my native place, congratulate you heartily.

The cry with which Marian sprung into her husband’s arms, a cry sounding with love and joy, startled the worthy man out of his discourse, and thrilled in every heart around.

"And God bless you, son Ainslie, I thought it could not be so," cried old Rushbrook, wiping his eyes, "I thought that you could not be such a rogue, neither:"—and so, he shook him heartily by the hand, and fell a-weeping in spite of all his native hardihood.

But while Ainslie was caressing his young bride, and she weeping and smiling all in one—while the aged Margery was blessing the happy hour and day that this should come to pass—while Winterbough was excitedly whispering, "Don’t be rash; remember there is a wrong and a right side. The most horrible events may be nigh at hand—think—only think!"—almost before farmer Rushbrook’s mood of weeping had changed itself into an involuntary caper—Benson, and his companion, Hester Ray, attempted to take-flight; and but for the watchful vigilance and keen vision of justice Sharp himself, they might, possibly, have succeeded, and evaded all farther interference of the law. Not so, however.

"Let the plaintiffs now be brought before us," he cried, with high and bold deportment; and the clerk, seizing them by their retiring garments, presently detained them. "Thomas Benson, what have you to say in self-defence. Answer."
Benson's impudence had deserted him, and he appealed to Hester Ray, who, somewhat crest-fallen, after a while, replied:—"Why, your worship, I am but a poor woman, and though Thomas Benson is my friend here, it is not much for a woman to expect from a man, once her husband, that he should do something for her."

"Oh!" ejaculated the magistrate. "You intended, then, to extort money."

"It was a little contrivance between us, certainly," said Benson, very coolly, "and if he won't pay for our support, the parish must, perhaps."

"Ah, you wretch—you hard-hearted monster—you always were a scoundrel," cried Hester Ray, doubling her fists in front of Ainslie; but ere she could proceed farther, she was hurried away.

"A few hours in the stocks will do them good,—eh! my learned and valued friend?" said Sharp; and the approving nod being given, the two legal delegates prepared to move.

"Now, if your honor will come and dine at my farm," said Rushbrook, "there's never a man happier than myself in the world. Ask his worship, son Ainslie."

It is not to be supposed but that Reuben Ainslie preferred so agreeable an invitation; and justice Sharp having watched the assenting nod of his colleague, was pleased graciously to accept of this civility.

It was just as the whole party were leaving the justice's house to make fitting preparations for his reception, that Adam Coleton appeared, once more, before them, still gloomy and desponding as ever.

"Well, Adam, boy," said the farmer, "what can we do to make ye at peace with yourself, lad?"

"Nothing, farmer," nothing, was his reply. "I shall go home again to see the old people, and then beyond sea. This life don't suit me. It's the last you'll see of me. Good bye, Marian;" and, speaking thus, he wandered sullenly away.

It is not our intention to tell what imagination can better far depict;—the joy of the rustic group—the blissful day and evening spent after so many sad events—the real honor felt in the society of justice Sharp, a man of authority among them; and the redundance of happiness they all experienced. And such was the conviviality of the party, that, we believe, at Marian's earnest solicitation, the sentence passed upon Benson and the woman was mitigated into one of less serious punishment. Nay, Tom Tilt, under the influence of general hospitality, was known to talk more than he had ever done in his life; and though Winterbough, in the midst of jovial cheer could not refrain from prophetic impulse, but hinted of coming tempests, terrors, tears—we do not find that it had any unpropitious influence on the future fortunes of

**The Bride of the Hamlet.**
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal,
OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT;

THE PIRATE OF THE WHITE-HAND;
OR, THE FEMALE BUCANEERS.

In days of yore, the princess Avilda, daughter of Sypardus, king of the Goths, was wooed by prince Alf, of Denmark. His addresses were, however, received with coldness, which conduct greatly incensed her royal sire. Avilda, in disposition as gentle as a lamb, used her utmost endeavours to dissuade her father from urging upon her a match which was repugnant to her inclinations; but her stern parent was inexorable—Alf was the husband whom he had chosen for her, and he was determined to be obeyed. The prince was, therefore, urged by him to press-his-suit with still greater earnestness, giving him to understand, that, if by persuasion he could not gain his wishes, he would compel her to wed him. Now, although Alf was resolved to leave-no-stone-unturned, to win the princess, yet his generous soul abhorred any, but the gentlest measures; and by those means, only, he resolved to gain-her-hand. For his noble nature scorned to wed an unwilling bride. He had early discovered that Avilda delighted in aquatic excursions, and in order to entertain her, he frequently ordered his state-barge to attend her, when he delighted-in instructing her in the various methods of navigating it, how to impel her forwards, or slacken her course.
Avilda was fully sensible of the prince's attentions, and made acknowledgment of his courtesy; and not only did she never seem reluctant to accompany him, but, on the contrary, exhibited no small pleasure when accepting his invitations.

One evening, returning from an excursion of this nature, the princess seemed to be so much pleased with Prince Alf's attentions, that he once more ventured to press his suit; he met, however, with no better success than before. Nettled, to the very soul, he nevertheless wisely resolved to conceal his chagrin, for he sincerely loved Avilda, and felt great grief that he could not make a favorable impression on her heart. At length, unable longer to bear her coldness, he took advantage of an opportunity of reasoning with her. His candor and ingenuity won Avilda's confidence, and although she felt not love for him, yet his truly respectful manner claimed her highest consideration.

"My father has left me, in anger," said she.

"His anger blinds him, replied the prince. "Rather would I have perished beneath the foeman's spear, or been engulfed by the raging sea, than that my presence here should have caused even a moment's sorrow to the fair Avilda."

"Noble Alf," replied the princess, "I acquit you of all blame, would that I could appease my father's wrath, and be again received in his fond embrace. So, now, farewell."

"Avilda, would you leave me thus?" said prince Alf.

"But, only, for a time," replied Avilda; "my swift bark awaits me at the river's side, and I would sail upon its glassy surface."

"And may I not accompany you?" asked prince Alf, as he continued:—"Come, fair Avilda, be not so coy. I love you, it is true, but that love is pure. My suit shall not be pressed against your wish. Your will, fair princess, shall be my guiding star. You seem fond of these aquatic trips; my bark is ready at the mole, and trusty mariners await my coming. Deign, then, fair princess, to go on board, and you shall view the wonders of the deep. I'll shew you every tack, and the movement of each sail; you, yourself, shall guide the helm; I'll teach you how to mark each point upon the compass, and how to make each angle of the sea-girt shore. My mariners shall throw the fiery arrow; and, likewise, exhibit how surely they take aim, when they would drive the sharpened prow through an opposing vessel's side; the dreaded cohorn, too, shall be sent-forth, and all our warlike implements shall be arrayed, in turn, before you."

"Good prince," replied Avilda, "your wish is granted. I will but give some orders to my pages, then quickly attend you."

Avilda and the prince departed to their separate stations, in order to prepare for the excursion. The lake, which they had usually frequented, was now, no longer, the scene of operations; but the river's mouth, which stretched itself towards the broad expanse of ocean, bore their trim bark gaily before the freshening breeze. Prince Alf and the fair Avilda were quickly on board. The stupendous rocks which guarded the bay, were right-a-head—they were running into shallow-water, and the lead was cast. Avilda, on this occasion, seemed more interested than usual; her sparkling eyes evinced some secret satisfaction. Alf viewed her with rapture.
She wished to heave-the-lead. Alf explained to her in what manner it was to be thrown, and placed it in her hand. She cast it herself, and heaved the lead-line with such dexterity and precision, that the prince, on the instant,—by a momentary impulse—seized her hand, and carried it to his lips:—the princess, however, hastily withdrew it, while her full, dark eye, frowned on Alf, in token of disapprobation.

"Why, dearest Avilda, do you treat me with this coldness?" exclaimed Alf. "Am not I thy affianced husband?"

"Desist!" replied the princess. "Where the heart yields-not, the hand can never be bestowed."

The vessel was now put-about, and they steered homewards. Alf, with his arms folded, and his head drooping on his breast, sat at the helm, silent and absorbed in mournful meditation.

Avilda's eye casually glanced towards the prince; she beheld him disconsolate, unhappy; and her softer nature felt-for him:—a tear glistened in her eye; she could not behold his affliction, unmoved. She went-forward, and stationed-herself near the prow of the vessel. An hour brought them to the mole. The prince leaped-on-shore, and presented his arm to assist her to-land. She availed-herself of his proffered kindness; she felt the obligations which his noble nature had extended to her;—she had the highest respect for him, but she could not love him.

They made-their-progress towards the palace, and were received by the usual attendants. Alf, unable to bear-up against his disappointment, wandered into the garden. There he vented-forth his despair.

The king, wondering-at the prince's absence, had gone-forth in search of him, and after sometime found him seated in the alcove, pensive and disconsolate. He endeavored to rally his spirits, telling him it was-not fitting that a young man should be thus melancholy and disconsolate, on the eve of his marriage.

"Ah, sir!" said the prince, "Avilda will never be my bride."

"You surprise me," replied the king.

"Has ought occurred to alter your resolve? What's the reason?—"

"Simply, because the princess has firmly refused to hearken to my suit:"

rejoined the prince.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the king, angrily. "That shall-not avail the wayward girl: she shall consent to become thy bride, or, by my regal crown, I swear, force shall drag-her to the altar."

"Hold, sire!" exclaimed the prince. "Never will Alf receive her hand on terms like these. Think you, I could swear to love and cherish one, who, now, too well I know would shun, would fleé my presence?"

"Be that as it may;" exclaimed the king.—"To the altar she shall be conducted; the service shall be read; her hand shall be placed in thine; "twill then be seen if she refuse. Nay, speak-not; I am resolved;—either she become thy bride, or draws-upon-her-head a father's curse."

The king hastily departed; and Alf retired towards the palace, sorely regretting that this unlucky match had ever been proposed.

Next morning, the king gave-orders that the preparations for the ceremony
should be completed with all possible dispatch. The surrounding nobles were invited to be present at the ceremony, which it was intended should take-place within the short space of a month. The princess, on the other hand, with sensations of horror, beheld the preparations for her nuptials, whilst her royal wooer avoided her presence, and endeavored by absence to forget that he had ever loved.

Avilda's fertile mind, abounding in resources, had formed-a-scheme which promised her a safe deliverance from this compulsory match. It was, truly, a rash and dangerous undertaking, but her case was desperate, and she feared-not the execution of her purpose, so that she could succeed in carrying-her-point.

Whilst the hated match was in-hand, the princess had equipped a vessel at her own expense, and trained a number of young women to manage it: by dint of frequent excursions on the lake, they had gradually perfected-themselves in their evolutions, until, by constant practise, they had become expert sailors. Their manoeuvres did-not create either surprise or suspicion, since it was supposed that she intended to make-a-display of her talents during the grand fête which was to take-place on the lake, in honor of her nuptials.

Far different, however, were the guiding motives of Avilda and her gallant crew, and short, indeed, was the time allowed them for preparing-themselves for so great a purpose. In three days' time, the princess was doomed to be a bride. Her present excursion was-not on the lake, as hitherto, but in a more enlarged sphere of action on the river.

The royal attendants in the palace thought that their mistress remained-abroad to an unusually late hour, and there was a general sensation of alarm in every breast. The shades of night had already obscured every object, and the king-himself, began to entertain the most serious apprehensions that some fatal calamity had overtaken his daughter. No time was lost in commanding one of the fastest sailing-vessels to proceed in quest of her, and every one awaited tidings with intense anxiety.

Two vessels, which had just come-in from sea, were at once boarded, and, in answer to very searching enquiries, they reported that a vessel, similar to that stated to contain the princess, had been seen by them some miles out at sea, under a press of sail, steering-away from the main-land.

The king was thunderstruck at the intelligence, and greatly feared that his daughter might be overtaken by some pirate, who would forcibly possess-himself of her vessel, and, perhaps, bear-off her precious crew for ever. A deep melancholy, accordingly, overwhelmed the royal heart; all the preparations for the nuptials were forthwith countermanded, and anticipated festivity was turned into mourning. The king, moreover, shut-himself-up in the palace, a prey to grief and disappointment. On the other hand, a strong suspicion crossed the mind of Prince Alf, that this proceeding was-not the result of chance. Accordingly, he retired to his own territories, and endeavored, by absence, to forget his fickle bride.

He now joined the chase, and participated in every diversion; but his utmost endeavours to withdraw-his-thoughts, from that one, predominating influence of his purposed marriage, were altogether unavailing, and he could-not, in even the slightest degree, regain his wonted spirits.
War, at length, breaking-out, in one of the adjoining provinces, the prince put-
himself at the head of the army, and marched-forth to meet the foe: reckless of
life, in the battle's heat, he sought-for, rather than avoided death; and the prodigies
of valor, which he achieved, fired his troops with almost superhuman courage and
enthusiasm, each seeming to vie with the other, who should the most excel in
bravery. In a few days, Alf proved victorious, and the enemy being obliged to sue-
for-peace, he returned triumphant, laden with the spoils of victory.

About this time, the coast was infested by several pirates, and, among others, there
was one distinguished by the name of "The Pirate of the White-Hand," from the
circumstance of his hand being remarkably delicate. He had been wonderfully suc-
cessful in capturing many rich prizes, and although he had stripped them of their
valuables, yet, on no occasion, was any cruelty practised. This conduct was the
more remarkable, as other pirates, of less note, had committed the most wanton
cruelties on such as had had the misfortune to fall-into their hands.

The boldness and effrontery with which these marauders attacked the vessels on
the coast, at length prompted the government to fit-out a squadron, either to capture
or disperse them.

Alf was appointed to the chief command. With respect to the rest, he little
cared what became of them, intent upon being confronted with the White-Hand,
and vowing either to bring-him-in a prisoner or perish in the attempt. The prince
readily obtained a crew, as the treasures which the pirates had plundered from other
vessels held-forth a tempting inducement to them to go-in-pursuit. He, however,
caused his crew to pledge-themselves, that if they met-with the White-Hand, they
would make every endeavour to capture him, alive, because he had spared the lives
of all prisoners. This arranged, the prince hoisted-his-flag, on which was the device
of a Heart, transfixed by an Arrow, and quickly put-out-to-sea.

We must now return to the princess.

When Avilda had ascertained that it was her father's intention to force her to
accept the hand of Prince Alf, she concerted the scheme of delivering-herself from
the violence which was attempted to be imposed on her inclinations. She had
seriously reflected on the painful situation in which she was placed. The recent for-
bearance, and manly conduct displayed by Prince Alf, had-not failed to make an
impression on her mind, and when she learned that he had nobly disdained to receive
her hand by compulsion, she could-not repress her feelings of admiration at his
generosity. Still, however, her sensations were-not those of love. It was, there-
fore, to relieve him from this dilemma, as well as to free-herself from further
restraint, that she adopted this unparrelled and heroic resolution of putting-to-sea,
attended, only, by her female crew.

With needful caution, however, Avilda had been some length of time preparing for
this adventure, and had even bribed two experienced pilots to accompany her
and the prince during their aquatic sports, from whom she derived a sufficient
knowledge of the surrounding coast, and the safest method of navigating her vessel.

Constant practice and close attention had, too, enabled her to make a rapid
advance towards perfection; and when the before-mentioned period of three days from
the intended nuptials had arrived, she bound each of her young, female attendants,
by an oath, faithfully and with all obedience to yield-to her commands. Thus secure,
she made-the-offing, and urging her little bark to bear, with a fair wind, stretched
boldly out to sea. That female habiliments would-not suit a maritime life, was very
clear; the princess was, likewise, aware, that pursuit would instantly be made after
her, as soon as her royal father became assured of her flight; she had, therefore,
provided male attire for herself and her companions, and, in a few hours after quitting
her native shores, her vessel appeared to be completely manned by as smart a
little crew, as ever floated on the briny waves.

Stretching along the coast, for the first few days, they met-with no obstruction;
however, on the fifth day, Avilda observed a small vessel run-out from the head-
land, which, under press of sail, seemed to follow-in-her-wake. This vessel gained,
quickly, upon Avilda’s craft, and an alarm being created, the princess held a council
with her companions, when it was resolved that, if attacked, they would defend them-
selves to the last; accordingly, arming, and commending-themselves to Providence,
they prepared for the attack.

The sloop approached: it bore the Danish flag.—Avilda doubted-not but it was
a vessel in pursuit of her, she therefore hoisted the rover’s black flag, having thereon
a white hand.

The two ships closed; the sloop commanded Avilda to bring-to, that they might
search her vessel, but the princess and her crew, seeing that the number of the
enemy was-not half equal to her own, boldly refused compliance, and, after a stout
resistance, beat-off the sloop. At this moment, another vessel, which appeared to be
an armed galley, hove-in-sight, her lateen sails proudly bending to the wind. At
her mast-head waved a black flag, bearing a death’s-head, a battle-axe, and an
hour-glass. The sloop, which had pursued Avilda, now finding-herself between
two pirates, endeavored to make-off, but failed in the attempt, and was, eventually,
hemmed-in and captured by the rovers.

Avilda being undecided in what port to harbour, followed the track of the other
pirate, and they shortly came-to-anchor in a snug cove under a promontory, to
which other ships seldom resorted, in consequence of the shallowness of the water.

Avilda and the rovers soon came to an understanding about the division of the
plunder of the captured vessel, the rover’s crew, in the most amicable manner,
consenting that the lives of the captured crew should-not be placed in jeopardy.

Anxious to know what had passed in her own country, since her flight, the
princess sent-for the captain of the sloop, who was now her prisoner, there not being
any chance of her discovery, in consequence of her close disguise, as she constantly
wore a casque, which hid her face from all observers. Avilda closely questioned
him, as to the various occurrences which had recently taken-place, and was informed,
that, when it was discovered that the princess Avilda had gone-out-to-sea, it was,
generally, a matter of great uncertainty, whether some untoward accident had-not
befallen her, or whether she had departed designedly, in order to avoid the compul-
sory union with prince Alf. That the king had, in consequence, dispatched
vessels to all parts of the coast, offering magnificent rewards to those who should restore his daughter to him, or, even, bring-tidings of her. The captain further stated, that, having observed this strange vessel from the coast, it seemed to answer the description given of the runaway, and that he, therefore, followed-in-pursuit, not dreaming of meeting with the slightest resistance.

"You did-not suspect we were pirates, then, I suppose?" said Avilda.

"No;" replied the captain. "On the contrary, I believed your's to be the ship which bore the princess and her crew."

"Enough of this," interrupted Avilda. "Speak, further, of the king."

"The king was furious when he discovered the departure of his daughter," resumed the captain; "and prince Alf had become quite miserable, because he fancied that he had been the cause, though unintentionally, of all the ills which had happened."

Having collected such information as she required, the princess generously promised to give the captain and his crew the means of returning home, provided that he pledged-himself not to make-known their retreat. She then returned to her new associates. The crew of the rover were, at that moment, in earnest debate, since it seemed that their captain had, probably, received a mortal wound, and the question under discussion was, as to the successor. One of the crew thus addressed his fellows:—"Comrades, it is necessary that our captain should be both brave and active, and should possess address sufficient to gain information of what is going-forward in the king's service. We have no common enemy to deal-with, for I have just learnt from one of our prisoners, that prince Alf is about to put-to-sea, with a squadron, to exterminate the whole of our fraternity."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted a gruff-looking fellow. "Prince Alf, indeed! A pretty fellow to come-in-pursuit of bold fellows like us. He had better stay at-home among the ladies of the court. Why, that's he, that was to have been married to the princess Avilda; but, because, forsooth, the lady didn't approve of him for her husband, he went sighing and wailing about the city, turning-up the whites of his eyes, like a dying magpie; and when her father said that he would force her-compliance, he talked-about honor, and delicacy, and all that sort of rubbishing nonsense. Now, if I had been in his place——"

"Well?" exclaimed Daro, one of the crew, "What would you have done?"

"What would I have done?" reiterated Strombola; "I'd have married her, whether she pleased or not. I should have been happy enough, I'll be bound: I'd have had her riches for my share, and she might have taken love for her's."

The smugglers burst into loud laughter at Strombola's observations; but Daro, with a significant shrug, dryly observed:—"In spite of whatever delicate qualms might have possessed prince Alf, it does-not abate his valor one iota. I have fought by his side, and know that he's a brave man, and an experienced officer, and such an one as will put all our energies to full proof."

Who cares-about his valor?" grumbled Strombola. "I'll meet him hand to hand, at any time, and try which is the better man."
"Cease this idle bragging!" exclaimed Daro. "You have met, before; and you seem to forget when your insolence provoked the prince to draw-on-you; you were, then, glad-enough, after a few passes, to cry-out for quarter. But cease this vaunting. Who's to be our captain?"

Hereupon, the pirates formed-themselves into a group, and began to consult who should be their future captain. Avilda, feeling no interest in the debate, wandered, with her female crew, along the shore. The sun was then setting; and nature was all hushed and slumbering, save in the gentle murmur of a calm sea, which washed lightly against the shore. She meditated upon her present situation.—She thought of her father—of her home—of prince Alf; and drew a true and just distinction between his generous bearing, and the sarcastic observations of the rude fellows to whom she had been thus listening. Her thoughts dwelt anxiously upon home, around which absence had wound a more than ordinary charm. Moreover, the little flag which waved from the stern of her own vessel, reminded her of prince Alf. His hand had placed it there;—now, he was far away from her;—perhaps, unhappy; grieved at the contumely with which she had treated him. A tear of regret trembled in her eye; absence had, indeed, worked wonders within her breast. Her recollection of the prince's attentions and his person, were far less agreeable to her than hitherto; and a long train of thought so completely mastered her, that, at length, a stifled exclamation:—"Alas! poor Alf," escaped from out her lips.

Two of the princess' female crew, Berezina and Perza, had remained behind, to mark the proceedings of the pirates, who seemed to be still undecided whom they should elect for their captain. At length, Berezina, perceiving their indecision, stepped-forward, and, with a resolute air, exclaimed:—"What think you of the White-Hand! E'en now he has had converse with the king's captain, and has learned what measures have been taken to exterminate us. He is the fittest to be our captain;—let all acknowledge him as such, for he is both brave and generous—and he divides his share of plunder amongst all."

"Huzza! Huzza! The brave White-Hand—the brave White-Hand!" shouted the pirates, in wild enthusiasm.

"Yes," added Daro. "He shall be our captain! What say you, comrades?"

"Agreed—agreed"—shouted the pirates. No sooner was this point settled, than Berezina and Perza proceeded towards the spot, where Avilda sat musing.

"How-now, Berezina?"—exclaimed Avilda. "Why this haste? Speak quickly."

"Madam," replied Berezina, "all goes well;—the pirates have communed-amongst-themselves, and have resolved to make you their chief."

"You surprise me, Berezina. Is it really so?" asked Avilda.

"It is, indeed, madam," replied Berezina. See, they are coming to tender you their services." A loud shout prefaced the approach of the pirates. Daro was the spokesman, and, in a few words, informed Avilda of their resolve.

Avilda paused. At length, in a resolute tone, she thus addressed them:—"These are the conditions on which, alone, I accept the command—an oath to serve me faithfully, and implicit obedience to my orders, whatever they may be."

"We promise," responded the pirates.
"Enough," said Avilda. "Away, on board my galley. This night you may spend in merriment and revelry. My share of the plunder I freely give amongst you.—Away, then, feast and be merry."

"Huzza!" cried the pirates. "The White-Hand for ever;" and they rushed-out in tumultuous joy. As soon as they had departed, Avilda directed Berezina to bring the captain before her. Landverstein was his name, a bold and trusty officer. He had already been made-aware that the pirate of the White-Hand intended to release him. When he approached, Avilda thus addressed him:—"Landverstein, I have sent-for you to hold my last conference with you. It is not fit that we should harbour enemies on this our island. You will, therefore, be conducted, far, hence, yourself and crew."

"What!" exclaimed Landverstein. "Would you send-us-forth to some un-trodden land, where we might perish by a lingering death? Is this the way in which you treat your prisoners?"

"Silence," exclaimed Avilda. "Have-not your lives been spared through my means? Thinkest thou that I saved you from the dagger's point, only to bring you to a still more horrible death? To make you feel the pangs of hunger—to perish inch by inch—to waste-away from want, and by famine? Banish the cruel thought. No;—a better fate awaits thee. Thy ship once more, afloat, and fitted for her voyage, awaits thee in yon creek; thy crew are all on board; thy sails shall spread-themselves before the favoring wind, to waft thee to thy home." Avilda paused.—

"Home! Oh what magic is there in that simple word; it seems to cheer my drooping heart.—No, 'tis but mockery.—Alas! I have no home; no friends, save in the hearts of my devoted crew."

A mournful pause ensued; Landverstein gazed in surprise on the bold pirate. The White-Hand possessed feeling, yes, pirate, as he was supposed to be, humanity still maintained a place in his breast. The astonished prisoner could have embraced his noble enemy. Avilda proceeded:—"Time is precious; the pirate-crew of yon strange vessel are carousing; the wine is potent, and sleep will shortly close their eyelids.—Watch for that moment to weigh-the-anchor, and get-out-to-sea.—Commend me to my fa——, to the king, and say, that, although the pirate with the White-Hand defies his vengeance, he can be just—he can be generous. Tell him that his daughter is safe; nay, doubt it not; her place of refuge is known to me, alone; and, while I am free from peril, no harm can reach her. Give him this gem. 'Tis what in infant years he placed around her neck, with many a kindly kiss; and tell him she has ever since worn it next her heart; that she now sends it to him in token of her love—in token of her safety." Avilda presented him with a small, but brilliant ornament; then continued:—"Now, no more. Begone. Thy vessel waits thee, and thy crew are all-impatient to behold their captain. My companions will conduct thee. Come—thy hand."

"Landverstein put-forth his hand, which Avilda firmly grasped, as she continued:—"While the sea divides us, we are friends. Tell the king you grasped the White-Hand in parting friendship; that hand which you could-not reach in conflict. Enough. Away!"
Landverstein took his leave, and followed Berezina and Perza, who led the way towards the creek, where his vessel rode at anchor.

Avilda had guessed rightly; the pirates had broached the wine, and drunk until their senses were bewildered, and sleep had closed their eyes. Landverstein, profiting by their carelessness, got safely out to sea, but not wholly unobserved; for one of the pirate-crew, while staggering along the deck, observed the shadow of a rising sail. At first, he thought it was but the effect of fancy, but soon he was aware of the reality. He quickly roused his slumbering comrades; the fumes of wine, not yet dispelled, rendered them furious. Their first thought was respecting their prisoners. They rushed ashore, and ran from crag to crag like maniacs, vowing destruction on the runaways, who, they were now convinced, had broke from their prison. The faithful Berezina hastened to inform Avilda of what was occurring, and told her that the pirates were furiously calling for their chief, the White-Hand. Avilda smiled at Berezina’s fears:—“Go, send them hither,” said she. “I’ll quickly find a way to tame their fury.”

Berezina obeyed. The pirates advanced, furiously, calling loudly on the White-Hand.

“Where are our prisoners?” roared Strombola, as he madly staggered forward.

“We’ve searched the island far and near, but can find none.”

“A careful crew, indeed”—dryly observed Avilda. “Is this the manner in which you keep safe-guard of this island!—Could you not regale, without degrading yourselves by vile intoxication?

When I bade you to make merry, I did not bid you drink away your senses.

This is your neglect. Landverstein might have escaped; and should he have escaped, and have reached his home, again, he would, perhaps, have betrayed the place of our concealment; and, had I depended on your vigilance, we should have found foes to hurl destruction on our heads. But I judged better, and made assurance doubly sure. Landverstein and his crew are removed hence, and shall trouble us no more.”

“They appear to have vanished by supernatural means,”—observed Daro—for see, even the wreck has disappeared;—what has become of their ship, I wonder?”

“Ask the greedy waves,” replied Avilda.

“The storm which raged whilst you too soundly slumbered, struck their frail bark; and falling against the rocks, it went to pieces, and was soon swallowed-up by the foaming waters. Shake-off this drowsy stupor which benumbs your senses, and look to your duty; place careful watch on every rising ground that overlooks the coast. Get-ready our vessels and we’ll put to sea: this idle life suits me not. Away, and execute my orders, and let your present vigilance atone for past neglect.”

The pirates, who felt-convincd that the escape of the prisoners was entirely owing to their own neglect, promised obedience, and forthwith proceeded to execute their chief’s commands.

Avilda, left alone, pondered on her present situation. “With my own companions I could live content and happy; but the ribald fierceness of this stranger crew, goes far to make me hold the rover’s life in detestation. My own trim
bark is dancing-on-the-wave, as though ’twould invite me to go-forth; again, my little flag waves in the wind, as if ’twould rebuke me for the slight I put upon the prince who placed it there. Too late, I feel I’ve harshly served him; his kind, his generous conduct merited, at least, esteem, nay, even, love.—Love, said I!—What says my heart? It feels—not that repugnance, now, which it did, when he first pressed his suit.” At this moment, Daro was seen rushing from the shore, followed by several of the pirates, whose anxious gestures bespoke some strange event.

“Where is our leader? Where, the daring White-Hand?” vociferated Daro, as he approached. “Mighty chief,” continued he,—“as we kept-watch upon the crag, in the distance we beheld a sail upon the ocean; and, as we gazed, with anxious eye, two more appeared in view, and, by their bearing, they are all shaping their course towards this island.”

“Ah, this looks like earnest,” said Avilda, “What colors bear they? Could’st thou discern?”

“Yes,” replied Daro, “The foremost ship, with gilded prow, which glittered in the sun, showed from the mast a crimson flag, having, thereon, a heart transfixed by an arrow.”

“Indeed!” ejaculated Avilda, “*tis, then, prince Alf, that leads-them-on. We must be quick and resolute, for Alf is no common foe, and we must put-forth our energies to sustain his attack. Away, on board, we will-not await their approach, but forth and meet them, and draw-them-on towards the shallow-waters where lie the hidden rocks. Courage, my friends! victory may yet be ours; rear the bold rover’s flag on high, and let our war-cry be—*The White-Hand and Victory!*”

Avilda and her partisans, quickly went on board, and were soon out-at-sea.

Prince Alf, in the interim, had met the vessel which conveyed Landverstein; and, although he could-not in honor fight-against the White-Hand, after the generosity which he had extended towards him, yet he warned the prince of the dangers of the coast, and told him how to avoid them.

Avilda and her partisans, boldly met them, and displayed prodigies of valor; but their light vessel could-not stand-against the enemy’s heavy charges. The prince’s archers, indeed, showered their arrows so thickly upon them, that Avilda and her partisans were obliged to retreat towards the island, whereby they also hoped to entice the prince among the hidden rocks; but, in this, they were deceived, for, to their surprise and dismay, he cautiously avoided every shoal. The dreaded coehorn was then let-loose upon the vessel containing Daro, Strombola, and their ill-fated companions, which instantly sunk with all on board. The prince, himself, hastened on board the vessel of the White-Hand, and, after a bold resistance, made its leader captive. With noble courtesy, the prince extended his hand to receive the sword of the vanquished chief.

“Prince,” said Avilda, as she resigned her sword, “your stronger arm hath conquered. I care-not, now, for life. Up, then, with your sword, and plunge it in this breast.”

“No;” exclaimed the prince. “I came to seize the White-hand, and I have
gained—my-object. I seek—not blood; your life is sacred, because your hand has never been dipped in blood. But there is a still stronger claim, which, I demand, as victor. Avilda! My much—loved Avilda. You know the place of her concealment: instantly reveal it, or my promised clemency shall be recalled?"

"Thou darest—not touch my life," replied the pirate, Avilda, "for I, alone, possess that secret. Avilda's fate is now so closely linked with mine, that, should my life be sacrificed, she will be lost to you for ever."

The prince gazed at the chief with astonishment.

"Prince," continued Avilda, "there are conditions, ere the secret be divulged."

"Name them," said the prince.

"Pardon for my faithful crew, and that the White-Hand be retained near your person."

"Granted," said the prince.

"Oh, prince;" said Avilda; "In conquering the White-Hand, you have achieved a double victory; for you have likewise subdued Avilda. She is in your power, and submits to fate: her hand shall be your's. Yes, the White-Hand promises—and he will keep his word!"

The prince was all amazement, and exclaimed, "Where, then, is Avilda?"

"Here!—behold her!" exclaimed Avilda, as she tore the casque asunder, which concealed her countenance. "Here is your Avilda. Your's, your's, for ever."

In an instant, she was folded in the prince's arms; his joy was unbounded; the prisoners were released, and a hearty shout rent the air, as the prince proclaimed her his bride. The ship was then quickly put-about, and the favoring gale wafted them to the kingdom of Sypardus, who received his long-lost daughter with open arms, and acknowledged that prince Alf had more than kept his word, for he had won his daughter and subdued

THE PIRATE OF THE WHITE-HAND.

Note.—In Falconer's "Naval Dictionary," it is recorded that, among the most noted pirates of the North, was the princess Avilda, daughter of Sypardus, king of the Goths, who, to avoid a marriage with prince Alf of Denmark, fitted-out a vessel with a crew of young women, whom she had trained for the purpose, and that so expert was she in making captures, that the king sent-out various cruisers to seize the pirates. At length, prince Alf intercepted, and took Avilda's vessel—but he knew her—not, because she wore a casque which concealed her face. When, however, this was removed, and Alf found that Avilda was his prisoner, he again offered her his hand, which she accepted.
ON THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG CASA BIANCA.

[Among the many hundreds who perished on board "The Orient," were the commodore Casa Bianca, and his son, a brave boy, only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast, when the ship blew-up.]

Thirteen summers scarce he numbered,
When, with thirst for glory fired,
Roused he those whose spirits slumbered,
And their fainting hearts inspired.

Time-worn sailors wondering, listened,
As that young voice cheered them on,
And on rough cheeks tear-drops glittered,
For they knew all hope was gone.

O'er the doomed-ship flames are blazing,
All are filled with dark despair,
Still, the valiant boy is gazing,
Fearless through the murky air.

Come, my father, yield-not, fly-not,
While one spark of life remains,
Come, thy boy, shall be thy pilot,
Death is sweeter far than chains.

Recreant sailors, whither flying?
Quick, conduct me to my sire,
Soon he claps him, wounded, dying,
Reckless of the raging fire.

Boy! They tell me to surrender,
That, thy young-life, I may save;
I surrender, but remember—
Tis to save the life I gave.

Father! Father! Live to hear me,
By thy life-blood, ebbing, fast,
None shall from thy body tear me,
I am with thee to the last.

Vainly prays, the dying father,
That the boy his life would save:
Vainly round him sailors gather—
Heeds-he-not that fearful grave?

Now, they leave the youth, to cherish,
In his breast, his wounded sire;
Nought can save them, they must perish
'Mid the all-devouring fire.

Soon, a noise, like thunder roaring,
Rends the hot and lurid air,
Countless tongues are Heaven-imploring
For that doomed, heroic pair.

Where is, now, that wounded sire?
Where, that young and gallant son?
A cloud of smoke their funeral pyre—
Then death is past and Heaven is won.

E. E. E.
THE SPIRIT OF PONT VATHEW:
A LEGEND OF MERIONETHSHIRE, SOUTH WALES.

One of the prettiest girls in the county of Merionethshire was Ellen Owen; but, alas, her fate was as sad, as she was in person beautiful. Her father, who died in her infancy, had been bailiff to the Owens of Ynuydymaengwynn, and she, herself, was brought-up with every care and attention, by her widowed mother. Though moving in an humble sphere in life, she was regarded, fondly, by all, on account of her extreme modesty of demeanour and unquestionable goodness. Such was the character borne by Ellen Owen throughout the whole neighbourhood, where the fame of her beauty had gained for her, an unknown, yet extensive acquaintance. The mildness of her disposition diverted from her even the shafts of envy, so that, in proportion as she out-rivalled, so was she beloved and respected, no less by the maidens, than by the youths, both far and near. Ellen's charms, as we have said, were not only known within the small circle of her perambulations, (which seldom exceeded the proximate market-town, and a few farm-houses of the immediate neighbourhood,) but the fame of her attractions had been spread from mouth to mouth, throughout the whole county; and (in Wales, where the fairs attract visitors from all quarters,) it cannot be wondered-at, that the name of Ellen Owen of Dolgelly, should be well-known, and a frequent toast at the social board.

Many were the admirers, and many were the would-be lovers of fair Ellen; but, of the whole, Evan Davies, a young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, seemed the most determined in his attentions, but, unfortunately for him, Ellen had already fixed her affections upon some more fortunate individual.

Although this circumstance was well-known to Evan, he was nothing daunted; he still preferred his court, with ardor and perseverance, but, nevertheless, in vain; the mistress of his affections loved-him-not, and his addresses were rejected, without leaving him one ray of encouragement. In however capricious a character Cupid may, at times, exhibit-himself, in this instance, the maiden was-not, in the least, blamable for her determination. Evan Davies was one, whom very few women could love. Independently of, unfortunately, possessing a disposition both brutal and passionate, his manners, too, were boisterous, and his habits dissolute, while report, with a tongue, more veracious than her wont, connected his fortunes with that of a gang of smugglers, who frequented the neighbouring coast, and as, in the secluded districts of Wales, all the inhabitants are more or less known to each other, and their virtues and vices equally so, Ellen Owen was no stranger to the course of profligacy pursued by her rejected suitor, so that she often felt involuntary sensations of alarm, when she thought-of what might be the result of his untiring efforts to win her.

One spring-morning, when the sun shone brilliantly, and all nature seemed to rejoice, Ellen, with a heart as light as the passing zephyrs, wended her way to Towyn market, to dispose of some eggs and butter, the produce of her mother's small, but well-stocked farm; nor was she a little delighted with the errand, for she well loved a ramble over the hills, and a chat with the acquaintances whom chance threw into
her path. Besides, there were the gay shops; and, perhaps, some new-patterned print, or fancy-ribband had made its appearance, since last she passed through the town of her pilgrimage. But it was not this small portion of amusement which, alone, rendered the journey to market so delightful; no, she could very well relinquish the longings for a new gown, and forego the pride of a pair of cap-tyes, but the hope, nay the certainty of a fond meeting with Morgan Gryffith, her own true love, since he was a general attendant at the market, and an hour’s, nay, even a few moments’ conversation with him, ever increased the innocent happiness of this virtuous girl.

On, she speedily went, for love, lending, as it were, his wings, gave speed to her feet, blythe as the bird which carolled o’er her head; and if its note were somewhat more melifluous, at least it was not lighter than the song she trilled, as she passed onwards. Strange, that the cruel fates so oft delight to trifle—with the human heart! The lovely Ellen, reached the market; it was full, the sellers were numerous, and with plenty of buyers, she soon disposed of her little stock. With eager glance, her eye had scanned the crowd, as it passed the spot, where she stood with her tempting store; but, this day, she was doomed to suffer the pangs of disappointed hope. Often did she imagine she recognized the garb and gait of him she loved, and, as often, on a nearer view, was she obliged to own-herself deceived. Yet did she still hope that he would come; so, as soon as the more immediate object of her journey was completed, she left the crowded butter-cross, and hastened to the residence of a kind, old aunt, who resided in the town. Now, old aunts, and more especially, kind old aunts, are proverbially understood to be of the highest order of gossips; and the time passed-away so pleasantly, that the evening had already arrived, before Ellen quitted the cottage. Still, Morgan had not made his appearance, nor had he even passed the window, at which she had never failed to sit from the moment of her entrance. No. Morgan was not in the market, he had been compelled by important business, to go for his father, to another part of the country. But Ellen, ignorant of this fact, gazed and hoped, and hoped and gazed, till she felt she could no longer prudently delay her return homewards. Accordingly, she made preparation for her departure, and, oh, how she longed, as she clasped her cloak, and gave the strings of the hat she wore, an additional pull, as well to delay the time of her exit, as for better security, that her dear Morgan were with her; and this very thought seemed to render the lonely way she had to traverse homeward, doubly long and weary. At length, the last farewell was breathed, the ‘good evening’ said, to her kind and indulgent aunt, and Ellen, had quitted the cottage, and proceeded once more on her-way!” With an unequal step, and many a sidelong, and a backward look, she passed down the principal street, ever thinking that one instant more would bring her lover to her side; but no,—the last shop was now about to be passed, and, on a sudden, she recollected how much her mother stood-in-need of a small, woollen shawl, and from out of her little savings she determined to purchase one for her, but even the time occupied in the selection proved of no avail; Morgan came—not, and she, at length, started in earnest, on her solitary, homeward walk.
If, however, Morgan was not present with her, in reality, yet was he in fancy, and although the imagining of such circumstances, can but ill supply the place of the real and substantial presence, yet it oftimes proves the sweet and companionable solace of loneliness. Now, a well-known bush was present to view, which had once afforded them a happy shelter, during the interval of a scudding shower, and, oh, how kind Morgan had then been; how gently he had endeavored to soothe her fears, lest it should be accompanied by lightning and thunder. A little farther on, she recognised a style, where they had often sat together, for a few minutes, with Morgan’s hand clasped in her’s, detaining her, a little longer, and a little longer, “as he knew she must be tired.” Then, she arrived at a small brook, which ran brawling across the road, where, as yet, the hand of convenience had not placed the needful plank to enable way-farers to cross-the-water dry-footed: there, it was, that Morgan would ever insist upon carrying her over, notwithstanding her repeated assurances, that she could very well pass it without his aid, and did not fear a slight wetting. Now, however, she greatly missed his presence, and she paused and pondered, how she could manage it. Thus, then, for nearly the whole distance, something or other, continually reminded her of her absent lover, and his spirit seemed to accompany her.

In this manner, she proceeded, for about three miles, and had nearly reached the rude village of Pont Vathew, or Matthew’s Bridge, (situate between Towy and Dolgelly,) a mere assemblage of some half dozen huts, nigh to a rapid river, and boasting only of one single house of entertainment, “The Blue Lion,” when a neighbour passed her, and, wishing her ‘a good evening,’ cautioned her to speed quickly on her way, as he was sure there would be a storm, and it might overtake her suddenly. Ellen thanked him for his advice, and hastened-on, while the good man, for some minutes watched her retreating steps, and hoped she might reach her home in safety, but shuddered at the thought of the long, dreary, and rugged path, which led her thither.

Ellen had not, before this, observed the different aspect assumed within the last hour, in the sky. Her thoughts had been too much engrossed by a dearer subject: but, as her attention was thus directed to it, she looked-around and trembled with fear. When, last, her eyes had glanced upwards, she beheld an almost uninterrupted arch of blue; or, if any portion of the sky had been obscured, it was simply by a light and fleecy cloud, that, for a moment or two, floated gently on, and, gradually dissolving into pure aether, lost itself in the brilliancy of the sun’s parting rays, seemingly, indeed, out-of-its-place, and an apt illustration of Byron’s beautiful idea, in his “Prisoner of Chillon”:

“A single cloud on a summer’s day;  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
Which hath no bus’ness to appear,  
When Heav’n is fair, and Earth is gay!”

But, how changed the scene! There, where the transparent azure, so lately reigned in unrivalled lustre,—shedding an universal ray of gladness round, nothing
appeared but huge masses of clouds, with frightful velocity rolling their ample volumes, one o'er the other, in interminable array, tinged all with their sombre colors, black, grey, and lurid red; assuming the most fantastic forms, capping the mountains, and mantling the jutting crags; till they, themselves, seemed nought but mount and rock, and transformed the scene from a smiling valley, embosomed in verdant hills, and protected by aspiring acclivities and lofty peaks, to a dreadfully mournful ravine, sunk between horrid cliffs, which touched the sky, and reared their giant forms even with the verge of the horizon.

Ellen well-understood this portentous appearance of the Heavens. Born midst the grandest scenery of her native country, she had witnessed many a highland tempest, and knew how much she had to dread: but there was in her soul no pusillanamous fear, nor superstitious terror. She was-not ignorant that HE who can raise the fury of the elements, can quell them at a breath, and that "HE rides upon the storm!" so, she merely wrapt her cloak closer round her, and prepared to breast it, trying to raise her voice above the wind, (which, now, began to howl along the ground), in the melody of a simple hymn.

A good distance of her path, well denominated for its wildness, "The Fordd Dhu," or the Black Road, was already passed: now her course lay through a tract, as desolate as it was rugged and romantic. A deep wood bounded-it on the left, while a long, dreary ridge of heater-covered hills, shut-out all prospect in the opposite direction; before her, lay the wooded mountains of Penyarth and Celyn, and, behind her, Towyn and the sea.

By this time, the wind had arisen, violently: at first, it did but sigh amidst the foliage of the trees, but, now, in fitful gusts, rocked them to their very roots. As she gained the Crag Aderyn, or the bird's cliff, the rain began to fall in large drops, and the birds which infest this point, screamed incessantly, as if deprecating the horrors of the coming strife. The thunder rumbled at a distance, then advanced nearer and nearer, with each succeeding clap, every report preceded by a flash of vivid lightning. The clouds, at length, poured-forth their contents in torrents, filling the mountain rills, till they swelled to positive cataracts, and the elemental war had reached its height. Dreadful, indeed, was the devastation wrought by that sudden tempest;—houses, cattle and trees, were carried-away by the falls, and the woods and meadows by the river-side were overflowed for many-a-day after.

Let us, now, leave our heroine, pursuing her toilsome way, and take-a-peep at the mother, who sat expecting her. Within a neat cottage, whose whitewashed walls, and cleanly-scoured floor, well bespoke the industry and tidy habits of its owner, an aged woman was tending a fire, composed of turf, piled-upon the hearth. She had long watched, with intense anxiety, the rising clouds, first veiling the horizon, then, as it were, mantling the face of the whole heavens, and longed for her child to be at home, before the storm came-on; but she knew that that could-not well be; so, with all the solicitude of a tender parent, she had occupied herself in endeavours to make her return comfortable. The fire ever seemed too small, and, oft, a new turf was added to the already bright and shining mass. The kettle appeared as if it would never boil, and, yet, the old lady had already thrice
replenished its vapor-exhausted contents, and her trembling hands were continually pressed with affectionate zeal, over the change of clothes, which hung on a chair, close to the fire, ever dissatisfied with her last careful touch, to see if they were thoroughly dry. At length, the beating shower pelted against the casements, and drew her attention to the door; often would she, in spite of the driving-rain, open the hatch, and, with her hand shading her feeble sight, expose her grey head to the elements, look-out into the thick darkness, in hopes of beholding the object of her expectation, and, as often, would the lightning drive her-back, muttering a prayer for her dear girl's safety.

The hours past-on—her anxiety increased, and her movements, which, till now, had been given to household matters, were, at once, suspended. She sat, rooted to her chair: her hands clasped,—her body rocking to and fro, as if impelled by mental agony, and her lips moving with rapid motion, but uttering no distinct sound. For some time, she continued thus, but her great distress became self-exhausted, and reflection once more assuming its sway, she began, first, to wish, and, then, to convince herself, that Ellen had foreseen the tempest, and had remained for the night with her aunt at Towny.

Consoled and pleased with the reflection, she arose, and, again, put her house in order; finished her homely supper, and retired to bed, if not to sleep, but not without placing a whole candle, alight, in the window, as in readiness for a call, not, indeed, that she expected any, at so late an hour, but she knew—not what might happen.

On this very evening, "The Blue Lion," at Pont Vathew, presented a gayer scene than it had before, for many a long day. It being only a way-side inn, on a cross-road, and that road but little frequented, it was seldom that any number of guests assembled there, at once; for, although many individuals passed it on a market or fair-day, the greater number would take their half-pint on horseback, or at the door, and speed onward; but, this time, the case was far different. Many persons had passed, and many had remained for shelter, nor cared to leave the blazing fire, which the busy host had made to burn right merrily, or the jovial circle which, glad in comfort, thought but little of the war of the elements, without.

The principal apartment in a welsh pothouse, like that in most others, is the kitchen, and needs, therefore, no description. On that terrible evening, it was, as we have mentioned, well-filled, so that the settles did not present one vacant seat. In the corner, next the fire, sat a big, burly man, who, by the confident tone in which he advanced his opinions upon markets and cattle, might be easily recognised as one well-known in the trade; whilst, next to him, there was seated a thin, weazen-faced creature, buttoned-up to the chin, with eyes which appeared to gaze in all quarters, at the same moment, and his attenuated form to grow thinner, as he endeavored to give-room to the fat butcher, who was seated on the other side; then came a lot of those every-day individuals, bootless, coated, spurred and hatted, like everybody else, and, from their close resemblance, only known from each other by their most intimate acquaintance—people, who pass-through-the-world, in the common-way, do their business in the every-day style, and are only regarded as every-day persons,
The Spirit of the Pont Vatheu.

quitting the world in an equally monotonous manner, unknown, unnoticed, and uncared-for, by the multitude.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that, on such an occasion as the present, and such a party, that the jocund crew would sit inactive or in silence; nor was the fact otherwise than might have been expected. A running-fire of talk was, almost, unceasingly kept-up, unbroken, save by the repeated calls for liquor, or the puff and whiff of the inveterate smokers. Everything that could possibly tend to make the party forgetful of the inclemency of the night, was put in requisition, though they frequently, as if by involuntary attraction, discoursed-about the storm.

In the midst of their enjoyments, a stranger entered, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, which plainly evinced that he had-not braved the storm with impunity. He was, in reality, almost a fountain, so fast did the water pour-down from his ample garment, and broad-brimmed beaver, but they had, both, well-done their duty; for, throwing them aside, beneath the dry folds of his many inner garments they evinced the valuable service which his outward garbs had rendered him.

What, ho! Landlord! A glass of brandy-and-water, and let it be somewhat of the warmest and the strongest to keep-off the wet and drive-out the cold. Diaw! I think that all the spirits of the air are at-work to-night, looking on their work, seeing what they can do! Ha! Jenkyns, weather-bound, alike, eh? And you, Thomas! What, and little Lewis, too? (addressing the thin man). Why, man, how came you to trust-yourself-out in such a turmoil? I wonder the blast had-not borne you among the hawks and ravens, the very top of old Aderyn, instead of depositing you, quietly, here, at 'The Blue Lion,' but I am glad to see you all comfortable, so, give me a roost among you!"

Upon this appeal, several of the party rose to offer him a seat; for he was known to many of them, as the son of one of the principal landholders of the place: and, of the number, there were several of his mother's tenants; he was, therefore, respectfully greeted, and the station of honor immediately ceded to him.

There is a sort of freemasonry amongst the guests in an inn-kitchen, which is admirably conducive to conviviality and good humour: this is more particularly the case, on a stormy night, when the tempest, in its churlishness, levels all distinction, respecting, equally, the poorest peasant, with the proudest patrician—that is pelting all on whom he can pour his pitiless patter: under such circumstances, conversation goes-on, uninterrupted by the arrival of new comers, and every one, who, on such an evening has been benighted, is well-acquainted with the subjects usually brought-forward in the room of a public hostelry, and more, especially in those pastoral districts, where superstition holds such powerful sway over the minds and manners of the rustics. When markets, and business, and local news have been worn threadbare, then, all the horrible incidents of the country are revived. All "imminent perils by flood and field," from time immemorial, are related, and the hours are beguiled by strange stories of ghost and goblin, black-spirits and white; blue spirits and grey; witches, fairies, and copse-lights; murders, robberies, and death-warnings; each of which is solemnly attested, and each as implicitly believed.

Nor, was it otherwise, that night, at "The Blue Lion," of Pont Vatheu, and
numerous strange and marvellous narrations had been related by the honest and untutored guests, when the entrance of the young stranger, before alluded-to, for the time-being, stayed the voice of the speaker, whilst in the midst of a most interesting account of the events attending the capture of a most desperate band of robbers. As soon as the company became, again, settled, the narrative was continued and finished, with a graphically terrific account of the attack, defence, and final capture of the band.

"Speaking of loose characters," cried Pryce, (the last comer,) "I think there's something in the wind to-night, for, as I passed the little foot-plank, over the brook at the foot of Aderyn, I saw Evan Davies, and some rough fellow crouching in a niche in the rocks, smoking their pipes, and talking as seriously, as if the wind and weather were nought to them."

"Oh," cried the assembly, as with one breath, "If Evan be abroad to-night, there's something afloat, for certain, it is not Evan Davies who will brave the rain and cold for nothing, when there's a public-house, within a few miles walk, with a good fire, and strong ale to-boot."

"Who was his companion?" questioned the big man in the corner.

"That's more than I can tell you, Jenkyns," replied Pryce, "I can only say, by the glimpse I had of him, as they stood forward to hail me, that he was a tall fellow, in a rough coat, with a hairy cap on his head; and, as I think, a stranger."

"That he is," rejoined the one addressed, "for, by your description, he must be the same man I passed on the Towyn road; I could-not help remarking him, on account of his unusually strong-built figure, and rough appearance. One of Elyn's smuggling pals, from the other side, I warrant me. Well, they've got the night to themselves at any rate, for no others would be abroad, if they could help it.

At this moment, all the conversation was stopped, by the increasing violence of the storm, which howled and beat against the casements, as if it would drive them in; presently, a wild shriek rose-upon the air, above the tempest's roar, with a sound at once piercing and unearthly. Each guest leaped, as it were, simultaneously, from his seat, declaring it was the cry of some-one in distress or danger; then, rushed to the door, but looking-out, nothing could be seen, nor aught heard, save the plashing of the troubled waters, and the soughing of the furious blast; and, as the shriek was not repeated, all deemed it some illusion of the senses, or the mere beating of the enraged elements; and again returned to their circle. The rest of the night wore-away insensibly, and the force of the tempest gradually abated, so that, by the morning, the guests were enabled to depart on their different roads.

Several had gone, and only a party, of some three or four, stayed behind. The parting-cup, drained, they, also, accompanied by the landlord, started for the bridge. For a few seconds, they stopped to gaze at the swollen waters, when the attention of one of them was attracted by something in the river, which appeared like the carcass of a drowned sheep. It had passed under the arch, and at this moment was stayed in its course down the rapid current, by the depending branches of an osier. He approached to drag it from the flood, when, to his horror and astonishment, he perceived it to be the dead body of a female. Immediately giving the alarm, his
companions hastened to assist in withdrawing it, and they instantly recognised the well-known features of poor Ellen Owen.

The corpse of the ill-fated girl was directly conveyed to a private room in the inn, and a messenger dispatched to the hamlet, to inform the neighbours of the event, and send some one to apprise the unhappy mother of her loss.

On examination, an unusual appearance was observed about the neck, which bore all the marks of having been tightly grasped; being nearly surrounded by livid streaks, plainly indicating the indiginations of a large and powerful hand.

In Wales, capital crimes are, almost, unheard-of: murder is so seldom perpetrated,* as to be, almost, only known by name. It cannot, then, be surprising, that this atrocious act should produce a most extraordinary sensation in the surrounding country; for, that the poor girl had been assassinated, there was not a shadow of doubt, the marks of violence, alone, were sufficient evidence, had not her happy and innocent life equally testified the fact, and set at rest all suspicion of self-destruction.

The simple peasants would, nevertheless, with difficulty believe, or persuade themselves, that there could exist any one brutal and wicked enough, to destroy a creature so meek and blameless as Ellen. But the proof of the fact was before them, and, very soon, an individual was found, upon whom to fix, at last, the suspicion of committing this most foul and horrid deed. The fact, of Evan Davies having been seen, that night, loitering on the road, with the well-known passion he entertained for Ellen, and the equally well-known aversion, with which his advances were returned, in their minds added conviction upon conviction; and that he was the delinquent, was further corroborated, as they thought, by the fact, that, upon search being made for him, he could nowhere be found, nor did the most active measures to that effect prove of any avail. Such was the unfortunate state of circumstances, when, after due investigation, the coroner pronounced his verdict of “found drowned,” supposed to be wilfully murdered by a person or persons, unknown.”

The body of the village-maid was consigned to its parent-earth, amidst the tears and lamentations of all who knew, and all who loved her.

CHAPTER II.

How rapid is the flight of time, and where is the hidden secret, the hoary father, in his travels, does-not, sooner or later, bring-to-light! The sun may illumine the depths of ocean, and smile upon heaps of treasure, which never shall be revealed to

* It is very true that murders in Wales are not common, and that when they happen, the whole Principality, like a hive of bees, is in motion. The tenderest passion, so called, is, however, creative, sometimes, of the direst consequences. It chanced to be our lot in the year 1829 or 1830, to be present at the Carmarthen assizes, when a far more atrocious murder was committed, though to the same end—the destruction of a former love. We cannot, at this moment, put our hands upon the Welsh song composed and everywhere sung on the occasion; but it set forth the whole facts. The murder, no less than the trial, was remarkable, for the trial lasted from nine, a.m., till two, a.m., on the following day—and chiefly to ascertain whether the monster, on the summit of a mountain, had hewn his victim in pieces with a bill-hook or a hatchet.

L. b.—2-15.
mortal ken, or beam upon lands of paradise, where foot shall ne'er wander, but, 
Time, will surely unveil the ill-concealed villany of man, when crime, by passion 
prompted, has led to deeds which doom the soul to an eternity of unavailing 
repentance!

Days, weeks, months, years, had flown in swiftness, since the night when Ellen 
Owen was hurried—from the delights and pains of this nether world, to a life, we 
trust, of immortal happiness. To say that her memory was forgotten, would be 
wrong; for, does-not, even now, the white head-stone, at her grave, record her 
melancholy fate, and the grief of him, who loved her better than his life. It is 
true, the mystery of her death was only told as a “tale of the olden time,” and, as 
one, which would fill with interest the tedious hour at the ingle side, but it was told 
with all the apathy, attached to irremediable evils; in fact, it was past, long since 
past; matters of serious, and later import, had, in vivid succession, supplied its 
place, and the strong interest of its novelty had waned almost into nothingness in 
distance. The effect of this mal-adventure had been sad. The poor-old mother, 
whose greatest happiness had proceeded from her daughter's love, on hearing the fatal 
tidings, received a shock which mortal aid could-not alleviate, and, perhaps, in mercy, 
the dreadful blow upon her was inflicted. Reason vacated her seat. The images 
impressed upon the brain, when last in a healthy state, were the indelible and only im-
pressions upon her mind. She no longer knew that her child was dead; indeed, 
she would-not know it. She felt that she was absent, but she was only gone to 
market, and would soon return; and, indeed, she wished that she would-not loiter 
so, as the weather was so bad, and she would suffer from the storm. “But, never 
mind,” she said, “the best must be made of the worst, and there were clothes 
washing at the hearth, and everything to make her comfortable, when she should 
return, and that would-not be long first.” And, in this train of thought she con-
tinued for years, till, watching wore-out life, and she was laid beside her Ellen, in 
the cold church-yard, where the hand of Morgan Gryffith, daily spread the two 
small mounds with blooming flowers or fresh evergreens.

From the night, when Pryce saw Evan Davies in the rocks, with his strange 
companion, neither had ever been beheld, or heard-of in the country, although Mor-
gan had used every effort for his discovery; but all in vain; and it was the general 
opinion, that he had perished in some of his wild exploits. But Pont Vathew, 
since that dreadful night, had gained a melancholy name by this catastrophe: it was 
haunted by the beautiful apparition of Ellen Owen, nor ever did a tempest occur, 
without bringing with it the troubled spirit of the hapless maiden, and there are but 
few, (even to this day,) of the humble cottagers, of that part of the country, who 
have-not seen it, struggling with the waves of the rapid mountain-stream.

It was exactly the twentieth anniversary of the night, on which our tale opens, 
that “The Blue Lion,” at Pont Vathew, was again filled with guests, and from the 
same cause as at the former eventful period; the effects of a violent storm, gathering 
them together, and detaining them. Several of the same guests, who had then 
occupied the kitchen, were again seated there, nor was the remarkable coincidence 
unnoticed. Jenkyns, the big cattle-dealer, had gone “To that bourne whence no
traveller returns;" the thin weazen-faced man, no longer dwelt in that part, he had left for somewhere, downwards, and was acting as bailiff to a person of considerable property: but Pryce was there; and Thomas, the fat butcher; and the host, and two or three more, and the remainder of the party, was, again, composed of those singularly similar sort of people, that fancy need-not have taken any very peculiar flight in imagining them all to be the former visitants.

Pryce, was now, no longer, the Pryce he then was. The roaring, good-natured fellow, had sobered-into the substantial man, and the jolly smile and laughing countenance had given-place to the staid appearance of the father of a family. The fat butcher, looked heavy, and wedded to his glass; his very jokes seemed sleepy; and poor Morgan Gryffith, who, at that time, was a gay, smiling youth, had now a brow, silvered by the hand of care, and a stoop in his gait, which gave him the apparent addition of, at least, fifteen more years than he could, in justice, boast-of.

It was-not, on this occasion, a market-night; the principal cause for so many being assembled there, was a trial of great interest, which had taken-place, that day, at Dolgelly.

A stranger had been taken-up some time previously, at a place not far distant, on a charge of being connected in a smuggling transaction; but, in spite of every endeavour, the prosecution had failed. Nevertheless, they proved him sufficiently inculpated to fine him in a heavy sum, and imprison him in default of payment. The daring of the fellow had produced a considerable sensation, and, from many of his replies, it was evident that he was no stranger to that part of the coast. Nevertheless, he was unknown to every body. He had, (he said) sent to those, who would soon provide him with the means of extricating himself, and he daily expected their arrival. Some, doubted him; others believed him, but all concurred in the opinion, that he was a very fitting inhabitant for his present apartment, a cell, in the county goal.

It was, while thus occupied, in conversation, upon the subject of the smuggler, that they were surprised at the sound of a horse approaching, apparently, at its utmost speed, and as if the rider had lost all command of the animal. They listened, thinking it might be some traveller hastening to the house. It came-on, rapidly; the noise suddenly ceased; in another instant, a violent plunge, and a dashing was heard in the water, mingled with cries for help. They could-not be mistaken, for the screams were repeated, incessantly, but were, evidently, fast growing weaker. All rushed to the rescue. The night was dark as pitch, excepting when a broad flash, illumining, for a moment, the whole scene, added greatly to its horrors. The landlord soon followed, with others, bearing lanterns, and, by the light thus afforded them, they distinguished a man struggling in the stream, but nearly exhausted. By dint of their united efforts, the horseman was soon liberated from his peril, and conveyed to the house, insensible, the distorted features plainly shewing how severe had been his struggle for life.

Means were resorted-to, to restore animation, which, in the end, proved successful; life again resumed its place, but it was clear that the frame had been so shattered, and that the whole system had received so severe a shock, that the individual could-not long hold-out. The sufferer, himself, seemed aware of the fact. He appeared
to have come from a distance; in person, a middle-aged man, dressed in the garb of a sailor, and unknown to all. When he had recovered his senses, a restless anxiety was observable in all his motions, and he was particularly solicitous that his clothes might not be removed from his sight. These had, already, been taken from the apartment where he lay, to the fire in the kitchen; but their contents, which consisted of several papers, and a heavily-charged pocket-book, had been carefully deposited in a drawer of the bureau in the room. On this being intimated to the stranger, he desired that they should be, immediately, given to him. His request was complied-with, and Morgan Gryffith placed the packet by his side. The enfeebled sufferer made an effort to rise to receive them, when, casting his eyes on Morgan, he sank-back, with a deep and hollow groan, placing his arms in an extended position between them, as if to keep-him-off.

"Who are you?" cried he; in a trembling voice. "I should know those features, but, no, he cannot be—he would not be so old. Your name—" Morgan Gryffith." "Ha! I thought so," shrieked the dying man. "I knew it; I could not be deceived; and I—I am—" Here his voice failed him, and he fell heavily again on the pillow, from which, in his emotion, he had once more risen. Those assembled, went to his assistance, but, in vain, he was dead!

In the morning, every necessary form, consistent both with humanity and according to law, was entered-into. For the satisfaction of the jury, no difficulty could arise, as it was evident to all, that the death was accidental, and the persons appointed proceeded to examine the papers of the deceased. The pocket-book contained notes to a considerable amount, besides some pieces of gold. The principal portion of the bulk was, however, composed of a number of papers and letters, all addressed to Vaughan Evans, and chiefly concerning the disposal of contraband articles, but, there was one among them of a recent date, written from the county gaol, and bearing the Dolgelly post-mark, and the signature of the prisoner, of whom we have lately spoken. He stated in it the particulars of his capture, and the fine in which he was mulcted, bidding him bring or forward the same, by a certain day, or (in case of failure), he would disclose the particulars of a certain murder, committed twenty years previously, and would let him know, to his cost, that Vaughan Evans could not protect Evan Davies.

Nothing more was required. It was clear, as had already been suspected, that Vaughan Evans and Evan Davies were one. Thus, providentially, were there substantial proofs of the murderer.

The rustics of the neighbourhood still point-out to a heap of stones, at the foot of Craig Aderyn, which, as they affirm, marks the last resting-place of

THE MURDERER OF ELLEN OWEN,

THE ROSE OF DOLGELLY.
THE LIFE OF THE LEAVES.

The op'ning leaves! Oh, blest they are,
In their kingdom, proud, on the stately trees,
From their sunny homes they can watch afar,
For the evening-sighs of the summer-breeze.

The op'ning leaves! Oh, naught's so bright,
As the glow that rests on their dwellings high;
In the peaceful time of the dreamy night,
When the moon looks-out from the star-lit sky.

The fading leaves! Oh, sad are they,
From the earth's fresh face, with its blooming flowers;
And their joyous haunts to pass away,
And be seen no more in their scented bowers.

The fading leaves! They droop with care
When the autumn-wind brings a warning tone,
To part them from all they have cherished there,
And the boughs they shaded must mourn alone.

The falling leaves! Their life hath past,
In the spot they loved, they must dwell no more,
At the chilling breath of the winter's blast,
Their joys depart; and their smiles are o'er.

The falling leaves! On their lofty throne,
They ne'er can glow in the summer's day;
The snow-king reigns in their dwellings lone,
And the leaves!—The leaves, have pass'd away.

M. H. Acton.
LE RETOUR DE MA FILLE.

Oh ! que notre vie est amère?
Oh ! comme notre espoir souvent
N'est qu'une attrayante chimère,
Que le fruit d'Eve notre mère,
Qu'un mirage au jeu décevant!

Je me disais : enfant chérie,
Qui tant de fois m'as fait songer,
Loin de notre foyer nourrie,
Tu vas donc enfin, ô Marie,
Quitter le toit de l'étranger !

En la maison qui te vit naître
Devant mes larmes de bonheur,
Part de ma vie et de mon être,
Reviens, le front gai, pour connaître
Les baisers et les soins du cœur.

Fleur au souffle d'amour éclose,
Alors que mon premier coup-d'œil
Te caressera fraîche et rose
Comme un lys que la vie arrose ;
Que j'aurai de joie et d'orgueil !

Et te voilà pâle, chétive,
Les yeux ternes, le front pesant,
Jetant une haleine plaintive,
Qui semble une âme fugitive,
Un murmure d'agonisant.

Dieu puissant, qui me l'as donnée,
Oh ! Ne me la retire pas !
Relève la tige inclinée ;
De cette frêle destiène
Ecarte le vent du trépas ;

O mon Dieu, prenons-la sous ton aile,
Et qu'elle y repose toujours ;
Dans mon ivresse paternelle,
J'ai mis tant d'espérance en elle
Pour son printemps, pour mes vieux jours !

Ed. D. Anglemont.
THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR,

BY THE ABBE MONTELLE:

No. 10.*

EDWARD BRANDON—THE CONVICT.

CHAPTER I.

Whoever has chanced to travel by the long stages that used to pass from the metropolis, to our country-towns, must have experienced indefinable sensations of fatigue and mental vacuum, somewhat relieved by the unexpected glimpse of remarkable edifices or picturesque scenery. But, as a perfect landscape is the harmonious combination of many natural objects, happily blended into one, the sense becomes weary through the sight, and seeks short repose, it is never, perhaps, so agreeably welcome, as, when, at mid-day, in summer-time, beneath the meridian sun, the scene contracts itself into a narrow road, fenced and beset with shrubberies of bowering trees, on either side, that overhang the way. Through these, the shady walks are dimly seen; the cawing of rooks, and the twitter of birds are heard;—and everything gives indication of the vicinity of some one of those rich demesnes, with which the land abounds. Such moments of tranquillity, almost all had enjoyed, who had ever journeyed to C—; and the driver was scarcely ever known but to draw in his reins, that himself and steeds might luxuriate, awhile, ere they reached the steep acclivity, some few miles beyond, whence the town was visible. Then it was that questions were asked and answered, and the traveller, however taciturn, aimed at some show of conversation.

"A noble mansion here, I suppose," was the usual commencement.

"The estate of Sir Anthony Brandon," was the sure answer; but of late, not uncommonly, followed by remarks or suggestions of another description.

"Brandon—Brandon? I have heard that name, sure, somewhere.—Brandon and Co., brothers; bankers—eh, sir."

"The same, sir; a well-known name."

"Rather a bad affair, yonder, was it not? His wife ran-away, eh, sir; or something of the sort?"

"She was the lady of the youngest son, Edward Brandon, partner in the firm. Heart-burning and heart-breaking has been there. He died, suddenly—the other day; and, I suppose, a more generous and kindly, but gentle, man, sir, never trod this earth."

* Confessions of a Confessor.—These Articles will be found as under:—

No. 1.—"The Confessor's Story."—1839, January; February.
No. 2.—"The Man of Many-Sins."—1839, March.
No. 3.—"The Bigot-Priest."—1840, February.
No. 4.—"Count Julius."—1840, November; December.
No. 5.—"The Rich Man's Wife."—1841, March; April.
No. 6.—"The Republican."—1841, September.
No. 7.—"The Merry Priest of Alicant."—1842, February.
No. 8.—"Conrad the Friendless."—1842, December.
No. 9.—"The Good-folks of St. Denis."—1843, April.

M.—2-45.
"It is much easier, more desirable, sometimes, to die than to live;" said another, "and, possibly, he had become acquainted with that truth, at least."

"He had, sir, he had; no doubt: eh, sir? But, then, no doubt, it's much better to live than to die. What do you say, eh?"

"It is an enquiry that a few minutes of our existence may decide, either way;" was the answer; "and the difference of feeling or opinion, may be found, perhaps, even between you and me."

"Eh, sir, how, sir? Yes, true, I see it now;" and the coach, just then emerging from the shadowy avenue, the passengers were attracted, at once, by the view of the mansion, and the wide-spreading park; and this object, generally, so strongly arrested the attention, that further discourse ceased, till it was partially lost behind the screen of many-meeting woods.

Brandon-hall was one of those ancient, strong-built tenements of stone, which had withstood the civil wars of Cromwell's time, and still shewed no trace of other ages, but in its enduring fabric; its stout resistance to the weight of years; and the grey magnificence that lingers round these records of the past. It stood-upon a gently-sloping eminence, from whence a broad track of country was seen, square and massive as a fortress, and crowned with turreted towers, that were above the trees. It was at the period of civil discord, no doubt, adapted to hold-out against the enemy; and, now, by the implied power of resistance or command, added much to the ancestral dignity and pride of that family, who still retained it in hereditary possession. Amid a blooming, pastoral, and agricultural district, it uprose in stately pre-eminence; proud, lofty, cold, serene, and, altogether, emblematic of its present proprietor.

But, then, afar, and all-around, the park was spreading; and the deer and tender hind were grazing upon the lawn; the peacock strutted, with radiant plumage, opened to the sun; and, in the hurled pasture, the young lamb frolicked beside the fleecy ewe;—the grassy mead, the flowered garden, corn-field and basky-dell, were there, and winding paths were found and lost, amid the wilderness, like fairy elves, to guide the rambler, along, to some enchanting solitude. The house, itself, might excite veneration, but all, about it, awakened curiosity; and it appeared, in fact, like the dwelling of some mighty sorcerer or famed magician, who, in the tyranny of malice, had cast his lures and gnome-like fascinations into one region of delight, betraying the intruder into passing transport, that might end in lasting repentance. No wonder, then, those who beheld Brandon-hall, were, for awhile, lost in pleasing surprise or contemplation; but, on late occasions, some other remarks, too often, followed.

"Eh well, indeed! Ran-away from the chance of such an estate as that; it may well be said, that we all have our troubles. There's a house of mourning, however."

"The Brandons are a proud family," said another; "more likely to meet dishonor, with the burning of wrath, than with the shedding of tears; excepting the poor gentleman, himself; but that is over. He had the only heart amongst them all, I believe."

"Did he die at home—yonder?"
“No, no, abroad—I think they say, upon the Continent. They are Catholics.”

“No children left, do you know?”

“A boy and a girl, it is reported; and it must be correct, too.”

“Wealthy—rich—I suppose?”

“Oh, without doubt, an excellent provision—a good property—certainly, I should say;” and, as the coach reached the summit of the hill, and descended into the valley, such kind of enquiries were commonly ended, and the answers wholly forgotten.

On this day, in one of the arched windows of the hall, a spare, tall man, of pallid and sharp aspect, was standing; and beholding the vehicle reach the distant heights, and suddenly sink from the horizon, as it descended, this accidental circumstance created a simile in his mind—a kind of idea—that, if all that thwarted his ambition—or, rather, intruded-upon his prospects—could thus sink, and be as nothing, how far more fortunate he would be, and more likely, too, to be successful in his anticipations of the future. But, whether one or many immortal spirits were included in the wish, is left to his own thoughts.

“I never observe,” said he, at length, addressing some-one in the back-ground, “I never perceive anything reach the top of yonder hill, and suddenly disappear, without considering how, when any-one has reached a certain height, how rapidly, at the slightest impetus, such an one descends, again—sunk at the foot of fortune, for instance.”

“According to the weight—the substance—so rapid is the volition, or swift the gravitation—so we are taught,” said another voice, and an interval of silence ensued.

“This power,” said the first speaker, “may be applied to many things. Let any body, however compact, lose its level, and away it goes; the invisible declivity urges it forward, the cause is, then, the means, on and on it flies, and the centre of attraction is soon proved.”

“The centre of attraction is everywhere,” said the same, rough voice, as before; “in those who admire beauty, in the beautiful—in the career of glory, to those who are ambitious;—in money-getting, to those who are desirous of wealth; in place, to those who are seeking office and reward;—but the laws of gravitation, those best learn, who are going-downwards—for ruin has a centrifugal force, immeasurably beyond any man’s calculation. Let him tend that way, all will impel—none relieve—his fate is certain;—down—down—down—unto the end.”

“The laws of science may be reducible or applicable to any state of being, or circumstance, certainly,” said the gentleman at the window; and, though the mathematical accuracy, or philosophical knowledge of the persons speaking, might be matter of doubt, we think it very possible that they had something to express, more easily felt than explained, and both were attempting the development of some truth, that lay concealed within them.

The room was of polished oak, sombre and shaded with heavy hangings. On the walls, there hung the portraits of their ancestors; and, ’tis true, some looked like adamant, inflexible, befitting the age of chivalry, indeed; but it was an iron
energy, mingled with brighter qualities, as well; or, like the Corinthian brass, im-
bedded with gold beside the baser metal of our time;—or, like the perfect diamond, 
with that which should but imitate its lustre, without its value; or that inestimable 
light that shines in darkness.

"Let us consider, Luke," said sir Anthony Brandon, turning from the window, 
"and let us decide—upon what can, now, be done, for this miserable family, left totally 
to our care. You must know—can judge—of my anxiety."

"I can suppose it—guess—imagine. But let us think. You have already 
hinted something to the young fellow."

"I have.—I thought it best.—You understand me," said sir Anthony, perusing 
the carpet-workings, as he strolled up and down, but always with his face averted 
from the light.

"You have done well," said his brother; "could-not do better;" and being a 
much smaller man, also reclining in an arm chair, he seemed, as it were, doubled-
up-into-himself, anxious to avoid even the other's observation. Sir Anthony 
Brandon halted, awhile; examined, leisurely, the portraits around him, and thereby 
arrived at some sudden conclusion.

"It would be unlike men," said sir Anthony, "to desert our own interest, so far, 
as to resign station—dignity—position."—

"It would—it would," cried the other, seeming to understand his meaning, "nor 
can it be expected."

"I never could tell how Edward managed to have so much property bequeathed 
to him, and a younger brother, too."

"Nor I;—but I always had my own thoughts," said Luke; "though wise 
enough to keep them to myself."

"Thoughts, Luke? Thoughts are, sometimes, worth purchasing; if not telling."

"Well, what say you? I think a man may, by certain civilities, useful observ-
cances, cheat, swindle his brothers out of a fortune, a just inheritance,—their share, 
Anthony."

"No, no, he was too easy,—he had never the wit for that," said the baronet; 
"but he was fortunate in all things, but in his marriage."

"The woman ran-away; and, what prevents us from supposing that the children 
may be illegitimate."

"We know that they are-not," said the elder one, "born long before that last, 
degrading event. But, by the fair exposition of the circumstances, Luke, we may, 
possibly, better arrange how to act. What say you?"

"By all means," cried the brother, taking a book which he held before him, as 
though engaged in earnest study; and the other paced to and fro, keeping measure, 
with his foot-steps, to his thoughts.

"We are in want of money to sustain our condition and rank. You have a son 
and heir; I, an only daughter; you understand me, Luke; that will connect us for 
the future. The banking establishment cannot safely permit such sums to be with-
drawn as might be invested there in the name of Edward Brandon. Well, well, do 
you see, Luke?"
"Being a generous, extravagant man," suggested the brother, "it is easy for the world to conceive that he could not be rich."

"It would be unwise, altogether," urged sir Anthony, "to leave-behind-one an impoverished inheritance, while others, of inferior claims, would retain that fortune, which justice would have directed should belong to those, only, who were destined to perpetuate an ancient family and honorable name."

"It may be supposed that their father's affairs might become involved," said Luke Brandon, "particularly after so great a private misfortune. Who is the witness that it was not so."

"There is none," was the reply. "The boy, yonder, is acute, and may be hard to manage."

"Ah! Well," said Luke, "we must send for the unfortunate family home, again, and do what is reasonable for them."

"Certainly: we can have no other intention," said sir Anthony, "and we shall, of course, do all that can be done to relieve their necessities, or place them in some eligible employment."

"I see—I understand. Yes, yes, nothing can be better," said Mr. Luke Brandon; and, at that instant, a servant entered, to announce that a chest of law-papers had arrived from the banking-house, and to enquire what further was to be done with them.

"Let them be brought-in," said sir Anthony, haughtily, adding, also, "it is no use, Luke, flinching from the task; this must be more fully investigated. The name of Edward Brandon must not be despised, or his family rejected, without some effort to avert it."

No sooner did the papers appear, than both gentlemen were busily occupied in their perusal, and, by tacit consent, many were thrown on one side, as altogether useless.

"Think, Luke, just think of what has been our fate," said sir Anthony, "myself encumbered with title and estate, and with inadequate means to sustain my station; you, the next in succession, with an only son, looking-forward to great things; why, while our house is falling, yonder family may build a palace on the ruin."

"As well lay that on one side," said Luke, "the deed of co-partnership between Edward, Anthony, and Luke Brandon, Esqrs. We see, clearly, here, our own position."

"We have recovered the mortgage of Brandon-hall, however," said sir Anthony, "poor Edward, he lent me, at different times, pretty considerable sums upon it."

"I never could tell how he ever left these papers," said Luke, "at the banking-house; or in our care.

"He was distracted—quite so," sighed sir Anthony. "His only wish was, evidently, to quit all that could recall the past."

"By the bye!" cried Luke, and he blenched as he now gazed-upon his brother; "the lawyer—who was he?"

"Let us remember," said sir Anthony, and he referred to the document, adding, coldly, "I see—Smiler was the man: he, my good Luke, is dead."
"But Crookly lives," said Luke. "Here are the memoranda of the little estate in Somersetshire."

"Let them be put on one side," said the baronet, thoughtfully. "Crookly—ah! Well, we must transfer our business to him, and so, besides, confer some unexpected benefit, or—" but in deeper whispers, they conversed together, and many hours elapsed, till, when the servants entered to remove the box of deeds, Sir Anthony Brandon was heard to say:—"The mercy of Providence has been great, Luke, to remove him before this shame—this exposure—this—could become public, and may the dead rest in peace."

Sir Anthony Brandon was a religious man and true Catholic, observant of all forms of ceremony and outward devotion; and his servants, and the whole county knew and consented to it. He was a proud, but a good man, they all declared.

And, undoubtedly, the more unusual it is for persons to discourse, freely, before their inferiors, the greater weight their words bear with them; and there was something in the tone that implied more than met the ear. Afterwards, in the household, strange opinions got-abroad, formed, in a measure, upon what was heard, seen, and done there. It was reported that, previous to his death, Mr. Edward Brandon had committed a forgery, or some other act of dishonorable character, against that firm to which he belonged; and that those worthy men, his brothers, had used many exertions to shield his name from obloquy, and conceal the proofs of his guilt. The story of the strong-box of papers was not, also, forgotten:—how fiercely and hastily Sir Anthony Brandon perused them—how many were altered and rearranged—some, returned to the office, and some, destroyed;—and what patience Mr. Luke Brandon displayed in this sad and wearisome undertaking, was, also, much commented-upon, and justly applauded. But others, again, were bold enough to attempt to confute these alleged facts, averring that the Brandons were a proud and tyrannous race, avaricious, fond of gain, prepared to rob the widow and the fatherless, and men with hearts-of-stone.

Mrs. Crank, the housekeeper, was, as yet, too wise to agree with one side or the other; but, herself, undertook to deliver the letters arriving from abroad, in hopes of hearing something conclusive.

"The family of the Brandons were," she said, "high, but excellent masters;" and she should never have guessed that Mr. Edward could degrade his name. She did not believe it; for he had a hopeful, fair, young family, and she didn't think that such a thing as crime could live in any one of them. The good lady was not, however, altogether disinterested in her statement; and, possibly, forgot, that selfish views may warp minds, even more noble than her own; but this she would never have credited.
CHAPTER II.

It was, we think, about this period, that a sailing-vessel arrived from Calais, at the Tower-stairs. Whether from lack of interest, or the necessary uncertainty of such an event, but, half a century ago, the wharfs presented a different aspect than now-a-days, being deserted and unfrequented but by those whose concerns might lead them there; nor was that bold adventurer—the wind-vafted ship—greeted like that punctual man of business, the steamer, by a whole crowd to applaud its prowess, or welcome its return,—but, too commonly, came-to-shore as a weather-beaten stranger, unknown and unrecognised. It was so, upon this occasion, when a few stragglers, only, lingered near; but, under some circumstances, it may be well-imagined that, to escape such observation, may—not be, altogether, undesirable; yet, led by curiosity, or attracted by some object, these assembled in a group upon the quay, to behold and examine what might now occur.

Upon the deck, equally observant, was a young gentleman between nineteen and twenty years of age, but whose marked peculiarity rested chiefly in that nameless gentility of mien and person, which has been, sometimes, found to surpass all other excellence besides, whether of wit, wealth, or beauty, since it has and does, at-will, gain-credit for them all. His aspect, possibly, shewed other signs,—spirit, pride, decision, boldness, prophetic indications of the future,—and that which ordinary good-fortune might convert to something extraordinary,—which, in early life, is called promising,—in elder age, successful. In fact, he was one of a distinct class of individuals, like some-few others; a humane being, noticeable, as a head upon the waters, standing-out of the forth-flowing tide—the common-current stream.

His name was Edward Brandon. In no respect, did he resemble the present family, residing at the hall; and, yet, he was proud, too. There is one pride that exhausts itself in tyranny—the inheritance of domains; the other, in noble service—which is the right of angels;—but his was—not high or low enough for either. He was yet young; and, as mean proofs of selfish state are wide-apart from generous thought and action, this was the essential difference between his uncle and himself,—and, from this dissimilarity of nature, arose, perhaps, too many others.

While one of the spectators was pointing-him-out on deck, as worthy of remark, he suddenly disappeared, returning, afterwards, accompanied by a young lady, evidently his sister, whose youth and melancholy air added much to the interest he had excited. Their deep mourning indicated some recent, heavy loss; but that grief which sunk the lady in sad reverie, urged him to manly energy, and he had much the appearance of one, who, though called, thus early, to the management of his fortunes, had no farther painful consequences to anticipate. It was the security of affluence, which has nothing to consider, but to command.

As the ship hove-to, another personage presented-himself, who would, in these times, have been mistaken for a nobleman's butler or steward, but whose plain and sober exterior, then, too often-concealed no less a character than that of head-clerk or secretary, private and confidential. His salutation was respectful, but familiar-enough to imply a situation of equal respectability with the latter. He was waiting
on the landing, but hastened-forward to welcome the young gentleman and lady on their return.

"Simpson, how are you?" was the first question, "what news from the hall?" And it was, only, after several such ordinary enquiries and hasty answers, that it became evident that the bank-clerk, the cashier of Messrs. Anthony Brandon and Brandon, was in some perplexity and confusion, not easily overcome. Edward Brandon, at last, perceived this, and glancing at his sister, ceased all farther questioning, but upon indifferent affairs.

"Where is the carriage? Where are we going? Come, Simpson, you hold the orders—you have the management—and let us be moving, my good fellow. There are some few friends I should wish again to see; and, Laura, dear, what say you, love?"

The young lady lifted-up her face, smiling, and her eyes filled with tears, as though the past had destroyed all hopes of a blissful future.

Mr. Simpson shuffled awkwardly, hummed, drew-back and advanced: and Edward remembered that there was, always, something unpleasant in the man, and thought him more so, now, than ever. Mr. Simpson began, now, to stammer-forth some apology and explanation:—"They were in considerable confusion at the hall—an unexpected event had occurred—a hackney-coach was in-waiting—a lodging taken.

—It would be a change for the young lady—when things were a little more smooth, further instructions would be given; and—and—and every-one knew how great was his satisfaction in doing his duty to those who employed him. But, in a few days, more might be said about it,—and he advised that wishes or orders of such friends should—should-not be neglected. He brought a check—and—and he was—he was at their commands."

Young Brandon smiled in pity of the poor man's absurd embarrassment,—took the order, and, without the slightest idea of any importance being attached to this communication, bade him lead-the-way to their appointed residence.

"Be kind enough, Simpson, to see," said he, "that our books, clothes and music, and such things, come-on with us; the others had better—"

"They are ordered to be forwarded to Brandon-hall," said Mr. Simpson; "and the carriage and horses, also."

"The horses—I have sold," replied the young gentleman, "and the furniture, at Paris, to pay expenses; they have been no trifle."

"Expenses! Sold," gasped Mr. Simpson. "I am sorry, Mr. Edward Brandon," —but the young gentleman replied, "I can make a short-enough account of it; but hush, poor Laura is-not yet fit for much;" and they entered the hackney-coach in company with Mr. Simpson, whose small powers of conversation were utterly annihilated by this overt breach of all discretion, in the barter and sale of two quadrupeds, by a youth, not within, even, the last cycle of his minority.

The novelty and grateful emotion of beholding, once more, his native land, for awhile, blinded young Brandon to the direction in which they were being driven, but, shortly, he ascertained that it was a more obscure neighbourhood than any he had yet visited in the city, and he began to state his opinion, accordingly.

"Those old fellows, my guardians," said he, "seem resolved that I shall-not break-
Confessions of a Confessor:—Edward Brandon—The Convict.

loose, till fledged and in full feather, if they can help it. The twenty pounds, Mr. Simpson, that they have sent me, here, are, doubtless, intended to be so beaten-out and extended over space, as to prove, undeniably, the wondrous malleability of gold. But, I don’t know, my hand is the crucible in which gold melts-away—dissolves to nothing. I Think.”

“It is unfortunate, doubtless, sir,” said Mr. Simpson; and the same quivering restlessness of manner betrayed that he had somewhat more to explain as to the termination of their journey; but, to his own, infinite horror, the vehicle now stopped, and not knowing what to say, he sat transfixed, uncertain, until he heard the young gentleman speak, again.

“Simpson—bid the man drive-on,” said he, “this is miserable work.” Had you brought the vehicle the proper way, we ought to have been in Piccadilly, by now.

“The street is rather unfashionable, certainly,” said the clerk, “but your uncles thought, that, here, sir,—for a few weeks—the young lady could manage; and,—but we shall hear more, shortly.”

“A wretched hole, indeed,” said Edward Brandon, scrutinizing the house, which, though private, and tolerably genteel, was altogether beneath any habitation that he had yet ever occupied. Laura gazed like one thunder-struck, and her brother, after a thoughtful pause, seemed, for the first time, aware, that there was cause of apprehension, or that some extraordinary occurrence could, alone, account for this. There was a firm, decisive self-possession, though, with which he met this difficulty, sufficiently characteristic of him. Mr. Simpson had alighted, and was engaged in helping to remove the luggage, as a cover to some disagreeable, internal sensation, not rightly understood by that methodical person, because he had never experienced it before—since chance is more easily felt than acknowledged.

“Well, we shall hear more, no doubt;” said the young gentleman, firmly, “I will hear more. You, Laura, need not fear; no tears, my dearest girl.”

“I do not weep for this,” said she, “but all, in one, comes-back upon my heart—and, oh, dear Edward.”

“They shall explain—answer for it—by the dead ashes of the dearest creature—that man—my father,—or I am not the son of Edward Brandon,” he murmured. “Be comforted, Laura. This is too bad, indeed!” and the young lady had scarce retired, to set-aside her travelling dress, than, closing the door of the miserable parlour into which they were shewn, he demanded, in rather a peremptory tone, the meaning of this reception:—“ How is this? Explain—what is intended.”

“In forty years’ experience,” said Mr. Simpson, “I have always found it prudent to obey, but never, to question, my superiors.

“Prudent, aye! Honorable, too, doubtless, Mr. Simpson.”

“And honorable, too,” the clerk repeated; but young Brandon was of more fiery temperament.

“Nay, but I will know what has happened, yonder,” cried he; “why we are dragged to this paltry abode; why these civil uncles of ours have become, all at once, so mighty uncivil;—so, answer, at once, my good friend.”
"The gentlemen—your uncles," said the quiet Mr. Simpson, "being your uncles—Mr. Edward, are, no doubt, your friends, inclined to make your interest their own."—

"Their own, indeed!" cried the young man.

"To serve you—befriend you," pleaded the clerk.

"Serve! What does this mean. Befriend! how? I'll tell you what, Simpson, I believe—"

"What can you believe, sir; but the best of them: they are, both, worthy and religious men, and—"

"I believe this," cried young Brandon; "that they are linked-together in some base conspiracy to injure that dear girl and myself, and to—"

"What are you going to say, sir," entreated Mr. Simpson.

"They intend to rob us—cheat us—destroy our prospects;" and, at these expressions, the clerk alertly arose, muttering and struggling towards the doorway, at each pause.

"No, no, sir, my nerves won't stand this; my spirits can't bear-up against it, sir; no, it won't do, Mr. Edward, I must be off; the shock, sir,—upon my word, it's too much;—but the young gentleman had thrown-himself before the doorway, and said, firmly:—""I will never believe, but that some mischief is brewing in their hearts, for them to act thus." At this announcement, Mr. Simpson retired to his seat, like one overpowered by the enormity of the charge, or incapable of answering it.

"I have known the time," continued the young gentlemen, anger and sorrow in his accents,—"yes, cold, calculating, as the men are,—I can recall occasions when they acted differently. They feigned some common feeling, at least; but that was when they hoped—even they! to gain something through my mother's family."

"Ah, that has been the greatest misfortune of all," sighed Mr. Simpson. They are proud men, and that may have influenced their conduct."

"Have we suffered nothing?" asked young Brandon, "in shame, sorrow, degradation,—have we lost nothing, Mr. Simpson, that these men should leave us to return home, thus, without welcome, home, common comfort, ordinary consolation? Their brother—my father—would have treated his dog better."

"I am sorry that you should entertain suspicions," pleaded Mr. Simpson, "unjust notions, too, against such worthy men as your two uncles, young gentleman; and without evident cause, besides; indeed, it deserves apology."

"I have guessed something, all along," said Edward Brandon, "from many things, from trivial circumstances."

"What and how, sir?" pray explain. "From their letters,—cold, unsatisfactory, undeterminable scrawls,—nothing more."

"What else, Mr. Edward, may I ask?"

"From their non-attendance at my father's funeral: though in a foreign land, yet, not far-distant."

"And nothing else, sir?" said the sedate bank-clerk.

"From a want of all sympathy in our misfortunes—in the ill-health of my sister—in our condition altogether." The quiet Mr. Simpson, who had all-along shunned the other's observation, here turned-round upon his chair, folding his arms upon the
back, and critically examined his companion, 'ere he said, slowly, "and can-you-
not discover any probable reason for all this, young gentleman?"

"None, whatever, none in the world."

"Who knows, the world might have found-out one," said the head-clerk, and
that, without much trouble, either."

"Indeed, sir, well, what is it?" and, if the lounging ease, and proud, clear aspect
of Edward Brandon betokened dignity of mind and birth, certainly, that of Mr.
Simpson was quite the reverse.

"There may be many reasons," suggested the other, "coolness upon many grounds;
jealousy of their relations, disappointment that they should be left-out in the will
of their brother, Mr. Edward Brandon, and they may have heard that it is so; we can't
say that this is the fact, but it may be so; and—young gentleman—if I were you,
take the advice of an old man, I would be cautious and prudent in all I did and said.
Then, no harm can come of it."

How ready are we all, in all extremity, to substitute the may and the might, in
the place of other, more positive allegations; and the young gentleman eagerly
seized-upon the possibility of any mistake, in the suspicions that he entertained.
It seemed, almost, that there was a smile of promises in Mr. Simpson himself, as
though he knew more than he pleased to reveal. However, it is well to catch-at-
shadows even, when the substance has quite escaped us, lest, even, that chance we
lose.

"I have, possibly, been wrong. I am much annoyed," said Edward Brandon;
and smiling, "I promise, Simpson, to be more lenient for the future."

"Take the opinion of an old man," was the answer. "The wise are neither over-
hasty in thought nor action. I will do what I can; you shall hear from me.

"You will," said the other, pacified at once; "and you must state to them, you
know, Simpson, that it is impossible for us to remain here, but as a temporary resi-
dence. For," and the voice of the speaker sunk in some emotion, "remember, my
good fellow, if you had asked my father a service, how little he would have refused,
how much granted."

"I do, Mr. Edward, I will—yes, I will," replied the man, in much confusion,
and shambling from the apartment as he spoke.

"You will do all you can—you promise me," said Brandon.

"I promise, yes, yes, certainly; respects to the young lady," and Mr. Simpson
was gone.

We have never been able to ascertain whether Mr. Simpson acted designedly,
or was instigated by some nervous trepidation during this interview; but, though
young Brandon's heart might sink beneath doubts of the future, his mind assured-
him so far, that he joined his sister with some apparent composure, and, pursuant
to her wishes, he, that evening, addressed a letter to sir Anthony, so utterly reason-
able and correct in all respects, that it was scarce fair to suppose that his mistrust,
as yet, had influenced those natural sentiments of relationship, to which all human-
nature alike consents.
CHAPTER III.

In the town of C—many reports were, now, abroad; nor were they likely to be discredited or lessened in number and amount, by the events, occurring, daily, relative to the Brandon family; among which, in particular, was the announcement of the intended sale of Woodbury-park, a small estate, a few miles from thence, belonging to the unfortunate gentleman, lately deceased. The erasure of his name from the firm, had scarce created a greater sensation than this, for this perplexed them altogether, and dumb-founded all their anticipations. Mine host of "The Crown," a true stickler for privilege in all shapes, was much scandalized at such proceedings: "They might have waited till the young gentleman was of age," said he, "and not cut the stem from-off a great family nigh it, as old as the woods, themselves."

"The folks at the Hall are no use to man or beast," said his helpmate; "everything brought cheap from London. The ale o' the county, even, aint good enough for 'em. Proud hearts and proud stomachs, too, may-be."

"The pride of the town is gone, sure enough," rejoined her husband. "When Mr. Edward Brandon and his beautiful wife spanked-up to the door, here, with the foam on the horses' haunches standing like snow-drifts; I've often thought the very animals were proud-like of bringing them along."

"It's ended sad-enough, however," said his wife.

"Always the same, and to the same beginning, wife. Once let one of those red-coats into your house, and!—No, no, if I was king of England, none of your cavalry officers should visit me, or my wife, either; no, as I'm a living man."

To give-force to this asseveration, his weighty fist fell-upon the table, in such full earnest, that the charms of my landlady were raised a hundred per cent in her own estimation; in fact, in exact ratio with the percussion; so much so, that the arrangement of her head-dress, at the glass, employed no inconsiderable period, ere she spoke, again.

"I know this," she continued, "there's ne'er a gentleman in all this county, that ha' got the heart of Mr. Edward Brandon, that was,—a heart for the rich and poor, the dead and living, and the dumb creatures, too."

"And so has his son," cried the landlord.

"And Miss Laura, there! A sweeter, milder, young lady,—but here, eh, what's this?"

There drove to the door the equipage of sir Anthony Brandon, always solemn and cumbrous, with pompous trappings, and now rendered more so by the deep- mourning liveries; but, contrary to their expectations, it was found only to contain that anxious individual, Mr. Simpson, who, having sipped his sherry and water, "at ease, reclined," within its precincts, ordered them to go-forward to the Hall.

"Changed times, indeed!" said the landlord; and, because—when the mind contemplates the changes of fate, itself, it seeks some variety to beguile them—he roamed to the doorway, and resting, astride, there, awaited the approach of a gentleman, who was seen at the farther end of the high street, strolling in his direction.

The good landlord of "The Crown" was never so much himself, as when stationed
immediately beneath that sign of worldly gain, which his own industry had acquired and maintained; for he was, then, to his own fancy, in as triumphant a position as any hero, of which the world makes mention, not excepting the great Alexander, conqueror of kingdoms. The sun shone, and the weather was beautiful—indeed; while, on the pathway, his favorite raven limped with one-sided motion, peculiarly its own. An idea—which was a production, or phenomenon, rather uncommon in the mental vacuum of mine host,—an idea, suddenly uprose, that Mr. Simpson was getting-on wondrously fast in the world, and, no doubt, there was much in the background unseen and unknown, and dark deeds had been committed, and would be again; but the gentleman's salutation here interrupted all further contemplation.

"How are you, Grant? Any news?"

"Only the sale of Woodbury-park. Your servant, sir."

"The sale of Woodbury!—A bad thing."

"You think it so, sir," said the alert landlord, anxious to know farther.

"Bad for the son—bad for the young lady," was the reply.

"No doubt, sir, no doubt."

"They are going to reside, abroad," remarked the gentleman. "The fortune's not so large as was expected."

"They talk of a forgery," said Grant.

"Nonsense, my good fellow; more probably, lost his fortune at the gaming-table, or,—" but they were interrupted by a person of spare habit and eager gaze, bespeaking an irritable and excited temperament, heated, besides, with hasty and long exercise. He asked—for some refreshment, and the distance of Brandon-hall from thence; and receiving a reply, altogether satisfactory, he shot-into the parlour of the inn, like one bound on momentous enterprise, or urgent business.

"The second person, Mr. Trevor, that has enquired for the Hall within this hour," said Grant. "There is something uncommon, no doubt, sir."

"It is too common," remarked the other, "for families, in such cases, to expect a large fortune, and find none."

"I am sorry to hear it," said the landlord.

"If you should hear anything relative to this," said the gentleman, "let me know, good Grant, I have my reasons."

"Yes, sir; doubtless, Mr. Trevor. Good-morning, sir;" and they parted.

The landlord sped-into the inner apartment, where was a more mysterious guest; from him he must learn something.

"You asked for the hall, sir."

"I did, sir. I am going there."

"You have business there, perhaps. I may be of use to you."

"Hardly—scarcely—improbable—impossible."

"I have known the family this thirty years," said the landlord.

"And I, longer than I wished."

"The death of Mr. Edward Brandon has created a great stir," said Grant.

"There is like to be more," added the stranger. "The storm is brewing, but not yet begun."
"You saw that gentleman? Mr. Trevor," said the landlord. "His daughter was to have married young Edward Brandon, that is."

"Was! and he shall now, or I will know the reason," said the stranger; and, upon this assurance, the landlord assumed a more deferential tone.

"You have influence, no doubt, sir,—a friend of the family."

"I ought to be so," cried the other, promptly, "been fifteen years clerk in the firm,—introduced there by my patron, Edward Brandon, himself—now dismissed, that they may do their dirty-work, unseen,—but not if my voice or my interference will avail, shall they dare to wrong his children."

"You are right, sir; quite so," said Grant, in his turn excited. "They are selling-off land, houses, furniture, to defray the debts, they say."

"They say, indeed! Ah, ah!" cried the stranger. "Thieves, sir, thieves."

"They are religious men, too," hinted the landlord; but the stranger sprang-up from his repast, and, taking him by the shoulder, said:—"Every-one, to fight the battles of this life, wants a pioneer to open the way before him; without, nothing can be done; with him the path is clear.—My road to the hall is straight-forward for a mile, turn by the left through the trees, I think?" and, having taken-a-bed for the night, he hastened, rapidly, away.

His reception was precisely that which he had anticipated. After some delay, word was sent-down to enquire his business; he was a friend of the late Mr. Edward Brandon, and requested a short interview. This he was, at length, granted, being admitted into the oak-parlour, where Mr. Simpson was engaged in earnest conversation with his two excellent patrons. Sir Anthony advanced to meet his visitor, but as hastily recoiled, viewing him as one would a hound—a reptile, whose presence in such regions of refinement is, in itself, pollution. His brother, Luke, started-up; Mr. Simpson made-his-way to the door, seized with sudden panic; but the stranger entered carelessly and boldly.

"And you, sir! Who are you? How came you here?" cried sir Anthony, "are-you-not satisfied?"

"With my six months' salary, paid without further service, I am," said the person, with a coolness that contrasted singularly with the hurry and heat of his appearance; "my name, you know, and I walked here. But let us be seated."

"Mr. Simpson, we hold you as witness of what may here take place," said Luke Brandon, fiercely; and his brother, added, "Stay, my good Simpson, we request it of you. There, be seated." Luke Brandon heaped-himself into a corner of the sofa; sir Anthony walked, awhile, as usual. The stranger drew some papers forth, while speaking.

"Of myself, I shall say nothing. These letters relate, generally, to property of Mr. Edward Brandon, relative to which, he, sometimes, granted me his confidence. I was accustomed, at times, to collect certain rents for him. Finding the last payments refused, as by your order, gentlemen; knowing that I hold here the private wishes of my patron, upon some few points, I have thought fit to wait-upon-you."

"They must be resigned to us," was the answer, as the executors and only surviving representatives."

"No such thing—none whatever," said the stranger, firmly. "It is stated that Mr. Edward Brandon died without property or will. But—"

"It is expected that, when a man makes legal claim, he can supply legal proof," said Luke, coolly; "but, herein, we defy you."

"Nay, nay, be civil, Luke," interposed Sir Anthony. "Mr. Knightly intends this visit in all kindness."

"I intend that you should know your own position, and mine, also."

"The conduct of a-man-of-business," said Sir Anthony; "of a-man-of-the-world," added his brother, significantly; and Mr. Simpson now uttered a few words, while Knightly's glance lighted on each, in turn, with strange rapidity;—"I have, always, felt great respect for my fellow-clerk," said the quiet Simpson. "I think I may dare to say that his dismissal was ill-advised. I know his honorable intentions are not to be doubted, gentlemen."

"They are not. Upon my word, Simpson, I thank you," cried Knightly, with some shew of cynical merriment, but he as quickly suppressed it.

"Tell, distinctly, your intention of coming here," said Mr. Luke Brandon.

"I should advise it, my good friend," interposed Mr. Simpson.

"To know the real position of affairs, and to shape my plans, accordingly."

Sir Anthony Brandon drew to the table, and placed the fingers of each hand to meet the other, resting on his elbows.

"We will be explicit," said he. "Knightly, you know our sincerity, our fraternal friendship. We discover that the property of our lost brother is mortgaged—is drawn upon, to its full extent: that, when the debts are paid, nothing whatever will remain. But we shall support—do everything we can, for his children; and they have but to seek our aid and protection to find it. Be assured that the pride of the Brandons is implicated in this, and will ensure its fulfilment."

"I have no doubt in the world," said Knightly, in smothered emotion. "I know what pride will do, either very great or small things."

"We purpose," said his brother "in consideration of your services, Knightly, to present you with two hundred pounds, and, Sir, your situation is restored."

"I am satisfied," replied Knightly, rising, "I know, now, the whole extent of injury that my protector's children have to encounter, what losses, and what probable redress."

"Are you mad?" gasped Simpson. "Do you hear Mr. Luke Brandon's offer."

"A smooth-tongued knave art thou, my Simpson," retorted his fellow clerk, "I do hear him and you; and civil treatment and thanks. I am a poor man, Sir," and he arose, "but, to this, faithful. Whatever can be done to rescue my master's son from ruin, that will I, and spare not. I see the programme of the game placed out before me, surely I must comprehend, or have no eye to seek-out evil."

"Here, you cannot master us," said Luke Brandon; "you cannot, if you would, Sir."

"The designs of Providence are unfathomable," remarked Sir Anthony, "and if we are misconstrued, patience, religion, submission, may do much."

"
"Hypocrisy more," said Knightly, as he left them and hastened back to the inn, where, already, one was awaiting him in the twilight, who, grasping his hand with grateful energy, followed him into the apartment that he had ordered to be prepared.

"I would have you consider," said Knightly, "When time is filled-up with human-events, actions, feelings, chances—we call it life; but when these cease—we call it death.

"I feel, then, too, alive," was the ready answer? "as though events, actions, dorve-me-on,—feelings, chances, directed me."

"Have none of this," replied his friend: "If fortune arm-herself as a warrior, do you, likewise; if fate comes like destruction, seek to destroy it, in your turn; the serpent has—not so many heads, but that one, cut-off, is one less, and, scathed with the hot iron of fortitude, they never grow again."

The other sighed, as though neither age nor reason had instructed him in such philosophy, and he answered:—"I see, Knightly, that you have—not brought good-news."

"I do—not say so. Good-news is often like the clown's mask that has a serious soul behind it, and, so, the reverse."

"Well, and what have you heard."

"All that I guessed and expected. They do—not wish too strict a scrutiny to be made into the property or affairs in-general."

"Ah! Yes. I see—can understand:—and what should you advise."

"What!" cried Knightly, eagerly.

"Why! That Mr. Edward Brandon should act-like-a-man—as his father would; with decision, prudence, energy,—yes, like me, who will struggle-against injury, until it tread-him-down at his own threshold. To do this, will gain-us-time, and that is wanted."

"Where are the deeds—the papers—have you learnt?"

"Property—all—all—in their hands," and, beholding the fearful change in his companion's looks, he added:—"I have brought you this, however; the letter you awaited."

"It is her own, dear hand, indeed," and, sometimes, food for the mind, which nourishes hope, avails more than satisfaction of the grosser appetite.

"My way leads-to-town, again," said Knightly; "there, to be busy;" and true to his prompt intention, he passed, at matin lights, the earliest-peasant, on his way to daily labor.
CHAPTER IV.

"Dear Sophia, this is generous, kind; and like yourself," said a manly voice, just as a young lady emerged from the shrubbery, that joined her father's house; and, though disguised, almost, by a deep rustic-bonnet, her small figure, aquiline features, and quick, refulgent eye, might well have attracted the observation, if her words, in answer, had not:—"I am—not generous, in this, dear Edward, nor kind; it may be like myself. I hope it is, or you would—not be here."

"Yes—yes—I should," cried the lover. "You know I should."

"What! True as the star; or, as the sun to the day," rejoined the lady.—

"Or sweet morn to the sun," was the reply; and—"

"And, well!" said the young lady, and she lifted her locks up, with so arch an invitation of kindness, that he kissed her suddenly.

"Forgive me, dear miss Trevor, dear Sophia," and, embracing her, they wandered down a shady walk.

"I have heard all about it," said miss Trevor, confusedly, but more agitated, too, "that you are in trouble—in doubt—in distress—uncertain of the future; therefore, I thought, dear Edward, it was my turn to—to woo." But, scarce ere the playful laugh broke-forth, the tears rushed-down, as well, and she fairly lifted her hands embracingly; and well might he clasp her in return, lost in grateful emotion.

"She has done this?" he cried. "Who has told you all our difficulties? This kindness, dear Sophia."

"I am sure," said she, "there is some baseness going-on. Your letters, always expressed a prospect so different. Oh! If our dear father were but alive, again."

"Our—our dear father!" he said. "This, sure, is generous and kind. The consolation of your love, I have-not lost; this is hope and happiness in one."

"I do-not know why you should lose it," said the young lady, with more composure. "We vowed—or, what is it? Plighted troth, beneath this very tree; the vow is registered in Heaven—the tree still stands-on-earth."

"The tree is withered, like myself," he answered.

"It was withered, then," said she. "I chose it, because I like grey, aged things, they seem more sacred than we are; and, I think,—"

"What does my dear Sophia think?"

"A woman's truth ought to be as precious as herself; and she ought to be valued by it."

"You, then, are true, at least."

"Certainly. Why should I be otherwise?"

"I, that was rich, am, now, poor, or likely to be so; that was once happy, am, now, unfortunate."

"When the vow was taken, it was without any reservation, dear Edward, and so it remains,—and, if you are-not changed,—"

"I am, indeed," cried he, "changed from despair, into fresh hope; from grief, to joy; and, if gratitude, dear miss Trevor—"

N.—2-45.
"I can imagine nothing," said she, "more delightful than to behold so lovely a day, as this, breaking-forth, and, with kindly affections, much may be done."

It is no wonder, if, after this, a thorough explanation ensued, of all the difficulties in which he found-himself involved, and of the doubtful fate that awaited himself and sister. Young Edward Brandon had-not enough experience of the world to know the many degrees from affluence to want; but he had the innate perception to discern that the steep hill of fortune has many falls, ere it reach the deep depth of all—the lowest depth of sad necessity; and, the first fall—the thought of it, alarmed him. Who! What—philosophy behold that precipice, unmoved, which fortune often leaps, though the imagination dare-not conceive it.

"I would go to my uncles," said she—"require to see the solicitor who had the management of my father's affairs, and to peruse his statement: also, to know the present amount of debts; to whom owing, and what was the sum expected from, or, in the end, received for such property."

"I will do all that you think proper," replied young Brandon, but too much like one, who knew it to be unavailing.

"Shall I get my father to intercede."

"Certainly. I shall be grateful;" and they now halted at the close of a long, winding walk, which, terminating in a rough paling, shewed them, through two over-arching trees, the lawns of Woodbury, and shaded alleys, between. A pleasant sight; for, at this hour, the dews were rising—the morning-sun shone gloriously—birds were twittering, and, alone, the woodpecker, perched on his hollow tree, made melancholy sounds, beguiling silence. Miss Trevor listened to the song of birds;—he, to the monotonous sound, telling of the pride and vigor of life, long since departed. "It reminds me of old times, this," said the young lady.

"Are we to lose this—this—without a struggle!" cried he. "No. It shall never be said that I was base-enough to resign it, but with my heart's-blood, or, with my life. And you—you always liked the place, my dear girl."

"It would be injustice to yourself, not to do all that can be done," said miss Trevor; and, thereupon, he made, within himself, a solemn protestation that, for her sake—for his dear sister's—for his own—nothing of energy or action should be wanting to recover this inheritance; and, in this promise, he counted—not how many acts might be the consequence; but, here, merged all the full torrent of his feelings into one. He parted from Sophia Trevor, anxious to carry-out his purposes.

Now, was he guilty of one folly; but he was yet young. The firm affection of this gentleman's daughter to him; the character of protector and guardian, in which he appeared, as regarded his sister; the sense of the real injuries that were about to be inflicted upon him; of the misfortune he had lately sustained; every circumstance led him to the conclusion, that he was in the most romantic position imaginable, and that, like a true hero, he must go-to-work to extricate-himself from his misfortunes. Rather, perhaps, we should say, he had no knowledge of life, and, like unguarded, inexperienced youth, did many things, that wiser heads and less proud hearts would have never executed nor conceived. Probably, Knightly's letters, which were of no promising kind, goaded him to further and desperate
measures. It is certain that he remained secretly in the town; that he watched his
uncles' movements; sent letters enclosed to his sister, which, returning again, per
post, to Brandon-hall, gave the impression of his being still in the metropolis; and
that, also, he was known to ramble, by moonlight, in wood-grown paths; with other
eccentricities, common to the unhappy, but not well understood by the every-day
world? This, he prosecuted for some few days, believing-himself unknown and
unrecognised.

"He is watching the folks of Brandon-hall," said the landlord of "The Crown",
"and, what harm, either."

"But ough't he to bring all the lawyers of the land with him," said the wife,
"or he'll never get his rights."

"What! To put the estate in their own pockets! No, no, none of your lawyers,
say. It seems odd, too, the young gentleman has no friends."

"Where's the poor man's friend?" said his good woman. "I should like to see
him, and cry, 'God bless you, sir.'"

"True, true. Well, shall I tell him, wife?"

"I can't keep-it-to-myself, I know that," replied his wife; and young Brandon,
just then passing, the landlord darted-out upon him. "I beg pardon, sir, but your
name—you are, I think, Mr. Edward Brandon?"

"Yes, certainly, my name is Brandon—Edward, yes."

"A man has just been here, going-on to sir Anthony; says he has come to value
the wood on Woodbury-park; They are going, sir, going to cut-it-down!"

"Indeed! When heart'd you this?" asked young Brandon, and his late air of embarras-
ment was changed into decision, at once. "I'll cut their hearts-out if they do."

"Aye, I'm afraid you are being wronged, sir," said the landlord, and, forthwith,
he detailed the various opinions, afloat, relative to the conduct of the people at
the hall, who were, assuredly, far more feared than beloved; he ended his account, by
saying, "Yes, no doubt, sir, it's a civil kind of robbery. You will see, by-and-bye,
great goings-on at the hall, and a better turn-out than ever your good father drove.
That's the way, sir, these things are done."

He thanked the man, and turned-away heart-sick; and the receipt, a few instants
after, of a letter from his sister, repeating certain passages lately written to herself,
by sir Anthony, confirmed him, at once, in the resolution, that some bold step must
now, (if ever,) be taken. He forwarded an intimation to his uncles, that he was in
the town,—had been there some days, and now intended to know, thoroughly, th'e
extent of their designs and purposes. He invited them to join him at Woodbury-park.

The next step, was—how like him! Though of a peculiar character. It was one, too,
that he had meditated from mid-day to twilight; ere he decided.

Like a bold, enterprising spirit, bent on its own resolves, not to turn back, and not
to swerve, he took an absolute delight in the prosecution of his scheme, and switched
with his whip the hedges, as he passed, as though to call-them-into-life, to view his
prowess. Pleased, he beheld the sun declining; and joined the song of birds in
mimic whistle, or carolled with the belated husbandman, plodding homeward; for he
had, this once, he thought, outwitted sir Anthony Brandon.
Above a clear atmosphere, in a bright sky, the evening-star had risen, and was shining brighter than all else. Edward Brandon halted at the lodge-gate at Woodbury, and some strange association of ideas came with the same monotonous sound of the woodpecker, heard by him, once, before.

"Yon old woodsman," said he to himself, "does-not leave his tree, working night and morning; nor will I mine," and he rapt at the lodge. He was answered by an old woman, a stranger, who stated that she had been there but a fortnight, and was not permitted to admit any one whatever.

"I am young Mr. Brandon—Edward Brandon." But a sturdy-looking man came-forth, and asserting that he was in the service of sir Anthony, forbade his entrance in a more determined language.

The young gentleman viewed the massive, iron gate with critical enquiry, but shortly turned-away, apparently satisfied with his attempt; but not so, for they knew-him-not that imagined it.

He recalled-to-mind a well-remembered spot, where, in his early boyhood, he was wont to creep-forth, through the hawthorn hedge to explore the country, around, though forbidden to quit the precincts of the park; and thither he hastened. But, here, the growth of nature had anticipated his hopes, and the prickly branches formed an inaccessible barrier. He pursued the track, until he came to the wooden palings that divided the shrubbery from the high-road; but the tops of these were now surmounted with iron spikes, of formidable size,—but, again, he would-not turn-back. Twilight was falling, fast; the road was lonely, he was-not likely to be interrupted; his plan was laid. He continued along the side of the ditch that lay between, until he perceived the wild branches of a shrub, piercing through the close wood-work; and, not far above, hat, also, drooping boughs of many trees; and it would be hard, if, with such means, he could-not scale-the-wall, though it required tact in the attempt.

Few persons, but himself, would have discovered the place, and none, possibly, have hit-upon his point of entrance. So far, assuredly, he displayed an incipient genius for adventure, and a knowledge of the science of burglary, rather remarkable, although this same spirit of enterprise and bold daring, has, before now, won honor to its possessor, and been accounted, in the young, no inglorious badge of distinction. We have no hesitation in stating that, had Edward Brandon been sent to lead-on the forlorn hope to the siege of some great city, he would have been first on the scaling ladder, and foremost on the height,—in the career of death or victory. However, he leapt the ditch, and, springing-into the thick shrubs, held, firmly, there. He then took his silk-handkerchief, twisted it with a coil, knotted the ends together, and threw the noose over the iron spikes, by which means he gradually raised-himself to the level of the wall, whence he might behold what lay beyond; and this he skilfully effected. The prospect was-not of a kind to daunt him. Therefore, he urged himself, cautiously, upward, until he could seize the over-hanging boughs, above him; and this was the hardest work of all, but one from which he would-not flinch.

There is a presiding fate accompanying our best and our worst action. Not a tendril cracked—scarce a leaf fell—as he clung, suspended, and grappled with the chance that was against him. This was, whether he would fall or rise. But he
would rise, there was no doubt; but he would change to certainty; and, sure-enough, in this, he was successful. But, it was not the tree with which he struggled, or the danger of his present position; it was with his uncles—his enemies—those inimitable wretches—who had laid the snare for all his hopes—whom he would, yet, overcome. With the very thought, he swung-himself, upward, in the mid-air, caught the stronger branch above him, and, gaining a safe hold, crept to the trunk, a while to rest, and meditate other schemes. But he did not need; for, immediately, on the other side of the tree, below it, there were many clustering shrubs, and to this point he hastened, but found that, whichever way he took, there would yet be a considerable height thence to the ground, greater than he could have anticipated.

“Never—never,” he muttered, in the exigence of grief and anger, mingled, “No, by Heaven. Never will I forgive them, if only for this. To compel me—drive me—to enter my own home, like a base thief—a stealthy villain—intent on crime and plunder. Good sir Anthony, you shall pay—Luke Brandon, you shall repent. But I will conquer—will triumph, yet!” he cried; and he thought—not, but, desperately, leapt-forward—hurling-himself to the earth, and fell with that dizzy shock, where all the senses reel again, ere they revive to life.

“Well it is no worse,” said he, still lying there, and sighing heavily; but, awhile, and he laughed and groaned, by turns, at the ludicrous figure he must have appeared, an instant ago, at the pain of strains and bruises, from which he had not quite escaped. “Better break-bones than hearts,” he added, binding his wrist, which had suffered, materially, in the fall; nor, is it sure, that many other bones did not call-out or bid him repent his desperation; but he neither heard nor heeded. He arose, at last, with considerable dignity; arranged his attire, and hastened towards the mansion, which he dimly beheld, through intervening foliage. “Here has been my happiness,” sighed he, beholding, all, regretfully. “Days of peace and hope, never to come again! The life—the spirit—has gone. Thou man of men—oh, my father! Oh! wherefore?” and, in the reverie of sorrow, he roamed along, till he arrived at the well-known porch; and, then, did his demeanour altogether speak the wrongs and claims that he had come to question. He entered, un molested, and advanced into a parlour, that looked upon the lawn, whence he saw the pleasant haunts of childhood. Who has not wept to see the fairy vision restored again, though over-clouded? So, with the last, lingering beams of day, expressive of the past, there came heart-thronging memories,—and, from the sweetness of the scene, there was extracted that true bitterness of grief, that never, yet, was felt, but is spoke-out in tears, and the same, now; for Edward Brandon wept—hot tears gushed-forth, unbidden and unwelcome. But these, in him, were signs of weakness, that left him strong in his intentions, and more resolved than ever.

It was twilight, when he rang the bell, a sound that summoned, imperatively;—but what was it? The domestics guessed—not the visitor,—but, at length, one came to know his bidding; he started—well he might.

“Bring me some supper—prepare my bedroom—be in attendance, instantly.” The young gentleman was calm, but pale; so pale, the man advanced to look-on him.

“How came you here? Who are you?” he stammered, “indeed, sir—"
"I am Edward Brandon—your master," said a voice, and with an eye that could not be mistaken. "Are you a civil drudge, sir, or what are you?"

"I am, here, sir—here—keeping—taking-care of the establishment."

"You have, perhaps, crept into your master’s seat," said young Brandon; "if so, a gentle kicking, by way of ejectment, my good fellow, may teach-you-manners."

"I am sir Anthony’s servant, sir," said the man.

"I have seen you, elsewhere."

"I was with your father, before, but we are ordered to let none of that family enter."

"Dainty morsels have led many a cur from his first kennel, before you," said young Brandon; "but there is the door—leave me. Send another mongrel, like yourself, who may obey me."

"You will-not find much obedience, here," said the man, who was waxing as impudent as he had been, before, abashed. "Our wages are doubled—we are sir Anthony’s servants—I tell you—not yours, my fine spark."

"Indeed!" said Brandon, breathing hard. "Again, there—there is the door."

"We are-not going to wait on the son of a runaway-slut, and a man, there, that has committed forgery on his own brothers—though he is dead," said the menial, but he had scarce spoken this, than a heavy blow, dealt straight upon his forehead, levelled him with the earth.

"Lie there," cried Brandon, "and learn-better;" and, ringing the bell, violently, other servants hastily appeared. "Carry-away that knave’s carcasse," said he, more coolly, "and, know from that, that, here, Edward Brandon will be obeyed."

"The servants staring, with wild amazement, carried thence their comrade; and, shortly after, one, awed into civility, presented himself, who did-not, seemingly, think that his state of servitude justified any positive opposition to commands, where the penalty was so obviously and summarily inflicted. Indeed, the reasoning faculty was so strongly developed, in that individual, that he even sought to render the house habitable and endurable to its own master, but, under the circumstances, we fear, failed in the attempt.

Edward Brandon, then, on that night, for the first time, ate the bread of bitterness, and drank of the fountain of tears; and darkness descended, heavily, on his heart. He had yet, surely, borne enough; but to bear this;—the beloved and hallowed memory of one, who had suffered all things—who had offended in none, thus breathed—upon—defiled, by base-born calumnies and shameless falsehood—it need not be wondered at, if, after this, he grew desperate—indeed, against them—the men—the ignoble, doubly vile, who dared this sacrilege of the lost—dead—this most consummate cruelty. And, what did he not see—conceive—besides? A world of ills before him; ruin piled around him; but, if they conquered him, it should be in the full fight, at the last thrust for life, or he was—not himself, or lost to nature, that is, his nature; and, thus far, he knew and understood his feelings, and no one better. He retired, at last, towards morning, to his chamber, but not to sleep; for, where the heart is full to aching, forgetfulness never comes, or, if so, stays—not long enough to lull the perturbed spirit into the calmness of repose.
CHAPTER V.

Mr. Trevor had formerly served in the army, but sold his commission, to leave himself leisure to enjoy the sweets of a country-life. He had much of the rigid severity of military discipline—a high sense of honor, carried to the point, also—that he believed it morally impossible for a man, bred a gentleman, or inheriting the distinctions of one, to be capable of nefarious practices, or any action derogatory to that dignity, to which his birth had entitled him: nor had he ever been known to consent to any opinion that should clash with this supposed infallibility of rank and station. That he ever carried-out this notion, in contrary argument respecting individuals of elevated condition, may be positively denied; but it is certain, notwithstanding, that he had less indulgence to their errors, and an innate dislike to the familiar approach of any one, whose position might deteriorate his own. Probably, it was his sensitiveness that led him to select a country-town as his fixed retreat. He was right, for he had taken a bird’s-eye view of the world, but imagined that he had surveyed it with microscopic vision—in this, like too many others, he was mistaken.

It may well be supposed that the affairs of young Edward Brandon were presented, under no favorable impression, to his mind; it was altogether impossible they should be so. With him, the great family of the Brandons could-not err; and, besides, from little inklings of facts, he began to be solicitous that the pre-arranged connexion between this youth and his daughter, should be, now, broken off. He had answered his letter, with a polite refusal to interfere in so delicate a matter; and his daughter’s explanatory symptoms of disbelief, that left no opening for further conversation.

Mr. Trevor was involved in other speculations, to him, of greater interest. It was the breakfast-hour—a note was delivered. "From Brandon-hall," cried he, and Sophia rose in confusion, but said nothing.

"Very bad—very bad, indeed," groaned her father, "To enter the house—knock-down the servant—refuse to give-up-possession; not like a gentleman!"

"What is it, father?" said miss Trevor.

"Young Edward Brandon—the young man will come to be hanged:" was the reply. "I will certainly take-part in this, for sir Anthony’s sake."

"How! In what: dear father?" said Sophia.

"Never let me hear him spoken-of-again," said Mr. Trevor. "To steal into the house,—refuse to quit the premises—"

"What house—what premises?"—gasped his daughter.

"Why, Woodbury-park, that was his poor father’s—a sudden pause ensued. Miss Trevor changing from red to pale, said, "and I think that he is right—quite right."

"Right! What, miss Trevor? how, Sophia?" asked the father.

"He would-not be as brave as I think him," said she, "if he had-not done so."

"What did you say, miss Trevor?"

"It is quite natural and just that he should claim the home of his childhood," replied miss Trevor, timidly; and, then, more ardently; "And I admire poor Edward for it."
"Let me hear nothing of this," returned her father. "Be sure, when a young man acts in opposition to people of such known respectability, he must be wrong; and let no child of mine defend him. I shall—not be home to dine, miss Trevor;" and, with this, he departed, leaving his daughter in tears. He hastened to join the gentlemen at Brandon-hall.

To expedite his rapid progress thither, he mounted his old charger, a quadruped of much sagacity, to whom every twitch of his master's hand was familiar, and who, presently, thundered along the road, the echo of his hoofs being heard, long ere he had reached his destination. The sound was welcome to sir Anthony and his brother.

"There's Trevor; in the avenue," said Luke Brandon, "If he but side-with-us—"

"We are made—the rest is easily managed," cried the baronet, and they hastened-out to meet him.

"Mr. Trevor, this is truly kind—my dear Trevor,"—they exclaimed, as he dismounted, and their own carriage was in-attendance close-by.

"You will oblige us by coming to expostulate with this foolish boy, eh, my dear fellow?" said Mr. Luke Brandon; "some undeniable witness to the honor—the humanity—the propriety of our conduct—we should, indeed, prefer," urged sir Anthony, and I felt sure, that our friend, Trevor, would favor us."

"Certainly. Yes. Nothing can be more natural or proper," said his guest.

"A troublesome affair," remarked the baronet.


For awhile, Mr. Trevor was wrapt in agreeable cogitation; a crowd of pleasant imaginations rising, altogether beyond the common. He remembered how often miss Trevor had danced with the excellent sir Anthony—that he was a widower—reputed to have a large fortune—was-not above fifty, and, in all respects, an eligible match. His daughter was, undoubtedly, a favorite, there; hints had passed, and gentle intimations, provocative of laughter, with the young lady, but of serious import and conjecture, to such paternal solicitude, as Mr. Trevor boasted. His meditations were interrupted by the voice of sir Anthony, enquiring after the health of his daughter; and, being satisfied thereon, it pleased him to express-himself, farther, by adding:—"She is a charming girl, Trevor; very charming."

"We have had sufficient reasons, my friend," interrupted the other, "for selecting you to be evidence of this whole transaction. We could mention facts—we are not willing to disturb the ashes of the dead."

"It has pleased Providence that events should occur as they have," remarked sir Anthony, after a convenient pause, "and, we must submit, wisely, daring all that we are now permitted, to remedy these evils;" and they branched-out, at once, into a cursory exposition of the case, but one that touched no deeper than the surface, leaving heavy facts and falsehoods down below, unfathomed and unscutinized. All this was so ably interspersed with moral aphorisms and kindly commissation, that none, but an adept in human artifice, could have seen-through the base deception. Thus, they arrived at the lodge of Woodbury, courteously returned their servants' reverence, as the gates were thrown-open, and dashed-up the shady avenue;
but some unexpected nervous trepidation now beset them, ill-concealed by attempts at farther explanation.

"The estates, over-burdened with debts—mortgaged—drawn-upon—we could have no idea,—but late hours—gaming—profligate habits—super-induced, my dear friend—brought-on by that unhappy affair of his wife, will well-account for all this."

"Submission—humility—let us be resigned," urged sir Anthony. "For my part, I shall do all in my power to protect the children."

"We intend—we shall do all that is most just," added Luke Brandon. The young man, Trevor! you do-not know him; incredulous, headstrong, impetuous,—we shall have some trouble there."

"He cannot mistake the truly anxious, paternal feelings, that we bear towards him," said sir Anthony, and their companion, who had agreed with each in his turn during their drive, consented, also, to this, as they alighted. Sir Anthony cast a wavering glance upon his brother as they entered.

From the windows—looking-out-upon the lawn, they beheld their unhappy victim, strolling beneath a noble clump of trees, each chalked with the white cross, to shew that they were doomed to fall beneath the axe of the wood-cutter, and each a noble record of unnumbered years, where bright suns had warmed, nor breath of winter's tempest chilled their ever-thriving growth. Here, Edward Brandon wandered, consumed with utter bitterness of heart; his appearance dejected; and, altogether, miserable; though, in his step, there lingered, still, pride, unbroken, and tranquil fortitude. Perceiving that they had arrived, he presently approached the house, and his visitors beheld, more distinctly, his haggard looks, and, also, that his arm was bandaged, and in a sling. Mr. Trevor's curiosity was roused.

"Late last night, a messenger arrived to tell us all that had taken-place," said Luke Brandon, "and we then foresaw all the sorrow that this wretch of a boy might occasion us."

"The religious eye surveys the future as a closed book," said the pious sir Anthony; and young Brandon now stood before them.

"If my father were here, gentlemen," said he, "he would bid you welcome to his house; and, as his representative, I am bound to do the same. If we can understand one-another, it is time we did so."

There was some agitation visible in the youth's manner and utterance, though pride suppressed it; but, as neither of those he addressed, rose nor spoke, he threw-himself into a chair, and, with fiery glances, but firm utterance, continued:—

"There are some questions, sirs, that must be answered:—why are we driven from our inheritance?—Why our property and true condition thus, insidiously dealt-with, and perverted?—And why, strangers, in the service of sir Anthony Brandon, are found here, to the injury of the just owner."

"Young man, remember," cried Luke, in the tone of menace; "you may find our vengeance outstep mercy. These are false charges."

"The mercy of demons is, in itself, exquisite torture," said the young man, "and nothing surpasses it, except it be the charity of mean minds bestowed upon the proud."

"This is the young man," exclaimed sir Anthony, "who has broken-into the
house of his relation—maltreated his servants—taken illegal possession—and, now, 
would attempt to face-out, with consummate impudence, his evil practices.”

"Who is this?" cried Edward Brandon.

"It is you, sir—youself," replied his uncle; and would have continued, but the 
quiet, cutting laugh of Edward Brandon silenced him, as did his look the others.

"Come, gentlemen, come," said he, "I will tell you what you have done; crept- 
into the confidence of a noble creature, my poor father; got-possession of his estates 
and property, and are now determined to rob, plunder, sacrifice his orphan children 
to your base avarice. I know you both; I have read your souls from childhood. 
Truth in your aspects shews it is the truth."

"Shall we listen to this, patiently?" cried Luke.

"Let us have, at least, no grounds of self-reproach," answered sir Anthony.

"The tenor and purity of our intentions; if mis-construed, we know the christian 
lesson of endurance, and,—" but Mr. Trevor here broke-in, saying, "Young gentle-
man, be rational, and you will meet with every protection and just consideration.

"I will neither have protection nor consideration," answered young Brandon.

"I will have my rights—the home and property bequeathed by my father, or proof 
—strict proof—why and wherefore those rights have melted-into-nothing."

"Your father was a gamester," said Luke Brandon.

"We have lent him money to the full amount of his property," rejoined the other 
—"money that we shall never recover."

"The estates are sunk-in-debt," urged Luke, "and many claims beside, that can 
never be discharged."

"Can you bring-proof and legal evidence of this?" cried the young man; "and 
where are the title-deeds of the estates—where the money—and, if none, why not?"

"Does our dear nephew hold any proof of his own rights?" asked Luke Brandon, 
"that he can so skilfully explain his own intentions?"

"We intend to sell Woodbury-park in a few days, now," continued sir Anthony, 
to defray necessary charges to which we have been put, and all instant demands 
upon us, due from the estate."

"You intend to do this," said the young man; "and, sir, by what right?"

"The right of necessity," returned sir Anthony.

"The right of power," exclaimed Luke; "that is superior to all."

"Say—not offensive things, Luke," said his brother, "nor further afflict the un-
happy; but let us shew the true situation of all things."

The worthy baronet drew to the table, folded his hands together, and prepared to 
be explicit: Mr. Trevor advised pacific measures and due indulgence to the young 
gentleman’s condition; Luke yielded morose consent; and Edward Brandon pre-
pared to hear and believe, if possible. The account given was well-enough drawn-
up—clearly and plainly stated—and treated with such civil compassion, as might 
merit thanks. It was subject to much examination and cross-questioning from 
Edward Brandon; it said much, and, yet, told nothing. It employed, however, con-
siderable time in the repetition.

At the close, young Brandon strolled to the window and gazed-out upon the land-
scape, and thought, awhile; but thought cannot master circumstances, nor can aught enclosed in iron or in marble bite its way out again;—neither could he, from his encompassing evils, everywhere. But he looked, long ere he could discover his true position, though he foresaw it long—since. The view of outward objects, at length, inspired some inward consolation, for he turned to his guests, again, and, with more manly firmness, than before:—"What, then, are your intentions, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Sell this estate, and all else—convert all to money, and see what may, then, remain."

"And without my consent; without affording me time to shew whether or no you have this right, over what is my own property."

"Undoubtedly. It must be done immediately."

"Or the honor of the Brandons is irretrievably lost," said Luke; and Mr. Trevor, again, said:—"Anything that can save the credit of your brother—smooth-over difficulties—and leave any future provision for the children, must be considered equitable, and, altogether fitting."

"If the facts were thus—were known to be thus—were proved to be thus," reiterated young Brandon, with some decision.

"Where, young gentleman, are your proofs of right, at all?" asked his uncles.

"Upon my word, I do-not know, where; but I will look for them," he said, with bitter smiles; "and, before you can or shall sell this home of our youth, I promise you—there—I promise you, I will make it my own."

"We know you cannot," said sir Anthony.

"We defy you," added his brother, and they arose to depart.

"You shall see that I will keep my pledge," said Edward Brandon, quietly; but there was a daring confidence, too, in all his aspect.

"Remember us, kindly, to our niece," said sir Anthony, disregarding his threat; "and, also, remember, my good youth, whenever you shall require our aid, our heart and house are open to you."

"You will find-out the truth too late," said the other, "but our brother’s son must ever be the object of our regard."

"Of our anxious concern," added sir Anthony, as they made-to-the-door.

"You cannot do better, my dear fellow, than accept your uncle’s friendship," suggested their companion, "And you would please an old acquaintance by doing so. Come, come, young man."

Edward Brandon stood proudly smiling on them all, and answered nothing.

"We shall expect you to leave this property, by nightfall;" said sir Anthony.

"Your presence can only add to the confusion."

"It may do so, certainly,;" said he, with some indifference.

"Take-care, lest you be forcibly ejected," said Luke, "you have no right here."

"I will show you my right before to-morrow," said Edward Brandon, "as true as that the sun is shining; and either you or I will resign the property, or both. I will keep this promise to the word, and risk life or death upon the issue. Goodday, gentlemen;" and he bowed-them-out with much of courtly breeding, of manly ease; and there were strange intentions or designs shown-forth in the proud confidence of his aspect, which they neither understood nor regarded.
CHAPTER VI.

On that morning, Knightly, as alert and brisk as ever, with the same rapid straightforward activity of motion, arrived at "The Crown;" having performed the journey from town, on foot: he was still in the heat of high excitement, and therefore esteemed by the honest landlord as an object well deserving of speculative enquiry and curious investigation. The pedestrian selected the same quiet corner of the parlour; sat in the precise attitude; asked for the like refreshments, and ate with the same remarkable voracity as heretofore; but, nothing daunted, by these business-like proceedings, mine host began his usual system of question and discourse in one.

"Have seen you, before, I think, sir. In the confidence of the Brandon family, surely? The sale of the estate and altogether, they are, doubtless, in some confusion there. A bold step, though, for the youngster to take-possession of Woodbury, and wont-be-turned-out, as I hear.

"What, sir? Who, sir? Of what are you speaking?" said Knightly.

"You have-not then heard?"

"I have-not," and his flashing glance expressed desire of further information.

"I heard it from one of the servants, this morning," began the landlord, and, by wading through a whole heap of surmises, opinions, and possibilities, he, at length, managed to convey to the listener no inconsiderable portion of all that had occurred at Woodbury, since it ended in the fact that young Brandon had forcibly entered there, and was in possession, which was, in the speaker's estimation, nine points of the law, that swallowed and absorbed the one remaining.

"It is just like him! The boy—(I have known him from an infant) he is the heart in a thousand," cried Knightly, a tear in his eye, and a smile on his lip, and neither willing to shew themselves. "But I must be going, sir. Never was young knight without his squire."

"The town is all-alive about it," said the other. "Some think him all wrong, and, some, his uncles. Now, sir, you look an honest man, what do you think of it."

"Nothing.—I know," cried Knightly. "No more puritanic villain breathes than sir Anthony: no more daring-one than Luke. Hanging would be honorable death for two such dogs."

"Hush, you will be overheard," said the innkeeper, alarmed; and Knightly moved to depart, but not before he had drunk a bumper to the success of the young heir, and destruction to his enemies, a toast to which mine host most heartily responded.

"I can tell you a secret" said he, as his guest left the door. "To prevent disturbance, they intend to hasten the sale of the park, yonder: to-morrow, man, is the day:"
but Knightly, without answering, shot from his view.

It was, now, mid-day. One of those days when not a breath of air is stirring; the roads dusty; the leaves parched; and trees motionless; and the hot sun burning overhead in an unshaded sky. The bird brooded with folded wing; the insect weasel, came-not forth from its mossy bed; the herds and cattle had left the fields to dwell in shady coverts; the brooks and streams, ruffled by no passing zephyr, lay as one level glass of liquid clearness. But, though warm in deed, Knightly regarded it not, but
urged-forward at the pace of a pedestrian, bent on the prosecution of a wager, whose period must soon terminate. It was only when he reached the lawn, where Edward Brandon was seated, that he became aware of his condition, or the oppressive state of the surrounding atmosphere. He sank upon the chair which Brandon offered; "My friend, my dear friend," cried he, how much more shall I cost you, and never be able to repay?"

"My dear lad, nothing," said Knightly, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "I have spent nothing, yet, from fear my little hoard might be some day wanted."

The young man pressed his hand, saying "We will talk here where the silence of nature only hears; here are no enemies."

"Without; many," answered Knightly, "I have done much to search-out the truth, but have discovered nothing; only that villany has been to work, which always leaves this web of life so ravelled, that the beginning nor the end is easily traced-again but seems like one wild mist of ruin."

"To cut the knot—to leap the barrier; to dare the worst; to decide and act, is what I like," said the youth, "and where this leads me, there will I go."

"It is evident that these men have the power in their hands," said his friend, at last, "The will that you gave me without title-deeds and documents, is almost useless. Your father's property, I know to be invested in the banking-house, but without proof or witness, we are as nothing."

"My father's clerks—servants—can they say nothing?"

"They—they are bought. What heed they, what care they, these drudges in other's fortunes, if they but secure their paltry share! The jackall chooses-not, but eats the offal of the lion's prey; it suits his feline appetite. But, though we fail, we must attempt to regain these rights, or remain beggars."

"This will take-time," said Edward Brandon, thoughtfully.

"It will; but you, of course, will continue here, until driven-out, till they sell the place and eject you."

The youth turned-pale from the conflict of his pride and his emotion, but there was an unchangeable decision in his looks, that none could doubt.

"When they eject me," said he, "they shall cast-out my soul as well as body thence. My heart shall burst, ere it bear this. But,—but they shall neither enter here nor dare to part-with what is mine."

"We must-build a dyke ere we can stay the torrent;" said Knightly, "and, at present, we have no means."

"The mind is the inventor of strange means," said Brandon, "and I have mine to thwart them, pull down their airy palaces, and shew them that, if not mine, this frame shall-not be theirs. I watch my opportunity."

"To-morrow is the time appointed," said Knightly. "The day seems dawning now. Oh, that I should live to see this done."

As though wrought-upon by this first expression of regret, young Brandon started-up and said, "And you shall-not see it, but a more glorious sight, good Knightly; but let me know your thoughts, that, in this, I may do wrong to none."

"There is no doubt that the property is yours—that they will rob you of it—
and, sooner would that the lightning-stroke would blast the roof-top; besides, where is your fortune—where are your hopes? Gone—lost—for ever. What can you do? For what are you fitted? That they will help you—it is a dream. But I will go-to-town; the property we may yet secure, though we cannot save this.”

“There are some things quite as sure as lightning,” said young Brandon, quietly.

“It strikes one tree, perhaps, but the forest burns as the bright flame spreads onward. But you do-not understand me.”

He smiled and walked away, leaving old Knightly muttering:—“Would I could see it level with the ground! Would I were dead, than to see the children of the man I love brought-down to beggary. That will be it—no help—none;” but, ere awhile, scarce an instant, and the young man returned,—unrolling tears were lurking in his eyes.”

“You say, Knightly, the property is mine.”

“It is. I know it to be so. It was your father’s.”

“You believe that my sister and myself are being betrayed and plundered?”

“Yes, on my soul! But come-to-town, boy; let’s be moving; do all we can to save the rest. We must be stirring.”

“I cannot come to-day,” said Brandon, and he seemed viewing and criticizing Knightly, as though to ascertain if he dare trust him with his secret thoughts. Beholding the old man’s wild solicitude and agitation, he refrained; again, resolved, and, again, doubted. “Stay,” he added. “Take some refreshment, and, then, towards evening,” he sighed, heavily, “leave me for a few hours behind you.”

“Then you will follow,” said Knightly. “Yes, it will be better. Who fights without his weapons, fights—not at all. We will yet conquer them.”

“We will, indeed,” suddenly cried Brandon, “beyond their imagination. Look on the scene, for the last time, as I do. It seems a pleasant, happy place, good Knightly, and may be again, some long time hence.”

“I shall ever remember it, and your honored father, also,” said Knightly; and, with solemn step, he entered the dwelling, and passed the remaining hours in meditation, most uncommon with him.

During the afternoon, a letter was delivered to young Brandon, from Mr. Trevor, gently intimating that the involved state of affairs precluded the possibility of his consenting to any renewal or continuation of the intended connexion between the two families, once designed by his respected father, but now rendered void by his unhappy decease, and a tissue of events as unexpected as perplexing. He requested that all attempt to see his daughter might cease, as other more fortunate prospects were opening; and hinted that it was her own wish, and that she totally coincided with him, in the arrangement of so delicate a matter as the one in question.

If anger weeps, scorn laughs, and so did he; and crushed the paltry scrawl, awhile, in wrath, before he tore and cast-it-to-the-winds. As he cooled, other reflections came, and his thoughts hurried into the future to search-it-out; but, there, nought but poverty awaited him—a dim figure, whose faint shadow terrified him, though he neither knew nor guessed what grief might lay beyond. He was aroused from this reverie by Knightly bidding him good-bye.
"I have just thought of a man who might serve you," said he. "Follow me, quickly. My thoughts and heart are, boy, your own. Farewell."

"Sleep at 'The Crown,' if you will not here, dear Knightly. I will join you by morning dawn," said the young gentleman, and he bade him kindly adieu. It was but as an instant; and when he sought him in the far-off avenue, but he had out-stripped fancy, and was gone.

The day had been sultry, and close; and, without breath of wind, the evening set-in. The time is full of inexpressive mournfulness, which is spent in beholding the momentos of the past; and so it was with Edward Brandon, as he rambled through the haunts of his childhood, leaving no nook unsought. The regret had been less poignant, if it had been for the first time after many years, but it was for the last—for the unworded hour when time joins to eternity, and becomes one. Never to possess, tells something easier, than, for ever, to resign. He thought it must be so; and years would he have forfeited, to have averted the doom. So, journeying through winding-paths—beholding pleasant landscapes—reviewing miniature dreams of childhood—halting at the ruined fountain, that simple type of hope—he waited till even came, and the broad sun had sunk behind the hills. Once more—oh, once!—he would behold it, ere it retired for ever from this scene; for ever, to be lost, though sanctified by precious memories. He hastened to the house. There was the observatory, whence he might behold all things around.

In the sky, the luminary of day had left his burning track behind him; on the earth, shadows had fallen; and, thus, gradually, the clouds gathered, and the mist sunk, till the distant scene became a void, and, the more near, a dream or nothing. His soul was stung—his heart was full unto the brim, but tears fell not. He heeded not whether the bird of night was singing; his senses were too distracted to hear the strain; the world, itself, was lost in one deep thought. As twilight closed, the moon uprose, alone, and not a flake floated beneath her; she was to him, floating in mid-air, though afar; a pale, fitful lightning, flashed, at intervals. The hour was well-nigh come, and he descended.

The servants appeared to ask his bidding. "Nothing," said he, "nothing, until the hour, when, if you serve, it shall be willingly." But they disregarded him, believing, as his energy was beyond his years, so was his mind, and both more vivid than enduring. They retired to rest, he awaited for the appointed hour.

Just before midnight; he walked out upon the lawn; the moon was hidden, the sky deserted, save were the lightning played through the wide Heavens, and then passed away. The parched atmosphere breathed hotly—the south wind, faintly stirred—but this was as it should be. Taking a branch of withered fir, a flint and steel, he dived into the thickest shrubbery, climbed the topmast tree, half-way, and striking the unerring light, lighted the branch above him.

Presently, the flame crept, serpent-like, swift as mischief, trailing along the bark, from tree to tree, till, fiercely, it rode upward. No rain had fallen for many days, and the elements almost outsped his purpose. But, if caught, midway, before his work was ended, he must be defeated. Therefore, swifter than active fire he hastened up and down, spreading the conflagration, till, on seeking the lawn again, he
saw destruction sure. Now, through the woods, the feathered fire was flying, and rising sparks fell downward, aiding the general ruin. There he beheld it all expanding into full flower, buds of molten gold, beset with fired hues of wondrous brilliancy; and, there, uprising in quaint shapes of mighty columns and circling arches, and trellis-work of wild enchantment, of quaint devices, shining as some magic palace, or temple, glorious to look upon; and, then, this seen and gone, it was as a labyrinth of many flames involved, which on disporting, began again their work of wild enchantment. Beholding it, a terrible delight possessed him, anguish and triumph held in one.

"Now, noble friends, now, tender guardian, said he, "rob the wild winds, the fire, the elements, but not me. Are you, or am I the conqueror: still, justice—vengeance—no more."

At this instant, it seemed the winds were rising, for the flame worked towards the house, and the shrubbery joined it close at either side. His hopes and wishes would be thus accomplished, that not a vestige should remain to satisfy his oppressors. Calmly and deliberately, he witnessed its approach, and, when certain that it had caught the building, he pulled the alarm-bell, hastily, with a peel that scattered sleep, at once. The few domestics, all in alarm, sprung-up, just in time to save-themselves, but, far too bewildered, to render any timely assistance. Edward Brandon retired to the pastures; where, reclining, comfortless, wretched, he beheld this funeral pile of his last hopes—the flaming pyre, the smouldering ruin—nor did he behold it unmoved. Proud-daring was sunk in regret; philosophy softened into tenderness; and, there, he wept—such tears as indurate the heart to future ill—tears of too early despair.

As the element shot-upward, and fed-upon-itself, the sky was tinged all of a scarlet-hue; and the fresh morning-wind now blowing, lashed it to new fury, till the edifice was as one burning heap, throwing its fierce sparks towards the sky in spangled showers. This phenomenon, being observed by mine host of "The Crown," was shortly communicated to his wife, who no sooner beheld, than she cried, "It is Woodbury-lodge, sure enough. Rouse the town for the engines, my dear lad, or the noble place will be down."

"So much the better, too, say I," replied the man. "Better see it levelled with the dust, than taken from the right heir, yonder." Nevertheless, he so actively bestirred himself, that, shortly, the towns-people were aroused, and arrived with the engines just time-enough to witness the roof fall-in, and Woodbury one indistinguishable heap of ruin.
CHAPTER VII.

Human nature is so strongly blended with self-love, that it may be considered a moral phenomenon, when the spoilt-child of fortune is not corrupted by the indulgence and reposed consequent upon its condition; and, certainly, there never yet was an individual, whose virtues could withstand the influence of the constant satisfaction arising from the knowledge, that his will and wish must govern all things, or bend or break them at his bidding.

The most generous of spirits may be thus perverted; and miss Trevor, though possessing great qualities, besides, had, no doubt, suffered from the fact of her being an only child, whose slightest word and caprice had ever been too strictly obeyed. She witnessed, with anger, her father's intentions of discontinuing the intercourse between young Brandon and herself; which, as she had been accustomed to think and act independently, she regarded as a resignation of his honor and her own—the more so, since she had been taught, sacredly to regard her word and promise on all occasions. The young lady's attachment, besides, influenced her opinions; nor was the course of events calculated to change, but, rather, strengthen them.

Mr. Trevor had not returned that night, being engaged in carousal with the noble baronet, and upon subjects of discourse infinitely pleasing. Thus, it was long after the breakfast-hour, when he re-appeared, and summoned his daughter to attend him,

"Now, miss Trevor, you will have reason to think that my experience may prove of some avail to you. What do you suppose has happened."

"I cannot guess, sir, indeed," said she, with equal reserve. "I have not heard."

"Woodbury-park is burned-down, and that young villain," but he was interrupted by her starting-up, ringing the bell, and saying "I must go to him—what has happened? Nay, don't stop me,"—but, before she reached the door, her father held her back "He is safe," he said, and pale—indeed, was the face she turned upon him—"On my word he is safe."

"The place I always loved," said she, "The property I do not care for."

As the footman entered, Mr. Trevor ordered a glass-of-water, and spoke as follows:—"The property! You do not care for the property! Pray, Sophia, consider how little dignity of sentiment is shewn in your despising that, alone, by which a woman is valued—her station—her position."

"I think no such thing," she replied. "If I valued any-one, merely for money, I should despise myself."

"I am astonished—confounded. Would you encourage an incendiary? If it be proved against him, he will be hanged, no-doubt."

The young lady took the water that was brought, and, after some silence, expressed herself with unusual perversity of feeling.

"He is no incendiary," said she. "The estate is his own: and, if he has done this,—"

"If? His uncles think he has," cried her father; "and, surely, you would not defend him, Sophia?"

"If he has done it," said she, with emphasis, "he has not done wrong. He may be.
have acted foolishly, but, that he would commit evil, merely to injure others, I will never believe.

"Has-he-not acted imprudently?"

"Yes, possibly, so."

"Unadvisedly, meanly, unlike a gentleman, miss Trevor."

There is no knowing what a gentleman may do," said she, laughing rather derisively; "but, I know this, if there is a kind and generous heart anywhere, it is in his bosom;" and her smiling was dashed by rising tears.

"You seem, indeed, miss Trevor, peculiarly well-informed upon such subjects, I must confess," said her father, "and, perhaps, such girlish trash is common; but, it is to be hoped, that more brilliant prospects may suggest the more sober reasoning of womanhood."

"They will never change me," she replied, with so charming an air of independence, as that it might, on any other occasion, have been forgiven her.

"We shall see," said her father. "The overtures of sir Anthony Brandon—his estate and rank may-not prove, altogether, contemptible, or so easily refused." She laughed more derisively than before, till he added, emphatically:—"Let this be no matter of merriment, I entreat, since a connexion, so altogether eligible, is too grateful to my feelings, to be thus lightly treated."

"I shall marry none but the man whom I love, or not at all," said she young lady, with decision.

"You are frank, indeed; rather too sincere," he answered, "or has my daughter forgotten-herself?"

"No, truly. To speak truth and keep-my-word, my dear father, are your own kindly lessons, and this poor Sophy has not forgotten;" and, though there was much of self-will in all this, it was regarded as one of many caprices, that might pass away, and Mr. Trevor was satisfied, for the time, by expounding the serious offer of sir Anthony Brandon, with the advantages of this unexpected tender.

Meanwhile, young Brandon had arrived at "The Crown," according to his appointment with Knightly; but, to all his lamentations and enquiries, respecting the property destroyed, he answered nothing, till they were together, alone, on their way to London, whither he had agreed to accompany him a portion of the way.

"Who is now the victor!" cried he, as they beheld, faintly, the ruins athwart the distant foliage. "If it is not mine, it is not theirs, good Knightly."

"How could it catch-fire?" exclaimed his friend. "Some unlucky star—"

"All,—I did it all, myself, and glory in the deed."

Oh, Heavens! Poor boy!" cried Knightly. "Come, come away. How is it your father's spirit rests? He would have shunned all, but the right way."

"The property was mine. Who shall keep or destroy it, if not I?"

"If told; they will imprison you—hang you," said the old man. "Come on to London, let me ship-you-off to other lands."

"I have done it, and shall abide the consequences," said Edward Brandon, coolly. "Nothing shall drive me hence."

"Aye, stay, or you will excite suspicion," cried his friend, ceasing his rapid
movements, "return at once, and God-preserve-you!" But he could refrain-himself no longer. "Energy," he whispered, "activity, strong resolution, may do all things, provided no base passions interfere; they ruin all. It may be brave, but is it right? Glorious manhood may spring from mistaken boyhood, but glorious boyhood is the spark that is seen and dies. Go back—return—be prudent."

"There is no more mischief to be done; so, fear-not, dear Knightly."

"You promise, no more," said his friend, hastening onward.

"I can safely promise now," said the young gentleman; but faith has seldom yet been found in promises; and ere they had waived adieu, young Brandon had forgotten his, but turned into the very way of mischief, going to visit Sophia Trevor.

On his way through the town, Edward Brandon perceived that he was, already, an object of considerable interest. The news of the destruction of Woodbury had reached sir Anthony Brandon, by early dawn. Himself and brother, goaded by disappointment and wrath, had openly asserted that the young man must be the offender, and some intention was manifested of taking-him-up upon the charge,—and emissaries were dispatched to watch his motions, and report what they might learn of his habits of life and further intentions. They learnt nothing; for no one, possibly, had more simple arts of recreation, than this unfortunate youth, scarce now past boyhood. Still, the late events had excited general observation. Some believed that such good Catholics as sir Anthony's household, could-not err, or had a right to impunity: some asserted the reverse, and that the young gentleman was injured, and his rights betrayed; and many, too, defended him, even in the daring action lately committed, supposing he were really the guilty person; but a few, besides, ascribed it to the judgment of Providence, which had lighted on a family of such proud and overbearing character: they, together, argued that he was a handsome and promising young gentleman, and pitied his apparently unprovided state. Young Brandon, himself, was contented. He had done what he had purposed; stayed the machinations of his enemies for a time; satisfied his just vengeance, and was prepared for the worst. There, in his heart, was shining that star, to youth the most refulgent of all; which leads to love, and, coming with the morning, is the hesperus of hope, and, with the night, is the vesper of such dreams as beguile the darkness.

He, at length, halted, at the shrubbery-gate, and waited—not-an instant, ere miss Trevor arrived. The little lady, lifted her hands to his shoulders, embracing him, with more kindly affection than ever:—"Thank God! You are, then, safe, dear Edward," she cried. "No one knows, what I have suffered since day-light. My proud heart—"

"Are you proud—Sophia,—oh, no?"

"How did it happen?" asked she.

"How could it? But through me;" and he detailed his reception at Woodbury; the interview with his uncles, and subsequent events; but she listened, like one who admired the spirit, but who perceived and feared the consequence that might result from such daring retaliation. To prevent this rashness, was the first thought of her love, and the means were at once suggested.

"It is just to try all things, but to venture a life so precious,—it must-not occur
again. Were it not better to consult the experienced—obtain legal advice and opinion relative to your real position." But she ceased, for his looks expressed mingled humility and grief.

"You speak like the prosperous, who have always relief at hand," said he, "You do not imagine the state of those without money; friends, or introduction."

"There are some means, surely" she replied, with diffidence, "and I think that I could point them out."

"Would, that you could, dear Sophia. Knightly, is still busy in our service."

"I have the means," said she," promptly, but blushing, too, "five hundred pounds that came to me, last birth-day."

"Your father.—No, it is impossible."

"It's my own," cried she. "Had my aunt known you, she would have loved to have served you, and to this purpose it shall be devoted."

"Dear girl," he expostulated; and coloring, added, "but how am I to possess what is yours, Sophia, or by what right?"

"I shall give it to you; and, I assure you, Edward, you are much deceived, indeed, if you suppose that any change of fortune could alter me. Sir Anthony Brandon! It's quite ridiculous!"

"How—what is this?" he cried; and, in the sportive mockery of gaiety, she repeated her father's conversation, little aware, that every word added a hundred-fold to the indignation, and high-wrought feelings excited by his uncle's injuries; and, seeming to develop, in fact, farther schemes against the peace and prospects of their victim, rather than the satisfaction of any private sentiment they might be imagined to entertain. It was confirmation to him that they would never cease, until they had utterly annihilated every hope of his youth; and, powerful as were his passions, they were again roused to intemperate fervor. They, who had robbed him of fortune, might wish to deprive him of such consolation as this charming girl's love would bestow; but never,—it should—be,—he would conquer them, now, again, as before.

"That grey-haired dotard!" he cried, "promise me, dear girl," but she laughed-his-fears-away, and they were shortly involved in discourse upon the sweets of humble life, a cottage-home and ordinary comfort, where love and truth reside, apart from strife and empty ostentation; one of those pictures that youth delights to fancy, but which has ever proved imperfect in life's reality—light without shade. At length, while seated thus, upon a bench, together, miss Trevor became aware that her father was beholding them from an opposite avenue, amid the trees. She arose, embarrassed, but scarcely so, than he approached; young Brandon also advanced with self-possession.

"After my letter, Mr. Edward Brandon; I cannot but think this conduct anything but honorable."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I did—then, I do—not, now, consider myself bound by any such commands."

"My dear father, you cannot, surely, forget," interposed Sophia, "the terms of friendship which once bound us to the family."

"When, young gentleman, you are, again, upon terms with your relations," said Mr. Trevor, with some severity, "you can be recognised by me, but not before."
"I will—not buy so high a privilege at so mean a price," said Brandon, satirically.
"You would say, sir, when the estates come-back to the right owner, you will be glad of my acquaintance."
"You must be aware, sir, that your present condition or character can be no honor to me nor my family."
"Pray dear father,— dear Edward," faltered Sophia.
"Circumstances are changed, young gentleman," said the father.
"I see and feel that they are," Brandon replied, "changed so much, that respect has shrunken into contempt. It is well to regard the feelings of others, if not their fortunes."
"Feelings, sir. What are yours to me?"
"It seems, nothing," said the youth, and, because so, now, proud man—"
"Dear Edward. Oh! my father," he heard a voice repeat.
"One word, Sophia," he said, more calmly. "Yes, Mr. Trevor, you shall, someday, repent this, either because I am successful, or, if you have one spark of generous feeling, because I am sunk-down, as low as tyranny and base oppression can degrade me. You shall yet regret having mistaken me. You will yet repent; remember my words;" but miss Trevor here burst-into-tears.
"I do-not understand fine sentiments," said her father. "You have heard the only terms upon which you can visit, here."
"I shall learn by experience—practice," said young Brandon, "the limit and the freedom," and this he uttered with such scorn, that Mr. Trevor retorted:—"If you intrude, here, I shall treat you as an offender, and hold you amenable to the laws."
Sophia Trevor dried her tears, and clasped Brandon's arms with both her hands.
"Not a word, dear Edward," and the fire of his glance was quenched at once. "I owe my father love and respect, and you also; and, because, I cannot choose another father, I cannot another Edward Brandon. But, good bye."
"You! dear Sophia," he exclaimed, gratefully, but she smiled through tears, and turned away; he proudly, but hastily, bent, and retired.
"Never. I will—not be compelled," he heard her say, as they retreated, and he guessed the meaning, but little consolation did it afford for wounds, not cut, but hacked in his heart by this rough usage, and scarcely to be healed again. But, because they were resolved to humble-him, he was so-to-be triumphant.
For many days, Edward Brandon did-not see miss Trevor, but, at last, received a note expressive of her unhappiness, stating that she was kept-close prisoner, and, in the tone of one accustomed to indulgence, and, therefore, restive, under severe treatment; for, silken bonds are unfelt, while iron fetters eat-into the flesh: who has borne one, cannot endure the other, the difference lies between enjoyment and suffering.
Besides, to know that she was ill-treated, or despotically used, roused him into exertion at once; she need but call, and he must fly to the rescue; if she endured, the period of infliction should be short—indeed, for his imperfect plans were now starting into full life and action, and wanted but her word to its swift completion. He wrote, she answered; he questioned, she replied; both delighted to perceive that the same
promised vision had beguiled them, the same hope of coming happiness. He knew 
that he possessed abilities, and was proud to think that they might yet enable him to 
shelter and protect one, thus harshly dealt-with, and the object of his tenderest regard. 
Then, this was another triumph, after insult and defeat; the last conclusive stroke of 
manly daring. The young lady was satisfied that she loved him, only; that there 
could-not be a more youthful, handsome, matchless hero than himself; and, that if 
humble life and duteous love could charm, she was the only wife he should have 
chosen. She believed him, also, to be injured, and this was a fresh cause of love and 
sympathy;—and, undoubtedly, the letters he had lately received, both from sir An-
thony, and his brother, were of a nature to favor this opinion,—for threats of total 
ruin, incarceration, ignominy, if he remained in the town, or ventured in the as-
serion of his rights, proving unavailing to drive him thence, they had since resorted 
to other measures of civil promises, obliging offers, hints of rewards and compromise, 
temporary, pecuniary assistance, and other expediens of the like politic character. 
But all this, doubly urged young Brandon on—to flee with Sophia Trevor—to hold 
his revenge and victory in one.

It so happened, that there was, about this time, a grand festivity at Brandon-hall; 
sir Anthony was pleased to intimate his distress that any restrictive measures should 
have been adopted towards so fair an offender, and, also, that the air of the hall might 
be found agreeable and beneficial to Mr. Trevor and his daughter, and, thither, 
consequently, it was resolved that she should be conveyed, and for an indefinitely 
period. The young lady was terror-struck, her father obstinately bent-upon-his-
purpose.

"How is it, that I am-not obeyed?"
"Dear father, you have never before commanded."
"I do, now," he replied, with severity.
"I cannot bear the solemn hall," she said, "nor old sir Anthony."
"Are you, mistress, here, miss Trevor?"
"I have always been my own mistress, dear father. I cannot go."
"Beware, miss Trevor, beware of losing my esteem," he cried, "it is not easily 
recoverable."

"Promise me, that sir Anthony Brandon shall-not pester me with his horrid ad-
ances,—that, dear father, I shall be your daughter, only, and I will resign poor 
Edward—remain single,—but—no,—I will-not go to the hall—cannot—dare not."

"I was in hopes that miss Trevor would consult her womanly pride in this, and 
learn that the son of disgraced parents, himself an outcast and beggar, branded with 
guilt, also, must be unworthy of her."

"You once thought otherwise."

"I did. But mark me; obey in this, or miss Trevor, you are no daughter of
mine." These were harsh words; the tyranny of weak minds is hard to bear; and long indulgence more difficult to resign; but all this decided the lovers, that flight was their only remedy, and it was arranged to be early the following morning.

Great is the joy, when nature, seemingly, rejoices with us; and, now, at early dawn, the sun burst-forth, giving blythe welcome to the day; the many birds sang nestling in bowery groves; the winds shed odor, as they ruffled pleasantly along; no sound or sense of gladness was here wanting, or else Sophia Trevor's heart was so brimful, that all must needs be happy. Such sensations lasted while she was yet preparing to depart; but, that, once done, other natural feelings uprose—of regret to quit her paternal shelter—of shame, that it should be, thus, clandestinely—of grief, to leave a parent, who, in all but this, had acted ever too indulgently. But, no doubt, he would forgive her;—she would kneel—entreat—most willingly—and she should thus secure every means of rendering him and poor Edward happy; and, when he was his son, certainly, he would—not refuse to defend those rights, which were become almost his own, and Edward Brandon would be recognised, again, and the mansion of Woodbury re-built; but, beyond this, hope was lost in the imaginations of the future. The hour was early; the household servants not yet moving. As she was strictly watched, her only possible chance of flight was through the window of her chamber, which looked-out-upon the garden; nor, is it to be supposed that her lover had—not attempted to shew some expertness, in this, as in other things; but more intricate schemes proving inexpedient and impracticable, it resolved-itself into the simple acts of watching the gardener's absence, taking-possession of his ladder, and adroitly evading all curiosity as they stole through the gardens, and out of the back-door, where a post-chaise awaited them.

It was with considerable anxiety that miss Trevor watched the young gentleman's arrival; with more, that she beheld the wakeful gardener trudging through the walks, and, at last, young Brandon approach him to entice him thence, under some well-feigned pretence; but, most luckily, the man departed. Indeed, there was nothing that Edward Brandon would—not dare, and so boldly, that he must prosper. The moment was come. He took the ladder. The young lady threw-down a packet of clothes to him, and appeared, bearing her casket of jewels. She was so neatly clad, in the fashion of a peasant or servant girl, that he had to look, almost, twice, ere he recognised her; and this made him falter in his duty.

"Quick," she whispered, "dear Edward, quick," and her voice roused him into instant action.

"Hark! Is there not a footstep," said he, and she threw forth the casket, also, answering, "I hear nothing, love; but, quick—soft, now."
Her foot was upon the round—she had turned, and was descending, but, either in modesty, or fear, her foot slipped.

"Oh, God of heaven!" he gasped, and caught her as she fell; and, in the instant that was lost, even this accident bound them, as it were, in more strict affection,—since, when about to lose the object of our love, how far more precious it appears.

"Nay, dear Edward, no more kissing," said she, at last. "Let us hasten hence. If my father—", and, swiftly, he put the ladder aside; they gathered their packets, and fled into the shrubbery, beyond, and from thence to the garden-gate, which they reached, unmolested;—and it was here that the young lady looked-back, and tears burst from her eyes.

"It is hard—too hard—to have driven me to this," said she; "but Edward, love, we will return. When married, if once we ask his blessing, surely, he will forgive us."

"That shall be when I am master of Woodbury, again, said he. "But does my Sophia repent?"

"No, indeed, Edward—never," and with this assurance, they tript together, into the chaise, and, rapidly, drove-off. They were a full mile from the town, ere Sophia Trevor had partly recovered herself, when she put a purse into his hand, saying, smilingly:—"Do-not say that I did-not bring you a fortune, Edward, there is my little hoard."

"You are my fortune. I will make-one for you, love," said he; and the young people rambled-away in discourse, together, into a world, where all was to go as they wished, and success crown every endeavour, either soon or late; but labor waits reward too often—how often!

Meantime, however, there is no doubt, that this rash step opened the way for calumny, and further unjust measures; for, no sooner was it ascertained that the fugitives were not to be traced, than reports got-abroad, that young Brandon had eloped with a gentleman's daughter—carried-away the family jewels—broken the father's heart—refused all honorable means of livelihood from his uncles—burnt-down one of their estates—with other misdeemours, unequalled for their depravity. Certainly, there was much extravagance of action in all that he had done; and the disappointment and grief exhibited by Mr. Trevor, were of a kind that must, necessarily, excite sympathy; but youth is unguarded. Great had been his wrongs, and, piteous, was the fact, that he was still in the serpent's coil, and as a weak reed in the hands of the powerful.
CHAPTER VIII.

IT were vain to describe the meeting between Sophia and her friend, Laura Brandon, when, after a week's delay, and by a circuitous route, they arrived at the lodging which she still occupied. The mutual knowledge that they were each dependent on the other's sympathy, added fervor to their embrace, and drew-forth tears from both, a kind of emotion of which young Brandon neither partook nor understood, being in the very highest flight of spirits imaginable,—pleased with the successful elopement—proud of his bride—his thoughts fixed, only, on future happiness. In fact, he neither anticipated misfortune, nor would he foresee or see it; and though on further conversation with his sister, he learnt that, through Mr. Simpson, they had been refused the return or possession of the books and valuables brought from abroad, he persisted in believing that there would be found a remedy for all this, while he de- rided the mean and paltry attempt to injure, more deeply, one, whose wrongs already cried-out and must be heard. His young bride shared his feelings; his sister tried to do so, and a short period of content ensued, which, in after-days, was regarded as the glimpse of paradise, beheld by spirits, doomed to perdition, who can never hope but to languish in bitterness and the soul's deepest misery.

But, now, they were really happy, while their little means supplied their simple necessaries of life, and love consoled, before care approached them. And, certainly, poverty is-not so hideous to behold as to know, for Sophia was—not only satisfied with their homely abode, but found there the charm of novelty. She was like one crossing an unstable bridge, whose footing is—not seen to be unsafe, till, just mid-way, the fabric sinks at once. She had only just then ventured, and was wrapt in secret delight. The intelligence, even, that sir Anthony Brandon had declared his intention to do nothing more for his nephew, and to limit his future benefits to the weekly sum of one guinea, for Laura's support, could-not, thoroughly, persuade either of them, that they should—not again recover their lost rights. They were certain that some worthy person would undertake their cause.

The frequent visits of Knightly, his indefatigable energy in the pursuit of this one object, in a measure, beguiled them; and that his locomotive powers were ably shown in innumerable visits to eminent counsel and solicitors, there is no doubt. This sanguine expectations sustained their hopes, and, if his friend Knightly had wanted an impetus, it was supplied in the little lady before him, who was quite after his own heart, an especial favorite, and just the young creature, as he said, that he should have chosen, therefore, to be tenderly used, bravely served, and visited with most gallant solicitude and courtesy.

Nevertheless, it was, at last, apparent, that, if-not going-back, they were—not advancing, and Knightly suggested that, as things died by inaction, and lived through action, if they did—not more, the claim and suit must sink-into-nothing. Then they would, and they did endeavour, till patience would tire in following their schemes; and how many wise and foolish ones were suggested or carried-into effect it were vain to repeat. The truth might have been seen before, but they would—not behold it; now, at last, they must;—without proof of writs, deeds, memoranda, or
personal witness, nothing could be done. One—nay, more than one—solicitor had gone so far as to demand a statement from sir Anthony, on the part of his or their clients, relative to the real position of the property, or the supposed claim attempted to be established by the young heir; but, singularly enough, there was so much satisfaction obtained, that no more could be required; and, as they each and all averred, given with so gentlemanly a desire to be explicit, that no man, of equal honor, could dare to doubt.

Knightsly saw how it was, but that he was an inefficient witness of the right in a legal sense,—though a living evidence of the wrong, in a moral one. Even he, latterly, had advised some attempt at terms; the more so, that he was led to suppose that Mr. Trevor, himself, was one among them who hoped a reconciliation; but his arguments in favor of pacific measures were openly opposed.

"Shall I—dear Knightly—shall I sell my birthright for fifty pounds a year, allowed to my sister?" cried Brandon, indignantly, "never, it shall not be done. I will have a clear explanation—my rights or nothing."

"I have my reasons," said Knightly. "Sophia is not strong. Her father might be of service, behold the truth, assert your rights."

"He might, indeed! look there. That is, her letter; this, the answer;" and he passed them to Knightly, who, while perusing that, by the young bride, was moved to sympathy. Mr. Trevor's reply stated that he had been confidentially entrusted with the private and real position of the young gentleman's affairs, through his uncles, and as nothing could reconcile him to the degradation of so base a connexion, he must request to be troubled no further upon the subject. At this, Brandon brokeforth:—"Who but the rich—the purse-proud—the insensible,—who can write thus. None—no one! That is the cold heart of clay wrapt-up in such high-bred carcases."

"Nay, but your wife," said Knightly, "is a charming girl—a proof against you, there."

"But these men,"—said Brandon, "these villains! Do you see? This paltry guinea a-week, seems to buy-us-off, and buy them the world's opinion. They are deep knaves."

"They were no knaves, if not so," said Knightly. "You have been married three months. Your wife—a lady!—must-not want. Your means are well-nigh exhausted; mine, not worth the word."

"What would you have me do, Knightly?"

"You have been invited to see the solicitor; to discourse with Mr. Simpson. I would do so, and learn their further intentions."

"Would that I had died," cried Brandon, energetically, "before it had been my doom to dispute with scoundrels my just privileges! But come, if you will, my friend."

"I will, indeed! cried the other;" we shall look farther into this mystery, and see how to shape our course, accordingly. But be guarded,—in your conduct—careful.

"Till they rouse me," said Edward Brandon, and it was on the following day that Mr. Simpson again requested an interview, and it was granted.
This mild man’s conduct was in this beyond all praise, and the matchless respect with which he accosted his former master’s son, altogether inimitable. It could only be surpassed by his deference to the ladies, and his tender sympathy in their unhappy condition. But Mr. Simpson had been well instructed in the system to be adopted; and there was never yet a creeping thing whose motion could be less heard.

"He wondered much," he cried, "at all the late events,—that there had not been more friendly sincerity shewn by his patrons, more confidence by his young friend, Mr. Edward; that there should have been any ill-feeling on either side; but then the most wonderful thing of all, was, the involved-state of the property,—the many complications of interests. He did think some silly, unadvised measures had been taken; but, again, there had been some severity exercised by those worthy men, his masters, no doubt. They had high notions, the young gentleman equally high; but, nevertheless, if they would both make-a-step towards reconciliation, he did opine and hope that all would yet be well."

Knightly listened to this, critically weighing his expressions as they fell; there was something wanting. Now, Knightly had exerted himself, in more ways than one, to bring-about some proposal that might be proved acceptable. He knew enough of the world to suppose that, under some circumstances, the young gentleman’s marriage might have aided the recovery of his fortune, since sir Anthony might be naturally disposed to regard the opinion of such a man as Mr. Trevor, if he could be induced to interfere in the transaction. With this view, he had written to both gentlemen; to sir Anthony, suggesting that some consideration was due to his nephew’s state, if only to sustain his own dignity; to Mr. Trevor, hinting that, as the families were now connected, he would, no doubt, for his daughter’s sake, insist-upon a thorough investigation of young Brandon’s prospects and rights. But Knightly was mistaken, and, in this, like one pursuing his adversaries in the dark, whose true intention or position could-not be ascertained.

This correspondence with sir Anthony, had shewn that gentleman the necessity of farther measures to cover those already begun; and, so ably were these conducted, that Mr. Trevor was persuaded that his daughter had married a young man sunk in inevitable poverty, and the depravest habits consequent upon his former condition. His parental pride was wounded. Sir Anthony, also, did not conceal his disappointment, but heightened their present ills by comparison of his own splendor with the misery of this outcast-among-men,—now insidiously urging just punishment of the offenders, now attempting to afford consolation. Mr. Trevor was entirely deceived, particularly when sir Anthony, himself, proposed that some plan should be adopted, whereby the unhappy youth might have some chance of support afforded. Of course, from this time, sir Anthony Brandon must be regarded as the most honorable of men; and Mr. Simpson was the chosen mediator.

It was with many doubts, and few hopes, that Edward Brandon and his friend, Knightly, after a tedious conversation, parted with this worthy delegate, appointing to meet him on the morrow, at the house of his uncles’ solicitor. His last advice was something after the following approved fashion:—

"I should counsel a peaceful adjustment for the sake of all parties. The great—"
the truly respectable—should never disagree—a bad example. His patrons, he was convinced, would make liberal allowance; his young friend would, undoubtedly, consider his peculiar condition. Handsome terms would be offered. This step would secure, most assuredly, the forgiveness of that excellent gentlemen, Mr. Trevor. There would be rejoicings—great congratulation in the end.”

“Was Mr. Trevor a party, then, in the arrangement, and did he advocate it?” asked Knightly, with his eyes making, of themselves, two distinct notes of interrogation.

“He did not. But prudence directed,—hope—hope was a great thing,” and he softly departed, amid expressive hints of the like nature.

“That man,” said Knightly. “The inimitable rogue! But we shall see, too much, I fear.”

The following day, they went at their appointment, together, Knightly preaching-up the advantages of patience, forbearance, and self-possession, in all matters of serious difficulty. Nevertheless, some of these inestimable adjuncts were somewhat hastily, routed, on approaching the lawyer’s house of business. They both well-remembered the name of Crookly. It had been, hitherto, attached to a miserable door-way, leading to offices of still more deplorable appearance, but, now, shone emblazoned beside the entrance of premises, that betokened a rising man, and an amended state of the finance. To Knightly’s apprehension, it was an omen of no good import.

“The mind and the man—there it is,” said he; “as one rises, the other falls,—as one falls, the other rises;—the balance seldom enough, even. But, come-in.”

They entered, and found Mr. Crookly as snug as his establishment, presenting a no uncommon instance of the powers of transformation produced by wealth. The punctual Simpson was already there, and greeted them with much show of civility. Knightly thought it too much so, and was chafed; Edward Brandon was, if possible, too calm. They were presently seated; some polite enquiries ensued; but Knightly, with the true scent of carrion, opened upon the track at once.

“You were, once, Mr. Crookly, I believe, solicitor to this young gentleman’s father.”

“I have done business for the family, certainly.”

“We have conversed-together, before, when you were a poorer man. The deeds of Woodbury-park, I should think, were about the first great job that fell-into your hands. The particulars you remember.”

“Upon my word, sir,” said the lawyer, (a peculiarly thin specimen of forensic cunning), “the multiplicity of my legal engagements, has, somewhat, effaced the impression. I know it is property appertaining to the Brandon family.”

“To my father,” said young Brandon.

“Indeed, I cannot say. We professional men cannot task our memories with all the legal responsibilities, or contingencies that may be contained in such documents. If they were in our possession, the opportunity of investigation would be afforded; but, you see, what little probability—”

“None, whatever,” said Simpson, interrupting the other’s bland explanation.
"You must, indeed, gentlemen," continued the other, handling his cambric frill, "consider me, in this affair, as acting merely on the part of my present employers, whose interests I am bound to consider. As for this young gentleman, he is neither of an age nor character to prosecute his rights; if, even, he were injured."

"We shall see, sir," said Brandon.

"All in good time," cried Knightly.

"It is a singular circumstance," interposed Mr. Simpson, "but the public at large—the press in general—have (where they have remarked at all) favored the cause of sir Anthony throughout."

"He is a share-holder in the county paper," said Knightly; "and has interest proportionate to his ill-acquired wealth."

"We are here to learn the offers these men are inclined to make," said the young gentleman.

"Nothing can be more just, than sir Anthony," said the lawyer.

"Or more generous," added Mr. Simpson, in an under tone.

"Let us hear their present views of the case," and young Brandon, as in some emotion of pride, turned-away to the window, while they discoursed.

"This is their design," said the man of law. "They know—are prepared to prove there is no property, whatever. So far, the claimants have been deceived. However, in consideration of their disappointment, their youth and supposed inability to procure a livelihood, they propose,—sir Anthony and Mr. Luke Brandon, design to give a sum of money to supply such necessities."

"Necessities that they themselves have created," cried young Brandon.

"Be prudent—be patient—listen now," cried Knightly.

"They further intend," added the solicitor, "to allow fifty pounds per annum to their niece.

"Oh, they are excellent, unexceptionable men," said the head clerk; but he was broken-in-upon by Edward Brandon advancing, and saying:—"And, pray, what is this vaunted equivalent,—this sum of money—that shall induce a man to compromise his father's house, and resign the home of his ancestors?"

"You promised, dear Edward, to be calm," interposed Knightly; "without the exercise of reason, what can we attain? Nothing. Listen; be-yourself, my dear fellow."

"The young gentleman, you see," said Simpson, "has such very exalted notions."

"You must be prepared to consider, Mr. Edward Brandon," remarked the attorney—"you must look-upon the property as lost to yourself, and, then, you will regard this money, sir, as a gift—clear gain—profit—an act of mercy and generosity."

When shall I so consider it?" cried the youth, fiercely, and with menacing gesture.

"When? Why, sir, never; or, only, when I have searched-the-world, and find it peopled with scarcely any else, but such heart-sickening, rapacious villains as my two uncles, or such canting, despicable knaves as you. Then, perhaps, I may allow that aught but injury or insult, is more than any human being may expect from another of his self-same nature."

"You are too hot," cried Knightly. "You are, indeed."
"High blood and birth, poor lad—it works upon the brain—exalts the mind," said Simpson, in gentle exultation; "but he has a good heart—it's the gift of all the Brandons."

"Oh, let-us-go hence!" cried Edward. "That I should live to hear—to see—to feel! Better—yes—better anything than this?"

"But you are impatient," argued Knightly. "Hear, at least.

"To call it a gift—an act of mercy!" cried Brandon, again. "The very thought eats-into my soul."

"Well; well. It is hard; but sit ye down. There, be yourself," said Knightly, and he dragged him to his seat,—himself adding, with more composure:—"Now, gentlemen, let us know the proposal." The men of business regarded one another, doubtfully; but the solicitor was the first to speak.

"They offer you two hundred pounds, sir, to be paid-down."

"Two hundred pounds," cried Knightly, all aghast; and Edward Brandon started from his seat, and laughed in utmost scorn.

"With a certain agreement and restrictions appended," added the lawyer, "to which the young gentleman must, without reservation, consent."

"I call it a noble offer," cried Simpson; but Brandon looked as upon a cur, which he would have kicked, but spared.

"Be cautious, Edward—be calm," cried Knightly. "Remember your promise." The heir of Woodbury, with admirable presence of mind, said, "Let us hear the terms, I beg, sir."

"That you shall write to your uncles, acknowledging your late misdemeanours, and your obligations to them."

"Ah—ah—ah! Upon my word," cried Brandon.

"Be patient," whispered Knightly. "Do be patient."

"That you shall resign all right to Woodbury and other estates; and Brandon laughed again, but his friend remarked, "that moderation always showed the man of wisdom."

"That, in fact, sir," continued the negotiator, "you shall testify your belief and solemnly avow, that you not only have-not, but never had a right to any of this property—that you will no longer trouble them respecting it—that you give-up all claim;—and, sir, and—you must sign a document to this effect."

"Great God!" cried the young man: and, in the midst of his derisive laughter, his soul, unable to express itself, burst-through his eyes in floods of tears, unstayed, and not to be repressed—he sunk-back upon his seat.

"Ridiculous!" said Knightly. "We must have two thousands pounds. Better terms than this, or none."

"Let me speak," said Mr. Simpson. "Come, my good friend, Knightly, a word," and they drew-aside, together.

"I can well imagine your disappointment, and pity your condition," remarked the lawyer, "but,—and while he persisted in such discourse, the head-clerk was opening his views of the case to Knightly.

"Pardon me," said he, "you neither see your own interest, nor that of your late
master's son. As he has married the daughter, he is sure of Mr. Trevor's fortune, 

enough for him."

"But this is his own fortune," said Knightly. "No, I shall never consent to this."

"As one man falls, another rises," said the sagacious Simpson. "We must all 

look to our own interests; and you to yours."

"What does this mean?" said Knightly.

"Of course you are intended to partake of the benefit."

"How, pray? Where?—When?"

"Sir Anthony Brandon and his brother want to get-rid of the annoyance, trouble, 

publicity of all this; in fact, they want peace, and are content to pay for it."

"A high price, seemingly; very."

"I think," said Simpson, "you know something of the property in dispute; and 

who was the real owner."

"I think so," said Knightly. "No man better."

"Can you be silent," said Simpson.

"No one more so; or, speak as suits me."

"Consider, my dear Knightly, money is-not made every day."

"I do consider—I know it."

"Well; between ourselves, my dear friend, suppose a thousand pounds were given."

"Well. What then?" gasped Knightly.

"It is a good provision for one out of place."

"Or in," said Knightly.

"Given in the shape of annuity," suggested Mr. Simpson. "I have known many 

men do worse. This is offered to you."

"What for—for what."

"To give-up what papers you may hold—to be silent upon such information as 

you may possess."

"Indeed! upon my life!" said Knightly, with some vivacity.

"To let this young lad's nonsensical claim be heard-of no more. To induce him 

to go abroad. You can't do better."

"I don't know that I can," cried Knightly, "than to give you a sound thrashing. 

Why, you infamous scoundrel, this is the second time," and before Edward Brandon 
could interfere, his fiery advocate had raised his cane, and was dealing his blows 

rather unceremoniously upon the surprised bank-clerk, while he leapt-about to the 

accompanying epithets of "you drudge.—You vile thing of all-work!" and whether 
or not such impulses are contagious, but, certain it is, that Edward Brandon, who had 

intended to propitiate, found-himself involved in a like struggle with the lawyer with 

whom, he was minus a considerable portion of his shirt-frill, with other delapidations 
of garment, consequent on the fray. But, as nothing rash is done, that has-not its 
hour of punishment or repentance, ere a few days were passed, the good Knightly 

was imprisoned for this assault upon the respectable person of Mr. Simpson, cashier, 
of sir Anthony Brandon, and Co., and the young gentleman only spared by the 
solicitor, out of respect to his employers. But to Edward, the loss of his only friend 

was the severest misfortune that could have happened. The funds at home were
now sinking to the lowest ebb, and he looked-about-him, in vain.

At this time, they met, also, with another disappointment. The five-hundred pounds supposed to be at his young wife’s disposal, on application to the trustees, was refused payment, on the grounds of her marriage interfering with this right; and other legal difficulties were introduced at the command of Mr. Trevor, and by the advice of Sir Anthony Brandon.

It was now, that ruin and want were slowly appearing, and no help near; now, that Edward Brandon saw the nobler qualities of his Sophia, and loved her the more fondly; now, that his heart grew fuller, and more full of his wrongs, of the desire of some just vengeance on these inexorable men, and as we shall—not measure other’s feelings by our own, neither shall we their injuries, till heaped upon us as remorselessly, and without hope of redress.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)
(Concluded from the number for October.)

CHAPTER IX.

Whoever has met-with reverses of fortune, must know that there is scarce a step from poverty to absolute want,—for one is as the shadow of the other;—scarce is one seen, but the other, also, approaches. Suddenly, unawares, it stole-upon these young people; and though, in their ignorance, they believed much might yet be done, they did-not understand the methods of supporting life,—of obtaining, what is called, a livelihood. They gave the world credit for much virtue, but charity has been discovered, long-since, to be more agreeable in precept than practice. Still, they went-about in search of friends, nor were they the first who sought and found none. Among their rich acquaintance, the falling-off was marvellous, their powers of forgetfulness,—how difficult recognition had become,—how perfect the broad stare of cool indifference; and, if souls must be insensible, to bear this, hearts must be, too, of iron.

Arguments, certainly, were-not necessary, to shew that Edward Brandon’s conduct had been highly imprudent, daring, and more resembling the flights of inexperience, than the sober actions of matured reason. But as extreme cases urge to desperate remedies,—as most human-beings prove the last hope false, ere they resign-themselves to despair,—as uncertainties are rejected to make-way for facts,—and positive evil ever preferred to the constant imagining of its approach,—it must be allowed, that the weakness and strength,—the nature of the man, was only too strongly depicted in the youth, attended by such bold and resistless energy of temperament, as was more peculiarly his own. If there breathe one who will give-up his life into the assassin’s hand without a struggle, such may reproach Edward Brandon. But to some high spirits, the loss of station, fortune, honor, is more than this, or aught else besides;—and not to dispute such privileges, is, it would seem, to be more or less than mortal, though, to dispute them, wisely, is difficult—indeed.

Among the resources of the unfortunate, the talents of women are, sometimes, far more available than those of men; and as their little means totally ceased, these two ladies formed romantic plans of support, to be procured through their own pretty handicraft, alone—needle-work, painting, the accomplishments of gentle life, which there was never yet any lady, in adversity, who did-not pay a heavy penalty for possessing. To be above-the-world, in mental or personal excellence, is to be in the position—not to be served by it; it is, too, beset with the instinct of self-love, to permit a contrary course. However, they went-forth upon the enterprise, and partially succeeded; that is, they obtained some slight employment; and having patiently endured the humiliation incident upon soliciting it, they had now only to contend with the labor of living, where the lowness of price is exactly proportioned to the skill and nicety requisite in the workmanship.

Edward Brandon, on the other hand, encountered other difficulties which he had certainly never anticipated. He applied for a situation, at last, to some of his father’s friends.

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"Young gentleman," said an old merchant to him, "it is poor work for the weak to contend—with the strong; you, being so, it was your place to remain-quiet. Brought-up as you have been, for what are you fit? Totally unacquainted, sir, with the habits of business. However, if anything precisely adapted to you should occur, as under-clerk, or other inferior post, I will remember you; but I do not think it probable."

"I thought, sir, that you were the man," said Edward Brandon, "for whom my father stood-security for many thousand pounds, and for many years, too; and lent you money, as I have heard;" and there were flashing in his face all the thoughts that burned within his bosom.

"Yes, yes," the other returned, "your father did me some services, but the time is gone-by—times are changed. If five pounds will be of use to you,"—but young Brandon proudly turned and stalked away.

To others, he applied,—with no better success. "Who are you, sir?" said one.

The young gentleman, thereupon, diffidently named his connexions and pretensions:—"I am the son of Mr. Edward Brandon. The nephew of Sir Anthony!"

"Why does he not serve you? Oh! Ah! Yes, discarded by him;" and any attempted explanation, generally produced other equally-unpleasant remarks. "You must be the same who are charged with setting-fire to Woodbury, the estate of that worthy man; one, too,—who, as I am told, has run-through a small fortune, exhausted his liberality,—and, now, are floating on the great town. A bad character, young sir, is not so easily mended. Without prudence, what can you expect? But I will write to your uncle." And any application of this kind inevitably put-a-period to any further expectation. Returning home, dispirited and exhausted, he ever found the ladies busily occupied; inspiring him with hope, though lost to themselves; until, one day, Sophia met him in tears, which were-not to be repressed.

"How is this? he murmured; "my poor girl, you are fatigued with this drudgery. How is it that we should be brought to this?"

"My father has sold his house,—gone-abroad:—and oh, Edward, cruel unkindness,—hard—very-hard—indeed!"

"Why do you weep?" cried the young man, distractedly, but yet with indignation." What has he done but crush the fallen? If he had acted the part of a man in this, all might have been well."

"I wrote to him,"—said she, with some difficulty, "I told him all."

"Did he not know, already, that the pride of his old age was working here;—his daughter—my wife—toiling with more labor than any peasant's wife? This he might, at least, have spared me.

"I told him all—everything," she said, in that smothered tone, where the hysterical anguish is contending with firmer resolutions, "but, in vain."

"Affections!—He has none," cried Brandon, "feelings, none; pity, none." But the young wife lifted her eyes to his, embracing him, and said, almost inaudibly (or did he imagine that she said it,?) "But will he not pity me—ever hope—the child—the promised blessing! Dear—dearest Edward?" And he caught her closer to his heart.
"I shall get some employment," he whispered. "I will do all things—try everything. There is no labor that would-not be sweet to me, if endured for you, my girl. Come, come;—nay, love."

"Our dear Sophia is tired—over-tasked, said Laura, "That is all. But you shall see, dear, how well we will manage to provide."

"Let me lift-her to a chair," he said. "That I should live for this! That my accursed doom,—dear one,—but he saw that she heard nothing, and, when, at length, she was partially restored, and reclining on the bed of the inner apartment, of the two, which they occupied, it was impossible but that the tide of his emotions must break-forth in all its violence.

"Might I not have forseen" he cried, "nay, known all this? Fool, that I was: knave, wretch! Alone, I could have borne all things, braved even starvation; but now,—surely—surely, she shall-not suffer,—or, what have I done!"

"What have you done, but for the best," expostulated his sister.

"Nothing," he answered, bitterly, "but taken a hot-house flower, transplanted it to the desert, and expected it to bloom there."

"We will do something, yet," said Laura. "She is a noble creature and shall never want."

"We will do something," said Edward Brandon. "From those men, I will yet extort more than they imagine. No more work, for she shall suffer nothing."

This, he said, but few were his remaining hopes. Their long residence, abroad, had weaned them from many connexions that might have been serviceable; and, though here and there, some early acquaintance arose to afford them temporary relief, yet, such benefits as light-upon the proud, are small in number, seldom requested, and never urged with importunity. The wretched young man perceived, at last, that, without introduction or friends, no commonly-decent employment of life is to be obtained; and, in inferior conditions, there is scarce any better probability. Every-one, at length, indeed, advised his becoming reconciled (as they called it) to his uncles,—and that he should apply there for permanent relief. Brandon turned with loathing from the thought.

Brandon's wife and sister now worked, unremittingly; but the arch loveliness,—the quaint vivacity of the beloved Sophia were vanished,—her spirits broken, her health fading, her form wasted; in truth, she was breaking, fast: and was this nothing to hear, when, to Edward Brandon, torture, as the rack, had been a bed of down, compared to this. This, planted thorns upon his brow, to sting him into madness, and wrought his soul to that despair, which nothing else could have inspired. No minute, hour or day, but added to his sense of injury; the desire of retaliation—the thirst for some just vengeance:—but, vain hope;—the future was a world—a heaven of peace and happiness to them,—a void,—a dreary infinite,—a hell of tumult, and of misery to him. Could justice reach them? No; too far removed for his entreatng grasp to touch her flowing robe,—or his prostrate wretchedness to catch her sight,—all hope was over.

"What is the time?" asked he, entering, one day, from a useless pursuit after some employment."
"I don't know. I will ask Sophia," said his sister, in some compassion.

"How is this? Where is your watch?" Were the next questions; and the young lady replied, nothing, but presently said:—"And where, dear Edward, is yours?"

"It went to pay the doctor's bill for attending that dear creature," said he; "hard, though, for a Brandon, to sell before he can pay."

"Let us be grateful, that, hitherto, we have done all that we have done," said Laura, "and Heaven protect us, still,—for she—dear Edward, she is very ill."

"She is," he replied; "but these are the men,—her father,—my uncles,—to see the sky-lark, they had watched, and heard singing, every morning, drop-dead at their feet, and pass-it-by, unheeded. But, Laura, she repents—she must repent ever having seen me."

"Does she, indeed! No, never,—that is not Sophia Trevor," cried she, in some indignation. "There—look there,—the father has offered to take-her-back—if she will leave you, dear brother."

"And—and—and what does she say?" gasped her young husband.

"She has refused, and will, to her dying hour," said Laura, emphatically. "Such an angel! Bless her."

"Yes, bless her—call-down blessings on her," cried Edward Brandon, "for, were she gone, I were a wretch—indeed—a miserable outcast, and while hot tears were sparkling in his aspect, the dear lady entered.

"You, dear woman," he cried. "If my Sophia will-not desert me?"

"Have I not vowed? Am I not your wife?" She asked. "What makes you full of such dreadful thoughts? Why should I leave you?"

"You might prefer a home—comfort—many things—all things to this;" he answered, "you might prefer them to me."

"Come, kiss me, for shame," said Sophia, "A throne, without you were at my right hand, would be nothing to me;" and he kissed her heartily—indeed, the-more-so, that there was much of that arch sportiveness of other days, in her manner and action.

The young wife had been-out, and had sold some jewels, and obtained fresh work, therefore, they were to be merry; and the rent was paid, and the score at the little shop, hard by,—and Laura, smiling, was busied in making specimens of baby's attire, fit for a prince to wear, in miniature loveliness and workmanship; and, although this was a heavy care, it beguiled him from others, which had no heart of hope left in them. With such faint and imperfect peace, they were, for a-while, amused, until the evident alteration and ill-health of his wife, absorbed every other thought and attention.

If Sophia Trevor had-not been proud,—of like character, in some measure, to her husband, she had never married him; for it was that resemblance which had created the strong affection between them. She was neither discontented with her state, nor unhappy through their altered circumstances; but, defeated in her due aim of restoring to her husband his fortune and just rank in society, which her money might have effected, and her father's interference secured; but, besides this, she was disappointed in that parent's affection, whose love, also, she had been accustomed to
command, rather than solicit. Many letters had passed between them. Mr Trevor had said harsh things; rather, perhaps, dictated by a wish to imitate the dignified reserve of sir Anthony Brandon, than by his real feelings; or, possibly, he had been advised to this, as the only means of withdrawing her from her husband. Their views, in this, were, to her, utterly contemptible, and unjustifiable,—nay, as she asserted, criminal in the extreme, and never to be forgiven.

"My dear father and I have parted in this life," said she. When he hears of me, again, it shall be in my coffin, at his gate,—or our sweet child standing a beggar at his threshold."

"But Mr. Trevor has good qualities, too," suggested Laura, "and—"

"And shall he call my Edward such dishonest names as these, dear Laura?" she exclaimed, in honest indignation. "One, who would lay-down his life for me. Oh, what a man would Edward Brandon be, if—if GOD had been more merciful to him."

But, though such outbursts calmed, for awhile, the tempest within, the strong emotion undermined her health, and, together with their labor to obtain a living, at last, left her the mere wreck of all she was. Gradually, all vestige of property, in clothing or aught else, had vanished; their diurnal earnings must suffice for the day’s support; nor was there any chance of succour remaining. There is no doubt, too, that those who have been once affluent, are the very worst economists in the world; for, neither do they know nor guess the many contrivances of the poor, by which the business of life is carried-on, from day to day. Edward Brandon had, literally, no occupation. The ladies worked early and late; but what can the needle afford, to sustain the wretched creature, doomed to this hard fate. They had accomplishments; but these were instruments—the genteel appearance the world demands,—and which, when possessed, will, oftentimes, not even secure tolerable comforts:—if they had a hope, it was, that Knightly, who would soon be released again, might point-out some better path to fortune; but this hope also vanished.

Poor Knightly, who, since his dismissal from the banking-house, was sunk in, almost, equal destitution with themselves, had, immediately on his emancipation from prison, met with a serious accident, and was now lying in the hospital, incapable of serving them, but with his advice. Sophia, now sunk beneath her many anxieties and toils, was confined to her chamber; and Edward Brandon, blessed with the prospect of a father’s hope, saw-himself, without even the needful for common decencies; and this young lady, the beloved of his heart, more destitute at this crisis, than a peasant’s wife,—for even the infant’s clothing, so carefully provided, was diminishing, gradually, to supply the invalid with daily necessaries.

What shall we do?" he cried; but Sophia expressed a wish to return to her native town; Knightly counselled one more application to sir Anthony and his brother, and Knightly, himself, raised the money among his friends to defray their expenses thither.

Anyone who had guessed the real state of the circumstances, or the sentiments of each party, would have recommended every other step, almost, than that decided-upon. Edward Brandon, at times, when goaded by necessity, had addressed his uncles in entreaty, expostulation, and threatening; and these letters, inspired from
injury and insult, breathing the full energy of his character, had taught these men the strength of their antagonist—now, as he advanced—in-life—how much they had to anticipate and to fear. They had offered him a sum, again, to leave the country; —but, no; and Edward Brandon's word was never recalled. With pleasure, aye, with delight, he beheld the chance of meeting them, again; —once more to attempt to wring from them justice—to tell them what he thought—this would be some satisfaction. Alas! Events hurry us, whither we know-not.

Sophia, herself, was growing worse and worse—Laura, even, had uttered words that foretold the worst—the dread of fatal consequences, ere some few days were over,—and the unhappy lady now whispered patience, and now resignation—now yearned for the haunts of her childhood—now spoke of departure—now of everlasting slumber and peace.

"Peace!" repeated the heart of Edward Brandon, but other thoughts silenced that, and now was come the hour of departure.

The little funds that the good Knightly had raised, were, ere they set-out, nearly exhausted in the providing of a few, trivial comforts for the lady, and in the liquidation of such debts as had been incurred during her illness. They might, no doubt, have received kindly help in their sufferings, but that they shrunk from vulgar sympathy, hiding in their own bosoms their sorrows;—but they were, in truth, as though stunned through their afflictions, amazed at their own fall; rendered incapable of understanding the hearts of others, through the misfortunes that dwelt within their own. When they left their lodgings, a few shillings was all they possessed, beyond their fare for outside places on the stage-coach; and, on account of their miserable clothing and altered condition, young Brandon had taken particular care at the wish of poor Sophia that he would select a conveyance, where they were unknown to the driver. Thus, they returned homewards.

Towards evening, Sophia, who had all day appeared almost incapable of enduring the fatigue of the journey, became so alarmingly ill, that the utmost anxiety was felt by her companions, lest they should-not be able to continue their journey, without the probability of fatal consequences ensuing; and, after some silent questioning of looks, Laura, with tears falling fast, whispered:—"We had better stop, Edward, dear; she wished it,—but, oh, that we had never come."

"My dear creature," said Edward Brandon. "It is but eight miles, and the landlord of 'The Crown' will give us a night's shelter."

"Look—look—dear Edward," said Laura, and the coach was stopped as she fainted in their arms. In the hurry of the moment, she was carried-into a cottage, by the way-side, whose poor inmates received them with kind commiseration and welcome. She was placed upon their homely palate, and carefully tended, while her wretched husband roamed to-and-fro before the house, torn with conflicting passions, and, here, Laura shortly joined him.

"She is very—very ill. What is to be done," said she. "We have but a few shillings. Oh, dear Edward."

The young man lifted-up his full eyes, gushing with tears, and answered nothing; but Laura, after some instants, said, again, in an under-breath, "Go—go—walk—to
Confessions of a Confessor:—Edward Brandon—The Convict.

C——go—try and fetch a doctor—implore him to come;” and here she caught her brother’s arm, “and go to sir Anthony—entreat him to give—to lend—a few pounds, I will labor to pay it—Mr. Trevor will pay it—he would—not see dear Sophia die.”

“Die!” cried Edward Brandon. “Great God! mercy yet—mercy towards the wretched;” and with such incoherent exclamations, he hurried to her bed-side. She was lying there, pale, terrible to look-upon, but smiled, faintly, hearing his soothing accents.

“Get some help, sir,” cried the woman, “or neither wife nor child will be long with us. Her soul is sinking fast, sir.”

“It’s all her heart”—sobbed Laura—“her heart is broken;” but Edward Brandon stooped and kissed her:—“Into thy hands, oh God!—into thy hands,” he murmured, and tore-himself away.

What desperation—what madness—toe his heart and brain, as he rushed-along, —passed Brandon-hall, and, at last, beheld the doctor’s residence. But this man, being the parish functionary, “hoped that he should be paid,” and, with much needless insult, annoyance and delay, was reluctantly compelled to follow the young gentleman. The husband’s feelings triumphed over all else; and he returned likewise. Just as the evening-star had risen, he pressed to his bosom a sweet baby-boy, presented by Laura, and, shortly-after, the medical man quitted them, upon being promised to be paid on the following morning. On returning to his wife, great as was his joy, it was dashed by emotions of more bitter and intense distress; for she was, evidently, in a most precarious state; and, beholding the wretched bed, the room, and all around, his proud heart swelled to suffocation, to think that she—his loved and chosen—should have come to this;—that this pledge of his love should have been born amidst want and misery—the heir, alone, of woe and wretchedness. As his wife sunk into a short slumber, he took-his-way to Brandon-hall. As he strolled beneath the starlight, his many wrongs were calling-out within him—claims of his wife and child—irreproachable demands for protection—pleadings of passion and of love combined. Were they to be dependant on a peasant’s charity for shelter—on the parish for medical relief—on—on what for the future? Hopeless—abject destitution—irremediable want; and, in the night-air, was beckoning the ghastly spectre of starvation—a shadowless shade remaining, when all other ills were over.

Edward Brandon saw, indistinctly, in the distance, Brandon-hall; but lifted-not his looks, again, until he halted at the entrance. He was in wretched attire, pale, emaciated—an utter wretch; one that had scarce aught, human, left, but the still sorrows of humanity; yet was he young. He knew—not of his change, since, in pride, in fire and energy, he was unaltered. He beheld the starlight with a kind of calm religion, for one moment, only. He rapped—entered a lighted vestibule, and only said:—“Sir Anthony Brandon—I have urgent business with him, instantly.”

The domestic started, but drew, at-once, aside, daunted by an inexpressible manner—an air of self-possession, not easily surpassed. He followed the footman, hastily, to the door of the oak-parlour.
"What name, sir?" he asked.
"Mr. Edward Brandon."

The man gasped; but the young gentleman turned the handle of the door. The man faltered, "A person wishes to speak to you, sir Anthony," and was gone, instantly. The visitor advanced into the room.

Sir Anthony Brandon had been taking more than a usual quantity of wine, as his flushed appearance portrayed. He was engaged in loading and priming his fowling-piece, looked-up, but continued his occupation, till the task was completed. At the close, he surveyed his nephew, and said:—"Who are you, sir? How came you here?"

"I am Edward Brandon. I rapped and was admitted."

"That is done and ready," said sir Anthony, and he laid the fowling-piece on the table. "What do you want, sir?"

"Many things," was the reply. "A home—shelter—bread—and money."

"When, two months ago," remarked sir Anthony, "I refused, any longer, to supply your sister with a guinea per week, I sent her five pounds, saying it should be the last. It is so: no more will be forthcoming."

Edward Brandon meditated, awhile, and presently discovered the cause of the incessant labor to which these innocent victims had devoted themselves.

"You have refused, then, my sister’s—poor Laura’s allowance."

"I have, and irrevocably." Young Brandon here took a seat. "I shall employ my servants, and have you turned out of this house, in no time," cried sir Anthony, with some heat and more arrogance.

"When I have asked, and you have granted," said Brandon, coolly. "I must have some money, either lent or given."

"It cannot be lent,—shall not be given," and sir Anthony arose.

"Be seated, sir, you see that I am calm," said Brandon, satirically. "Though not accustomed to hawk-about petitions, or assume the pauper’s part, at will, I will here undertake my first attempt in that way. At a cottage, in the village of Morne, my wife is just confined,—a son, and would have been the heir to large possessions, but the mischances of the world have left us, thus,—and we come, begging, to the rich man’s door, (still fond of life) to beg, to live. A strange taste, you think."

"You can have nothing, here. Let her, if she is your wife, apply to her father. See what he will do."

"We must and will repay ten pounds, and you must give it," said Brandon. "The doctor wants his money;—she,—but let-not her sufferings debase her to the level of your pity."

"Now, sir, every-one knows your character," said the baronet. "That piece is loaded, if you don’t leave my house—"

"What then, sir Anthony?"

"I will fire it—call my domestics."

"Let it lie there, awhile," said Brandon; but, unfortunately, Mark Brandon, at this point, entered the apartment.

"You, here!" he cried, instantly. "There shall be short-work, now. "Here,
John—Wilson—Evans," and he would have retired, but sir Anthony remarked:—
"that he would sooner all things should be conducted, peaceably, for many reasons."
"I would deal with him, differently," said his brother. "However, come-to-
terms, if you can;—buy-the-young-fellow-off—get him to go-abroad."
"Now, young sir, you ask-for ten pounds," said sir Anthony. "You shall have
ten times ten, on condition—"
"That you leave this house," interposed Mark Brandon,—"that you trouble us
no more. There are pens and paper. State your full intention of going abroad,
and that you resign, for ever, all further claim."
"Neither—never," said Brandon, fiercely. "As you have this property at the
price of honor and humanity, you shall hold it at the price of peace. No bribe—
no barter: the money—the sum demanded—I will have."
"The hundred pounds shall be paid by Crookly," said sir Anthony. "He is the
witness. Do you refuse it?"
"I do. Good sir Anthony, bring-out your purse at once."
"We will make it two hundred."
"More or less?" said young Brandon. "Give me the money, and I am gone."
"Turn-him-out—fling him from the doors," cried Mark Brandon. "Shall we
bear this?" but the young man threw-himself back, in his seat, with an air of
dignity and composure, that, for awhile, deceived them.
"I see," said he, at last, as though in meditation, "a form, lying destitute, with-
out help or consolation, the wreck of an inimitable creature, cast there by you,—
the ruins of one, that any man might reverence. Her virtues—her sorrows—de-
mand this of me, no less than that dear child. Now," and he started-up, seizing sir
Anthony by the collar, "give me the money, or tell me how she has deserved this?"
"How?" said the baronet. "She has run-away with a vagabond."
"Admirable villain," cried Brandon.
"She has brought-it upon herself," said Mark Brandon, tussling to release his
brother.
"Shall she be permitted to die?"
"If she died tomorrow," said sir Anthony, "she—she—sir, deserves her fate."
"And the child," gasped Brandon. "What say you of the child?"
"Let the child of a beggar, if it want a home, find one in the parish poor-house."
No more was said. The young man, maddened and desperate, caught-up the
gun and fired: sir Anthony, crying-out, "I am slain," fell to the ground.
"Your purse, sir," said Brandon; and Mark Brandon, terrified at his aspect, gave
it him, and said:—"There, sir, we will hang you for this, as we are men."
Sir Anthony, raising-himself, called-out, "Seize the villain," but Edward Brandon
was gone.
CHAPTER X.

The wretched victim of oppression had scarcely reached the hut where his wife was lying, than Laura, in fresh alarm, advised his instant departure to C— in search of other medical assistance. He had the money, it could, therefore, be obtained: and he was satisfied, triumphant that it was so. He entered the room, and the change, there, was visible; but in his soul’s anguish, even, did he not applaud this desperate act, which had sacrificed all for ever,—and did he not justify it by the judgment of his inmost heart. He thought no more. During that night, all was toil and disquiet; nor can any, but those who have labored in love’s cause, imagine all that he passed-through for many hours, or the utter prostration of mind and body which ensued, when the most eminent man in those parts declared his opinion, that, at the slightest further agitation, the case of the unhappy lady must prove fatal. This brought-forth some explanation of their name and circumstances. The benevolent gentleman gazed-around upon the three, wasted figures, there, and said:—“You may have been in-fault, young man, but, from what I behold, many, even, have been hanged, who have committed less ill than that sir Anthony Brandon and his brother, Mark, yonder. Want—grief—has done it. You shall see me, again, shortly.”

True, this was but the opinion of one man, yet all human-beings must consent to common sympathies, and Edward Brandon clasped his hands, almost joyously, to think that, from all hearts, he was not, yet, shut-out. He seated-himself at Sophia’s bed-side, tended her, and watched-over his little cherub, till, on the evening of the following day, she was declared to be slightly better. The physician’s carriage was still at the door, when a sudden crowd collected on the outside of the cottage, and, presently after, two rough-looking men entered, and forced their way into the sick-room.

“We apprehend you, Edward Brandon, on the charge of assaulting and shooting, last night, sir Anthony Brandon, baronet, of Brandon-hall.”

“Sirs, consider this lady. You cannot intrude here,” said the medical gentleman; but Sophia had heard, and started-up, in bed, pale and aghast with fright; Edward Brandon advanced at once.

“I am the person,” said he, quietly.

“He is the right heir,” said the poor lady. “Have they come to give-him-back his estates and property? Oh, there will be merry days, then, at Woodbury.”

“Not another word, here. This young creature’s life—” said the doctor, but the men, insensible to all other claims than their harsh duty, began reading, aloud, the warrant for his apprehension; and, though the gentleman interposed to thrust-them-forth, enough was heard by the young wife, who, shrieking, attempted to spring from the bed, to protect her husband, and shelter him from the law.

“Whatever happens, my Sophia is safe,” said Edward Brandon. “My dear wife,” but, as the man ceased, and put his hand on his prisoner’s shoulder, Sophia knew no more.

“Go, young gentleman, and God be with you,” said the physician.
“My wife—my child—Laura, dearest, sufferer,” he sighed, now, for the first time, affected unto tears.

“They shall be my care,” said the gentleman, and Edward wrung his hand, and pressed to his bosom, for the last time, the form of her he loved, with love stronger than aught besides.

“Is sir Anthony dead, then?” asked Laura, speaking between her tears.

“No, madam, he is not; but dangerously wounded.”

Edward Brandon gazed, slowly, around him, and firmly said:—“Would that I had killed him, I had been much happier, then. The curse of all honest souls rest on him?” So he retired, and this was afterwards repeated to his further ruin.

We hasten-over, now, the rout and confusion of a multitudinous rabble, when he entered his native town; for such is the influence of wealth and station, that, but few stood-apart to sympathize or pity. Among the latter, Gratman and his wife were foremost—the worthy landlord pushing through the crowd, to force upon him a purse, containing several gold pieces, which, as he said, “would be needed in that loathsome, dreary dwelling.” Little did he think how indifferent all things were becoming to Edward Brandon; yet the haggard smile of thanks with which the kindness was received, was, many years after, dwelt-upon with a sad pleasure, when his enemies had prevailed against him.

It were painful to relate much further. The first news he heard, was the death of his beloved Sophia; this blow fell heavily. The first person he embraced was his poor sister, Laura, who, with infinite difficulty, at last, obtained permission to see and visit him,—and she was most indefatigable in her endeavours to serve him, and relieve his sorrows; but, in vain. The case made-out against him by his uncles, was, of course, as flagrant as possible, and touched, if-not his life, the destruction of—his natural life, which would, most probably, end in foreign lands, in bondage and in infamy. And Laura had visited these men—on her knees she had implored—the infant had been raised to their embrace, entreatingly; but hearts, moved, only, by self-interest, and goaded by the secret dread of a discovered fraud, were—not to be moved;—far too intent on the ruin of their victim.

By the time the assizes came-on, the town was divided into two distinct parties; the one, powerful, defending sir Anthony Brandon’s conduct,—the other, without influence, but on the side of the prisoner. The landlord of “The Crown” had exerted-himself to obtain counsel for the defendant, but Edward Brandon, imprudently enough, declined this, asserting that he intended to defend his own case; but it has since been thought, that he had previously ascertained, that there were no legal proofs that could come under the law by which he was to be tried. If he had been robbed of his property, he should have brought evidence of this, and obtained some redress; but he was, here, charged with robbery and intent to murder, and, on this only, the case hinged. By such law-subtleties and delusions was he to be betrayed,—and, unfortunately, also, he was to be tried in the very place where his enemies’ interest prevailed, where there could be no impartial judgment; for, generally, the rich gains good opinions in the same measure as the poor lack them.

The day came—the court was crowded. Gratman and his wife were among the
spectators, silent, and in depressed state; and Knightly, just arrived from London, hobbled-in, on crutches, with a countenance, where the import of this young gentleman’s history was deeply written. He seated-himself immediately opposite the bar,—his anxious face standing-out, as it were, from those around; his looks fixed-forward, awaiting the prisoner’s entrance. He heeded nothing; he heard no sound; till sir Anthony Brandon, with a large party of friends, appeared in the witness-box, and the prisoner, shortly after, entered. He was pale—dignified—self-possessed—but thin and care-worn; and all beheld that he was the son of a gentleman, still.

“There stands the handsomest youth in the county,” whispered Mrs. Gratman: “and thou—poor young gentleman—son of the best of masters, and of friends,” sighed Knightly, but the judge’s voice was heard.

It is astonishing, sometimes, how different is the case stated by the judge, and the same case in private estimation. However, it is gone-through; and sir Anthony Brandon, in the sleakest possible tone of civil investigation, or, rather, declaration, gives his evidence, and nothing can be more clear—more utterly against all law—more conclusive—than his—aye! his damning evidence. The prosecutor was dressed in the neatest imaginable attire—fashionable and interesting, and so civil—such polite treatment—how was it to be understood? His words exaggerated facts, but pleaded mercy; his injuries were great, but great, also, his charity and pity. So pleasant an individual was seldom seen giving evidence, before; he was, altogether, a merciful opponent. Other witnesses, also, were called—Mr. Mark Brandon, foremost; and his seemed more fierce, but of, nevertheless, equally just character. The case, on their side, was ended.

The prisoner’s counsel was called, there was none to plead for him. He, Edward Brandon arose,—more wan, but still more resolute. Knightly’s looks pierced-into his, while he was speaking. Eloquent was the oration, full of overwhelming facts. of personal injury,—the loss of happiness and fortune. They might have touched all hearts, but did—not touch the law;—that thing, all brains—no heart. In a moral sense, unto all feeling, he was, if—not justified, excused. Great were the powers of a mind, thus singularly developed,—energetic his discourse, and musical as words that speak what they best think, most purely. All admired; some, faintly applauded, as he ceased. Knightly looked-into his soul, but found none there, it had flown after other thoughts.

The jury began to meditate. The foreman was one who hoped to win, by word of mouth, more favor from sir Anthony, than goodly service might obtain. After some proosing discourse, they retired,—the judge plainly pointing-out the way they should go. Some confab followed, and, after half-an-hour, they came to a decision;—all hoped to win some unforeseen advantage from the great man of the country. The verdict was what sir Anthony Brandon guessed before. The judge solemnly delivered sentence. Upon the charge of robbery, (for Mark Brandon’s purse was found in his possession), and with intent to slay, or murder, his opponent: he was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. The prisoner bowed, but spoke no more; and the people burst-into showers of hisses, drowned by sir Anthony’s party, and the imperative orders of the court.
As Edward Brandon left the place, he was followed by the multitude, some of whom thrust money into his hands, and motioned silence. The same, still air of dignity possessed him; save, when, passing, poor Laura caught him round, in wordless anguish, and, in the silent passage, held him a moment still. "The child," said he, and kissed it ere he went on.

"No more regret," he murmured, "life—honor, in the hands of others. Think not of them. Dear Laura, so early; thou art yet a mother."

"I am," sobbed Laura, "and I will be one."

It was all she uttered. Knightly was not there; he had sunk upon the bench, in that lost state, where men least love to be beheld.

Thus was he doomed, and sentenced. It was just ere the convict reached the strand, where they were to embark, that his old friend joined him, yet once more, on this side of eternity,—and grasped his hand. Tears were falling from him, fast; but swiftly dried, as manhood conquered grief. Many letters had passed between them.

"Rest-assured," said Knightly, bending nigh almost to kneeling, in the humility of grief; "be confident, dear youth, son of my only friend,—your child is mine—your sister—mine. I will work. Oh, God! What would I not do for them—for you—and be all mercy present with you! For ever—yes—for ever."

"Thank you, Knightly," said Edward Brandon, like one who had already passed the barrier of fate, dividing the living and the dead. "Thou generous man!" and he caught his hands. "Some day—we will meet again—in other times—in other worlds. Believe it. There. Yes, farewell.

The apparition of Edward Brandon passed on and was seen no more.

Knightly faithfully kept his word, and, under his care, Laura and the child found kindly protection. She never married; for no man could feel all that she felt towards this unfriended orphan. In justice to Mr. Trevor, we must say, that he made an effort to take the infant under his protection; but finding it unavailing, he was content to send it an annual present, to be spent upon its education; and, when dying, his mind came round to his early hopes, so far, that he left this child his whole fortune,—a very unexpected act of generosity.

Time is the avenger, and marks his track with ruin, equal to the avenger's hope.

Ere fourteen years had passed, the heir and heiress of Brandon were laid in the tomb of their fathers; the schemes of sir Anthony and his brother sunk into dust; and they, themselves, tending towards that sleep which puts an end to all things. While they were yet debating justice, Mark Brandon, also, died; but as the Catholic Church preaches restitution, and makes out that what is restored, is as though never taken,—also, secures the priest's absolution, when such amends are made,—to this Church, sir Anthony Brandon looked in confidence and hope, and now hailed the day, when the lost heir of Brandon should return from beyond sea.

He came, at length, about three and thirty years of age,—the Edward Brandon of by-gone times,—naught but his fierce fortitude remaining. Grey were his hairs—time-worn his aspect,—his limbs withered and shrunk—the victim of oppression. Who saw him, never, afterwards, forgot him; and yet was he too miserable to remember or
forget; an object of pity and terror. They talked of compensation—they argued
the efficacy of restoration—the priest urged, that gifts returning to the giver, were
treblly welcome. The pampered minion of luxury believed. The miserable man
held-forth his limbs, torn with arduous labor, and answered thus, hoarsely, as broken
spirits express their broken thoughts:—"Restore! Who can restore the past? Call-
back the beauty of the prince, and give-to-life its early freshness? Give-back my
youth—my hopes—my honor—my passions and my love,—the noble confidence of
manhood,—I will say you have done well;—given new life to Edward Brandon,—
made him all he was, and all he might have been. But, no; the past is passed and
over. The soul, destroyed, knows no forgiveness. I am content. Farewell."

Nevertheless, sir Anthony Brandon soothed his conscience, so far, that, dying, the
estates fell to the right owner; but neither he, nor the possessor, saw the power of
restitution carried-out in this. We know this, that, not long after, in the noble
mansion, built on the side of Woodbury-park, a family resided, consisting of a
maiden lady, a lovely youth, an aged man, called Knightly;—and that, at times, in
the shaded saloons, a dark figure wandered, whom some still called The Convict.
The son of this individual afterwards assumed the ancient, honored title of sir
Edward Brandon; and thus was justice carried-out by time.
M. W.

(A TRUE STORY.)

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"Son of the morning, rise! Approach you here!
Come—but molest not, ye defenceless urn.—Byron

A short distance from a certain sea-port town, on the eastern coast of France, is a small, but picturesque-looking cemetery, nigh upon the road-side, enclosed only with a fence of shrubbery and trees, exhibiting, within, clusters of black, wooden crosses and marble monuments, encompassed with sweet-scented flowers, and surrounded with well-trained shrubs, intermingled with the light-green willow. The most scrupulous care and zealous attention are, evidently, lavished-upon every tomb, with its neat, little garden attached to it, thereby evincing the pious affection of those relatives and friends, who live to deplore the absence of some member of their domestic circle.

Moreover, how early, or how late, the hour, after the opening of the gates of the cemetery, at which the rambling stranger might chance to enter, he could not fail to see some mourning soul, devoutly praying beside some marble monument; or with hands embracing the humbler, wooden cross, which marked the spot, where a relative or friend had been interred, who, when this sad communion of hearts was ended, never quitted the cemetery without either scattering over the grave some full-blown flowers, or hanging a wreath upon the cross, at the head thereof, thereby proving that the departed are still held in affectionate regard by their sorrowing friends, and that, although sojourners in an unknown land, the remembrance of their virtues still sheds a saintly halo over their memory, even as the soft perfume, extracted from the more fragrant flowers, seems, by nature, to be destined to perpetuate the remembrance of their beauteous, but evanescent bloom. A large number of mourners consisted of the hapless families of fishermen, who had perished in their little boats, swamped by merciless waves. Those poor creatures were wont to bring their little-ones to pray beside the tall, black cross which they had caused to be placed in the cemetery, in token of their general respect; for, although their own frame-mingled-not, yet, with the same dust, their tears, which oft bedewed the green sod beneath, bore ample testimony, that, even in the bosoms of the most humble, there, sometimes, exist, those finer chords and goodly feelings, which exalt the mind of the possessor to the level of those, who, in rank and station, are far above them. Sometimes, too, there might be seen, a sturdy mariner, in his dark-blue, coarse garment, bearing upon his bosom a large, silver anchor;* with his head respectfully uncovered, bending in the most devout attitude, with joined hands, beside a marble pillar—

* The badge worn by French sailors.
surmounted with the model of a ship, such, perchance, as he, who lay, beneath, had commanded—praying, fervently, for the soul of a kind master, with whom he had, for many a long year, braved the perils of the deep; and the large, clear tear-drop which coursed-down his rugged cheek, proved that his devotion and his regret sprung, alike, from the heart, whilst his veneration for the dead, showed that he distinctly felt, within him, that all-superintending presence of Divinity which moves all who trust and faithfully believe; and which are thus faithfully and beautifully expressed, by our very-highly gifted contemporary the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley:—

"Nothing in nature, nothing—is alone,
One, fine, electric chain, doth quick’ning run
Through all things—length’ning from the ETERNAL’S throne,
All forms one mighty whole—distinct, are none—
Kindred are worm and world—the mote the sun,
The least link lost might make
Heaven’s dread words steal,
Forth from their orbits, ruined and undone;
And man dreams all, e’en of himself a part,
Feeling the hidden God that breathes about his heart."

Amongst the many, stone, and marble monuments, wooden crosses, and the tributary effigies erected to the memory of the dead, was a slab of pure-white marble, of the simplest form, bearing neither name nor inscription, date nor epitaph of any kind, save the simple letters, M. W., which, by their brightness of gilding, proved that they had-not long been exposed to the changes and chances of the seasons. Around it were growing the violet and the pale primrose; and the young willow, with its light-green leaves just shooting-forth, did-not, as yet, afford any shade, nor droop its tender branches, sufficiently, to hide the letters which it was designed to screen, picturesquely, from view. The children, as they passed, seemed to look with more than ordinary respect upon this monument, and would upbraid any one amongst them who should attempt to rob it of a single flower, or pluck a violet from its precincts, repeating, that it was the grave of the beautiful stranger, and that "si monsieur le voyait, ça lui causerait du chagrin,"—albeit, the spot scarce ever remained unguarded, for the tall, slim form of a young Englishman, clad in the deepest mourning, was, almost, at every hour, beside it.

The pale, wan hue of his countenance, which was extremely fine, and the sorrowing expression of his deep-blue eyes spoke a language which all fully understood, and had claimed for him the sympathy of every one who beheld him. With his head resting upon the marble-slab, there would he, fixedly, seat-himself for hours and hours, and it was, only, with the greatest reluctance that he could be prevailed-upon, either to quit the spot, where he had stationed-himself in one posture, when urged by the earnest solicitations of a faithful servant, who was wont, with tearful eyes, to go in quest of him. Sometimes, during even boisterous winds and pelting rain-storms, was he to be seen, wending-his-way to this cemetery, and frequently had he bribed the guardian to permit him to pass-the-night within its precincts; then, when, at early dawn, he stole-forth, homewards, his haggard looks and altered features be-
tokened that his unceasing prayer would soon be granted, and that he would, very
shortly, rest in the same earth where his lamented had been laid.

Upon one of those bright, May mornings, which speak so soothingly of spring and
hope, and on which the balmy breeze extends even a kindly influence o'er the inward
feelings, invigorating the frame, and bidding the man of sorrows live and love the
stores which nature's all-bounteous hand is about to shed around him, the bereaved,
a little less desponding in his mein, repaired, as usual, to the grave of his beloved,
and, having dwelt over it, for awhile, in sad and silent contemplation, he covered it
with fresh flowers; then, pressing his lips upon the marble, over the initials of a name,
which was known to him, alone, he issued from the church-yard, and, with loitering
steps, and downcast looks, was wending his way, onwards, when he was suddenly
stayed by the voice of one, habited like himself, in mourning, who, with dark frown
and haughty bearing, pronounced his name, aloud, and looked-defiance at him. A
deep-crimson glow overspread the mourner's cheek; and his meek and care-worn
composure assumed an expression of dignified pride, as he returned the haughty
intruder's frown. Some brief words then passed between them, and they quickly
separated, taking different paths.

None of those, who were wont to mourn at this spot, came, on the morrow, to the
gate of the lovely sleeper, and the flowers which had been strewed o'er the slab,
and which, still, besprinkled it, were all withered and dried-up.

Was, then, the voice of sorrow stilled? Was oblivion stealing o'er the past, or
had she been, in fact, neglected? Nay, was—it not more likely, that he, who earnestly
bewailed his loss, had been detained from the grave of his beloved, from sickness,
or, even, . . . but, no, so sudden a change was not likely.

On the following day, a dignified-looking stranger approached the tomb with a
firm step, and looked-upon it for an instant, with an expression of something like
suppressed sorrow; then, turning suddenly aside, he beckoned to some workmen,
who had followed him, to draw-nigh.

The marble slab was, with hasty hands, displaced; the flowers were trodden-under-
foot, and the opened earth yielded-up a coffin, which, in a few moments, was borne-
away. Where was he who had shed the flowers around, and had, ere this, guarded
the spot with so much constancy? He was with the slain! A brother's steel had
spilt his blood, to blot-out a stain from a sister's fame. And, now, the honorable Maria
Elizabeth Warton was destined to lie in the grave of the great, where monumental
honors and chiselled marble would record her death; but where no hand would plant
a flower, nor any shed-forth tears, such as had been wept, over the grave of M. W.

The history of the beautiful Maria Warton can be briefly told, and it is by no means
an uncommon one. She had been permitted, from childhood, to look-upon the
Hon. Augustus St. Ledger, her playmate, in the light of one to whom her hand was
promised. When youth came-on, the young couple contracted an ardent love
towards each other; but—as fate must ever intermeddle with the fairest threads and
links of life, and as, moreover, never was the course of true love known to run
smooth—a dire division arose between the fathers of the betrothed, who had been,
until then, as brothers, and they were sternly commanded to hate, where they had
formerly, loved—and the fair Maria's hand, which was much sought-for, was bestowed upon a stranger, regardless of her ardent entreaties and urgent prayers, to be allowed to remain single; and despite her solemn engagement to become St. Ledger's bride.

Her father, who had thus forced such hateful and cruel bonds upon his child, did not live long-enough to witness the whole extent of the sacrifice which he had caused her to make—wedded to one, whom she hated, more from the intensity of the passion which she bore towards that other, than from any cause arising from himself. As too often happens with those, who harbour secret sorrows, she soon sought, with the world's assistance, to free her from herself, hoping that, by immersing herself in the vortex of pleasure, she would find it to be a lethæan stream, which could blot-out from remembrance her early and rooted attachment.

This temporary attempt, however, at a cure for inward woes, is generally seen, in some way or other, only to substitute others in their stead; and many there are, who have had, we fear, occasion to regard it as a remedy, more dangerous, far, than the ills which it was intended to cure. Such was the case with Maria Warton, for, amid joyous and festive scenes, did she meet with that form, which should never, again, have glided o'er her path. He, whose very image she was trying to efface, he, it was, who appeared before her, with the palid brow and mournful countenance of one, who, having deep care seated at the heart, invoked gay Folly, if in her power, to gild-over hours which had become most tedious to him. His passion had, if possible, only the more increased, from the very obstacles which had been opposed to it, and hers, which was, alas! so undiminished, rendered the meeting only the more dangerous to the fate of both—impelled by a spirit which they had—not strength to wrestle-with—unguided, and having no saving hand to shield them—in a fatal hour—at a festive scene, and amid the sounds of mirth and music, was a still more fatal consent uttered, to flee from duty, to a foreign shore, and live for love of one-another!

The heart of the high-born beauty, impassioned, in repentance, as ardent in love, soon became—a prey to the canker-worm, which naught could lull to rest—passion had levelled her with the guilty, and her misguided, but not wholly corrupted mind, fed, secretly, upon the devouring thought which her sin had awakened in her breast, and she seriously reflected, betimes, of the happy, sinless hours which were passed, when memory brought before her the sweet image of a mother, long since at rest. A deep sense of her shame, then, so overwhelmed her, that she would weep, and earnestly pray, soon to hide her guilty head beneath that earth, which she was no longer worthy to tread with honor, for she could never, again, mingle with those who claim the respect and consideration of their fellow-creatures; and, yet, could her love for St. Ledger be a sin? Was—not he the noblest, the kindest, the best of human-beings? She made desperate efforts to conceal from him how greatly she suffered in the sacrifice which she had made, and strove to assume the appearance of happiness, whilst her heart was, indeed, breaking; but all in vain! The hue of health had left her cheek, for ever, and Death, not always kind to those who seek her arms in refuge, had sown seeds, within, against whose powers human skill was futile. One day, her waiting-maid, with intent to divert her, brought her an
To Friendship.

English newspaper; but, lo! upon perusing only a few lines, she fell senseless to the ground, and, carried to a bed, she never more quitted it; for a violent fever, followed a state of extreme debility and weakness. Only a few weeks after this paroxism, she became an inhabitant of that tomb, whence her mortal remains were so mysteriously carried.

The account, which she had read in the newspapers, was of her elopement; and her name was mentioned in the most dishonoring epithets;—St. Ledger was termed her seducer, and there was added a word! . . . which, as if traced in blood by the finger of a friend—naming a crime, aye, a crime which she had committed!—met her eye, and was as a keen, steel dagger piercing her very soul, by bringing, forcibly, to her conscience, the knowledge that her love was that crime in-full. She, the poor victim, in the first instance, of most cruel circumstances, the dishonored! could-not dared-not live, and eagerly sought that grave, which was, as it were, opening neath her feet, as the only refuge left for her. She spake-not, at her latest hour, of love, nor of repentance; but when the chilly dews came-on, with a low, moaning voice, and with her feeble hands out-stretched towards him, she conjured St. Ledger to carve no name upon her tomb! then sunk to-rest, to be freed from sorrow, and judged for a sin, created by a father’s pride and a father’s hate, and from which a father’s kindness would have saved her.

How cautious should-not a parent be, in striving to prevent his or her own passions from intervening in the future happiness of their children: for how many a fair life hath been blighted; young hearts broken, and crime and sorrow strewed over the future, from the sudden caprice, or the pride and egotism of an incensed or misguided father: yet, upon no earthly being doth so important a responsibility devolve, as upon the parent, who should be as the bright star, guiding the childrens’ destinies—lighting them to paths of peace in this life, and to happiness beyond the grave.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. ADAMS.

O Friendship! Thou soother of pain and of woes,
When sickness and sorrow assail!
Thou choicest of blessings which Heaven bestows
On mortals, so erring and frail!

Befriended by thee, shall we dare to complain,
Though Fortune—false Fortune may frown;
We have what a monarch would cheaply obtain,
If, for it, he’d barter his crown.

Thy smiles are my sunshine, thy treasures my wealth:
Without thee, how dreary my doom!
No smile of affection to cheer me in health,
Nor illumine the path to the tomb!

Dear Goddess! Allot me, wherever I rove,
A friend who is faithful to me—
A friend, I could value, all others above:
With this, I contented would be.
CHAPTER I.

For those who prefer the romantic extravagances of nature, to the classical beauties of art, there is a remarkable spot at the foot of the Apennines, in a valley, on the right of the road, dividing Novi from the ancient and ill-fated city of Tortona. In a circumference of a few miles, a scene is spread before the eye, as in a miniature picture, of wild rocks of white and arid tufts, which would be utterly devoid of all vegetation, if, here and there, amongst their fissures, a few tufts of sweet thyme did not spring-forth, forming a grateful herbage for the mountain-goats. On the other side, however, there are thickets, vines, rustic-dwellings, retired cottages, groups of houses, and, upon an eminence, the tower of a small chapel, shaded with a poplar, whose summit, nodding proudly in the breeze, would seem to mock the humility of the sacred edifice, which it was planted to adorn. Neither is the torrent wanting, with its rushing waters, with its melodious harmony, so dear to the ear of the Swiss; whilst, enclosed between two banks, which have the appearance and solidity of buttresses, the Borbiera, swelled by numerous streams, which have bared the southern side of the mountain, is precipitated with astounding impetus, baring in its torrent enormous fragments of rock. Searcely a century since, a huge mass of earth, separated from the mountain, fell into the bed of the torrent, and, awhile, arresting its course, the waters immediately rose, and the neighbouring hills were submerged by the united force of those streams, which had so lately meandered like veins of silver over the plain, scattering freshness and fertility in its course. Forty days and forty nights, of assiduous labor, searcely sufficed to open a passage for the water, which had collected in an ample basin, and which had assumed the appearance of a spacious lake.

To the right of this torrent, and upon an eminence which commanded the surrounding valleys, is still to be seen, what may more justly be called the vestiges, than the ruins of an ancient castle. There are, however, parts, which yet speak of its former grandeur, not because its present possessors show much regard for its preservation, but, rather, that, removed beyond the accidents of war, by its seclusion from the scene of strife and contention, the hand of time, alone, is working its destruction.

The reader, nevertheless, must not conceive too humble a notion of this structure and its situation. It must be borne-in-mind that, with other buildings of the same nature, this place of defence has lost much of its importance, owing to the invention of gunpowder; an invention which occasioned so great a change in the structure of fortresses, and lowered the standard of the personal valor of the brave warriors entrusted to defend them.
At the epoch to which this story refers (the autumn of 1154,) the castle of Montebore could contain a hundred armed men, and the necessary provisions for their support, during a period of three months. The nobles who held it in those days, although branches of some of the most powerful families of Italy, so far from maintaining this number, were forced to limit it to about four and twenty, and, for some years previously, these men had put on their coat-of-mail, only in honor of their lords, which change was produced by a series of misfortunes, as cruel as they were unmerited.

Teobaldo Malaspina was one of the cadets of the illustrious house of that name, and had received from his father, Raymond, an inheritance which was none of the largest, since the condition of younger sons, in those days, was far worse than at the period at which Odelata wrote. But one of his maternal uncles, allied to the rich and powerful family of the Spinolas of Genoa, dying, had bequeathed to him a property, of the value of five hundred pieces of gold, a great amount in those days. A condition was, however, annexed to this legacy. The young Teobaldo, within the space of a year and a day, was to espouse a niece of this same uncle,—Bice Spinola—who, besides a handsome person and amiable disposition, would bring for her dowry, the castle of Montebore, and the adjacent territory, together with a name which was worthy to be united with that of Malaspina.

Teobaldo was on the point of entering-on the military profession, which, in those times, together with the ecclesiastical, numbered, amongst its members, younger branches of most of the families of distinction. When tidings were received by him of this unexpected inheritance, Teobaldo might, indeed, have desired that this legacy was unencumbered with the above-mentioned condition, but the obligation might have been of a still less agreeable nature, and, with this reflection, Teobaldo, who was not devoid of the principles of moderation, inculcated by a wise philosophy, judged that he ought not to be discontented, and, therefore, delayed not to offer his beautiful kinswoman that hand, which had been destined to wield weapons of blood and slaughter.

Although this union had been brought-about by other means than those arising from natural affection, it was, nevertheless, one of perfect happiness. The fortunate pair took up their abode in the castle of Montebore, where they enjoyed a quiet, the more precious, as the Popes and the Emperor were devastating Italy, with the war of the Investiture; and the Guelphs and Ghibellines were engaged in the neighbourhood, in defence of their respective rights. Beatrice had blessed Teobaldo with a son, who appeared destined to be their only offspring, when, after the lapse of eight years, the lady gave birth to a female child, an event which greatly rejoiced the anxious mother, who hoped thereby to obtain a companion, as well as a future solace, in her domestic affairs. But how uncertain is expectation in this life. Beatrice, herself, seized with sudden fever, expired on the fifteenth day after that which had given to her arms this object of such anticipated pleasure.

Teobaldo, whether it was that he really loved his wife, or that the duties of a domestic life rendered solitude insupportable to him; or that the virtues of those, who are for ever gone, become more prized than when actually possessed, yet Teobaldo
could not endure this cruel separation. He accordingly sought for solace in violent exercises; purchasing dogs, and horses; traversing the woods and precipices after the deer and goats; and when, with much skill and danger, the prize was obtained, he found but slender comfort in his success. In those days, as in days now happily departed, but not long gone-by,) there was many a great baron who preferred a dead deer to a living wife, but Teobaldo was of a more gentle nature; and seldom failed, when the spoils of the chase were set on the festive board, to utter with a deep sigh:—"Alas! My Beatrice is no longer here to share them with me."

In a later age, a man of so kind a nature would probably have concentrated all his affections upon his children; but, in those days, education afforded no occupation, for it was little thought-of; and the idea of seeking for consolation by bestowing any, beyond common attention on his children, Folchettal and Alice, entered—not into his mind; and he therefore sought it elsewhere. Political and ecclesiastical discords were preparing the way for freedom in Lombardy. Opposed and oppressed, by the papal authority, that of the Empire must, it was judged, of necessity, gain-ground in the estimation of the people, and, especially, of those, who lived far from him who exercised it.

Those, however, who did not side with the Emperor, were by no means favorable to the Pontiff; but both parties seeing the necessity of strengthening-themselves, no matter at what cost, offered to the people privileges and prerogatives, to win their support, and these, once obtained, were ever after most tenaciously held by them: hence arose, a party, eager only to maintain their own power, with little reference to the two, great, opposing heads.

The Tortonese had been amongst the first to enter on this career, and to raise the condition of the commonalty. Their Government was, originally, a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, recognising, at one time, the Imperial supremacy, and, at another, obeying the influence of the military, besides the nobles whom the people deputed to attend the general assemblies in their behalf. A little later, the bishops and ecclesiastics had seized on the whole authority, and naturally used it in favor of the Pope against the Emperor; but, finally, the popular party, preponderating, caused an interblending of good and bad effects, such as similar circumstances have always produced.

Teobaldo Malaspina, one of the notables (as they were designated) of the Commons, had ever been called-upon to take-part in the political affairs of the country. The choice would, naturally, have fallen on his eldest brother, Giordano, but choosing the ecclesiastical profession, which led to honors and riches, he had little to do with either the nobles or the people; and was contented with his nomination to the Abbacy of San Pietro di Precipiano, a position which, in accordance with his natural inclination, left him nothing to wish-for. Teobaldo commenced his public career, by appearing in the general assemblies to watch-over the rights of his son, Folcheto; where, to the great scandal and wonder of the military faction, brief was the time ere he took his place on the popular side. How this came to pass, the chronicles of the time say-not; it seems, however, that his position, as the youngest son, not permitting him to aspire to the chief rank in the noble faction, be
was led, like many others, into a sort of rivalry, whereby he thought to signalise himself. One of the first endeavours of the city, in their hope of freedom, was that of reducing to subjection the proud lords of the many castles and fortresses which were scattered over the country, who maintained an independence, not only wholly apart from the magistrates, but they scarcely even yielded obedience to the imperial authority. The more cunning, however, of their own will, laid down their arms, with the secret intention of regaining their lost power under another form; which, was, in fact, the fatal origin of the civil discords, which, shortly afterwards pervaded the city. It is difficult to say what might have been the power which Teobaldo would have acquired in these assemblies, could he have forgotten his wife, and continued his personal presence. But whether it was that he was not of an ambitious nature, or that his progress in those assemblies was too slow, his melancholy recollections, at the loss he had sustained, were in nothing diminished. May-be, his hardy and robust frame and temperament required greater excitement than he found there, but, whether or no, an important event opened to him another source of consolation. It was in the year, 1145, when all Europe was alarmed at the news that the city of Edessa had been assaulted by the Musselmans, on the night of the nativity, that the greater part of the inhabitants had been slaughtered, and that the conqueror, emboldened by his success, menaced the holy land with his presence, and the kingdom of Jerusalem, founded with so much Christian blood, with destruction. This announcement spread horror and consternation throughout Christendom. France, Germany, Lombardy, England, Sicily and Rome, joined in the single cry:—"Let us hasten to the succour of our brothers."

Eugenius III., the reigning pontiff, forwarded a circular letter to all the kings, princes, and states of Europe, to excite them to arm in defence of the holy city, sending, as his representative, to the councils of the various nations, the celebrated St. Bernard, himself, Abbot of Charavalla. Although advanced in years, he shewed himself, on this occasion, animated with so fervent a zeal, that he attributed it to inspiration.

Teobaldo Malaspina did not long hesitate on the course he should pursue. To fight in defence of the Holy Sepulchre was a work which gratified many passions. Religious enthusiasm, the desire of glory, the love of revenge, and the pleasure of combatting, might all find aliment in an expedition, whose romantic nature perfectly corresponded with the temper of the times.

Teobaldo, whose determinations were as firm as they were prompt, thought, therefore, of nothing but the preparations necessary for his design. Confiding the young Alice to an unmarried sister of discreet age, Rodegonda by name, he turned his attention to collecting money for his long voyage.

Folchetto, then in his fifteenth year, was to accompany his father into Asia, and begin his military career amidst the scenes of a most important war.

Difficult as it was to gather the requisite funds, at a moment when there was such general need of them, yet Teobaldo succeeded in doing so, but not without the sacrifice of a portion of his rights and immunities in favor of the monastery of Precipiano and others, to such citizens as possessed lands near the place of inheritance left him
by his uncle Spinola. The castle of Montebore and its domain was confided to a
warder, who was to preserve and collect the revenues, until the return of the pil-
grims, subject, nevertheless, to the superintendence of the signora Rodegonda.

These affairs completed, Teobaldo and Folchetto joined Conrad, king of the
Romans, at Ratisbon; whence they departed, on Easter-day, in the year 1147, by
the way of Hungary; and after a series of disasters arrived at Constantinople, then
governed by Manuel Comminus. It is—not, here, intended to narrate the events of
this holy undertaking. Few readers can be ignorant that, in the space of two years,
200,000 Christians perished in the sands of Palistine. Suffice it, then, to say, that,
after an absence of three years,—after escaping from a series of perils, which might
appear almost fabulous,—Teobaldo and his son returned, wounded, poor and miser-
able, and found, alas! in their castle of Montebore, little other solace than that of
relating their adventures. Scars and wounds were—not the only ills which the father
and son had sustained by their visit to the Holy Land. The title of baron had,
indeed, been granted to both, by the emperor, but he thought—not of discharging the
heavy debts which they had incurred in his service; yet the full force of their im-
poverished condition, was only known to them on their arrival home. They had
purchased the means of their escape from the scene of war and defeat, by the
promised payment of two hundred marks of pure silver, to the captain of a Genoese
vessel of war, who, embarking them at St. Jean d’Acre, on the 1st of July, 1149,
landed them at Pola, in Istria, whence they proceeded overland to Lombardy.

Teobaldo’s every hope was centered in the good-faith and economy of the intendant,
left in charge of the diminished patrimony, his own inheritance and that of his
deceased consort; but these expectations were speedily destroyed.

Rodegonda, the baron’s antiquated sister, was a woman whose sole pride was her
family descent; and she despised, not only every human-being, who, in her estima-
tion, was—not as noble as herself, but, also, all domestic economy. The intendant did
not fail to profit by this humour, and relying upon the hazards of a long journey, the
success of the Turks, and the unwearied activity of the sultan, he exacted from the
vassals the last penny, but, certainly, without the slightest intention of, therewith,
discharging the debts of his employer. Thunderstruck at the tidings of the arrival
of Teobaldo and his son, he heaped-together the rents which he had collected, and
adding the few ornaments of silver left him by Jewish usury, departed from the
castle, leaving it in the hands of Rodegonda and two dozen armed retainers, who
did—not follow his example, only because their two years’ salaries were unpaid, and
which they fully expected to receive from the wealth which their christian lord must
have, justly, plundered from the infidels. Such was Teobaldo’s condition, when he
planted-his-foot upon his native soil.

His satisfaction at regaining his liberty was grievously diminished at the tidings
that awaited him. To enable him to discharge his debt to the Genoese captain, who
accompanied him home to receive the stipulated sum, he was forced to alienate to
the monastery of Precipiano, a mill, and its rights of grinding, together with some
land.

Stripped by these means of a considerable portion of his revenue, which were
greatly diminished by the dishonesty of the intendant; having, also, lost much of his youthful energy, from a blow in battle, on his head, after vainly struggling against the adverse circumstances of the times, Teobaldo renounced to his son the difficult task of maintaining, with scanty means, the lustre of a noble name. Folchetto, early initiated in the rough school of adversity, whose judgment equalled his courage, readily took-up himself the arduous office. His first resolve was to economize, with the revenues yet remaining, and so to avoid the horrors of poverty: with this view, he dismissed a great many useless men from his numerous band of retainers; and ordering them to hang their coats-of-mail and their shields on the walls of the great hall of the castle, he gave them leave to seek a richer master.

Not content with these changes, which were more of a negative than positive use, since they tended only to lessen the daily expenditure, Folchetto sought to conduct his sinking vessel into a secure port, and gain the post which he desired in the general council of the six hundred, making-himself, like his father, the champion of the popular party, which had now the upper hand. Thus, he hoped to obtain fame, if not riches, and, of the former, there was every probability, as his courage and valor in Palestine were well known in his own country. In these, his expectations, he was not disappointed; for hardly had he attained his twenty-fourth year, when he was elected captain of the people—an office delicate and important above every other, and the stepping-stone to all the distinctions which the career-of-arms holds-out to its followers.

A sincere love of his country and of freedom, animated Folchetto; but, once launched-upon the sea of ambition, he was forced to brave the tempest. Those stormy times were favorable to men who boldly defied peril, and some circumstances, which may be briefly touched-upon, fed in the breast of the young Tortonese the passion which, presently, increased with a gigantic growth. The Milanese were then, as well as the Tortonese, under the sway of the emperor, Conrad, but had, incautiously, provoked the anger of many of their neighbours—destroying Lodi and Como—humbling Pavia, and laying Cremona waste. The interests of the Milanese were, in this manner, mingled with those of Tortona, whose bitterest enemies were the Lodigians and the Comiscians, but, above all, the people of Pavia. Oppizzone Malaspina, Lord of Lunigeana, sought to obtain in the government of Milan, an influence entirely opposed to that of the clergy; and exactly, too, at the period when Frederick Barbarossa determined to subdue the cities of Italy, and reduce them to their former obedience. It may be easily imagined, that it was important, not only that Tortona should be in strict league with Milan, but, also, that its consuls should have a right understanding with each other, and be determined partisans of the popular rulers. It appeared to Opizzone, that his kinsman, Folchetto, both from his professed principles—his popularity, and his high birth, was the man best adapted to maintain the interests of the two republics; moreover, he hoped that his inexperience would prevent his discovering his own secret designs, which were of a highly ambitious nature. He failed—not, then, to flatter his pride, by secretly promising him the consulship; on the sole condition, however, as he said, with ostentatious generosity, that his illustrious kinsman would labor, indefatigably, for the inde-

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gendence of the people, and the abasement of the clergy and military, of whose influence, all were now apprehensive, especially under the present dread of invasion from the German emperor. And, after a hundred years of struggling and opposition, what was their power in public affairs, of which they assumed the direction, and what the relation was which was established between the two cousins, will be seen in the following chapters. For the present, this explanation will suffice, of the relative situation of the Malaspinas at the epoch of our story. We must not, however, omit to relate, that the Signora Rodegonda, after having, by a series of manœuvres and intrigues, the consequences of which will, in due time, be seen, endeavored to arrest upon the horizon, the sinking star of her house, died, three months after her brother's return, with the internal conviction of having done everything in her power to avert the impending ruin.
CHAPTER II.

THE DISCUSSION.

A respectable Flemish priest, who had been left without a protector, at Jerusalem, where he had followed a German baron, was domesticated in the castle of Montebore.

George Stull had studied in France, in the school of the celebrated Abelard, who, forty years before, had gathered around him the youth, not only of his own country, but those, also, of Germany and England. The good Fleming came-forth by no means amongst the least worthy of the pupils of the illustrious and unfortunate Frenchman. He analysed, with his master, the dreams of the Casuists, and made himself an adept in the sciences of grammar and rhetoric, besides his studies in canonical and civil law; the discovery, a few years, previously, of the Pandects in Amalfi, having raised an universal taste for jurisprudence. In the castle, Stull was engaged teaching Alice and Folchetto to read, or in playing at chess or dice with Teobaldo, on those days when inclement weather forced him to abandon the pleasures of the chase, but, above all, in maintaining the outward observances of religion; a thing much attended-to in those times, although, in general, made the handle for the frequent tumults amongst the new republics. We must-not omit, in the list of his duties, that of listener to Teobaldo’s long stories, and their perpetually conversing on the unhappy expedition in which they had, both, been engaged; but this last was, to Stull, too grateful a theme, to be ever irksome or unprofitable.

The last days of October were closing, when the lord of Montebore, seated in the large hall of the castle—the same, whose walls were adorned with the armour and weapons of the archers, which had been hung there by order of Folchetto—was earnestly discussing with Stull, whether, if Frederick Barbarossa should lay-siege to Tortona, and seek to destroy its newly-acquired liberty, it behoved Teobaldo to remain inert, or to fight for his country against the emperor. Stull insisted on the imperial rights—Teobaldo, guided simply by good-sense, and the cause which Folchetto had undertaken to defend, sustained the latter. Stull interrupted him, repeatedly, after his manner, citing dates, and correcting the baron’s frequent errors in names; or to make application of law; or on topics, equally, at that moment, insignificant to any purpose before them, which contributed to prolong, but not, assuredly, to settle the matter.

Reclining, rather than sitting, upon a large chair, covered with yellow-leather, the Malaspina’s attitude contrasted singularly with the respectful posture of his antagonist; nor was it in this, only, that they were dissimilar, as the reader will presently see by the following particulars.

The form of the lord of Montebore, was Herculean; but, nevertheless, far from a model of the illustrious son of Jove. Suffice it, then, to say, that his frame was gigantic. His face, in spite of the burning suns of Palestine, and of the eleven lustres which he had just completed, displayed an admirable clearness and ruddiness, and was shaded with a pair of bushy brows, whose apparent office was to moderate the light of two eyes, yet sparkling with all the fire of youth. His cheeks and upper
lip, as well as his chin, were thickly covered with dark hair. The point of a javelin, aimed, at the assault of Nice, by a Turkish emir, had glanced from the outer angle of the left eye, down to the ear, and had indented the skin with a deep scar, and, that it might be fully displayed, the hair was carefully clipped around. A coat of tan-colored cloth, reaching nearly to the hips, was buttoned closely, by means of a row of iron hooks. The top was adorned with a collar of small plaits, of the breadth of three fingers, and it was fastened round the body with a girdle of leather, and a brass buckle. The lower garments were of blue cloth, embroidered with silver, half-way down the thighs; strings of the same, twisted round the knees and the legs, which were, then, lost in the buskins, and these, slashed in the upper part, fell in folds over the ankles. Silver spurs, with long rowels, whose size and sharpness were more fitted to lacerate than to prick the sides of the horse, completed the dress of the stalwart baron.

The Fleming, on the contrary, appeared but a lean and slender specimen of his nation—spectral and transparent—so ill-nourished were the muscles, which covered his bones. He was about sixty years of age, nearly fifty of which had been spent in studying Latin, Hebrew, theology, the subtle metaphysics of Arabia, and geometry; and this had contributed to give him the aspect of a man of more advanced years. His eyes, though they preserved a peculiar expression of gentleness, had lost their perfect powers of vision—the effect of his nocturnal studies. He wore neither beard nor moustachios, though between the lower lip and the chin hung a tuft, which was-not black, neither could it be called white, and which gave to his long countenance a strong resemblance to that of a goat. His habiliments belied-not his appearance;—a collar, with deep points, fell low upon his neck, contrasting with a black robe, neither old nor new, of the simplest form, but ornamented with a binding of blue. The breeches and hose were of faded green, and were terminated in a pair of large slippers, which were adorned with two bows of blue-ribbon, correspoding with the hem of his garment.*

Whilst the feudal baron reposed his vast frame upon a seat, which groaned-beneath his weight, the slight form of the scholar was supported on a three-legged stool; his face towards Teobaldo, who, seated by his side, with both hands on his knees, leant forward to listen, more attentively, to the lord of the castle, as he discoursed.

"I understand—not a syllable of your distinctions, my dear master," said the scholar.

"I have never, in my life," continued Teobaldo, "studied any rights but those of the sword; and, of reason, but little. Your subtleties confound, but do-not convince me, and I prefer to be convinced rather than confounded. Speak, then, with a clearer logic than you learnt half-a-century ago. If Frederick come to besiege Tortona, do you believe that it is my duty to assist him in his undertaking, to the injury of my country?"

"You know, signor, that, from the shores of the Danube to the borders of Hungary, and from the frontiers of Denmark, even to those of Sicily, all submit to this powerful emperor."

* The edict which prescribed to ecclesiastics none but the soberest colors, was-not, generally, observed, till nearly the middle of the 13th century.—Author.
"I know it—I know it. No need is there to remind me."

"You witnessed the valorous conduct of this monarch, when duke of Suabia, under the walls of Salatia, the 26th of October, in the year, 1147.

"I know that well. What imports it, Stull, to tell me that Barbarossa is the boldest warrior of the age? Have I not seen him fight-like-a-lion at Nice, and at Antioch, and a hundred other places? You speak as if you were ignorant that I, also, have kissed the stone which covers the sacred tomb. Knowest thou not that I was by the side of the emperor, Conrad, when he arrived at the gates of St. Simon, the ancient Cesaræa—"

"The ancient Sileucia, oh signor," interrupted Stull, who could-not endure to pass-over the baron's mistakes and misnomers uncorrected.

"Sileucia or Cesaræa, 'tis all one. You are always hunting-out matters of no consequence. I remember, at the unexpected outbreak of the river Melas—"

"On the night of the 17th of April, 1148," murmured the Fleming.

"Yes, yes—I believe you are right—when the unexpected overflowing of this river bore along with it half of Conrad's camp—destroying the greater part of the baggage—when the other half of the superstitious fools did nothing but kneel in the mud and cry to the saints to help them; it was not Conrad, but Frederic, who rallied them, and he was but a boy, then, eight years, he might be."

"He was born in November, 1121, but I never could learn the exact day."

"What does it signify. In 1121, say you. Well, in 1147, he was twenty-seven. You see what experience may be gained at twenty-seven. But, methinks, we have wandered from the subject. Of what avail is the power, or the courage of an emperor to sway a man like me to draw-his-sword against his country, or to remain-idle like a monk. Oh! by the way, have you heard from my brother, Giordano, that the king of France has received a visit in Corba—"

"In Corbia, signor."

"Corba or Corbia, Corva, or the devil, don't interrupt me, Stull. In Corbia, then, (to please you), a visit from the abbot of Vizelay, (do I speak rightly?) praying for aid against the commons of that city, who were licensed by William, the third count of Nevers. But listen to the joke of the thing. 'After the conspiracy of these commons,' said the abbot, 'my monks are forced to feed on salt-meat; many times their sleep is disturbed in the night; the citizens have the insolence to shoot arrows against the monastery, and, instead of returning to their duty, by the confiscation of their goods, or the mutilation of some limb, they care-not a jot for my monks, nor for me, their abbot.'"

"Ha! Ha! poor abbot. Knowest thou, Stull, that Giordano, my brother, had tears in his eyes when he recounted his miserable condition?"

"I believe it, signor; and to what precise epoch do you refer this fact?"

"Do you want to note it? Wait until the affair is ended. In the mean time, you may make a memorandum, that the monks of the monastery of Vizelay are forced to dine on salt meat—poor fellows!

"And know you, signor, what reply the king gave to the abbot?"

"He declared that he would oblige the Conte de Nevers to abandon the citizens
—cite them in his court, disfranchise them—and condemn them to pay a fine of forty thousand soldi.”

"And can you hope, sir baron, that Frederic, who has solemnly declared that he comes into Italy to vindicate the rights of the crown; to make his authority respected; to repress; nay, even, exterminate all who dare to oppose him, will be more indulgent than Louis the VII. Do you not know that, on the 25th of February, of this present year, he received the complaint of the bishop of Asti against the commons of his episcopal city, and that he has sworn to destroy it with fire, and scatter salt upon its ruins. Know, also, oh signor baron," (first lifting-up one hand, and then the other from his knees, as if to make the greater impression,) "that he has ordered Tortona to abandon the league with Milan, because he is resolved to control that proud city. The seeds of discord are fomenting in Tortona, and the Pavesians, your ancient enemies, thus seek to divide and subdue them. Do you believe Tortona to be powerful-enough to resist my mighty emperor?"

After this speech, which Stull had uttered, all in a breath, he rested for some seconds, and he would have kept longer silence, had he not observed the baron impressed by his eloquence. To complete his triumph, therefore, a species of glory to which the good Fleming was fondly addicted, he thus re-commenced:—"In the first pages of the Digesto, may be read these words of Tribonian, Princeps solutus est legibus; and you, signor, ought to see their full meaning. Allow me to prove that your interests demand of you not to plunge into a too unequal struggle for your country to hope-for advantage."

"Prove it, then, Stull," replied the baron, changing his position to one more favorable for hearing his companion. "Prove it, then, and I will listen, although I know that you advocates take-advantage of the people's simplicity, to embroil them in disputes, and empty their purses."

"Well, signor baron, I will commence by commenting-upon two separate interests—interests of—"

"No, for the love of heaven," cried Teobaldo, "take-not advantage of my patience to launch-forth after that fashion. Go-on, and speak plainly, or I must insist-upon silence, so that you would have no chance of, hereafter, persuading me."

"As you please, signor baron. You have two children—"

"Two, exactly, a male and a female."

"Yes, signor; a male and a female. The first, heir of your substance—"

"Scanty substance! despoiled by an intendant and a Genoese captain."

"Without replying to this exclamation, otherwise than by a simple inclination of his head, Stull continued:—"Heir of your substance—of your name—of your honors. How strong is the obligation to preserve these for your offspring, the celebrated William di Champeaux, professor of the school of St. Victor, in Paris, shall, through me, tell you. In the spring of 1130, he taught, that revenues, of whatever kind, together with all property, belong, not only to the present possessor, but to those who shall succeed him. And the abbé Suier, the famous—"

"For pity's sake, Stull, do-not plague me with the decrees of the learned abbé."

"I will-not speak, then, of Suier" continued the complacent ecclesiastic, "but
The Castle of Montebore:—An Historical Romance, 12th Century.

hold by the judgment of William di Champeaux, to establish the law, that your honors and riches belong—not to yourself, only, but, also, to your children; therefore, you cannot move a finger to dispossess them, but only to maintain or enlarge their right."

"Your William di Champeaux deserves to be scourged. And you dare to tell me that my goods are—not my own, and that my honors belong to another, whilst my eyes have the power of turning in their sockets."

"This is true, signor, and it is—not true; you have the right to enjoy them, not that of depreciating them. The inheritance of your ancestor is a deposit confided to you, to transmit, intact, to your descendants, with the saving clause, that, if from a naturally pious disposition, or to expiate guilt, it please you to make a gift of them to the Church."

"You are mad, Stull—stark mad. I would soon confute your notions, did—I not deem it more fitting to recur to the point from which we seem to have widely wandered. You are like a blind horse, my friend, who, instead of keeping the middle of the road, swerves towards the precipice; where he would break-his-neck. A truce to your subtleties. Nevertheless, I see to what they tend. You would say that, if Frederic Barbarossa besiege Torcina, and raze its foundations, evil will befall those who have faithfully defended it."

"Your penetration," said Stull, a little mortified, "divines my meaning. The maxims of the master of St. Victor—"

"You would persuade me that my posterity will be impoverished by confiscation, the consequence of our generous resistance. And wherefore bring to your aid this William di Champeaux, and that other dreamer, Sujeird."

"When the judgment is strengthened by the authority of such learned personages—"

"Bah, Stull, bah! The authority of your learned asses shall never make me give-the-lie to my own good-sense. But, know, friend Stull, that my son, Folchetto, supported by the Pasturelli faction, will quickly overcome the Anfossi, the Accassatane, Guidobono and the Uberti; these can only stop-the-way to the consulate, by open force. In the council of the six hundred, there is corruption—I know it,—but, in that of the aristocracy, who exceed the popular assembly, the episcopal power is falling into decay."

"But Guglielmo d’Uberti—"

"Yes, yes; Guglielmo was just the man to be opposed to Folchetto. Nephew of the bishop—a bitter supporter of his uncle and the nobles—petulant and base—overbearing and profligate. Yes, when the fit moment arrives, Folchetto will have no more trouble in upsetting such an opponent, than in crushing a melon."

"All this, signor, would be indisputable, if my powerful emperor—"

"Go, go," interrupted Teobaldo, rising slowly from his seat, "talk no more to me of your powerful emperor. I will do what I am able;—we have hands, arms, swords, and bold hearts;—with these, success attends many a perilous enterprise."

"But I have—not unfolded the half of my apprehensions," said Stull, rising in his turn. "What will become of your daughter Alice, if war break-out in the Tortonese state?"
"Ha!—you are curious," rejoined the baron, complacently smoothing his mustachios. "Nevertheless, from you I have no secrets—my cousin, Oppizzone Malaspina will, perhaps, take-thought for her."

"I comprehend—not, signor."

"Ho! Ho! You have no penetration, but to discover the slips which my tongue inadvertently makes. Well, then, my cousin, Opizzone, has asked Alice in marriage."

"In marriage!" exclaimed Stull, clasping his hands in wonder and horror, and starting-back, so as to throw-down the stool on which he had been sitting.

"Where is the wonder, Stull. May-not the daughter of Teobaldo wed the lord of Lunigiano?"

"No," replied Stull, with a shudder of consternation, "he may-not. The Roman law forbids—the canonical law forbids it—laws, human and divine, forbid it—the—"

"You are wrong, Stull," interrupted the baron, leaning his left hand heavily upon the shoulder of the Fleming, "you are wrong. Opizzone is my cousin, but in the third degree, and to Alice in the fourth. You see, then, there is no impediment of kin, and that, consequently—"

"No impediment," interrupted Stull. "Have you never read the sixteenth section of the celebrated Bartolo, beginning, "Si quis nubet."

"No," thundered-forth Teobaldo, "I never have, nor will I ever. But compose-yourself, good friend, for I give you the word of an orthodox christian, that Alice can espouse her cousin, Opizzone, without infringing any law."

The Fleming made no reply, for a reflection passed through his mind, which closed his lips for the present. His silence appeared to the baron a proof that he was convinced, and, slowly turning from him, he left the good priest a prey to fearful cogitations.
CHAPTER III.

PRELUDES TO HOSTILITIES.

Some days after that, on which the preceding conversation took-place, the sun had just gleamed on the summit of the single tower of Montebore, when the sound of horns struck on the ears of Teobaldo. Four or five dogs responded from the castle-yard, calling attention from all the inmates. The baron, whose slumbers were ordinarily extended to the seventh hour, raised his head from the pillow, questioning himself of the reason of the disturbance. At the same time, the creaking of the chains which supported the first draw-bridge, nigh his chamber, warned him that some-one, without, sought communication with those within; so, seizing a spear which lay beside him, the baron struck it upon an iron-pillar, and the heavy blow, echoing along three empty apartments, reached, at last, an attendant, who was not slow in obeying the summons.

"What means this disturbance, Melchior? Who dares to affright the hares and goats in my woods, with sounds, which no mouth has a right to send-forth, without my permission?"

Melchior knew not what to answer. He looked out of the balcony, but this did not command a view of the forest, but only of some pastures by the torrent.

"Go, quickly," said the baron, who was ever jealous of his rights, "and tell me, instantly, the cause of this tumult."

The servant departed, and presently brought-back the information, that Guglielmo d'Uberti, accompanied by a party of friends, and some ladies, was traversing the lands of Montebore, to hunt in the woods of Montarimanno.

"Guglielmo d'Uberti!" exclaimed the baron, springing impetuously from his couch; "and who gave him leave, with sound of horn, to enter my lands? Fix an arrow in the cross-bow, Melchior. . . . But, wait—quick—my doublet, my hose. I will go myself and demand the reason for this insolent outbreak."

Melchior, then, to calm the rage of his lord, who, between hurry and anger, breathed with great difficulty, told him that the Signor Folchetto, at the first sound of the horns, had ordered the draw-bridge to be lowered, and was gone-forth, himself, to meet the cavalcade.

"Well and good," said Teobaldo, dressing himself as expeditiously as possible. "Wherefore didst thou not tell me, Melchior, that Folchetto had gone-forth to them? I should, then, have troubled myself no farther than to have turned on my other side."

At this moment, the sound of the horns was heard, still nearer, and the galloping of horses reached the ears of the baron.

"By the holy sepulchre," exclaimed he, hastening to a window, and shaking the heavy bars, "If I do not force-out a different sound from that instrument."

The cavalcade now passed within an arrow-shot of the castle. A downward path, led between two rows of ruined buildings to a wooden bridge, which spanned the torrent, and was called the 'devil's bridge,' probably from its defective and dangerous architecture. The path wound in such a manner, that the persons comprising the
cavalcade, were seen, at different points, variously grouped. Teobaldo had thus command over them, one by one; and, probably, their passage would-not have been unmolested, had not Folchetto, himself, appeared by the side of one of the females, whose palfrey he was carefully guiding through the difficulties of the pass. This sight having calmed the rage of the proud baron, he continued his toilet, multiplying conjectures upon an event, which, in those days, might have been the source of dangerous consequences.

Although Folchetto was courteously assisting one of the females of the party through the dangers of the road, matters had-not gone-on without remonstrances and menaces. As soon as Folchetto had been roused by the sound of horns, and had perceived a troop of thirteen or fourteen persons, attended by dogs, held on leash by six huntsmen, and speeding merrily through the woods of Montebone, he sallied-forth to meet them; and, whilst he looked around for the chief of the party, to demand by what right they thus trespassed on the lands of the baron Malaspina, one of the four females, who rode one after the other, spurred her palfrey, and advanced towards him:—“Signor Folchetto,” said she, “we have chosen the road through your land, to reach the woods of Montarimanno, where the signor Guglielmo d’Uberti has prepared for us the diversion of the chase. Your courtesy will pardon us, if our boldness has infringed somewhat on your rights.”

Folchetto, to whom the lady, and the other members of the party were well known, replied with cold reserve, that ladies had the power of assuming rights, and that, under their protection, their male companions might profit by their presence. So saying, he respectfully laid-hold of her steed, and guided it amidst the bushes of juniper, which obstructed the path.

If Guglielmo d’Uberti, who rode last of the party, had, on his side, uttered some words of excuse, when in the act of parting at the bridge, above mentioned, as far as which Folchetto accompanied them, although the imprudent road he had chosen, awakening old grievances, might have led to evil results, nevertheless, the thing might have passed amicably. But the haughtiness of this youth, which we shall presently notice, inclined him to profit by every circumstance which could veil the baseness of his mind, and give a display of courage which he did-not possess. Surrounded by his friends, he thought the opportunity favorable, to insult the young lord of Montebore, who stood before him, alone, and unarmed. Far, therefore, from excusing an act, which he well knew to be contrary to feudal rights, at the moment when his companions were crossing the bridge, he turned to Folchetto, and said:—“In crossing your domains without asking permission, Folchetto, you know I have but availed myself of the privileges which belong to my uncle, the bishop, and, consequently, to each member of his family. For that reason, I ordered my huntsmen to sound their horns, to inform you that I had no intention to pass unobserved.”

At these words, Folchetto colored to the whites of his eyes; and seizing the bridle of Guglielmo’s horse, with the left hand, when the animal had already his forefeet on the bridge, with a somewhat perilous haste, he forced him to turn on the narrow way.
"Another time, if you think-fit to use your imagined privileges, I will at one plunge throw your horse and yourself into the torrent, at your feet; and if I forbear, now, you have to thank the females, in whose company you are." So saying, he disdainfully released the horse from his powerful grasp, and, turning away, began slowly to re-ascent the path.

Guglielmo's horse, ill-broke, and unused to the bit, reared furiously, and all the dexterity of his rider was scarcely sufficient to guide him across the bridge, whose attributes were, certainly, not those of safety or solidity. This species of struggle between himself and his horse, seemed to Guglielmo a sufficient reason for him to pass, unmolested, Folchettò's insulting reproof. He, therefore, pursued his way, muttering menaces between his teeth, which were lost amidst the roaring of the water, and waving of his hand, as if to say his reply was reserved for another time."

When Folchettò re-entered the castle, he found in the great hall, his father, his sister, Alice, and Stull. Curiosity had attracted them, thither, at an earlier hour than usual; every eye was turned towards him, and the baron was the first to address him.

"Well, Folchettò, hast thou broken the horns upon the heads of those who dared to sound them? From this time forth will these buffoons dare to make the woods of Malaspina echo to their blasts. Guglielmo d'Uberti, and his uncle's mitre and crosier, shall-not save his shoulders from a cudgel, if ever, again, his foot tread-down a blade of grass on my land. Who gave him permission to pass-through our domain?"

"Sir," replied Folchettò, "the Signora Angilberga dei Gualberti undertook to offer the excuses due."

"The signora Angilberga dei Gualberti. It is Guglielmo who should have asked forgiveness, not the Signora Angilberga. I know that his uncle Uberti pretends to the right-of-passage over the lands of the barons, without their permission. To the devil with such rights. I recognise no such insolent usurpations."

"Nevertheless," interposed Stull; "such a privilege was granted to the ecclesiastical princes by the pope, Stephen VIII., in the year 944, when William Long Sword, duke of Normandy, having settled in Mastria, a colony of Danes.—

"Mastria, the Danes, and every William in the world," ejaculated the indignant baron. "In your rage for citations, you falsify facts, and I, who never read a book in my life, but the history of the Court of Charlemagne, will expound to you the diploma of pope Stephen. This pontiff conceded to the bishops the right to pass-over field and flood, with leave asked of the owner, provided, mark this...he has the stole on his shoulders, and rides on a white mule. Ha! Signor Mynheer, what say you to that? Remember, then, Folchettò, that no soul breathing has the right-to set-foot on our lands, without permission. If women where there, the affair changes its aspect. Methinks, I recognised, also, the Signora Fellegrina de'Calcina. This dame is infatuated with Guglielmo d'Uberti, and has settled to give him her husband's daughter for wife. Leonilla is her name. But what ails thee Stull? Thou rollest thine eyes on all sides, as a fox followed by a pack of curs."

It is true that the poor priest appeared in a state of agitation, difficult to be described. The words of the baron had exercised a magical influence upon his soul;
he looked, now, at Teobaldo, now, at Folchetto, and, then, more eagerly on the young Alice.

Nor was Stull the only one who was strangely affected by the words of the baron. Folchetto stepped-back two paces, biting his lip, and his eyes flashing-fire, whilst Alice, caressing a hound, which had entered with her brother, appeared studiously to avoid both the angry looks of her brother, and her father’s gaze.

Alice was scarcely seventeen years of age, but she might have served as a model for the Psyche of Phidias. Her stature was somewhat above the usual height of woman, but light and aerial as that of a sylph. So elastic was her step, that the grass scarcely bent beneath it. Her hair, parted in thick masses on her fair forehead, was dusk and glossy; her large, deep-blue eyes sparkled at times, with her father’s fire, but their general expression had a touch of pensiveness, nearly approaching to melancholy.

Such was Alice, the pride of Teobaldo and Folchetto; the rose amongst the flowers of Tortona; the object of envy to all the maidens, who aspired to the palm of beauty. But Alice, unhappily, bore that within her heart, which was as the canker to the bud, and menaced her with misery and destruction.

“Stull, Stull! What ails thee?” cried the baron, after a moment’s pause.

“Signor,” exclaimed the Fleming, hesitating, “nothing, signor, no, nothing... but Guglielmo d’Uberti will never wed with Leonilla de’Calcinaara.”

“And what imports it to thee or to me, should he marry a daughter of satan? Is that a cause why thou shouldst roll thine eyes like a goblin?”

“Leonilla de’Calcinaara shall never be the wife of Guglielmo,” exclaimed Folchetto, raising his arm, and stamping angrily on the marble floor, “he is not worthy of brushing the dust from her slipper.”

“Oh! Oh! This is coming-to-the-point,” cried the baron, half smiling, “Now, I begin to comprehend. Thou, thyself, art amongst the pretenders for the possession of this pearl. But, remember, Folchetto, that the step-mother of Leonilla, is a Guelph,—a Guelph from the sole of her foot to the roots of her hair. We are no longer either Guelphs or Ghibellines, but thy grandfather, Arcambaldo was a Ghibelline, and fell by the hand of a Guelph: remember what enmity is inherited by the Calcinaara; that Ogdive, the mother of Pettiguna, is the child of an Anfossi, and that these now pride-themselves on account of riches, in which, alas! we have no share. Be wise, then, oh Folchetto, set-not thyself in rivalry with Guglielmo, at the risk of seeing him preferred, if not by the damsel, herself, yet by her kindred. Her father is a senseless fool, he will oppose this Pellegrina in none of her designs; besides, which, I know, that the bishop Uberto has already consented-to the nuptials, which are to be solemnized on St. Mark’s day.

“Ah! That can never be,” exclaimed Alice, with a scream of terror; and the unhappy girl fell senseless on the floor.

“Worse and worse,” cried the baron, hastening with Folchetto and Stull, to the assistance of his daughter. “The devil has taken it into his head to plague my house, to revenge my visit to the Holy Sepulchre. Alice... Constance, Bertrada; water and vinegar. It seems dangerous to talk of marriage in my family. Alice
I say ... she recovers ... Here, ye old fixtures of the castle; ye are slower than a badger ... carry her to her bed; a thousand curses on the horns that awakened her two hours before her time."

Bertrada and Constance, the two ancient serving-women, whom Teobaldo complimented with the title of fixtures of the castle, came with all the speed they could muster, and, with the aid of burnt feathers and scorched leather, succeeded in restoring their young mistress to herself, and, assisted by her brother, removed her to her own apartment.

"Poor child," exclaimed the baron, as he threw-open the casement to free the room from the horrible smell of the old domestic's restoratives. "Poor child! The very name of that scapegrace throws her into convulsions. I would that my sister were here, but she rests in peace, till doomsday. Did she not seek to persuade me that Guglielmo d' Urberti would be a suitable husband for my daughter. She had no more brains in her old head than would fill a nut-shell. Alice, the wife of an Urberti! It were as good to propose to give her to the wolf that I killed last winter ..."

"On St. Anthony's Eve," said Stull, as if mechanically, for his thoughts were, certainly, occupied with other matters.

"On St. Anthony's Eve, I remember that, as well as thou. What a wolf it was, Stull! You saw it, but, methinks, I never related to you the particulars of this adventure."

"More than once, signor, more than once."

"The snow," continued the baron, regardless of the Fleming's reply—"the snow covered the Appennines. A famished wolf had the boldness to descend—but, follow me, Stull, to Alice's chamber, and I will tell you, by the way," and, accordingly, he continued his history, to which Stull listened with an abstracted attention, which was very unusual for him.
CHAPTER IV.

A PERPLEXING PROPOSAL.

In the secret cause of the exclamation and swoon of his daughter were unsuspected by Teobaldo, it was not so by Folchetto, to whom were known some circumstances of which the baron was ignorant.

It has been, already, mentioned, how Rodegonda, the deceased sister of Teobaldo, had, ardently, sought to raise the fallen fortunes of her family, and she had imagined, as the most effectual, a marriage between the young Alice and Guglielmo d'Uberti.

"This branch of an illustrious tree," said she, one day, to her brother, "will take root, and spread far on the earth, and the shadow of his uncle's protection will promote his growth to honor. Guglielmo d'Uberti is a youth of sense, whilst you, brother, amid the plains of Palestine, have lost the little you ever possessed. My nephew, Folchetto, is not a fool, but you have led him into paths which will conduce to no good. Just heavens! That the Malaspina should ever be agents of turbulence, and submissive to a capricious mob, which, maddened by a wild love of licentious freedom, sullies the name of liberty, and insults the most illustrious patricians! The Malaspinas, in whose veins the blood flows as pure as the light of the sun!"

But the praises of Guglielmo d'Uberti were not very acceptable to the ears of the Malaspina. Besides, that Guglielmo was a man quite unworthy the friendship of one of Folchetto's generous nature, in those days, when the chief power in a state appeared the need of talent, the heads of opposite factions could never but be at enmity with each other. Every time, therefore, that Rodegonda sought to bring forward her arguments, the father and son besought her to leave the care of the fortunes of the family to them, and recommended her to confine her solicitude to the domestic economy, in which she would meet with no opposition.

But Rodegonda secretly determined to listen to no such advice, but pursue her own measures. One day, when Teobaldo and Folchetto were absent, the old signora invited Guglielmo into the castle, as he chanced to be passing towards the woods of Montarimanno. The pretence made use of to entice him in, was too shallow not to be easily divined by this accomplished profligate. Alice's attractions have been described, but her external beauty was adorned by artless innocence. Guglielmo's dissolute character and wicked inclinations were entirely unknown to her, who saw in him, neither the man enriched by fortune, the nephew of the magnate, nor the heir to a prince, but one, adorned with all the charms of person and graces of deportment, suitable to his condition, and gave him credit for the noble and generous dispositions which should accompany them. With his praises sounded in her ears by an aunt, and her total ignorance of the world—for she had been brought up in extreme seclusion—Alice is not to be blamed if she was deceived by the plausible indications of virtue in her handsome suitor, and that, in a certain degree, he gained a place in her affections. The manner in which he was introduced by her aunt, the habit of, almost, filial obedience, which, in the extended absence of her father in Palestine, she had been accustomed to pay to her—her secluded life, all concurred to blind her
to the evils of an intercourse kept-up without the knowledge of the baron, and which ought, on that account, alone, to have appeared criminal in her eyes. But a stranger, besides, to all family hatred, and every calculation of private interest, she saw no reason to distrust her aunt, when she affirmed Guglielmo to be a suitable alliance for her. And, to confirm her in this fatal belief, Rodegonda and the iniquitous Guglielmo want hand-in-hand. This last was actuated by the double incentive of Alice’s beauty, and the gratification of inflicting shame and dishonor on the family of a rival, whom he abhorred; and, to effect this, he engaged in a dark and infamous conspiracy. A certain man, named Calpucio, was constantly by his side; his origin was mean, and he pandered to all his master’s vices. He was his chief adviser, and the arch-demon, in person, could scarcely have discharged his function better. The weak Rodegonda opposed no serious difficulty to the proposal of uniting her beautiful niece by a secret marriage to the illustrious nephew of the magnate; on the contrary, she believed herself extinguishing the enmity of the two families, reconciling the Malaspina with the nobles who were offended by their desertion, and taking the most effectual means to exalt her house to its former greatness. She, therefore, introduced Guglielmo and Calpucio into the castle, by a secret entrance; and to facilitate the issue she desired, other subordinate personages were made-use-of, of whom, presently.

The visits, too, which Guglielmo made, openly, from time to time, to the old signora, could-not, long, be unknown to Teobaldo and Folcheto; and of these they complained, but to her only, having no suspicion of the plot that was secretly at work. It was, on one of these occasions, that Rodegonda burst-forth in praise of Guglielmo, which has been noted, and which so far opened the eyes of her nephew, that he ordered the warden to give admittance no more to the signor Uberti. Nearly at the same time, came the proposal of marriage from Opizzone, and this was followed by the death of Rodegonda. The last event had effectually debarred Guglielmo from further intrusion into the castle.

In this state, things had remained three months, from the epoch above pointed-out. The anguish of the unhappy girl was extreme, though, fortunately, the worst designs of Guglielmo were unaccomplished. A merciful providence had watched-over her, and preserved her pure and innocent, amidst great danger; yet her position was one of miserable suspense and anxiety, though the report that Guglielmo was to espouse Leonilla de’Calcinaara, had never reached-her. It was the shock of this assertion of her father, therefore, that drew from Alice the exclamation, and occasioned the swoon, which caused her father to curse the blast which had awakened his daughter two hours before her accustomed time.

Alice’s indisposition having passed-away, and the hunting-party returned by another road, without infringing on the baron’s domains; the rest of the day was spent in apparent calm, though the minds of each were engaged in important reflections. Folcheto resolved, on the following morning, to obtain information from his sister, which he feared he had been culpable in not seeking before, and he took the opportunity, whilst his father was deeply engaged in relating to Stull, the particulars of the siege of Nicomedia.

The young Malaspina was but twenty-four years of age, and the part which he
had already been called-upon to play in life, was a serious affair, for one of his years. He had early been initiated in adversity, by his adventurous pilgrimage in the Holy Land: the vicissitudes of the fortunes of his family; and the dangers of his country, all had contributed to mature his character, so that he had leaped, as it were, from boyhood to manhood, with little experience of the enjoyments of the intermediate season. He loved and was beloved, again, by Leonilla de' Calcinara; but in those turbulent days the softer passions were continually opposed by political distractions, and struggles of ambition and rivalship.

Amidst the uncertainties and disquietudes of his own situation, the happiness of his sister was not unheeded by Folchetto. Although Opizzone was a man of mature age, an alliance with him would satisfy many interests. A powerful noble in Lombardy, outwardly; a warm supporter of the liberty of the people; bitterly opposed to the ecclesiastical usurpations, no one was so able to restore the declining prosperity of the house of Teobaldo. Folchetto had listened with pleasure to his cousin Opizzone's proposal, and had gained for it his father's favorable attention; nothing remained but the consent of Alice, of which he took small account, for, in those days, the daughters of noble families were so entirely subservient to parental authority, and destined so exclusively to consolidate their interests, and aggrandize their power, that their inclinations were seldom consulted.

When Folchetto entered his sister's apartment, he found her engaged, with one of her attendants, in working a piece of tapestry, a favorite occupation with the females of those days. Although previously informed of her brother's presence she trembled, as Folchetto slowly advanced towards the frame, at which she was sitting. Alice immediately arose, and met him half-way across the chamber:—"Brother!" said she, in a voice of deep melancholy. "Wherefore seest thou thy unhappy sister?"

"Unhappy!" rejoined Folchetto. "And, wherefore, Alice, art thou unhappy?"

"I, in truth—"

"I understand thee. Bertrada, leave us to ourselves."

"And, wherefore," asked Alice, eagerly, "Why should she not remain? Oh, Holy Virgin! Forgive me, Folchetto. Yes, Bertrada, retire—but return. Oh, brother! May she not return?"

"Doubtless, she may, when she is called."

Alice cast-down her eyes, and reseated herself at the frame. Bertrada laid-down her needle—slowly arranged some skeins of wool upon a stool, and, as she retired, asked 'f she might remain at the opposite end of the room.

"Yes, certainly," said Alice—"at least, if my brother please—I must obey him."

Touched by his sister's mildness, Folchetto took her hand, kindly:—"Dear Alice," said he, "I would speak to you without witnesses."

"Retire, Bertrada," said Alice, endeavoring to speak with a clear, unembarrassed voice, but her internal agitation was evident—"retire to your chamber. We will resume our work at a later hour. Now, Folchetto," she continued, as the door closed after the waiting-woman, "now we are alone, and you may lay on me all the weight of your anger; there is no one to speak in my behalf. Behold me as a criminal before the judge. I wait my sentence—in humility."
"My good sister," replied Folchetto, feigning to understand nothing by these words, but timidity and remorse of conscience, "far from thee be every fear of want-of-affection in me. You are-not in the presence of a judge, but of a friend, and, my words, I trust, will bring you nothing but consolation."

"Speak, then, Folchetto, I am attentive."

So saying, Alice seated-herself, and her brother, following her example, resumed:—"Wonder-not, Alice, if I am forced, in some degree, to offend thy habits of reserve. Those fortunate children, who possess a mother, have a bosom to rest-on, whilst they listen to the mingled voice of authority and tenderness. But thou, Alice, whom heaven has deprived of this dearest of blessings, must permit the brother, who loves thee, to fulfil her office, and to speak to thee, as she would have spoken."

"Oh, holy saints!" exclaimed Alice, alarmed at this solemn exordium. "What meanest thou, brother? Wherefore speakest thou of a loss that is ever present to me?"

"Simply, Alice, to induce you to forgive me, if I use a language that may appear unsuitable to my years and inexperience. Listen to me, then. We live in times, in which the lives of those, who follow the career of arms, is precarious, as those of the flowers which blossom in the storms of Spring. It is but too true, Alice, that the terrible emperor, Barbarossa, menaces the liberty of our government, that liberty of which we Tortonese first gave the example, not to the other states of Italy, only, but, also, to France. Heaven, I trust, will protect us and favor the opposition we shall raise to him, but the path will be one of blood and slaughter."

"Alas, brother," exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands; spare me the recital of calamities which my prayers are always offering-up to heaven to avert."

"Thy prayers, my sister! Yes... may they be accepted, but prayers, alone, suffice-not: at least, a maiden who is-not immured in holy walls must seek for earthly protection."

"Well, Folchetto, thou and my father will protect me."

"Doubtless, Alice. Our arms will ever be ready to defend thee, but thou knowest how many sacred duties may summon us from thy side. How many enemies seek to destroy our rising fortunes. Thy father and thy brother may fall beneath their power..."

"Ah, Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Alice, "thou knowest-not what deadly alarm thou raisest in a timid girl, who has been three years in perpetual suffering and suspense for the fate of those absent-ones, so dear to her heart."

"Alice, thy excessive timidity makes a protector the more necessary for thee. Our kind father has sought for one, and thou must consent to accept the one he has chosen, and give him the right to succour and guide thee."

"Ah me! brother!!! A protector!!! What wouldst thou convey by thy words?"

"Thy imagination takes-alarm, too quickly. I would speak, Alice, of a husband—of one amongst the most honorable in the land, whose fortunes and whose birth place him on a level with princes."

"Kind Heaven! Is it possible," exclaimed Alice, with a sudden gleam of hope.

"On a level with princes, sayest thou, Alice," cried Folchetto, knitting his brows, "wherefore that exclamation?"

"Forgive me," said the unhappy girl, crossing her hands on her bosom," and S—2-45
continue; but, no, be silent; for pity-sake say no more; I will-not marry, I will-not listen to the abhorred name thou mayest utter?"

"Thy language is strange, Alice, very strange in the mouth of a timid girl. Be it known to thee, then, that I speak to thee by thy father’s command. I grieve to he forced to bring-forward his authority. Well, then, Alice; our father, it is, who has chosen for thee a husband. Opizzone Malaspina has honored thee by asking thy hand, and thy father has acceded to the flattering proposal."

"Ah! I foresaw this," exclaimed Alice, wildly clasping her hands. "Who now shall save me from the wrath of my father, and my brother?"

"Wherefore this despair." Our cousin, Opizzone, is-not a man who merits such repugnance."

After a moment’s pause, during which the young baron in vain awaited a reply, he continued:—"It might have been imagined, Alice, that thou wouldst have received, favorably, an alliance so honorable to thy family. But thou art young, very young, Alice, and, perhaps, can but feebly estimate the advantages it may bring to thy father, and thy brother. I complain-not of this; but I do lament to see that a daughter of the race of Malaspina, should set-herself in opposition to the will of her parent."

"Ah! I would have been obedient," cried the weeping girl. "Would I had known that there were limits to the obedience required of me. "But, no! I cannot wed my cousin, Opizzone."

Folchetto arose; he paced the spacious chamber with slow and measured steps. It seemed as if he sought to compose the tumult in his mind, before he commented on his sister’s reply; whilst she, seemingly astonished at having had the courage to say so much, and terrified at the consequences that might result from her temerity, followed him with her eyes, in terrified silence.

"And you say this, at the moment when you vaunt your obedience," said Folchetto, after a pause, as he stopped and looked fixedly and calmly on his sister:—"There is something mysterious and strange in your conduct, Alice. I would ask this question:—Do you say, I cannot, or I will-not?"

Alice made no other reply, but by casting her eyes towards the earth. Her cheeks became scarlet, whilst her limbs shook, convulsively, and the skeins of wool fell from her hand.

"Which saidst thou?" Demanded Folchetto, "I cannot or I will-not! Think well, before thou repliest."

"Alas," said Alice, earnestly, "I have always believed I should die in pronouncing those fatal words . . . but, for worlds, I cannot retract them."

"You justify them, then. It is thus you treat a brother, whose first wish is your welfare and happiness. It is well for you, Alice, that I took-upon-myself the office of speaking to you. At least it is-not to your father that you say:—"I cannot, or I will-not."

"But I must say so, or die," murmured Alice, weeping.

"This passes my comprehension; you leave me, my sister, no alternative but to press you for further particulars on an unpleasant subject, that so I may be guided
in my difficult path. It is necessary, it is indispensable, Alice, that you should explain your reasons for this refusal."

"Ah, in pity, Folchetto, if you love your unhappy sister, be generous, and spare her; force her not to expire with shame before your eyes."

"Expire with shame," exclaimed Folchetto, bitterly, and no longer dissembling his comprehension of her words:—"Miserable girl! It is true, then, that you love him who came yesterday to insult us on the very land of our mother. Him, who, to debase and insult us both, has dared to offer his vows to her, whose affections were already conceded to me."

"It cannot be so," exclaimed Alice, "it is not possible."

"Not possible, sayest thou. To what extent wilt thou carry thy blind incredulity; because he has dared to swear love to thee; because, in the presence of your aunt, he called Heaven to witness his perjury. Alice, thou must break-asunder all ties with this base deceiver, or, I tell thee, he is destined to perish by my hand, or, I, by his."

"Oh mercy! my brother...behold me at thy feet imploring it. What horrible words! Ah! if thou knewest..."

"Silence, girl; silence; I will know nothing. Enough that I know he is vile and perfidious, that he has sought to seduce a sister, and to tear from me a mistress, and a wife...that he intrudes perpetually on my path. But I will crush him—even as the insect is trodden-under-foot by the lion. Alice! Alice! You will weep tears of blood for your folly and imprudence. Whilst he spoke, he traversed the apartment with hasty steps. Alice had sunk on her knees, concealing her face with her two hands. After a short pause, interrupted only by the sobs of the unhappy girl, Folchetto, having succeeded in calming his indignation, resumed with less asperity:—"Rise, Alice, rise. It is unseemly for a sister to prostrate herself at the feet of a brother. I know that thine is not all the blame; we were wrong in confiding thee to the case of a woman, nurtured in ignorance and prejudices. But, my sister, and tenderly taking her hand, he placed her on a seat:—let the past be forgotten. The dignity of your sex—of your family, require you to discard, for ever, from your thoughts, him whose name shall no more be mentioned amongst us. You knew him—not—neither his artifices nor his vices. He shall be taught that it had been better for him to have insulted the sister of the emperor, than a Malaspina. But you, Alice, dispose-yourself to obey the will of your father. Woe to you, if he should guess the reason of your resistance. Dear sister; be this conversation sacred to us two; let it be forgotten for the honor of our family, and for your own happiness. Opizzone will speedily arrive in Tortona, at the head of a valiant troop; your nuptials will be solemnized in secret, for the season of public calamity is unsuited to the display of pomp. Dispose your mind, Alice, to receive him, it may be to-morrow. Dry-up your tears, my dear sister, and give me your hand, in signal of peace."

But instead of restraining her tears, they fell in more plentiful showers down her cheeks. Folchetto deemed it advisable not to notice them, and embracing her with affection truly fraternal, recommended her to avoid Bertrada, and left her, persuaded, that time and reflection would calm an agitation, whose entire source was then even unknown to him, though the cloud that enveloped it was partly withdrawn.
CHAPTER V.

A DILEMMA.

The urgency of political affairs, which announced itself, as the distant thunder for-
tells the approaching tempest, the threatened espousals of Leonilla de' Calcinara, and,
above all, the less than amicable greeting of the preceding day at the Ponte del Dia-
volo, had summoned the son of Teobaldo to Tortona, shortly after the interview related
in the preceding chapter. By appearing so speedily before Guglielmo and his friends,
 Folchetto would show his contempt for them, and his readiness to give them satis-
faction for his conduct; and, in those days, private feuds, as well as public wrongs
were decided by combat, excepting when the adversaries were base enough to prefer
secret vengeance; and nothing was so carefully avoided as the giving cause for the
imputation of want of bravery and courage.

The baron, left at home, without any occupation, proposed to Stull that they should
make an expedition to the monastery of Precipiano, and partake of the good cheer of
his brother, the abbot; and the Fleming, making no objection, they mounted their
heavy steeds, and set-off on a round trot, a space of seven or eight miles along the banks
of the torrent, which led them to the confluence of the Borbiera and Scrivia, when they
turned-up the valley towards the monastery.

The pleasures of the table, the exquisite delicacy of the wines, their cordial reception
and the conviction that they had nothing to do at home, detained them till late in the day;
and, when they reached the castle, they found that Folchetto was not returned, and that
Alice had already retired to her chamber. Wearied by the long ride, and, perhaps,
somewhat oppressed by the excellent dinner which they had taken, Teobaldo and Stull
agreed to defer their usual encounter at chess to another opportunity, and betake-them-
selves to rest, two hours earlier than usual. This determination being made-known to
the servants, the bell of the tower gave the warden the signal to lower the drawbridge,
before the night had set-in.

The following morning, as the baron was settling in his own mind, how to pass-away
the hours between breakfast and dinner, he was interrupted by the entrance of the two
"fixtures" of the castle, weeping, and wringing their hands:—"Well," cried he, an-
grily, "and what evil do ye announce with your screechings, ye birds of ill-omen."

Constanza and Bertrada, shook their heads, and continued their wailings, but made
no audible answer.

"Ye nod your pates like poppies, when they are shaken by contrary winds. Will
ye speak, ye old witches, or . . .

The two women burst-forth in a cry of terror, and the baron was about to prove that
his patience was reduced to a low ebb, when the Fleming entered with an air of confusion
and distraction, which, however, escaped the notice of the angry Teobaldo.

"Stull, Stull," he cried, "rid me of these old geese who cackle in my ears, and will
drive-me-mad."

"Ah, signor," exclaimed Stull, joining his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven,
"they have just cause for weeping and lamenting."

"Thou, too, Stull! And for what, I pray?"
"Oh, ye saints, that I should live to behold this day!"

"Will none of ye speak-out, and tell me what has fallen-out in my own castle?"

"And I, perhaps, might have prevented it," continued Stull, giving no heed to the baron. "But, alas! I thought all might have been settled, peaceably."

The poor baron's patience was exhausted; his face was growing purple, and he appeared in danger of apoplexy. He was about to forget-himself, so far, as to raise his arm against the three, together, when Stull hastened to speak.

"Be calm, signor," he said, "be calm, it may be that she shall be found; she may have wandered in the woods near the castle, and if thou art pleased to order the castle-bell to be sounded, at this unwonted hour, I dare to hope—"

The rapid entrance of a horse into the castle-court, interrupted Stull in the expression of these hopes. The baron, at the same instant, recognised the voice of his son, and, in the loud tone in which he called a servant, and the hasty step in which he trod the corridor, Teobaldo judged that it was from him he should gain the information which he sought. He hastened, therefore, to meet him, but Folchetto had, already, reached the threshold.

"Is it true, then, father," cried the latter, in a tone of mingled anger and grief, "has she fled?"

"Fled," repeated Teobaldo, "Who? Alice?"

"Here, the two women, who had hitherto remained sobbing in the corner to which they had retreated, thought it necessary to come-forward, and protest their own innocence of any connivance-in or knowledge-of the elopement. . ."

Folchetto commanded silence, and bade them retire, giving no hearing to their united acclamations; at the same time that he ordered the servant, who had first made the event known to him, to relate the particulars in full detail.

Valentino, for such was his name, said, that the preceding evening he was wandering in the woods, which extended far at the back of the castle, in the hope of surprising some of the hares and rabbits, which usually sported there, at the fall of day. "Whilst I held my bow in readiness," he continued, "I was surprised to see the animals scamper-away, in all directions, as if at some sudden alarm. All appeared silent and quiet, and around, and I looked to the right and to the left to discover the cause of their fear; when, from the deep shadows of the wood, I saw two figures emerge, wrapt in white, which fled in an opposite direction, with the speed of light. Whether they were men or women, spirits or fairies, I protest, signor, I cannot say, so rapidly did they pass from my sight. As soon as I had a little recovered my surprise, I left my covert, determined to follow them, for I, then, imagined, that the persons were engaged in some amorous affair. At the same instant, the slow tolling of the castle-bell struck on my ear, which appeared to be sounded a full hour before the accustomed time, and which prevented my pursuing my intention, lest I should be forced to pass-the-night outside the castle-walls. I ran, nevertheless, to the torrent, thinking I might there trace the fugitives; but, in vain; the few moments which I had lost, in hesitating, probably, sufficed for their escape; returning, then, with all the speed which I could muster, I reached the drawbridge, just in time to be admitted; and that is all I know of the matter."
"Didst thou not think," asked Folchetto, "that, by the bell ringing before its usual hour, some-one of the family might be shut-out in the woods?"

"No, signor, for I believed-myself mistaken, knowing that, when happily occupied, the sand of the glass seems to run with double speed. Besides, I saw Bertrada and Constanza playing-at-dice in the kitchen, and I asked if the young signora had already retired to her chamber? 'More than an hour since,' they both replied. They must answer for the truth of what they asserted."

"Angels and saints," exclaimed Bertrada, before she was appealed-to, "shall this fellow cast-a-doubt upon our words. I tell you, signora Alice was in bed when you asked: it is true, as that the Madonna is the mother of Jesus."

"I, myself, with these hands, drew the curtains of her bed, and tucked-up the coverlid, as I do every night," screamed Constanza.

"There is no need to say that," said Bertrada, "because it is-not true. We did not draw the curtains, last night, because signora Alice was set-upon finishing the Saracen's beard in her tapestry-work; and we did-not..."

"By the shades of the dead," interrupted the baron, furiously, "if you two old hags do not get-out-of-my-sight, you shall live on musty bread and ditch-water for the next year." So saying, he drove them into an adjoining chamber, and drew two heavy bolts across it, which effectually kept them prisoners.

"Conjectures are useless," said Folchetto, after a moment's thought. "Valentino must immediately follow the track of the persons whom he saw, yesterday eve, and await me at the Ponte del Diavolo. You, father, call the warden;—let Stull help thee to interrogate him;—urge him upon the point of recalling each and all who left the castle throughout the day. Julio and Roberto may go towards the meeting of the rivers, and ask, on their way, if any one has seen or heard of any one passing on that road. Should tidings be gathered, let the castle-bell be instantly sounded, and I will speedily return."

So saying, he, himself, sallied-forth, closely following the steps of Valentino, and the baron and Stull prepared to examine the warden, as Folchetto had directed.

"I would know," began the Fleming, after a long, superfluous prelude on jurisprudence and evidence, "I, or, rather, the signor baron, would know if you were privy to the escape of the signora Alice."

"I, privy! By all the saints, I declare I have-not seen her, these three days. Yesterday night, I had fallen-asleep over my Ave Marys, and I never woke till the dawn, when Giorgio pricked me with the point of the spit."

"What, Boson," rejoined Stull, "there is a contradiction of words and facts, already. At the ringing of the castle-bell, thouittest fall the drawbridge; how sayest thou, then, thou wakedst not till dawn?"

"Ha, ha! Signor Stull, dost thou not know that I can do my office as well sleeping as waking? Think-not to catch old Boson in a lie. I have, also, the custom of snoring when I sleep, so that I hear nought, save the tolling of the castle-bell, and the voice of the young Boson, whom I carried in my arms, when he was a baby. Trust my hands for doing their duty, and handling the heavy old chains, without any need of my eyes being open."
"Protestest thou, then, thou art ignorant of all relating to the signora's flight."
"As ignorant as thou pleasest, signor Stull, in every sense, seeing I can neither read nor make a mark of any meaning;—and, as to the signora, I knew—not till this morning, that she was gone, and how she passed my brideg, Satan only knows."
"And who informed thee, Boson?"
"Who, but old madam Bertrada—she will not deny that she was the first."

The two women whom Stull had released from their confinement, advanced at the sound of their names, and the one whom Boson had mentioned, immediately burst-forth:—"And of whom, then, should I enquire, but of him, whose office it is to guard the gate?"
"But," asked Stull, "Wherefore didst thou not, on the instant, inform the baron. Why didst thou proclaim it, first, to every stone in the castle."
"To every stone in the castle. Blessed saints. The baron was asleep when I discovered the signora had never pressed her couch, therefore I presumed she had escaped."
"The conclusion was a just one; but, still, I ask, wherefore thou didst—not go straight to the baron."
"But have I not said he was asleep?"
"And when he sleeps," interposed Constanza, "who dare awaken him?"
"I acquit thee of all, save negligence. Yesterday evening, when ye left the signora in her chamber, sawest thou no indications of flight?"
"None, signor," cried both the old women, "none."
"And she appeared quiet?"
"As a lamb," said one.
"As a dove," cried the other.
"Had she supped," asked the warden, as if it were a question of the greatest importance.
"On nothing but a cup of water," replied Bertrada.
"There, signor Stull," rejoined the warden, triumphantly,—"there is good proof of her evil intentions. The man about to commit a bad action, eats no supper, nor makes friends with a flask of wine. Water, water—plain water—the drink of brutes—of the devil—and, perhaps, of the souls in purgatory. If signora Alice returns again into your custody, remember what I tell you, for these signs may be depended on."
"But she never took aught, besides," said Constanza. "She always supped off a cup of Water."
"Worse—worse; a hundred times worse!" exclaimed Boson, "for it shews her evil dispositions, for a long time. I would wager a flask of the best vintage, that the unhappy creature has fallen into the clutches of Pattumania, the witch of Varinella, when the bag came for secret converse with madam Rodegonda.
"Pattumania," exclaimed the Fleming, with the accent of one who has, suddenly, recovered what he has long been seeking.
"Oh, what a flash of light! Pat—Pat,—and, again, "Pat—" and the old signora could say no more. Doubtless, Pattumania was the word she would have spoken.
"Of Varinella, sayest thou, Boson? Quick—quick,—ring the castle-bell, to re-call the baron and signor Folchetto. Ah! Had I sooner known this name. Quick—quick, for the moments are precious." So saying, he hastily departed. The two women, surprised and alarmed to see a man, naturally so placid and composed, thus agitated, as if he were possessed, devoutly crossed-themselves; and the warden went-off to the tower, to ring with all his might, exclaiming, as he went, "He is mad—he is mad."
CHAPTER VI.

AN ALARMING DISCOVERY.

At the time that the Fleming was obtaining the knowledge, of which he, alone, knew the importance, Folchetto, accompanied by his servant, and his own perplexing thoughts, followed the uncertain traces of the fugitives.

Thick woods flanked the castle to the westward, which, situate on the summit of a hill, commanding the neighbouring valleys, was, on another side, fully exposed to view, where the steep declivity at once descended to the torrent, foaming below. Folchetto took the path, leading amongst the thickets, already strewn with the fallen leaves of the chestnuts, and, as he trampled-them beneath his feet, he longed-for the moment, when those, who had brought such mischief and shame on his house, should, like them, be submitted to his power.

Many circumstances concurred to render the occurrence of the most disastrous importance, independently of its peculiar bitterness. Opizzone Malaspina had arrived, the preceding evening, in Tortona, bringing the certain tidings that Frederic, followed by a gallant army, had passed the Alps, and had descended into the plains of Roncoglia. There, assembling his vassals, he held a grand diet, to receive the complaints of the Comachians, the Lodogians and the Pavese, which furnished him with the pretext to advance-upon Milan, and Tortona, her faithful ally.

The arrival of Opizzone had-not a little raised the hopes of Folchetto, and of the faction who sought to exalt him to the consulate. The expected great advantages from the presence of this powerful confederate and kinsman, were amongst others, that of crushing the ecclesiastical influence, and the intrigues of the nobles who trembled for their falling privileges. He trusted, moreover, to defeat the projected alliance between Guglielmo and Leonilla. The disappearance of Alice, who was to have been the connecting link of the interests of the two families, one of whom preserved its lustre, unfaded, which the other sought to renew, upset a structure, which had appeared splendid in imagination. It is easy, then, to conceive what bitter thought agitated the mind of the young Malaspina, as he traversed the woods on this unhappy day. Yet, in justice, it must be told, that his chief misery, at this moment, was for the loss of his sister, whom he loved with a truly fraternal tenderness.

"Who knows?" said he to himself, as he recalled to his mind her dejection and despair, at their last interview. "Who knows, but that the fear, alone, of a marriage she abhorred, led her to take this rash measure. But, wherefore, should she hold in such aversion, an alliance tending so greatly to the honor and advantage of her family. Why? How vain it is to ask a reason for the prejudices and fancies of a wayward girl? How vain to dive-into her caprices and follies."

Such were his thoughts, as he quickly paced along, and pursuing the consequences of these suppositions, he thus continued:—"She cannot be far distant; she has, probably, taken-refuge in some peasant's cottage, and, may, at this moment, be lamenting the folly which led her to pass-the-night with kids and goats. Let us
hasten, Valentino, and seek in the habitations around, where, I trust, we shall gain-tidings of the lost-one."

Whilst Folchetto descended, by a downward path, to the banks of the torrent, Valentino took another, which passed through fields and vineyards, where the nature of the soil was likely to retain the traces of any foot, which had lately trodden it.

"Two nutshells might serve for the slippers of the young signora," said Valentino to himself, "so that, if she has passed this way, her steps can scarcely be confounded with those of the peasants who frequent this road; besides which, it is impossible but that she must have left the shoes, themselves, in the sticky mud and soil."

But however reasonable were these arguments, the cavalcade which had passed that way, two days before, and the flocks of goats and swine which, twice a day, traversed it, to and from their pasture, had so entirely confused and mingled all the prints of human feet, that it was impossible to distinguish them; yet Valentino fancied that, here and there, there was an indication of a smaller foot which might belong to a lady or a youthful peasant in her best slippers, but they were, presently, lost, again; and, though he recovered their traces, at intervals, he conjectured that their owner must have been borne in the arms of another person, and only replaced on the ground when they required rest or breathing-time. When Valentino rejoined his master, as he was communicating his opinion, the precipitate ringing of the castle-bell reached their ears.

Folchetto started, as if it announced the return of his lost sister; whilst Valentino believed it to be only the usual summons to dinner; but it continued tolling too long and rapidly for that suggestion to be long maintained, and they both retraced their steps to the castle.

"Well, Boson!" exclaimed Folchetto, as soon as he reached the castle-gate, "has any-one brought-tidings of my sister; or is she returned?"

"Neither; but the signor Stull thinks that he has made some discovery—certain words—in short, I know little about it; but he is running here and there, as if he had been drinking out of the barrel, instead of out of the glass."

Without replying to the warden's observation, Folchetto hastened toward the hall, where he had but lately left the Fleming, and there he, again, found him, seated on his three-legged stool, resting his hands upon his knees, his favorite position, and turning-over in his mind, if in the catalogue of names, there was one which commenced with the two syllables, Pattu, besides that of the witch of Varinella.

"Well, Stull," cried Folchetto, impatiently, "wherefore hast thou recalled me?"

"Ah, signor! To communicate a matter of importance. Hast thou ever read in Justinian, the chapter, which, in the copy now in possession of the monks of Bobbio may be found in page 2746; a copy which thou knowest was written by the hand of the most patient brother benedict, which begins publica et privata fide, &c."

"No," exclaimed Folchetto, "I never read it, nor do I see what it can have to do with the present affair."

"Thou wilt presently discover, signor Folchetto; but it is necessary that I exculpate myself from a negligence, to which, perhaps, may be attributed the misfortune..."
The Castle of Montebore:—An Historical Romance, 12th Century.

we are deploring. And to begin methodically, know that this article is especially devoted to the consideration of the communications of the dying, and how they may be produced as valid testimony by those who receive them."

"Oh heavens, Stull, I doubt it not," cried Folchitto, impatiently, "but I beseech you to lose no more precious time."

"You shall lose no time, I promise you; but, without these necessary preliminaries, the facts I have to relate would be wanting in that character of solemn authenticity, which they require, before they can be justified and legalised. I will spare you, however, all accessories of elocution and amplification, and proceed, without delay, to my narration. Dost thou remember, signor, the night which was the last of the life of your aunt, the honorable Lady Rodegonda, of Malaspina? That sad event happened on the third day of July, at the third hour of the night. I had visited her earlier in the evening, and had, then, observed no symptoms of approaching dissolution. The good lady had conversed at some length, on the affairs of another world—of the disposition of her possessions, which she hoped to complete quickly, so as to free her from farther trouble in sublunary concerns. Satisfied with this suitable state of mind, I had returned, as you may recollect, to engage your father in a game at chess, when the shrill voice of Bertrada interrupted us, at the moment when my king was fiercely attacked by the adversary's two castles and his knight, which the baron had skilfully advanced up to my entrenchments:—'signor Stull,' said Bertrada, 'signor Stull, madame Rodegonda is breathing her last.' Whereupon, I arose, with such precipitation, that I upset, at once, the table, and the glorious hopes of the baron, who was in the full enjoyment of his expected victory. 'She has vexed me all her life,' he exclaimed, seeing me hastily departing, 'and she must needs do so to the last;' and he began picking-up the pieces, which were strewn over the floor. Your father, oh Folchetto! and yourself, might be spared from assisting at the last moments of the dying, but it was different with me, on whom, as an ecclesiastic and a lawyer, it was incumbent to receive the expression of her last wish, and recommend her parting spirit to HIM, who was summoning it to judgment. Even now, that scene rises before me. From that day, the chamber of death has been closed; but although I was born the last year of the last Olympiad of the past century, or, in other words, that I shall have completed my 70th year, on the 19th day of March, the day on which the Church solemnises the feast of St. Joseph, my memory is as fresh as the fountain of Gessen. Be-not impatient, Folchetto. . . . The columns of her bed were black and inlaid, and supported a canopy of green damask; the gloomy hue cast a livid shade on the dying woman, who, as soon as I approached, raised-herself on her elbow, and with the other hand made me a sign to advance; then, she waved it to indicate that she desired the absence of the three attendants, who were uttering loud lamentations at the foot of her bed. 'Stull,' said she, then thou knowest the faith to be given to the words of the dying. . . . What I am about to tell thee is a sacred truth. Stull, I speak as one about to appear before her judge. I protest to thee that my niece, Alice, is married—'"

"Married," exclaimed Folchetto, starting on his feet. "Married;" and he spoke in a tone that shewed the storm which was rising in his bosom.
Still, also, arose, and placing his hand gently on the arm of the young man, inveighed him to be calm; but, in vain. The eyes of Folchietto sparkled with fearful light; he frowned, until his eyebrows formed one deep, dark line across his forehead; his lower lip trembled with a spasmodic motion; the muscles of his arms and hands were swollen and rigid. His whole appearance declared rage, astonishment and determination.

"Vile conspiracy," he exclaimed, after a moment's silence. "Sacrilege, atrocious enough to raise the ashes of our ancestors. Continue, Stull! Pluck-forth the dagger with which thou hast pierced my heart, and let the life-blood flow-forth in torrents at thy feet."

"Oh Heavens!" cried the Fleming. "Have pity on thyself, Folchietto, and do not permit thy rage to pass beyond all reasonable bounds. One of the most important functions—"

"Hasten thy tale," returned Folchietto, angrily, "your delay is intolerable."

"The saints pardon you, Folchietto, and me, also, if, in seeking to do well, I do but augment the evil."

"Forgive me, Stull," returned the young baron, disarmed by the old man's mildness, "but, in some circumstances, delay is death, and this is of the lumber. Continue, I pray you."

"Astonishment," recommenced the Fleming, "kept me silent; but my eyes, doubtless, interrogated her. You must forgive me, if I repeat the very words of the dame, since it is necessary for you to know all. 'My brother and my nephew,' thus she said, 'are two simpletons; they are destroying the lustre of a family, descended from the Albruzzi—but here her voice failed; recovering it, again, after the pause of a few moments, she spoke again, but with a feebleness that shewed her life drew-near-its-close. 'I recommend silence to you, until—because Guglielmo d'Uberti—but the proof—the act—the witnesses—'

"The voice of the speaker became again unintelligible; she raised one hand, as if she would indicate something, but it fell-back, powerless, on the coverlid."

"Again she rallied—'above all things,' she said, 'seek—know all—from Pat—from Pattu,' and she expired."

Folchietto struck his forehead; "Guglielmo d'Uberti," he exclaimed, "What an infernal plot—the traitor—and who is the Megara she indicated by the name of Pattu?"

"There lies the cause of my silence, hitherto, on this important confidence. Pat—Pattu—I sought, in vain, throughout ancient and modern history, for a name of man or woman, either, with this commencement.

"And where was the need of plodding to discover this name? Hadst thou spoken, would-not Alice, herself, have declared it? Her perfidious seducer. But in what an abyss of doubt does this strange tale immerse me! Guglielmo—he the spouse of Alice—aspiring, openly, to the hand of Leonilla! I will hasten to Tortona—I will surprise the miscreant with his vile companions. Nor shall his life, alone, suffice to wash-out the insult which he has committed. His satellites shall perish—the mitre—the priestly vestments shall—not protect his uncle from my vengeance."

Thus raving, he strode the hall with rapid steps, and language fails to describe the excess of his fury and indignation.

"Folchetto," cried Stull, with a trembling voice, "thou wilt not commit such horrible sacrilege."

"Sacrilege. Who talks of sacrilege? Has he not betrayed an innocent girl? Has he not stained the fair fame of my family for ever?"

I had my suspicions, and I sought to clear them, before I pronounced on his guilt; but being, hitherto, unable to discover, until to day, that blessed name..."

"What name?" Demanded Folchetto, whose mind seemed capable of retaining no impression, but that of wrath."

"That of Pattumeia, indicated by your dying aunt as the depositary of the act certifying the marriage."

"Pattumeia? Who is she? Where lives she? Quick, that I may trample her beneath my feet."

"Folchetto! I intreat you to suspend or moderate your fury. At this moment, you are unable to come to any determination, fit to lead you securely to your purpose. Listen to me, I pray. Pattumeia (it is Boson who informs me), is a woman of Varinella. If, as it appears, she has had much to do with this intrigue, is it not probable that signora Alice, alarmed and distressed at the notice of Guglielmo d’Uberti’s intended espousals with Locilla D’Caleinara, has flown to her, to obtain the authentic proofs of her marriage. Why should we ourselves hasten them. If we should meet with her..."

"Yes," cried Folchetto, "let us go to her, instantly. Valentino, Valentino—quick—the horses—two for me and thee; but quick."

"Oh! permit me to accompany you," cried Stull. "I may be useful. There may be legal forms—preliminaries, in which my experience..."

"Preliminaries," interrupted Folchetto, smiling, bitterly. "I can obtain justice, without preliminaries. Nevertheless, if such be your pleasure, follow me."

So saying, he went-forth to assist in saddling the steeds, and vaulting on his horse, almost before the girths were fastened, he proceeded, nor were Stull and Valentino long behind him.
CHAPTER VII.
THE MONASTERY OF PRECIPIANO.

Long and tedious was the road which led from the castle of Montebore to the territory of Varinella; and, in their eagerness to obtain information of the absent Alice, our travellers had given little heed to the rapid approach of evening. Valentinio was the first to notice this, and to inform his companions that, so rough and rugged was the way, it would be dangerous, if not impossible to traverse it in darkness, for that it still lay a good two-hours from the place were they then were. "And," continued he, "if we reach that wild and desolate spot, where the witch abides, at the second or third hour of the night, I know—not that we can find her dwelling, secret and remote as it is."

In this emergency, Stull urged—on his horse, and suggested that they should proceed onwards, to the monastery of Precipiano, which lay nearly in the direction in which they were travelling, and pass the night within its walls. "Your uncle," urged the Fleming, "will rejoice to see you—you have need of rest and food, for, methinks, we have both been so intent on these fatal events, as to neglect our accustomed refreshments; and, verily, I believe, we are yet fasting."

These reasons had no great weight with Folchetto, whose anxiety was of too intense and absorbing a nature to make him sensible of his bodily necessities; but reflecting on Valentinio's statements, he reluctantly agreed to follow Stull's counsel, and turned his horse in the direction of the monastery.

After a sharp trot, along the valley, they reached the confluence of the two streams, which then diverging in opposite directions, left a space of green and fertile land, where the dark walls of the abbey appeared like a heavy mass, leaning against the mountain, which rose immediately behind it. A silence, broken only by the murmuring of the waters, and the hoofs of the horses, reigned, around, when the travellers halted at the abbey-gates.

Valentinio pulled the iron chain, and the bell sent-forth a voice, which quickly summoned the old father, Alphonso:—"I come—I come," said he, as he shuffled along, at his utmost speed, whilst the impatient Valentinio continued to repeat the toll. "Heaven help me, I am here," he said, as he unclosed the gate; and, holding up a light, he saw the three travellers. "Who are ye? Genoese scouts, I warrant me. Oh, excuse me, signor Folchetto, signor Stull, Valentinio—but, silence. His reverence sleeps. Wait, Valentinio, with the horses. The large gate shall be opened; but, be careful, I conjure you, for these passages echo like a vault."

Whilst the good monk was thus solicitous to prevent the abbot from being disturbed, Folchetto and Stull alighted in the narrow corridor, and father Alphonso kept close behind them, eager to fulfil all the duties of cordial hospitality.

"My uncle has, then, retired to rest," said Folchetto.

"His reverence sought his chamber at an earlier hour than usual, to recover from the fatigues of an anxious and laborious day."

"Of a laborious day! What has happened, I pray."
"Holy saints, signor. The care of a numerous family, like ours, is one of no small weight. We are eleven—eleven mouths, signor, without counting chance-comers."

As he spoke, they reached an apartment, and the father, throwing-open the folding-doors, gave-to-view seven or eight monks, half-obscured from a cloud of smoke, surrounding an ample stove, which was placed in the middle of the chamber.

"Oh the good luck—" exclaimed the prior, as soon as he recognised the new comers.

"Oh the good fortune—the pleasure, signor Folchetto," cried another, "the brave champion of the cross; and signor Stull, the learned chronologist. But at this hour? And weary, and hungry, and thirsty, I doubt-not. His reverence, the father prior, will surely be pleased to order refreshments for the excellent nephew of the abbot, and the erudite—the inestimable signor Stull."

"Doubtless," said the prior, "and I will leave it in your hands, brother. Hasten, I pray you. Be seated, dear kinsman of his reverence, whilst father Eusebius prepares a corner of the table. A corner, only, father. Remember, our brothers have to abstain and be content with a crust and a half-cup."

"I will-not refuse some refreshment," replied Folchetto, the rather, that Stull reminds me that we have-not dined. But, above all things, I must speak to my uncle."

"Impossible, impossible," cried the prior. "Were it a matter of life-and-death, no one dare awaken his reverence. But, have ye not dined? Jesu Maria! Hearken, dear brothers—they have-not yet dined!"

"Not dined!" they all repeated in chorus. "Not dined."

"Quick, brother Reginald, be so good as to lend a helping-hand to the cook. Poor youth! Poor signor Stull. Nine o'clock at night, and without dinner. But wherefore didst thou set-out on thy way, without providing for thy bodily necessities?"

Stull, who saw that Folchetto was little disposed to enter into the required details, undertook, himself, to reply:—"There are occasions, reverend brother, when small attention can be given to the ignoble cravings of the body. I doubt-not that you, yourself, have forgotten them, when you have been occupied in satisfying your learned curiosity in some erudite volume; or, when absorbed in secret contemplation, the bell has summoned you, in vain, to the refectory."

The prior was somewhat embarrassed at this supposition; and, also, to choose between an innocent acquiescence in its falsity or the certainty of giving his friend a bad impression of his character. "Yes, sometimes—that is—in youth; but I hardly remember—I am not certain; but here is brother Reginald, with some soup; sit-ye-down, my good friends, and partake of it."

This was but the prelude to better fare, for, shortly after, the prior offered his arm to Folchetto, the next in rank to Stull, and followed by the rest they proceeded to the refectory, where a table was spread, which showed no symptoms of abstinence.

The most exquisite viands, wines of the finest vintage, served in silver cups, and the board ornamented with a profusion of richly wrought plate, gave sufficient evidence, that the monastic-life was-not, necessarily, one of mortification and denial.
The repast was prolonged to a late hour, and Folchetto and Stull were conducted to their chambers, when the sands of the hour-glass were about to number the sixth hour after the evening orisons. The travellers threw-themselves upon their straw-couches, over which were thrown thick, woollen coverlids; for the abbot alone, slept upon the piece of furniture which approached the nearest to a modern bed, but it was very far from the convenience and elegance which are comprehended in those of the present day.
CHAPTER VIII.

THE VALLEY OF CAMPIDANO.

When our travellers set-forth, early, on the following morning, although Folchetto’s mind continued too much agitated to take much note of the beauties of the road, he was not entirely insensible to the influence of the peace and solitude which reigned around. His thirst of vengeance abated, as far as related to the bishop, though his wrath against Guglielmo burnt with the same fury.

The cavalcade wound, cautiously, along the path, which, after bordering the torrent, for a space, became more rugged as it ascended the heights, though it was scarcely to be termed dangerous. Twenty or thirty huts, scattered here and there, on the sides of the hill, were now apparent, in the distance, and Valentino pointed them out as belonging to the district of Varinella.

At this time, Folchetto checked his horse, and ordered Valentino to advance and obtain information of the most direct way to the habitation of the woman, after whom they were seeking. An old man, who was collecting the dried branches of juniper and white thorn, pointed to Pattumeia’s dwelling, and continued his occupation, without deigning to add a word of explanation, an indication of a taciturn temper, not rare in those days amongst the inhabitants of the Ligurian mountains.

Upon the information received, Folchetto and Stull, by Valentino’s advice, descended from their horses, and advanced on the path, whilst he led the steeds towards an oak, whose branches sheltered them, where he might remain with them until the return of the baron, his master.

Pattumeia’s dwelling, isolated on the top of a rock, was, like the others, surrounded with a fence, sufficiently strong and high to prevent the egress of some fowls and a black goat, who lived, together, within an enclosed space. A path of twelve or more paces, led to the door of the hut, which fronted the south, and round it were hung several small bundles of dried herbs, shadowed over by a sort of straw pent-work, which served as a shelter from the rain, without shutting out the sun’s rays.

Two boys, of the ages of ten and twelve, stood in the centre of the enclosure and their dress and employment attracted all the attention and curiosity of our travellers.

They wore a kind of waistcoat, without sleeves, of goat-skin, only half-shorn of the hair. This waistcoat, or vest, extended half-way down the thigh, and these were covered with breeches of striped serge, which scarcely reached to the knee, whose full folds were fastened-round the limb with a band. The upper half of each leg was bare, and the lower might rather be said to be armed than dressed in leather buskins, attesting their use to be defensive against the spines and thorns of the thickets.

These two boys were engaged in a species of wrestling, as barbarous as it was singular. Holding, with the left hand, the points of two stakes, strongly fixed in the earth, and poising themselves on one foot, they lashed-out with their whole
strength at each other, and what was surprising, was, to hear the mirth with which
they gave and received the most tremendous kicks, as if they derived an exquisite
pleasure from a game, which seemed only worthy of two mules, in a state of perfect
wildness.

The presence of the strangers did not disturb them in their gentle recreation,
excepting that they were only the more animated to greater efforts, which caused
them to inflict still harder and more effective blows.

The diversion lasted only four or five minutes; but weariness would not so soon
have divided the actors, if the smaller youth, who yet appeared to be the most active,
had not struck the knee of his adversary with such force, that he was positively obliged
to call-for-quarter. The victor, without troubling—himself to aid the vanquished,
or examine his own hurts, advanced towards Folchetto and Stull, enquiring if they
were come to consult his mother.

"Consult thy mother," said Folchetto. "And who is thy mother?"

"Not know my mother," demanded the young combatant, with an accent of
wonder. "Is there one in the world who knows—not Pattumeia?"

"We are seeking Pattumeia," said Stull. "She, then, is thy mother?"

"My mother, yes; and Pattumeia is the mother of my brother, whom you see,
yonder, beaten, poor fellow! Although he is two years' older than I am, he cannot
stand against me; some day or other I shall break his shins for him. And so, then,
ye are come to consult my mother?"

"And what are we to gain by consulting thy mother?" asked Folchetto.

"My mother! Pattumeia? Why, she cures all sorts of illnesses, destroys
sorceries, finds the lost, computes nativities, and predicts the future."

"And where is she?"

"Who can tell that? It is two days since she left the house; if she continue
absent still another day, she must be sought-for in the wood of the hawks?"

"My blindness concealed thee from me," exclaimed Stull, eagerly approaching
the boy, and examining his vest and the brown tint of his skin. "Thou art a Sard,
there is no doubt of it—this garment of skin . . ."

"Yes, I am a sard, and I am proud of it. Hast thou ever been in the valley of
Campidano?"

"Never," replied the Fleming; "but the name of Campidano is not unknown
to me. If I remember rightly, it is the most extensive, the most fertile, and the
best known of the valleys of the island; and beginning near Cuglarei, extends on
one side towards Oristano and on the other . . ."

"I neither know where it begins, nor where it ends," interrupted the boy. "I
only know it is the most beautiful place in the world."

Folchetto now impatiently asked: —"Thy mother, then, has been absent these
two days?"

"I told you so. She must be in the woods, seeking for a lizard with two tails, or
for the feathers of the mountain-lapwing."

"Is she often absent on such employments?"

"Often? My mother follows many professions!"
"Thinkest thou that she will return before night?"

"Before night? Wait. Battista," he called to his brother, who, seated on the trunk of a tree, was unbinding his buskin. "What is the day?"

"Ask the devil," replied Battista, doggedly.

"Ho, ho! I understand," answered the boy, laughing; "his leg spoils his temper."

"I believe it," said Stull; "but to save the necessity of invoking your brother's almanack, let me inform you that this is Thursday."

"Uh! How could I forget it. Is it not to-day that old Andica has promised to bring me a string of new hemp—and for Battista a cake with fresh butter."

Battista, at this announcement, made a contortion with his mouth, equivalent, in his estimation, to a smile of satisfaction, and looked at the two strangers with an air which seemed as if it would express:—"Yes, signors, I am he who is to have the cake buttered with fresh butter."

Folchetto and Stull now perceived that Battista was blind of one eye, and they were struck by the swinish expression of his hideous visage, which bore unequivocal signs of his glutinous propensities.

"On Thursdays," continued the boy, "my mother never fails to return home before midnight, because . . . Battista, shall I say why?"

"Tell them—tell them," muttered the ungracious cub, "but my mother's cauldron will-not boil the better for that."

"Thy fear is always for the cauldron; but the game of foot-strike, stone-throwing, struggling in the rushing waters, and launching the heavy ball, are all better than the best filled cauldron. Well, but my mother is always at home on Thursday nights, because our black-goat, whom thou sawest, only has its inspirations at cock-crowing on Friday—so, at least, she says—and, then, tomorrow, more folks come to consult her than in all the rest of the week."

"But," said Folchetto, canst thou not inform her that two strangers require her presence? I assure thee, that we have the means to compensate for her lost time, and thou, thyself, shalt gain a dertonino, if thou canst procure us speech of her.

"That is an affair with which I have nought to do. You must make-friends, for that, with Battista. The cauldron can be made to boil for two or three days, for a dertonino.

At the mention of the coin, in use in those days, around Tortoga, Battista's ugly visage assumed a look of pleasure. He uttered a sound expressive of satisfaction, and he held out his hand to clutch it, but his brother said in a low voice to Folchetto:—"Give it not until he return with my mother."

The words, however, were overheard by Battista, who, springing-forward, would have struck his brother, violently, if the other had-not evaded the blow.

"Thou wilt give me the money," said he, if I find my mother within an hour?"

"And when thou hast brought her here," rejoined the cautious Fleming.

"And thou wilt give him nothing?" asked the boy, grinning like an ape at his brother.

"Me," cried he, "if I had fifty pieces, I would put them, one after another, into my sling, and hurl them into the torrent."
"'Tis pity my mother does-not feed thee on husks," muttered Battista; then, turning to the travellers:—"Await, then, and in half an hour I will be here, again; but, mind, it would be a sin to give a Milan quattrino to him."

With this advice, he entered the cottage, and covered his shoulders with a piece of black, woollen stuff, without sleeves and without seams, a sort of habit in use amongst the wandering shepherds of Sardinia, and called in their language, a sacco. He issued forth towards the rock, that rose behind the hut, carrying with him the large key with which he had secured the door.

"Believedst thou that he will quickly return?" asked Folchetto.

"If thou hadst had the folly to give him the money first, thou wouldst-not have seen him before night; but, as the coin is in thy purse, and not in his, thou mayest be certain he will-not tarry long."

"She is at no great distance, then?" asked the Fleming. Has she any other dwelling in these parts?"

"How should I know. All I can tell is, that if she forgets to give me my bread, and I go to seek her, I never can find her, whilst my brother has only to scream-out with his swine’s grunt, than she appears directly on the top of yonder rock."

"Is it long that thou hast lived in this country?"

"They say, two years, but I should have counted it more."

"And wherefore camest ye here?"

"Wouldst thou know? My brother—not Battista—but Giobbo, had an affair with a Spaniard of Bosa. This Spaniard was found, one evening, sleeping the sleep, from which there is no awaking, and my brother, Giobbo, was accused as knowing too much about it. They came, one day, to seize him, but my mother, who knows all things, had made-up a bundle, and having put it on his shoulders, bid him pass along the streets of Antioch, and await us in the island, where we presently joined him. The next day, a bark, guided by two Genovese, came for us, and, by their means, we gained a vessel of their nation, which was anchored in the gulf of Cagliari, and which carried us to Genoa."

"And where is thy brother, Giobbo?"

"Oh, my brother is, now, a gentleman; that is, he is in the service of a great signor, and is no longer called Giobbo, but wears a coat-of-mail, and a helmet on his head. He comes, sometimes, to see us but seldom; only, when the signor comes to hunt in the woods of Montarimanno. Ah! When shall I be strong enough to be the shield-bearer of a great signor!"

"Guglielmo d’Uberi, then, is your brother’s master?"

"The same. He is a signor, but he is a knave. Silence; let no one overhear me, but I swear to be revenged on him. One day, he kicked me for putting one of his dogs on horseback. Curses on him. A kick to me. Kicks to Battista; well, he is made to be kicked, but to Azzo."

"May Satan guide him hither, once more, and may I be in the hands of the Accubodura, if I do-not kill his horse, at least."

"Has he been in-the-habit of passing here, frequently."

* The explanation of this term will be seen in the next chapter.
"Yes, for three or four months’ back. What secrets he had with my mother, I
can’t tell, and care-not. Battista knows about them. Besides, having a share in
all the manœuvres to keep the cauldron boiling, he has the knack of getting at the
mysteries; whilst I would-not give the husk of a chestnut to know all the secrets of
the monastery."

These last words of the youth gave much cause for meditation, both to Folchetto
and Stull, but especially to the latter, who made a silent observation, that the sad
occurrence of Ajice’s secret marriage, and all that referred to it, must have taken
place exactly at the epoch indicated by Azzo, that is, at the time when the meetings
were most frequent between Guglielmo and Pattumeia. From which, he sagaciously
concluded, that this woman must have had a prominent part in the abominable con-
spiracy, so much the more certainly, as her son Giobbo was in the service of
Guglielmo.

Battista, in the mean time, whether he attached some superstitious importance to
the keeping of his word, or that he was eager to make a closer acquaintance with
the promised reward, appeared on the rock, accompanied by his mother, even before
the time appointed.

Azzo was the first to perceive them, and pointed them out to Folchetto and the
Fleming.

"Did-I-not tell you," said he, "that he would hunt her as a dog does a fox. I
might have traversed the mountain from its foot to its summit; I might have sought
in the caves of the wood until sunrise, but I should never have found her. I begin to
believe I have no leaning to my mother’s calling. If I lose a sling, I find it no more;
if I lose a piece of bread from my bag, I seek for it in vain, a quarter of an hour
afterwards. If I would heal a scratch on a goat, it is sure to become a festering
wound. I can only succeed in running, leaping, dancing, swimming and fighting."

Whilst he was, thus speaking, Folchetto and Stull watched the progress of the
singular pair. The boy, Battista, descended the steep and narrow path, alternately
extending his lanky arm, with its fluttering drapery of black, made him
somewhat resemble those windmills in use amongst the Sardinian hills. The
mother, with her wild and picturesque garments, and her strange gestures, resembled
a sybil, about to utter her prophecies on the tripod.

Folchetto and Stull looked on her with eager curiosity. She was enveloped in a
piece of scarlet cloth, something after the manner of the East; she wore on her
head a blue turban, amongst the folds of which was twisted a yellow band, and
some beads of colored glass, which, catching the rays of the sun, reflected a green-
and-ruby-tinted light.

Credulity and superstition were, in those days, characteristic of the Sards, and
naturally gave-rise to the numbers of fanatics who applied-themselves to the study
of magic, and held-themselves as intermediate negotiators between the CREATOR
and the created. Amongst these must be numbered the female, Pattumeia, whose
history being of importance to our tale, merits a chapter to itself.
CHAPTER IX.

THE DESTROYER.

In almost all countries, there is a proscribed race, subject to contempt and persecution—the Ghebirs in Arabia, the Parahs in India, the Zingaries in Bohemia; it would seem as if it were necessary for man to hate as well as to love.

At the epoch to which this story refers, there was in Sardinia a cast, not numerous, but feared and abhorred, whose existence appears a problem, without we transport ourselves, in imagination, to those days of ferocity and barbarism, which we are now depicting. The members of this sect must have adopted the motto of one of the modern republics, "UNION IS STRENGTH," for so imperative were the ties that bound them to each other, that all were sworn to revenge the injuries inflicted upon any one member.

In times, when intellectual pursuits were at the lowest ebb, the manners of men and their habits were scarcely removed from those of the brute creation. Life, that most precious gift of Heaven, was esteemed only in proportion to its accompaniments of youth and health; and infirmity and old age, so far from being treated with tenderness and respect, awakened only contempt and aversion.

From these unnatural sentiments, sprang the belief, that to deprive those of a life, which appeared to be devoid both of enjoyment and utility, so far from being criminal, was both just and desirable; and the perpetration of the horrid office was confided, exclusively, to a sect, who received the appellation of Accabadura, or, as it may be translated, extinguishers or destroyers. These people were summoned, then, by a son, whose filial tenderness led him to desire an aged parent should no longer suffer from old age and infirmity; by a wife, whose husband, hopelessly wounded, was languishing in pain and helplessness; or by a mother, whose child, attacked by mortal disease, was sinking slowly into the grave.

But, although this revolting office was exercised by universal consent, it was natural that its officials should be regarded with terror and hatred. The destroyers were constrained to live—a-part from the rest of mankind—to marry, only, amongst themselves—and to have no relation with others, save in the exercise of their horrible calling; to which was added the arrangement of all funeral ceremonies, and such offices as are peculiarly appropriated to the dead. In Sardinia, these were of a strange and barbarous character. Violent were the demonstrations of grief;—tearing the hair, shrieks and extravagant gestures, were the necessary accompaniments of a funeral, which, however, varied in intensity, according to the rank and riches of the deceased. Some few, amongst these people, had gained a reputation, above the rest, for divination, and curing diseases, by means of herbs; and at the head of these was Pattumcia, who gloried in having fulfilled the duties of a Destroyer—a mourner—and having arrived at the possession of certain secrets, which constituted witchcraft, and which, in after ages, led so many victims to the stake.
Her external appearance was favorable to her pretensions; the disproportionate length of her limbs, to her stature; her wild, black eyes; the color of her skin, yellow and dingy; her strange vesture; all united to surprise and terrify the ignorant and superstitious. In spite of this unprepossessing person, she had had three husbands, and a progeny of eleven or twelve children, of whom three, only, were living. The eldest of these, Giobbo, was, from his early youth, of savage and lawless habits; at the age of fourteen, he had plunged a knife into the heart of one of his companions. He fled to Genoa, whilst his father and three of his brothers fell the victims of the wrath of the murdered boy's kindred, who, after watching, incessantly, for three months, by night and day, had succeeded in obtaining the exquisite gratification of a full revenge.

We pass-over much of the intermediate time, to the epoch when Giobbo, after a long absence, re-appeared in the valley of Campidano, where he found his mother widowed, for the third time, and with two, only, remaining of her numerous family. Here he quarrelled and fought with a Spaniard, and was guilty of murder a second time, which event precipitated the departure of Pattumeia, who had long purposed to quit her native land. Preceded by Giobbo, and accompanied by Battista and Azzo, she finally settled in Varinella. Giobbo changed his name to Malmantello, and entered as armour-bearer into the service of Guglielmo d'Uberti, and of the bishop of Tortona.

The fame acquired by Pattumeia, in the new country which she inhabited, was not such as to compensate her for that which she had formerly enjoyed. She had, nevertheless, sufficient to satisfy her wants. And, having given this brief detail of her past life, we proceed with our story, resuming it at the period when Folchetto and the Fleming were impatiently awaiting her approach, accompanied by her elfish son, the savage Battista.
CHAPTER X.

INTERROGATORIES.

"Good mother," began Stull, as she advanced, "we are come to question you concerning an affair . . ."

"Silence," exclaimed the Sard. "Thinkest thou I need that thou shouldst tell me wherefore thou art come?"

"Yet it is necessary, good mother . . ."

"Silence, I say. There is no necessity for anything that can be uttered by the mouth of a priest."

"I am not a priest only, good mother . . ."

"Good mother, good mother, good mother. Three times, signor Fleming, hast thou called me so, and yet thou meandest it not. I am not a good mother, but accursed and visited by the wrath of heaven. But this is not the time to speak of such matters."

"No," replied Folchetto. "This is, indeed, not the occasion to enter upon discussions, foreign to the present affair. Wilt thou, then, tell me?"

"Wait, signor," rejoined the woman. "Azzo, Battista, away. Battista, hearest thou?"

He departed with the speed of a cur, who fears the lash of an angry master.

"Who dares to murmur, when I command," cried she to Azzo. "Another word, and I hurl thee headlong from the rock."

The boy paused in his flight; and looked back on his mother with such an expression of rage, as horrified the Fleming.

"That boy is a lion," observed Pattumeia, "and if I did-not chastise him, he would devour that meek child, Battista."

"It appeared to me," said Folchetto, "that the words of resistance fell from the lips of Battista! But, I pray thee, tell me . . ."

"All that thou desirest, signor Folchetto. Eat I not of the bread of thy uncle, his reverence, the abbot of St. Peter di Precipiano?"

"Thou knowest my aunt, the signora Rodegonda; didst thou not?"

"If thou wilt let me speak without interruption, signor, I will tell thee all that thou desirest to know. But suit thy manner to the degree of the person thou speakest with. I am-not she who replies to a rude demand."

"Woman," said Folchetto, after the pause of a moment, in which he subdued his rising impatience, "I come-not here to consult with thy goats or thy cocks, neither to discover lost goods, nor to seek the interpretation of dreams. Answer me, then, without prevagination. Knowest thou my sister, Alice dei Malaspina?"

"And if I lean against this chestnut tree, and impose a rigorous silence on my lips, what wouldst thou, then, signor Folchetto?"

"I would find the means of unclosing them. I have learnt secrets in Palastine, one of which were sufficient to cast-into-the-shade thy reputation for witchcraft."

V. 2-45.
"Thou hast learnt secrets in Palestine, thou sayest; but know they would fall before the power of the daughter of my mother. Speak, however, signor Folcheto. I have reasons to prevent my withholding aught from thy knowledge. But should I disclose all? I have been expecting thee, these three months, but in vain. I thought thou hadst yielded to destiny; but it is a jest which, although it has a grave side for a noble, has a light one for him, who has ranged-himself with the Plebeians."

There was something, at once mysterious and contemptuous in those words, which had the same effect on Folcheto, as if a viper had reared-itself-up, and hissed at him.

"Speak, woman," said Folcheto, biting his lip. "Where is my sister, and be sincere, or thou shalt have cause to repent thy deceit."

"I shall never repent, but of one thing, and that is of having sold my soul to Satan. But you would know who lent a helping hand to Alice to escape, and where she is to be found again?"

"Yes," cried Folcheto; "but leave thy goat and thy fowls, thou ill-favored witch, or . . ."

"Oh, my poor goat, and my harmless fowls. They have-not seen me for three days, and I am-not to give them a handful of fresh thyme, or a grain of barley. And, why not? Because a hot-headed youth, who has sulphur in his veins, and brimstone in his heart, is longing to plunge a dagger into his sister's husband."

"Is she, indeed, a wife, then?" exclaimed Folcheto.

"Signor Stull, wherefore dost thou not answer? Did-not the lady Rodegonda assure you, in the moment of dying, that the signor Guglielmo d'Uberti was the husband of Alice?"

"Immortal powers," cried Stull, making the sign of the cross. "How knowest thou what passed between the dying woman and me?"

"To keep such a secret three months," resumed Pattumeia, "without revealing it to him whose bread thou eatest! Truly, it is no great proof of fidelity or zeal."

"Ye blessed saints!" persisted Stull, his eyes and mouth widely unclosed, with an expression of wonder, fear and curiosity. "But how couldst thou be privy to this?"

"And did-she-not assert that the words spoken on the death-bed are more valuable than eastern pearls, because they are spoken in truth and sincerity? And did-she-not quote, to comfort thee, the words of a certain Justinian . . ."

"Oh!" cried Stull, "save me, ye heavenly powers, from the snares of this demon."

"Thou art a fool," returned Pattumeia. "Why didst thou not attest the marriage of Alice with Guglielmo? And wherefore didst thou never declare thy knowledge of the deeds which would prove it."

Stull turned to Folcheto, with his hands clasped upon his bosom, as if he would assert his innocence.

"Well," continued Pattumeia, "said not the dying woman this? But, no; for once in her life she would have done right, but the shears of him who mocks at the urgency of earthly affairs, cut the threads-of-life, ere the words were spoken. But
I am not dying—I can reveal all. In this bosom is concealed the destiny of more than one. From this hand may proceed sharper wounds than from the arrows of thy bow, Folchetto. I set myself before the darkness which shrouds thy castle. I—but enough."

There was something terrible and imposing in her wild and unconnected speech—something which filled the Fleming with wonder and dread, and stirred within Folchetto’s veins like fire. As she spoke, her black eyes sparkled like a furnace, and her countenance assumed a singularly awful and demoniacal expression.

"Woman," said Folchetto, endeavoring to overcome the involuntary impression which her words and manner had made upon him, "say-on. It is necessary that thou shouldst speak openly, even should thy words kindle a flame that shall destroy the castle of my ancestors. Where is the deed that proves the marriage of my sister?"

"In the chamber of the dead one. In the corner, between the eastern window and the right side of the bed, is a hollow space, concealed within a pannel in the wainscot. There is placed a box of oak, on whose lid is graven a cross—here wilt thou find a parchment; if that is valid in the eye of the law, it is the contract which will establish the marriage of Guglielmo d’Uberti and Alice dei Malaspina."

Stull clasped his hands tightly together. Folchetto struck his forehead, and exclaimed:—"But how can that be true, which thou sayest? Setting-aside all that is mysterious in thy speech, how, then, can Guglielmo d’Uberti dare to unite-himself with Leonilla dei Caleinara."

"Yet it may be so," replied Pattumeia, with a withering smile. "Said I not, "if the deed is valid in the eye of the law."

"Then thou dokest its validity."

"Thou hearest my words; and what, if a spirit, opposed to my warmest desires, urged me to forbid these treacherous espousals. But—my eyes are pressed as with a band of iron. Destiny must be fulfilled. Yet I have raised a barrier of fire between... Foils, ye revel in viands and wine; ye dance on the corpses of those who sacrifice themselves for the glory of the ETERNAL; but their blood shall sprinkle the Tortonian land. Monsters—tigers in human shape—ye have destroyed my children, and shall I not exult to arm ye against each-other?"

If the infernal spirit ever appear before humanity, he could assume no fiercer form than that of this wretched woman, as she pronounced those wild and incoherent words.

"If blood can quench thy fury," said Folchetto, "doubt-not but that it shall be shed. I swear it; but—enough. Was my sister a consenting party to these nuptials?"

"Who can say what she felt, in secret, on that fearful night? She stood as a stony statue, in the rays of a dying moon. 'I consent,' so spake her lips; but I trow that repentance accompanied the incautious accents, because..."

"Proceed!—because..."

"I cannot—I will-not say more. Wherefore should I? The offender, breathless at thy feet, shall confess all the particulars of this shameful plot; for, surely, thou
wilt seek him, even should he shelter-himself under the priestly mantle of his uncle, or hide-himself in the bowels of the earth, thou wilt discover him. And if I am present, his dying groans will alleviate my despair, and rejoice my soul!"

"Hellish fury," exclaimed Folchetto, "how is it that the earth does-not open to devour thee. But finish, I conjure thee. Where now is my sister?"

"I know-not—I cannot—I will-not say."

"Thou wilt-not. Thou shalt be forced to confess. Thy limbs, already sold to the demon, shall be burned, and . . ."

"Ho, ho," screamed the Destroyer, retreating some steps, and flinging-out her arms in defiance. "Touch me not. I have-not yet fulfilled all the evil committed to my lot. Return to thy rock—kindle the brand—sharpen thy dagger. If thou needest the testimony of Pattumeia, raise a red flag on the tower of thy castle, and, three hours after, thou shalt see me in thy hall. Lower-not the drawbridge, there is no need. But—enough. Woe—woe to thee, and to thy race, if thou summonest me, to betray me;—woe, if by thy means, a hair of my head is injured. Depart."

So saying, she lightly ascended the rock, and so rapid and unexpected was the movement, that Folchetto had no power to restrain her. Presently disappearing amidst the tangled thickets, that overgrew it, there was no longer a hope of further parley; so, turning-away from the witch’s dwelling, Folchetto and the Fleming re-traced their steps towards the torrent, where Valentino was waiting for them with the horses. But they found that Azzo had preceded them, and making acquaintance with Valentino had persuaded him to allow him to mount on Folchetto’s palfrey, which appeared the most spirited of the party, and advanced to meet his master. Battista, who had, also, hastened thither, was moved with envy at the preference which his brother had obtained, and was only consoled at the prospect of the chastisement which he would probably receive from Folchetto, by the thought of the reward which he himself had been promised. Great, therefore, was his anger, when he saw his brother suffered to alight without reproof, (for Folchetto felt a certain inclination for the boy), and when he, himself, received, indeed, the piece of money for which he had bargained, but with expressions of reproof and contempt,

"Go," said Folchetto to him. "Go, foul offspring of an iniquitous mother, and tell her that I should discover her, did she hide-herself in, even, the caverns of hell.

So saying, the travellers returned on their way, leaving Battista grinning with impotent fury, and Azzo gazing wistfully after them; whilst they themselves were disappointed at the unsatisfactory success of their mission, and rode-on in silence, ruminating deeply on plans of operation for the future.
CHAPTER XI.

THE SEARCH.

We may presume that the events of this morning had, at least, obliterated from Folchetto's mind the courteous invitation to return to the monastery, which, at parting, had been given them by the father Eusebius, for the Fleming and himself pursued the shortest way to Montebole, where a new personage was awaiting their arrival. This was Opizzone Malaspina, who had reached Tortona, two days previously, with a band of followers, and had hastened to the castle to visit his kinsman, and the damsel whom he believed to be his betrothed wife.

The marchese, Opizzone, was a man of majestic aspect, and of an age, which, without having passed the confines of youth, was verging on that of maturity. His features bore a doubtful expression, but his eyes were lit with an eager light, which shewed that ambition had extinguished every softer passion, and was the ruling desire of his heart. Every word and sentiment indicated a longing for the supremacy, which he afterwards exercised over the affairs of Italy, but which, in those days, he was sufficiently wary to conceal, under the disguise of courtesy and frankness.

It may seem strange, that such a man should desire to unite himself with the daughter of a house, whose splendor was so unequal to his own; but he was led to it from potent reasons. Folchetto's bold and politic temper, had given him a decided preponderance in the city, which he might exert in Oppizzone's favor, were the ties of relationship still further strengthened by a matrimonial alliance; and, in the then state of affairs, a strict unity of purpose, with a man of weight and ability, might tend materially to the success of his schemes.

But it must be confessed, that Oppizzone Malaspina received the news of Alice's disappearance with no very perceptible emotion. Whether it was that he foresaw that the exasperated feelings of the Malaspina would further his own designs, and increase the hatred between the aristocratic and popular parties, certain it is, that, when the sounds of the horses' hoofs met his ear, he went-forward to meet the young baron, with the air of a man determined to act vigorously. Not that Opizzone was, as yet, aware, that Guglielmo was the chief actor in this event; but knowing, well, the licentious manners of the youth, and of all those who had chosen him as their head, he was not very far from guessing the truth and suspecting that it was part of a plot to dishonor one of the noblest families, and, consequently, to debase the faction to which it belonged.

Oppizzone greeted Folchetto with a warm pressure of the hand, which, at once, betrayed the share he took in the calamity.' Folchetto responded to it with far deeper sincerity, whilst a tear of rage moistened his dark eyes, which glistened with the vivacity of steel. Thus they entered into the great hall, where, the unhappy father was awaiting his son. He seemed overcome more by sorrow than by anger.
The disappearance of his beloved child had deeply wounded his heart; but hope sustained him: yet, when Folchetto informed him of the strange knowledge which he had gained, the habitual leaning to vengeance and slaughter preponderated over softer emotions:—“Speak,” he cried, with a vivacity of gesture, not in accordance with his ponderous frame:—“Know we, now, to what house we may bear the fire and sword.”

“All is disclosed, father; but we are yet ignorant of the full extent of the disaster. Nevertheless, in a few moments, the secret will be revealed. Stull, wilt thou follow me?”

“I am ready,” replied Stull, who perfectly understood him. He retreated a step—made the sign of the cross, and mentally recited a prayer, that he might be preserved from the influence of evil spirits, which might still inhabit the chamber of the dame Rodegonda.

Opizzone and Teobaldo, however sharp in intellect, could by no means comprehend the words of the young baron, and still less his movements, when they saw him proceed towards a corridor, leading to a wing of the castle, in which Rodegonda had died, which had been closed ever since that event.

“Where goest thou,” demanded Teobaldo of Folchetto. “By the soul of the dead, the sacrifice of expiation has not yet been offered.”

“We will celebrate it, my father! There only remains to determine who is to be the victim, or, rather, if he is to perish by a single blow, or in the torments of prolonged dying.

“God of mercy,” exclaimed Stull, “permit—not that crime should be avenged with crime.”

So saying, he closely followed Folchetto, who, having passed the first door, strode along with steps which echoed on the stone pavement. Nor were Opizzone and Teobaldo slow to pursue the same way; and presently arriving at the termination of the corridor, which was closed with a strong iron-door, they issued upon a terrace, which, flanked by a wall, extended along the northern front of the castle. To the right of this wall was a small flight of steps, by which they descended to another, narrow gallery, which led to a postern, opening into the moat and completely concealed by the tapestry of ivy and creeping plants, which grew there, luxuriantly.

But, on the other side of the gallery, were the narrow windows of a chamber, defended with iron-bars and shutters; and, at the entrance of this was placed a cross of black wood, surmounted with a skull—the sign, when affixed to the door of a chamber of death, which made-known that the relations of the deceased had—not yet celebrated, what, in those days, was called “the sacrifice of expiation,” and what, in our times, has a parallel in the mourning feast, and the Irish wake. This was, sometimes, deferred for a month or a year; but, it appears, that, as long as it was unperformed, the apartment of the defunct remained closed and uninhabited, with the gloomy cross and skull reared before it, to recall to the survivors the duty which they were disposed to neglect. This symbol was now found to be present before the door of the dame Rodegonda. Folchetto removed it with a respectful, but vigorous hand; and unfastening, with some difficulty, the heavy bar which secured
the entrance, threw-open the door, and entered into the small space which served as an anti-chamber. Two, big presses shadowed the window, which enlightened it, and the dark foliage of external verdure added to the solemn gloom which pervaded the interior.

The apartment of the deceased, opened directly from this anti-room:—the same obscurity reigned within, for the light entered, feebly, through the t alc, with which the windows were glazed—that substance being, in those days, the usual substitute for glass. Half-a-dozen clumsy stools, and an ancient cabinet, was all the furniture that adorned the walls, excepting the dismal-looking bed; and a dozen or more of the large species of bats, were the only inhabitants. To those, Folchotto gave egress, by unclosing the casement, and when they had passed-through, in alarm, flapping their leathern wings, and uttering sharp cries of fear, Folchotto cast-his-eyes around the chamber, which had remained in precisely the same condition as when the body of the signora had been removed to its final habitation.

Carefully recalling the directions which he had received from Pattumeia, he approached the angle of the wall, in which the secret pannel was situate; and feeling it, narrowly, he presently pressed the spring, which unclosed it, and gave-to-view the oaken box, on the top of which was stamped a black cross. The box opening with facility—for it was-not locked—disclosed a parchment, which proved that the witch was better acquainted with the whole of this base conspiracy than could have been the case if she had-not been in league with the powers of darkness; so, at least, thought the Fleming. Its gothic characters—the attestation, and the signs of the cross, all announced an act drawn-up according to the laws of the time:—

"Anno ab incarnatione domini nostri Iesu christi," thus it began, "mellesimo centesimo quinquagesimo quarto. Quinto decimo die kalendarem Iulii, &c., Constat me ..."

So far was in Latin, which all could comprehend; but it proceeded in a jargon, which must be transcribed, because it is indispensible to a clear understanding of the events to which it gave-origin:—

"Let all know by me, Sigismonda dei Rompicolli, notary for the marriage contracted in Barbara and Baralitpont, that the noble damsel, Alice, or Acciuga Cattiraspina, has this day given her hand to the noble Guglielmo degli Aperti, in presence of the most illustrious lady Rubiconda Cattiraspina, to whom Domeneddio gives two inches of beard under the chin, and a heap of misfortunes, for having had the boldness to contemplate an alliance with a nephew of my lord magnate. Be it known, also, that I, surnamed the notary of Rompicolli, bear-witness to the mutual adhesion of the contracting par-
ties, Fattumeia, the witch, and her son, Malmantello, in the habit of a priest, who has blessed the happy knot in the chapel of the castle of Montebore, with the light of two lanterns and three torches. Thus it is known to me, that my task was to draw-up this legal act, for the satisfaction of dame Rubiconda, an act to be deposited in a safe and secret place, to testify to posterity, that the said Guglielmo degli Aperti, has the glory and honor of having contrived a snare for the lords of Montebore, to whom he cordially wishes the pains of the colic, in this life, and the fate of the blessed Bar-tho lemew in death. Amen ✡. Amen ✡. 'Amen ✡'

If a similar burlesque had been played-upon the most patient of the patriarchs, it is doubtful whether even they would have received it with composure; but Teobaldo, Folchetto and Opizzone, possessing no such christian perfection, words would fail to express the fury with which they listened to Stull, as he gave-utterance to the insulting contents of the parchment. Teobaldo roared-out for his stoutest war-horse; Folchetto ground-his-teeth, and swore to exterminate the whole race; and Opizzone, who shared, as a relation, the shame of the outrage inflicted by Guglielmo, swore to second him, but recommending that the management should be left to his policy and prudence. The chamber, which had lately responded to the accents of the dying, now re-echoed with imprecaions of vengeance, by which, in those days of ferocity and barbarism, the repose and happiness of whole families were not unfrequently sacrificed.
CHAPTER XII.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

However imperious was the necessity which urged Folcheto to wash-out the stain in his blood, inflicted by Guglielmo on the honor of his family, some days passed before he could obey it. The desire of discovering his unfortunate sister, who, judging by the witch's mysterious words, he hoped was not wholly lost, forbade his immediately yielding to the transports of rage which agitated him. During this interval the most rigorous search was instituted for Alice, either living or dead. Money was distributed for the purpose of watching all on whom the most distant suspicion could rest, and, above all, Pattumeia; but nothing was elicited. At the same time, the beds of the torrents were minutely examined, lest a fit of desperation should have led her to terminate her unhappy existence.

Her disappearance, both from her own conspicuous birth, and the mysterious circumstances accompanying it, could not long remain unknown in the city. The various versions of it, and conjectures amongst the people, were innumerable, and the public interest and curiosity were raised to the highest pitch. Alice, as we have said, was the pride of Tortona; though rarely seen in the public festivals, she never appeared without receiving the meed of admiration; and the appellation of "the violet of Montebore," which was constantly attached to her, described, at once, her beauty and her modesty.

But Alice possessed other claims to popular favor than her own merits, either intrinsic or external. It may be easily imagined that the daughter of Teobaldo, and the sister of their tribune, was dear to each, as belonging to their faction, and that each individual had, as it were, a personal interest in her. It was not long before the rumour was spread, that Guglielmo was a principal actor in the nefarious event, and discourse such as the following might be heard in the market-place and by the fountains:

"What insolence!" said one, "to lay his snares in the very dwelling of the Montebore! To indulge his libertine passions on the sister of a crusader—of a Malaspina—one of a race whose name is sounded on the shores of the Dead Sea, as well as in the ears of the usurpers of our liberties."

"Boldness—insolence," cried another, "beyond bearing. 'Tis worse than in the olden times. Then, a proud noble might have seized—on the daughter of a vassal or a factor, but this hawk has disdained to fly at meaner prey, and can be content, forsooth, only to stick his talons in the eagle's nest, and carry there sorrow and desolation."

The party of the nobles were equally moved, and gave-vent to their sentiments, as strongly, though more secretly.

"What a moment," said they, "has Guglielmo chosen to increase the energies and power of the Malaspina. How many citizens, who would have been content to have remained passive spectators of the struggle, will, now, take-part with the popular faction—disgusted with the conduct of him who aspires to be their head."
Will the soldiers vote for such a champion? Will the clergy uphold profligacy and deceit? Will the Calcinaras bestow on him their daughter? Should he offer to clear himself by combat;* I trow, we may dig the grave for him, without delay.

Such were the lamentations of the more prudent class, who pretended to foresee the issue of the great contest in which all were, now, engaged.

When the recent event reached the ears of the bishop, that wise old man had, immediately, believed his nephew to have been the chief actor in it; and he had, therefore, forbidden him his presence, until he had proved his innocence by such means as the law established.

Guglielmo, himself, although blinded by his vices, could-not be insensible to the tempest which sounded at a distance, and whose nearer approach was inevitable. Nevertheless, as three days had elapsed, without the young Malaspina having appeared in the city, the heedless youth began to believe that the offence would be passed-over; and impunity inspiring him with courage, he related the adventure as a good story, that the lady Pellegrina dei Calcinaras, his future step-mother, would listen-to with indulgence, as tending to the humiliation of a family she hated. The family of Leonilla, although sufficiently wealthy, was of the number of those, who, for thirty years, had been making continual efforts to debase all those who surpassed, or equalled them in riches or rank, without ever succeeding in raising-themselves to a level with the highest families of the state.

The baron of Calcinaras, a man totally devoid of mind or influence, having no male heir, had espoused, in second nuptials, the dame Pellegrina Anfosso, widow of Gafforio, who introduced into his family her only son. This ambitious woman, proud of a nobility which had ever, honorably, maintained the privileges of their class, saw, with horror, the innovations which the commons sought to introduce amongst them. A strict union between the nobles and the clergy, she deemed of the first importance, and, in aid of this she determined to unite Leonilla, the baron's daughter, to the nephew of the bishop, Guglielmo d'Uberti. But, certainly, this young man was, by no means, calculated for the important position, which she would fain have seen him assume. Naturally, perhaps, his disposition might have been harmless; but the few virtuous inclinations of his heart, having no root, withered-away, and his passions, flourishing from indulgence, and his pride being fostered by his relationship to a priest, of the power and rank of his uncle, he became one of the most insolent and disorderly of his class.

Knight-errantry was, about this time, making its way in Italy, and it may be easily imagined, that the character of the aspirants to this honor, depended much on those to whom was confided the office of guiding their inexperience, and directing their inclinations. Guglielmo d'Uberti had passed his novitiate in the court of Ravul dei Vermandese, cousin of Louis VII., and under the direction of this dissolute tyrant of Champagne, had learnt to scoff at religion, and the rights of his fellowmen. On his return to his native country, at the death of his father, he had soon dissipated his substance, and would have found it difficult to have pursued his libertine

* See an explanation of this term in recent numbers.
course of life, but from his unexpectedly succeeding to the property of a relation, who left no direct heir. This, added to his near kindred to the bishop, gave him an importance in the city, which he would otherwise have failed in obtaining. At this time, Tortona had declared itself a commonwealth; and, as we have said, the popular faction was in the ascendant. This was the origin of the inferior degree of influence which Guglielmo enjoyed, and of the hatred which he bore to Folchetto, as the chief obstacle to the elevation to which he aspired. Folchetto headed the faction, known by the name of the Pastorelli, and not only surpassed Guglielmo in mental and personal advantages, but in the respect and veneration in which he was held, as one who had been engaged in the holy wars.

Some days after the disappearance of Alice, when Guglielmo held himself secure from any attack from Folchetto, or, at least, believed that he had deferred any revenge to a future opportunity, he sat at the festive board, in the house of the brothers Anfossi, whose family had, many years before, given name to the faction which defended the rights of the nobles. If Folly, in person, had presided over this banquet, no greater disorder could have prevailed. Guglielmo occupied the most conspicuous seat, surrounded by ten or twelve boisterous companions. They were each dressed, more or less richly, in the old-station habit, of velvet, embroidered in gold, and hanging sleeves; the throat was bare; but on the shoulders and bosom, was a collar of snow-white linen, over which strayed the long, black locks which escaped from the berretto of blue-linen, folded like a Turkish turban. A rapier, with a gemmed scabbard, hung on one side, and the ornamented hilt of a dagger was visible in a long, oval pouch, affixed to the external part of the lower garments.

The conversation was licentious and noisy, and the part which relates more particularly to our story, is that, alone, which need be repeated. They had been freely discussing the political state of the city, when the younger Anfossi, whose health had just been drunk with tumultuous applause, spoke as follows:—“We thank ye, good friends; but let us not sully the brightness of this sparkling wine, by debating further on politics. I propose that Guglielmo shall possess this stout hunting-knife, provided he relates to us, truly and minutely, the trick which he has played the Malaspina.”

So saying, he placed the weapon, for such it appeared to be, on the board before whilst loud “Bravo’s” re-echoed round the hall.”

“‘Well, Guglielmo,’ cried a guest, named Calpucio, ‘open thy sheath, for the knife will be thine, I swear, by the infernal brimstone. But not a syllable shall pass these walls. Anfossi, let each swear on this roast capon*, that the tale shall never be repeated, but with the consent of the actor.”

We will swear,” was screamed forth by all. “Malmantello, haste-round with the capon, that he may swear.”

Malmantello, Guglielmo’s shield-bearer, who stood behind his master, took a

* This species of oath, then and afterwards in use, both in Italy and France, may appear absurd and puerile, but there are frequent examples of it being practised in the middle ages.
roasted capon, which was a conspicuous dish on the board, and carried it round. Each of the guests, extending his hand over it, swore to keep the secret.

When the capon was brought to Guglielmo, the rash youth, whom the fumes of the wine had deprived of the small portion of sense which he ever possessed, refused to extend his hand, and addressing Calpucio:—"Is it that this reserve is deemed expedient for me? Think ye, that I would keep-silence to avoid the payment of the anagriss* or the faida.† Thou mayest speak of it, and publish it throughout the city, by sound of trumpet."

Calpucio stooped-down, and whispered some words in his ear.

"Ah, yes, 'tis true," answered Guglielmo, placing his hand upon the capon. "I will swear, then, like the rest. But, by the virgin of Egypt, I think so little of this marriage, that if it were-not to cast-a-blot upon the hated one, I believe it would be necessary that thou, Calpucio, shouldst come to tell me my spouse awaited me. Believest thou that this small adventure might displease Leonilla?"

"'How can I decide—maidens are capricious."

"Capricious," exclaimed d'Ubertino. "By satan, I should like to see the woman, who dares to shew her caprices to me."

"Silence, silence," said the younger Anfosso. "Relate thy story, and fear-not to offend thy betrothed."

"Listen, then, comrades, to that which I will narrate. But, by saint Mark! my head is somewhat cloudy. To clear it, I must quaff another goblet, and drink another toast. 'Here's to my wife of an hour, Alice Malaspina.'"

At this moment, the door was thrown-open, and a silence of wonder and consternation fell on all present, at the abrupt entrance of four, unexpected personages.

* The anagriss, a fine of twenty soldi levied on whoever espoused a maiden without the consent her father or brother.

† The faida, a fine of the same amount, paid to the parents in reparation.
CHAPTER XIII.

THE CHALLENGE.

The persons who entered so abruptly, without any announcement, though only four in number, were, nevertheless, the cause of terror to the whole assemblage. With two of them, the reader has had long acquaintance, namely, with Folchetto and Opizzone; the others who accompanied them, were Corolli and Pasceinasati, two of the most determined followers of the Pasturelli faction, and friends of Folchetto and of the people.

Their unceremonious entrance, the expression of their countenances, their bold deportment, all shewed, plainly, that their errand was to call-them-to-account for a mortal injury.

Wonder and apprehension, at their unlooked-for appearance, at first closed every mouth; nor did the Anfossi, themselves, the masters of the house, appear disposed to demand the cause of the intrusion. Guglielmo, who was in the act of commencing the desired history, seized a goblet, as if he sought, mechanically, to draw-courage from its contents; Calpucio, his infamous counsellor, drew his berretto lower on his brow, as if he would conceal his face from observation, and all the guests, in divers ways, sought to shrink from the menaced collision, when Guido d'Anfosso rose, and advancing towards the intruders, assumed a manner, which, whilst it was not devoid of the respect due to a man of the high station of Opizzone, betrayed resentment and surprise.

"Thy visit, signor Opizzone," he said, "does me honor, but I marvel to see thee accompanied by those, who have long ceased to favor our roof with their presence."

"Thy reproofs, signor Guido," replied Opizzone, courteously, "are partly merited; and, if thou art not disposed to excuse me, I am ready to give-thee-satisfaction."

"'Tis sufficient, signor," answered Guido. "Wilt thou be pleased to take-part in our banquet?"

"Not at present, signor. It has not been without grave cause that I have been led thus to intrude on thy privacy, and it must be made-known to thee without longer delay."

During this conversation, Folchetto and his companions stood-erect and immovable, a step behind Opizzone, the young baron having ceded to the management of his cousin, the office of giving a sort of legal sanction to the vengeance which he meditated, whilst the stern expression of his eyes, as they fastened on Guglielmo, sufficiently indicated the wrath of his heart.
Manfred Anfosso, the eldest of the brothers, now thought it necessary to take-apart in the affair, and approaching Opizzone, in a voice peculiarly rough and unmodulated, thus addressed him:—“To the point, without delay. What wouldst thou?”

“Patience,” replied the Malaspina. Signor Guido, a mortal insult has been offered by Guglielmo d’Uberto to the house of Malaspina, an insult which blood, alone, can cancel. Folchetto is resolved to be revenged but by lawful means. Thou knowest, oh’ Guido, that the sacred law of combat permits the offended to challenge the offender at the steps of the altar, when he is resolved to push his vengeance to the utmost: and such is the resolve of my kinsman. Sanctioned, then, by the legal right of challenge, nothing forbids Folchetto Malaspina to offer-defiance to Guglielmo d’Uberto, in such clear and precise terms, as to give-no-place to false interpretations. Guido Anfosso, I, Opizzone Malaspina, pray thee to raise no obstacle. Mortal was the insult—bloody must be the retribution.”

Folchetto then made the circle of the hall, with slow and measured steps. He next approached Guglielmo, who, as we have said, sat at the head of the board. The most profound silence reigned-around, so great was the respect, whether religious or otherwise, always paid to a challenge, propounded in the form prescribed by law. The two antagonists were in full view of the whole assemblage, and the most intense interest was manifested in the whole proceeding.

“Guglielmo d’Uberto,” cried Folchetto, with a voice of deep indignation, “I denounce thee as the vilest and wickedest among men. The shameless deed, by which thou hast stained the honor of my family, gives me the right to pluck the hair from off thy head; to drag thee through the mire; to strike thee with the scourge. But I come, instead, to treat thee as a brave and uncontaminated warrior. Guglielmo d’Uberto, I thirst for thy blood. To-morrow, I will await thee on the terrace, between the Tarquinian tower and the church of St. Bovon. I will be there, as thou now beholdest me, placing reliance, alone, in my sword, and the justice of my cause. Guglielmo, I proclaim thee, again, to be the vilest and wickedest among men, and there is my signal of defiance.”

So saying, he took from his hand his steel gauntlet; and casting-it-down, scornfully, at the feet of Guglielmo, he retired two paces, expecting that the challenge would be accepted.

It is difficult to describe the internal struggle in the bosom of the guilty Guglielmo. Shame, rage and fear, assaulted him at once, and seemed to contend which should debase him, the most, before his numerous companions. He kept-silence, for a few moments—moved uneasily twice or thrice upon his seat—attempted to rise, as if to lift-up the challenge—unclosed his lips, as if to reply to the bitter taunts of his accuser, but the words died-away without utterance. Often had he been forced to unsheathe his sword, in defence of his licentious proceedings, but never had he contended with a rival, so formidable as Folchetto. The respect in which his uncle, the bishop, was held, partly extended to himself; and, in more than one emergency, Guglielmo had benefited by the salutary protection of the sacerdotal mantle. But the Malaspina now attacked him with a vehemence, which awed and overwhelmed him, especially as his courage was none of the greatest.
His companions trembled from contempt and shame, for to each it appeared that every moment of silence, on the part of Guglielmo, was a century of infamy. They were, at length, beginning to betray unequivocal symptoms of their feelings, when Calpucio advanced to the assistance of his humiliated master:—"Signor Folchetto," he muttered, "'tis strange—yes—'tis insolent. Our brave Guglielmo is overcome with indignation. What say ye, friends, saw ye ever a conduct so outrageous?"

"Silence," cried Folchetto, with a voice like thunder, "silence, vile satellite of a vile master, I speak-not with thee, and if another word be uttered by thy sacrilegious tongue, I will tear-it-out on the spot."

At these words, each started on his feet, and more than one-half unsheathed his dagger.

"Folchetto," then exclaimed Guido Anfosso, "thou shalt give-me-satisfaction for this insult."

"To whoever believes-himself aggrieved, retorted Folchetto, unable to restrain his wrath: "but not until I have chastised this serpent."

The commotion was at its height; but Guglielmo exerting-himself to the utmost, sought to assume an appearance of courage, and, at this last apostrophe from Folchetto exclaimed:—"This to me? Serpent? By our lady—Calpucio, hearest thou the slander of this dog?"

Reason and prudence had forsaken Folchetto, around whom his friends closed to restrain his violence, whilst the companions of Guglielmo also pressed-around him, and animated by their presence he made some shew of bravery. But Opizzone and Guido had no desire to turn the banqueting-hall into a field of battle, and called-out:—"Not here, back, back, Manfred; back, Gilberto. To-morrow, on the terrace, shall be the meeting. I myself will take-up thy gauntlet."

"No," exclaimed Guglielmo, roused, at last, by the universal ferment. "Let no one touch the challenge. It is mine; by the soul of my father, it is mine; let none other touch it.

"To-morrow, then," said Opizzone, as he retreated towards the door; "not later than the hour of nine. Anfosso, I rely on your word."

"He shall be there," cried all, "and cursed be he who is absent."

On hearing this, Opizzone and his three companions turned on their heels, and escorted by Guido passed through the door of the apartment.

Hardly had they retired, when the several guests began to comment on the scene, according to the impetuosity and violence of each individual's disposition.

Deep thought arose in the mind of the younger Anfosso, for he judged Guglielmo to be irreparably degraded, and, from this moment, he set no limits to his ambition. A stain of infamy was attached to the Uberto, and there was but one way to cancel it—to die in the field, since it was vain to expect he should gain a victory over the Malaspina; but Guido fixed his eyes on Guglielmo, with an interrogatory expression, though his lips were silent. This look made the base Guglielmo tremble to the inmost fibre of his heart, but he replied to it with a firm voice:—"I comprehend thee, Guido—I comprehend thee."

"Dost thou?" answered Guido. "Then speak on."
"What, then, thinkest thou that I will let-myself-be-insulted with impunity, by these dogs? Dost thou attribute my moderation to fear? To-morrow, shall the point of our sword be made red, but, in the mean time, here's to the spouse of an hour, Alice Malaspina."

So saying, he filled a cup to the brim, and swallowed its contents, as if to quench the last remains of his reason.

"This is speaking like a man," said Calpucio; but he could scarcely comfort himself like one, and he was carried-off into another chamber, where he fell into a disturbed and drunken slumber.
CHAPTER XIV.

THE PENITENT.

The senseless allusions of Guglielmo vanished with the fumes of the wine which had engendered them. Towards the third hour of the night, in a spacious chamber, lighted with two ancient lamps, he might have been seen, pacing-up-and-down with hasty strides, whilst Calpucio, seated in one corner, with his arms crossed was following him with looks of perplexity and disturbance. At last, Calpucio, breaking-silence, exclaimed:—"Wherefore, signor, distress-thyself for an evil, which may be met with twenty remedies?"

Guglielmo smiled, bitterly:—"Let us hear by what way thou wouldst lead-me-out of this thorny labyrinth?"

"The first would be by thy choosing a champion in thy place. The ancient Longobardian laws authorize such a procedure, the more certainly, as thou took'st-not-up the challenge."

"Miserable expedient!" exclaimed Guglielmo. "Worthy of him who suggested it. Am I a paralytic or a maimed, to have recourse to it? Am I not in the flower-of-my-age? Bear I not the knightly spurs? Have I not fought with Raoul? Delegate the combat to another? 'Never!'"

"Then, wherefore dost thou hesitate?" returned his counsellor, somewhat piqued at the contemptuous reception of his proposal."

"Because, I know-myself inferior, ten times, to that cursed crusader; because, I know he wields a sword, which would cleave cuirass and helm to the centre; because, in short, to expose-myself to his vengeance, is like casting-myself into the torrent, with a stone round my neck."

"Curses on him," muttered Calpucio. "The devil has given him of his power, because he has sent-to-hell a heap of infidels."

"Fools that we were to provoke the lion's wrath. I, more than all, to have yielded to thy stupid counsel. And wherefore, and for what? For a jade who, although she believed-herself my wedded wife, has refused me the slightest proof of love. I swear I have never yet received a single kiss from her. And that witch, Pattumeia, who constantly refused to give-me-entrance into the castle, after the death of the plague old woman, under pretence that Alice had-not consented. Would that we had got-back that cursed parchment; that, doubtless, is the cause of all this present dilemma."

"If thou hadst-not, thyself, judged the risk too great to attempt an entrance by the secret passage, we might have succeeded. Pattumeia did-not refuse to aid us, only she set-forth the peril."

"Well! Nothing remains of all this fine affair, but the shame of having deceived an innocent girl, who, they say, has drowned-herself in the, 'Scrivia,' though, in truth, she had no cause to abandon-herself to such despair. But what is worse is, that I have to answer with my blood for that silly deed—the produce of thy ass's brain."

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"'Tis true, it was a foolish business, but the old lady insisted on having an authentic copy of the marriage-contract; and she could-not read—besides which, it was indispensably to invent one for the satisfaction of the bride. But it is no use to dwell on these trickeries. We must rather consider how to escape from them. What think ye of sending two stout braves to the young baron's gate, and, as he goes forth to mass, at sunrise, two mortal stabs, and the business is finished."

"This might do, but that every finger would be pointed at us as the assassins. This affair is too grave for thy management, Calpucio. But, enough. I will that thou takest this chalice, and placeth it on the altar of St. Martin—he was ever the protector of our family—who knows but that he may be induced to favor me? And take, also, this offering, to the altar of our dark lady; she has wrought miracles for those who have heartily invoked her. Go, next, to the convent of St. Bonon—bring me a friar, to absolve me, and he shall be welcome. In the mean time, I will examine my armour. I must have my cuirass of Milan, also my sword of Brescia. Ho! Lucchino—bring hither my gauntlet, my corset, and my breast-plate. If I must die, there shall be a struggle for it, and Folchetto shall not escape; unharmed, from my hands. And have I not courage and strength, and vigor? Have I not crossed swords with Roberto Massa, in Pavia? Have I not been declared second, in the tournament of Lilla of Lancelotto."

Thus did the unhappy youth endeavour to animate himself with former remembrances; but, as he spoke, the words died upon his pallid lips, and his frame shook with dread. Calpucio was not deceived by his affected bravery, and kept silence, as one who meditated great designs.

"Well," said Uberto, at last, "are we to await death, as the criminal destined to torture? Wherefore dost thou not depart? They will be expecting the preparations for the combat."

"That is the office of the challenger."

"Who must signify it to the judge, the marshal of the fight? Who shall tell the priest to offer the mass of expiation?"

"The challenger!"

"And," answered Guglielmo, his voice trembling more and more, "and—the coffin."

"The challenger," answered Calpucio, rising with an agitated countenance. "Curses on my brain, it has never before failed me at need, but it is more restive than a horse reckless of bit and spur. I can see no escape; yet thou wilt be crushed beneath the force of the crusader, as a string of pearls in the hand of a fool."

"Of what use are thy stupid similes," exclaimed Guglielmo, angrily, "do what I have ordered thee, and leave me to myself."

"As you please," muttered Calpucio, as he wrapt the chalice and the offering in cases of leather; "but I shall offer the chalice to St. Martin, with a reserve. If he be not propitious . . ."

"No, no," cried Uberto, "no reserve. If I fall, what import[s] it to me, who possesses it? I shall need but a mass for my sinful soul. Away, I say. But, above all, remember to send me the friar."
"I hope it will be a useless precaution; but you shall be obeyed."

"Useless," demanded Uberto, with a gleam of satisfaction. "Useless, as how?"

"I know—not yet; but the demon who has aided me so often, will surely suggest some expedient to save thee."

So saying, he departed, with the treasures concealed in his cloak—offerings of barbarous devotion in those days.

Guglielmo threw himself on a seat, and leaning his elbow on a table near, was presently absorbed in a medley of harassing thoughts, from which he was roused by seeing before him a brother of the Order of St. Benedict, he, in fact, who was sent by Calpucio, by his master's orders. The monk, meeting with no attendant, had mounted the stairs, and confiding in his holy mission and the important service he was called-upon to exercise, had entered with silent step, and thus surprised Guglielmo in this attitude. Judging according to his own disposition, he believed that the penitent was preparing himself for the confession of his sins, by earnest meditation; and with a gentle voice he uttered a kindly greeting.

"Who art thou? What wouldst thou?" exclaimed Guglielmo, starting-up in fear. "Ah—yes," he continued, pressing his hand on his forehead—"yes, thou art come."

"To receive thy confession, and give thee absolution, if God give me grace to do so, worthily."*

"Yes—I am he who summoned thee. Hast thou the power to absolve every crime?"

"Not all—no; the holy father, alone, can . . ."

"I know—but—a murder, if an involuntary one, couldst thou absolve?"

"Son," replied the monk, with the solemnity that the question demanded, "thou oughtest not to interrogate me in that imperious tone. Throw-thyself on thy knees—relate thy sins—the circumstances which led to their commission. Leave it to the minister of the Lord to weigh thy repentance and examine if he can give thee such absolution as may avail thee in the great day of judgment."*

At these words, a cold shiver ran through the veins of his auditor; he took two or three paces back, as if hesitating; then, putting his hand on his heart, with a low, feeble voice, he said, in murmuring accents:—"Well, be seated. I am ready."

The priest, accordingly, seated himself on a stool, and Guglielmo, kneeling before him, began his confession. The guilty deeds, with which alone we have to do, being already known, we will not violate the sanctity of the confessional, but, at once, transport the reader to the terrace of Tarquin's Tower.

* This is, exactly, what confession and absolution should be, when, surely, there would be little need of questioning the faith, whether of lay-man or of priest.—Ed.
CHAPTER XV.

THE INTERRUPTION.

Tarquin’s Tower, so called, from the tradition that it was erected by Tarquin, the Proud, commanded a spacious terrace, on which the young Tortonese were accustomed, during the period, to exercise-themselves in the use of the bow. Four ancient oaks shed a grateful shadow at the eastern end, and there the aged men of the city were placed, to decide-upon the merits and skill of the archers. Beneath these oaks, might now be seen, an altar of wood, which, for such occurrences as the present, was kept within the neighbouring church of St. Bovon. It was raised upon a platform, covered with silk, and six waxen candles burnt upon its upper step. An open missal lay upon a desk, and the other sacred vessels, necessary for the celebration of mass, according to the ecclesiastical rubric. At the side of the altar was a large seat, covered with scarlet cloth, destined for the judge of the combat. An immense crowd of persons filled all the space which was not enclosed with iron chains; the walls of the city and the summit of the tower were crowded with spectators—for the spectacle was one of deep interest, from the important consequences which it might produce. Towards the hour of nine, the judge chosen to receive the oaths and regulate the combat, preceded by two mace-bearers, and followed by a number of officials, one of whom bore a sword, and another a pair of silver-scales, appeared within the enclosure, and slowly advanced to his post. A moment after, the two champions arrived, with uncovered heads, and unarmed, preceded by two heralds, each bearing an olive branch. They took their places on either side of the altar, and their friends and partisans following them, stopped within twenty paces of the judges’ seat, conversing eagerly together.

Whilst all were engaged in placing-themselves in the most convenient position, the tolling of a bell announced that the priest had left the church of St. Bovon and was approaching the altar. As soon as he had ascended the steps, the two shield-bearers deposited the arms of the combatants upon it, wrapped up in silk, and carefully sealed, the one bound-round with red, the other with blue. The priest then celebrated the mass of expiation—blessed the arms appointed for the combat—administered the sacrament to the two champions—and, probably, lamenting in his heart the barbarity of the proceeding, slowly withdrew from the scene of action.

Up to this time, the people had preserved a respectful silence, but as soon as the priest had quitted the altar, a confused sound arose, and innumerable voices were heard, each communicating to his neighbour his own opinion, as to the probable issue of the combat; and it was observable that the majority were unfavorable to the Uberto.

The voices of the people were, however, presently silenced by the blast of a trumpet, which invited the two champions to advance before the judge. Arrived within three steps of the species of throne, which formed his seat, they paused, and Opizzone, as the supporter of Folchetto, thus addressed the judge:—“Art thou here to judge the combat?”
"I am here for that end," replied the judge.

"Then," resumed Opizzone, "I accuse, at thy tribunal, Guglielmo d’Ubeto, as the infamous seducer of Alice Malaspina, the daughter of Teobaldo."

At these words, Guido Anfossi advanced a step, and raising his arm towards Opizzone exclaimed:—"And I deny it. Guglielmo d’Ubeto is a loyal knight—thy accusation a base calumny."

At this, the judge signalled with his hand, that they should retire some steps; the rivals then accosted each other.

"I affirm and swear," exclaimed Folchetto, "that the accusation is a just and true one."

"I affirm and swear," rejoined Guglielmo, "that ye both lie foully."

"This, justice will decide," interposed the judge. "GOD, the protector of truth and innocence, will give the victory to him who merits it. I decree that the question be decided by combat."

"And by the death of one of us," added Folchetto. "I agree."

"Like words were repeated by Guglielmo, and both, with their arms crossed, awaited until the judge went through those customary forms:—"Folchetto dei Malaspina, Guglielmo degli Uberto, do you swear that you come to the lists with no unlawful aid of poison, or witchcraft?"

"I swear," they both replied.

These words were heard by all present. The heralds were ordered to bring the arms from the altar, and the seals being duly broken, the champions were allowed to receive them.

Just as each combatant, aided by his herald, was being invested with his armour, two men, dressed in long, dark mantles, and their faces concealed in cowls, brought into the midst of the enclosure, a coffin, covered with a black pall, upon which was wrought, in white, a human skull, upon two crossed bones; this was destined to receive the body of the vanquished.

Every formality being, at length, completed—the ground measured—the olive-branches placed upon the line which divided the space into two equal parts—their places chosen for each, there remained nothing to be done, and further delay was superfluous.

The marshals of the lists cast aside the two olive-branches, which had been stuck into the earth, upon the line dividing the arena, and the cry was sent forth of "The field is open," when, from the bottom of the terrace, appeared one on whom all eyes were immediately turned.

It was that of an aged man, tall and emaciated, whose hollow cheeks indicated that his body had long been condemned to severe privations. He was dressed in a long tunic of coarse serge, bound round the waist with a hempen girdle. His feet were bare, excepting a leathern sole, fastened with cords, which defended them from the thorns and stones. He bore in his hand a small, gilt casket; and whilst he was yet at some distance, he raised his arm towards the combatants. He walked rapidly, and when he approached near enough to be heard, he raised his voice and cried:—"Cease—ye ill-advised youths—cease. In the name of HIM who died on
the cross to redeem ye, I bid ye cease." So saying, he arrived breathless before the champions, and placing the box of relics, which he had in his hand, upon the line drawn by the heralds, he continued:—"The fires of hell shall eternally destroy the bones of him who shall dare to pass this boundary, with any intention but that of embracing his enemy. Woe—woe to the sinner who listens—not to the voice of the man of God. Folchetto Malaspina, down with the sword which has been employed in defence of the sepulchre of Christ. Guglielmo degli Uberto, sheath the steel which should be drawn only to defend thy country and the church. Shame on ye who sit in the seat of the wise, and prevent—not these scenes of scandal. Down with your weapons, I say, and embrace each other, weeping bitter tears for your unchristian warfare."

So saying, he seized Folchetto by the hand, and forced him to approach Guglielmo. But it had been easier to unite European and African shores, for Folchetto not only opposed the attempt, firmly, but suspecting that the interruption had been previously arranged by Guglielmo, he assumed an air of contempt and disrespect, seldom shewn to those who were the servants of religion. The same idea had struck, at once, both Opizzone and Anfosso. But the relics placed as a barrier between the foes was an obstacle not easily overcome; for the religion of those days was singularly inconsistent; and, whilst every sacred principle might be disregarded, the bones of a saint possessed an all-powerful influence. Even the Malaspina, who would have followed his opponent into the abyss of hell, itself, felt a secret reluctance to violate the sacred thorn upon which, it was asserted, might be seen a drop of the blood shed for the salvation of mankind; for such was the relic now produced. The judge and the heralds were of opinion, that the two champions could—not despise the adjurations of the good hermit—whose reputation for holiness was universally acknowledged—without incurring the vengeance of heaven. In this perplexity, Opizzone Malaspina, who, with a single glance, foresaw the important consequences of this scene, felt, that if Folchetto gave-way to his wrath, and persisted in the combat, he himself should be forced to relinquish the flattering hopes of the future, which were unfolding to his ambition. To disregard the commands of a man, whom the people regarded with such veneration, would most surely disgust the Plebeians, in whose aid he chiefly confided, and who would never recognise, as their leader, a youth who trampled-under-foot relics of such exceeding sanctity. He instantly, then, decided on withdrawing his kinsman from the lists; and taking his arm, whilst Manfred Anfosso did the like by Guglielmo, the champions were led-off the field.

The people applauded the triumph of the hermit with tumultuous shouts, and accompanied him as he reverently took-up the blessed relics, and slowly entered the church of San Bovon, where he celebrated mass, and gave-his-benediction to the devotees who surrounded him.

Whilst Opizzone used every argument to calm the fury of Folchetto, and to assure him that vengeance was but deferred, Guglielmo, dismissing his partisans, and followed only by Calpucio, hastily ascended the stairs of his palace, and entering the same hall, which, the evening before, had witnessed his apprehension and despair, abandoned-himself to the unrestrained expression of his joy.
"Ha! Ha! Calpucio, thou art a pearl, a jewel, a treasure. May I be hanged if such an expedient would ever have entered my brain. But tell me what suggested to thee a plan, worthy of the most consummate intriguer in the world?"

"Dost thou not think," replied the satellite, "that I am not careful for thy life? Didst thou believe me stupid enough to let thee be strangled in the snare of that cursed Malaspina? Thou mayest well rejoice to have escaped him, for I swear he eyed thee as if he would have devoured thee."

"But," resumed Guglielmo, becoming more serious, "we must remember that the peril is but deferred. How are we safe from an assault to-morrow, or within three days? And what other measures will thy imagination suggest to save my reputation?"

To-morrow, sayest thou? Let the morrow come, we will oppose a barrier that no horse shall leap over. To-morrow, the consuls are chosen, and there can be no combat, then. Seek, in the mean time, a reconciliation with thy uncle. Now that thou art as white as a swan, he will not refuse thee. It is necessary that the people should see thee by the side of the crozier. The veneration that the fools have for the mitre, will extend to thy person, and many will vote for thee, because thy yellow spurs are akin to a pair of purple hose."

"Thou hast reason, Calpucio, and fail not to scatter money amongst the immaculate people; but be sure that I reap of the seed that is sown. Hold, here is a purse well filled."

Calpucio needed not to be bidden twice; he seized it with the readiness of a cat pouncing on a mouse. "May satan," said he, favor us in the undertaking," and he left the presence of his master.
CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMPENSATION.

At the first toll of the great bell of the Duomo, which summoned to the council those of the three orders, who had the privilege of appearing there, the bishop Uberto, in his quality of president, prepared to set-forth. He was arrayed in his pontifical habit—mounted upon a white horse, which Guglielmo had that day the honor to lead. He was surrounded by the canons, priests and choristers; and an immense crowd accompanied the procession to the doors of the church. Arrived there, the bishop ascended the steps of the altar to celebrate mass. A suitable silence reigned in the assembly during the holy sacrifice; but hardly was the benediction given to the people, than a licence was taken for tumult and confusion, and amongst the electors, themselves, there arose a murmur and agitation, which it difficult to describe.

The friends of both parties were not scrupulous in their endeavours to gain adherents, but Calpucio behaved with the utmost effrontery. He distributed the money with which he had been furnished, wherever he deemed it would purchase a vote, though, here and there, his cunning was mistaken, and he had nearly received severe chastisement from more than one of Folchetto’s staunch adherents.

Guido Anfesso, at this time, appeared little disposed to further the triumph of Guglielmo. The scene of the preceding day, on the terrace of Tarquin’s tower, had greatly cooled his fervor, and many of the nobles, although submissive to the desires of the bishop, secretly felt disgust at the base and infamous character of his nephew, so that many determined to vote in favor of Anfesso, and he was not backward in perceiving their propitious dispositions.

“I should be a fool,” argued Guido to himself, “to injure myself for that poltroon, Guglielmo. In the critical state of our city, he would be ill-fitted to rule our helm. It is far better that I should guide it, myself. If Opizzone should call within our walls two hundred of his followers, what would become of us under the guidance of the helpless Uberto, who knows only how to get drunk—blaspheme and betray the women.”

Whilst he thus pondered within himself, there arose a sudden cry, a sound of blows and menaces, which drew his attention towards the platform of the altar, upon which, a moment before, stood Guglielmo and some of his most devoted friends. To explain the cause of this, we must retrace our steps.

When Folchetto and his kinsman, accompanied by some of their party, returned from the lists the preceding day, as they were about to enter their house, they were accosted by a man, apparently just dismounted from his horse, and who asked for Opizzone. He was a messenger from Milan, with dispatches which admitted of no delay, and after consigning one to Malaspina, the messenger hasted to the habitation of the consuls, to deliver others of the same tenor, but communicated formally from the Milanese consuls to those of the allied city.
Opizzone was not tardy in loosening the silken thread which bound the parchment, and reading, aloud, its contents. It appeared that Barbarossa had thrown aside the mask, and had solemnly sworn the destruction of all the corporate cities of Italy; and from Roncaglia, where he had first arrived, he had descended, like a torrent, on Asti, which he was about to burn and level with the ground, and, then, intended to advance on Tortona, which was to be the second victim to his vengeance. The Milanese reminded them, that the time was come, when they must give a sublime proof of their amity. "Union, alone," they said, "could maintain the not-firmly established freedom of the communes, and repel the aggressions of the tyrant. They, therefore, called on the Malaspina to decide, boldly, on a fierce struggle against the nobles, and to side with the popular party, who were the most inclined for warfare.

These counsels induced Opizzone immediately to tempt the ambition of Guido Anfosso, and so to detach him from the side of the Uberto; and, for this purpose, he sent one, in whom he could confide, to smooth-the-way. This, skilfully managed, had wrought its effect upon Guido, as we have seen. Opizzone now allowed the insult, which he had been, but a few hours previously, ready to avenge, to fade in his memory, and leaving Folchetto with his friends, he hastened to the consuls to concert with them on the best method to lead the people to the resolution of opposing the forces of the emperor.

Folchetto, left alone with two bold and impetuous youths, gave free vent to the expression of his rage, and they inflamed each other by invectives against the cowardice of Guglielmo, and their apprehensions, lest he should escape the due reward of his guilt.

Thus passed the remainder of this eventful day, and the following rose without their having come to any decision. The great bell of the duomo had tolled its summons, when the Pasceenasati, one of the youths who had come to accompany Folchetto to the seat of council, uttered a sentence, which acted on the fiery nature of Folchetto, like a spark on tinder:—"In two hours," said he, "revenge must no more be thought of. If war is declared by the consuls, the laws forbid all private quarrel, under pain of death."

Such was, indeed, the law in that time, it being held that all private animosities must yield before the imperative call of public duty.

Scarcely giving any reply to this exasperating observation, Folchetto hastened towards the great church, and in his way met the crowd who accompanied the magnate. He saw his abhorred rival dividing, with his uncle, the applause of the people, and saluting, with familiarity, the high-born dames, who, thronging the balconies, looked down on the pomp below. The young baron burnt with wrath, although he saw that the fair Leonilla scarcely responded to the profound bow of the Uberto. Followed closely by the Pasceenasati, and others of his partisans, he entered into the temple, and subdued his temper sufficiently to assist devoutly at the holy sacrifice; but no sooner was it completed, than he advanced close to the altar, even to the bulustrade which encircled it. Here he observed the busy deportment of the opposite faction, and, above all, the activity of Calpucio, as he sought to gain adherents to his master. He, however, amidst all his officiousness, kept a watchful
eye on the popular party, and when he marked the vicinity of Folchetto, he approached Guglielmo, and, stooping beside him, whispered to him that his enemy was at-hand. Guglielmo feeling triumphant in his present position, surrounded by armed followers, and in the presence of the consuls and the magnate, arose, but made no other reply, than by a contumacious smile, which fell on the heart of Folchetto, inflaming it to double fury.

Being arrived at the spot most favorable for the execution of his vengeance, Folchetto thus addressed the friends of Guglielmo:—“Signors, none of you are ignorant that Guglielmo d’Uberto and I entered the lists, yesterday, for mortal combat. We were separated by a singular occurrence. I know—not how my antagonist submits to the intervention of the holy hermit, by which he was prevented from taking revenge, for the insult which I, deliberately, offered to him in your presence.”

“It was fitting that I should submit,” replied Guglielmo, with assumed boldness, “but the delay does-not discharge the debt; it must needs be increased with interest proportionate. Is it not so, my friends?”

“’Tis well,” cried Folchetto, advancing a step. “Thus I pay, part, and thou mayest return it with interest.”

So saying, he struck Guglielmo twice, with a rapidity which defied avoidance, and with a violence that resounded throughout the building.

At this insult, the greatest that man can receive, Guglielmo snatched the dagger from his bosom, and raised it to aim at the baron, but his ready eye noted the action, and struck the arm, till it vibrated with the blow, and, then, seizing him, he hurled him head foremost down the steps, with such strength and quickness, that Guglielmo sought, in vain, to save himself. He was oppressed by his flowing mantle at disadvantage, from the inequality of the steps, so that he fell with his whole weight on the marble pavement, and, when he regained his feet, his face was streaming with blood.

It may be imagined what commotion and uproar filled the sacred edifice. Swords were drawn, on both sides, though only those nearest the altar were aware of what had really occurred, and it was only by the upraised voices of those immediately concerned, that those at the extreme end, understood that there was feud between the factions. The people, the clergy, the soldiers, the combatants, the consuls, all appeared like the waves of a turbulent sea, agitated by a tempest, blowing from opposite directions, and the tumult became prodigious. At this moment, Opizzone Malaspina arrived, with his band of followers, which, in his quality of official of the great Milanese council, he had the right of entertaining. Finding it impossible to gain an entrance by the great door, he had tried another, near the sacristy, and had thus forced his way into the chancel. It was here that Folchetto and his party were endeavoring to retreat, for he was averse to commit sacrilege in the temple of God, and stood only on the defensive. But without the opportune assistance of Opizzone, it would have been a matter of difficulty, for the episcopal soldiers filled the space, and surrounded the nephew of the bishop, who was supported in the arms of his friends, horribly disfigured with blood, and overwhelmed with shame and pain.
Opizzone succeeded in withdrawing the Malaspina from the tumult, whilst the bishop, raising his voice, imposed on the people to lay-down-their-arms, and leave to the laws the judgment on such an atrocious insult. Amidst such commotion, it was impossible to proceed with the business of the day, and the election was postponed. The magnate returned to the palace, and his unfortunate nephew was conducted home through those very streets, which had so lately witnessed his haughtiness and exaltation. Not all the blood of the Malaspina could cancel the impression of the five fingers on his cheek, so violent had been the blow, and his humiliation was only equalled by the bitterness of his wrath.

Guido Anfasso had carefully abstained from taking any part in this unhappy affair. He foresew, that on himself would now rest the hopes of the two factions, and he awaited the moment to throw-off the mask, and aspire openly to the dignity which he had long desired to fill. He declared his profound indignation to the nobility and clergy; he did-not court the Plebeians; but he spoke of his earnest desire to reconcile the interests of liberty, with the reparation that the Malaspina owed to the magnate for an offence, which entirely precluded him from ever aspiring to the consulate. Under the pretence of discussing this difficult affair, he held, throughout the day, open intercourse with Opizzone, without the nobles in the least doubting the rectitude of his intentions, and Opizzone, on his side, seeing that his own views were, for the present, destroyed, leant to those of Guido, and promised to favor his election to the consulate.
CHAPTER XVII.
PARTY AGITATIONS.

By a singularity, not uncommon in works of this kind, the love-passages are but of a secondary importance, to the events of a military and political complexion; and, for the present, Alice’s fate must still remain in mystery. Although not so lamentable as hers, yet the situation of Leonilla dei Calcinara was not so much envied, for she was in the power of a harsh and ambitious step-mother, who sought to rule her despotically; and there were none in her family who dared to oppose-themselves to the will of the lady Pellegrina. But, although of a gentle and affectionate nature, which might easily have been guided by a silken chain, Leonilla possessed a strength of character, which revolted against coercion, and Folchetto, aware of this, had the less fear of her yielding to a marriage with his rival, and rather turned his whole faculties to obtaining vengeance for the insult towards his sister.

Folchetto had met with Leonilla, in private society, at Tortona, and a mutual affection had sprung-up between them. She had vowed to wed Folchetto, or to remain single; and she was not deterred from making this promise, or alarmed at fulfilling it, by the difficulties which might, probably, arise to their union. Her step-mother had resolved to aggrandize her family, by uniting her with the nephew of the magnate; but she had not, hitherto, disclosed her intentions, so fully, as to give Leonilla an opportunity to declare her unalterable determination.

Leonilla was sitting in her chamber, occupied in some feminine employment, when a distant rumour met her ears, and, looking-forth, she saw, at a distance, in the Piazza del Duomo, the soldiers of Opizzone, escorting a party of the Pasturelli faction, easily distinguishable by the simplicity of their habits. She could discern, towering above the rest, the form of her lover, and she heard the cries of “Pasturelli Malaspina—none shall touch them—liberty for ever.” Cries which had no immediate reference to the events, just past, and which the people raised, merely because they were the usual expressions of their opinions.

Confident, then, in the care and prudence of Opizzone, in restraining the indignant feelings of Folchetto, Leonilla descended to the saloon, the usual resort of the family, just as her step-mother returned from the scene of disturbance, accompanied by Guolame dei Pustella, a hanger-on of the family, though a member of an ancient Roman stock.

Scarcely had the signora Pellegrina crossed the threshold, ere she threw herself upon a seat, and accosted Leonilla in a tone of reproach, as if she had been the cause of the outbreak. “Away,” she cried, “unworthy girl—unworthy of belonging to the pure race of the Calcinara. Oh! heavenly powers! that I should live to witness such horrors!”

“Holy saints,” exclaimed Leonilla, “has any-one dared to raise-a-hand against my father, or your son?”

“No, no,” replied the signora, “no one has dared so far, or the wretch would, before this, have been weltering in his own blood.”
"I conjure you, madam," eagerly questioned Leonilla, to tell me. Signorà dei Pustella—be good-enough to speak."

"Your noble mother, lady," said the old signora, "will, perhaps, allow me to inform you, how, in the church of St. Bovon, and in the presence of the magnate, himself, and of many other distinguished personages, Folchetto Malaspina had the boldness to give two violent blows to the most worthy nephew of the most venerable bishop."

"To Guglielmo d'Uberto," demanded Leonilla?

"Exactly, to the most illustrious Guglielmo." 

"And is that all?" asked the young signora.

"Shades of my ancestors," exclaimed the lady Pelligrina, clasping her hands.

"Sacred dust of my fathers, will ye not rise at the sound of these unheard-of atrocities."

"Wilt thou dare, signora," said the Pustella, interpreting wrongly the apparent indifference of the girl, "wilt thou dare to extend thy hand to a man, who, however suitable by birth, by wealth, and connexion, has publicly received such a mortal insult."

"Oh! no," rejoined Leonilla; eagerly, "never will I so abase myself. I know not what were the intentions of my respected parents, and those of Guglielmo d'Uberto, but if, as I have heard, I was destined ..."

"Insolent creature," exclaimed the signora mother; thinkest thou, I do-not see the joy of thy heart at an event, which covers with shame all those who defend the sacred rights of the nobility. But thy joy shall be of short duration. We will see if thy eyes will sparkle as brightly, when they close, only, in the cloisters of a convent."

Leonilla received this intemperate reproof with dignified silence. She crossed-her-hands upon her bosom, and fixed her eyes upon the floor, when the sound of persons ascending the stairs, drew-forth again the anger of her step-mother, and she bid the young signora retire to her chamber, nor dare come-forth without her express command.

Leonilla made a profound reverence, and obeyed with slow and measured steps.
CHAPTER XVII.

THE SENTENCE.

Less prompted to betray itself by outward demonstration, but not the less to be dreaded, was the indignation of the magnate. Although he was well aware that the dissolute habits of his nephew had drawn this outrage upon him, yet he felt a terrible blow would be given to the episcopal power, if it were suffered to pass unpunished. He weighed the respective dangers of attacking the favorite of the people—a man of Folchetto's birth, influence and merit—and allowing the sanctity of the Church, and its ministers, to be infringed with impunity; and he judged the hazard must be encountered, rather than the sacerdotal power in any wise injured.

Shut-up in his closet, with a few, chosen friends, the matter was deliberated on, and the modes of action fully discussed. Great obstacles were presented, in the high reputation of the offender; the crusader's cross which he bore on his shoulders; the danger of the state; the influence of the popular faction; and the friendship of Opizzione for his kinsman. But as the visible head of the church, the bishop held in reserve such weapons, which were of great efficacy in those days, how much so ever they might be disregarded in the present times.

It was determined, then, that an order should be issued for the election of the new consuls, on the following Saturday. This was one of the few prerogatives annexed to the office of president of the great council, and, to use it on the present occasion, was no small proof of courage and firmness. A notice was accordingly sent to each member of the council, worded with more of the humility of a pastor, than the imperiousness of a prince, praying them to assemble on the morrow, after the sacred offices, to take into their mature consideration the course of action which he believed—himself called upon to pursue, not as magnate, not as a Uberto; but as an unworthy ruler of the church, to whom was committed the care of the sacred relics.

It was, truly, a fine stroke of policy to separate the question from all that could interest the self-love of the people, and to consider it only in a spiritual sense. The nobles, though in their own castles, and surrounded by their vassals, fully capable of maintaining an advantage over the Plebeians, lost this superiority in the city, where the people had the power of barricading the streets with chains; assaulting them from roofs and windows; and arming themselves with various weapons. The Bishop, then, had reason, when he sought to conciliate them, as much as was consistent with his dignity on the present occasion.

Guglielmo was irreparably lost, so that the party of the nobles, without fear of favoring the ambitious views of the magnate's family, might unite with him, and, by keeping friends with the bishop, further their own views, under his sanction. But he, without either refusing or accepting their offers, resolved, first, to try, the strength of the weapons which he, himself, had the power of wielding.
The following day, the council assembled in the presence of the people, and, after
the holy offices were completed, received an invitation, in the name of the bishop.
The bishop, himself, was seated on the pontifical throne, the three consuls before
him, in presence of a good number of the members of council, whilst the people
occupied the body of the building, and the seats of the tribunes were crowded with
ladies. To the right of the altar sat Opizzone, but he was present, only, as a
private individual, as the matter was one in which the republic was-not concerned.

When all were assembled, and in their places, the magnate arose. He spoke with
the tone of one, constrained by a sense of duty to a painful office, and he dwelt on
the sad effects of private dissension. He said that he put-aside the consideration
that the insult was given to a Uberto—to his own nephew—he left to the equity
of the council to judge what reparation was due to the sufferer. He stood, there,
solely as a protector of the church and the altar. The criminal, he continued, was
of high birth, powerful by his adherents, his merits and his valor; a worthy main-
tainer of the rights and privileges of the people, and, therefore, more peculiarly
bound to give a strict account of his actions. Yet, on the very steps of the altar,
he had raised his arm against his enemy, and sprinkled the sacred precincts with
blood. "For this," he continued, "I accuse your champion, my beloved flock in
Christ, and, at your tribunal, I accuse him. Yourselves shall judge him. What
aid can be expected from on High, if your leaders are contaminated by sacrilege
and blood? I, myself, will lay-down the symbols of my august dignity, until the
insult is effaced, that was committed on the very steps of the tabernacle."

So saying, he gave the mitre and the crosier into the hands of a priest, who
placed them reverently upon the altar. The oldest of the three consuls then arose,
and replied to the bishop, that it might easily have been seen on their countenances,
how great was their consternation at the scene to which he alluded. That, however
the people were attached to their leader, they were too deeply impressed with a sense
of justice to deny to their prince and pastor a just and reasonable reparation,
and that he invited his colleagues to take the question into consideration, and to
pronounce a suitable sentence.

At this moment, a voice from amongst the people cried, "Remember that the
council cannot condemn without the presence of the accuser and the accused.
Summon Folchetto Malaspina and Guglielmo degli Uberto."

This proposal disconcerted the magnate and the nobles. If it were agreed-to,
their plans would be disconcerted. And, by ill luck, another voice seconded the
proposal, and used an expression, which drew a universal shout of mirth from the
crowd—"Yes, yes, well said, summon hither the hand and the cheek."

It is-not the first time that a jest has deranged an important question. The
hand and the cheek cited to judgment, recalled the people to their first disposition,
and all the eloquence of the bishop would have been displayed in vain, if the consuls
had-not declared the meeting dissolved, for the purpose of examining further into
the affair, and being thereby enabled to give a more equitable sentence.

There was a cry from the people;—" We condemn him to celebrate a low mass
and to pay for a high one."
Another said:—“Guglielmo gets easily off for a couple of hard knocks, if he has used treachery to a noble damsel. A pint of vinegar and a plaster is all the recompense he deserves. Thus bantering, they dispersed, expecting that their favorite would be condemned to the payment of a few, gold pieces and a fine, for the holy water necessary for the purification of the church; but, on the following day, a sentence was affixed to the great entrance, which astonished the chief part of the citizens, contributed to the flame of discord, which already burnt amongst the Plebeians, the nobility, and the clergy. It was as follows:—

MCLIV.

THE 30TH DAY OF OCTOBER.

"Folchetto Malaspina, captain of the people, having violated the sacred rights of citizenship, the respect that every christian owes to the temple of the Lord—to the magnate—the consuls and the nobility, abusing the power that God has committed to him for the defence of his country and of religion, by assaulting, on the 28th day of October, in the great Duomo, the noble Guglielmo degli Uberto, and striking him on the face, whilst standing peaceably with his friends on the steps of the altar, in the presence of the magnate, the clergy, the electors, the nobles, the people, and of us, the consuls of the republic. Whereupon, we give the following sentence:—

"We decree, first, that Folchetto Malaspina, Azzo Pascennati and Alberto Cortoli, his accomplices and followers, shall appear on Sunday, the 7th day of November, in the great church, with ropes round their necks, to ask public forgiveness of the noble magnate and his offended nephew, Guglielmo degli Uberto, of the clergy, the nobles and the people. We further decree, that this public penance completed, they shall all three be exiled from the Tortonesi state, nor shall it be permitted Folchetto Malaspina to return under six years, nor to his followers, aforesaid, until the next Palm Sunday. We forbid them, after the term of exile is past, to inhabit dwellings defended with tower or rampart, or to bear arms, of any sort, under the penalty of twenty pieces of gold for each transgression. We decree, finally, that the windows of the habitation of Folchetto Malaspina shall be closed with lime and mortar, in signal of disgrace and contumely."

On reading this, the people uttered a shout of rage and astonishment, announcing that the moment was not yet arrived for their subjection. The sentence was torn into a thousand pieces; the masons, who had proceeded to the house which Folchetto inhabited in the city, to close-up the windows, were forced to flee, leaving their tools behind them, and "It is an illegal sentence," was heard on all sides. "The people are supreme—Folchetto Malaspina is their captain. Away with the higher powers, and maintain the franchise." Alarmed at the fury of the populace, the nobles shut-themselves within their palaces, whilst the priests took-refuge in the churches. A deputation of thirty armed artisans took-the-road to the castle of Montebore, to conduct the Malaspina back in triumph to Tortona, or to defend his castle, if any there were, bold enough to attempt the fulfilment of the decree.
CHAPTER XIX.

FAMILY COUNSELS.

Accompanied by his followers, Folchetto had returned to Montebo. Joy sparkled in his bright, black eye, nor was it lessened by the certainty that the act which he had committed must for ever destroy all his ambitious hopes. He found his father and Stull in the most anxious state of expectation, for they had not heard anything but the uncertain rumours of the city, from the mouths of chance-comers, and Teobaldo met his son with a countenance, expressive at once of his grief for his daughter, and his desire of vengeance.

"Ah," he exclaimed, seizing Folchetto's hand, doubtless thou returnest worthy of the name of Malaspina. The infamous assassin of our honor, and of my poor daughter, lies he not six feet deep beneath the earth?"

"No, Father, no; he lives."

"Heaven be praised, "ejaculated the Fleming.

What," roared the baron. Stull, how darest thou? Ah Folchetto; he lives, and thou seest again the spot, resounding with the sighs of thy betrayed sister. What meanest thou, my son. Explain thy words, I beseech thee.

Folchetto then commenced his narration, and, as he proceeded, delight and satisfaction, shone in the face of the baron. It was long before he could compose himself, sufficiently, to take a calm view of the probable consequences of this event.

To secure-themselves from the offended power of the priesthood, it was necessary to proceed cautiously, but before they could come to any decision, they must await the instructions of Opizzone, and the issue of his management. It was, therefore, agreed, to send the faithful Valentino to Tortona, and, as far as their means admitted, to place the castle in a state of defence.

In the mean time, the intended alliance between the debased Guglielmo and Leonilla dei Calcinar, was entirely broken-off; but the haughty Pellegrina determined to satisfy to the utmost, her hatred for her hapless step-daughter. Now that she could not aggrandize her family by the marriage which she had projected, she resolved that the wealth, of which she was the legitimate heiress, should not enrich the detested family of the Malaspina, but that Leonilla should be immured in a convent: and she had easily succeeded in obtaining the consent of her imbecile husband. At the very moment, when Leonilla, shut-up in her chamber, was trembling for the consequences of her lover's rashness, even whilst she rejoiced at being freed from the menaced alliance, she was summoned to the family sitting-room, to receive an important announcement from the lips of the baron. There was assembled a species of tribunal, the members of which, by their stiff and serious deportment, promised no very agreeable conference.
The lady Pellegrina, was seated beside the old baron; her son Titinnio, and her constant attendant, Pustella, stood near them: the latter looked as if she would fain please one party, without offending the other, and Titinnio opened his great, vacant, blue eyes, as if he could-not at all comprehend the meaning of the scene before him. Leonilla entered with downcast eyes, but an air of dignity, which gained her no favor from her step-mother. Rightly judging her to be the person, from whose lips were to proceed whatever was to distress and annoy her, she advanced and paused before her, making a profound reverence, expressive of due respect, but with no air of fear or humility.

"Turn to your father," said the lady Pellegrina, with an air of affected indifference, "it is he, not I, who is to pronounce your fate."

"My fate," repeated Leonilla, with surprise.

"Your fate; yes, signora," said the baron. "Dost thou find matter for ridicule, in the law which gives a father authority to decide on the fate of his children?"

"I. No, signor; but..."

"But what. Be silent, girl, and let me speak."

Leonilla advanced towards her father.

"Back, back," cried the old man. "Wouldst thou suffocate me? Where is thy respect, I say? So—at a proper distance. So, young lady, thou hast failed in respect to your lady-mother, listening with impertinent content to the horrible insult committed on him, whom we had chosen, and who would have honored you—that is—although the pure blood thou inheritest from me, thy father; and, although the lustre shed on thee from thy noble step-mother—yet, owing to my former, lamentable weakness—I would not blame the deceased—but, briefly—thou were but unworthy on your mother's side, to form such an alliance, which would have fulfilled my utmost ambition."

Here the baron coughed, as if to take-breath, and looked-round for approbation. The lady Pellegrina coughed, to conceal her spite—the Pustella coughed, instead of speaking, and Titinnio coughed, because the others did. Leonilla stood in breathless expectation of the rest of a discourse, which she would have answered, had it been spoken by any other than by her father.

After a moment’s silence, the baron resumed:—"The insult offered by the villain Folchetto, to the person of the noble youth, no longer permits that a union between you can be completed, because my wife says—that is, I say—that a man who has borne two blows in public, can never again appear until the stain is washed-out, in blood: in short, Guglielmo degli Uberto can no longer receive your hand; but neither shall you be the spouse of any other, because, as my wife says, decorum and convenience so decreed. And, therefore, my wife—that is, I, order that you shall take-the-veil; but I leave you the choice of the monastery, in which you prefer to take the vows, warning you, however, that I have already spoken with the abbess of Santa Chiara, to receive you as a novice, tomorrow."

Leonilla answered—not a syllable to this intimation. She rejoiced, too sincerely, at her escape from the detested nuptials, to feel much distress at her new destination; besides that the noviciate extended to a year, and, in those days, so many events
occurred in such a space of time, that means would, probably, be found, to free her from perpetual confinement within the holy walls. The silent resignation of the girl did not appear to satisfy her step-mother, who indulged in many cutting observations on the cruel necessity that forced a tender father to place his only daughter in a convent, and to reap no better compensation for nineteen years of care and anxiety.

"The will of God be done," exclaimed the poor baron. "I always found in Leonilla an obedient child, who consoled me in affliction—who nursed me when sick—and—and—" here the tears choked his voice, and Leonilla, whose heart was directly touched, threw herself at his feet:—"Ah, father," she exclaimed, embracing his knees, you kill me with such words."

"Silence," cried her step-mother, eager to avoid any approach to tenderness on either side. "Nobody raises a finger at thee. Kill thee, indeed. Rise, instantly, and return to thy chamber: dispose-thyself to obedience, and mark the words of thy father, that thou wilt dine, tomorrow, in the convent of Santa Chiara. The baron was silent, and Leonilla, disdaining to reply to her step-mother, rose from her knees, and curtseying, respectfully, to her father, left the room. The old man looked after her with a sorrowful expression, yet he muttered:—"She will be very happy, they say, in the convent, and some day or other she will be the prioress, or, may-be, the abbess."
CHAPTER XX.

THE CONVENT OF SANTA CHIARA.

The convent was a noble building, within the city walls, and the inmates were of the severe order of Santa Chiara. But the severity of the rules was more in theory than practice, and the Abbess had the power of dispensing with penance and fasting, according as she deemed it expedient. The present superior was a woman of rank and education, who had been led to take the monastic vows, more by the influence of an aunt, herself a nun, than any vocation of her own, and who, discovering her mistake, too late, had passed many a long year in subduing her longing after the world, which she had so rashly relinquished: Having been raised to the highest position in the convent, she never forgot her own, sad sacrifice and struggles, to bring her mind to a proper state of resignation and religious calm, and, in all cases, when the girls of noble families were entrusted to her care, with the view of their taking the holy vows, she represented to them the full extent of the sacrifice, and the painful duties they bound-themselves to perform.

We will first present her to our readers, engaged in an office of this nature. A young girl, whose countenance, though beautiful, appeared marked with excessive sorrow, was the object of her maternal solicitude:—"believe me," said the abbess, in a gentle and sweet voice, believe me, you may still be happy in the world, which you seek to abjure."

Oh, mother!" answered the girl, with a deep sigh, "was happiness ever the portion of filial disobedience?"

"No, my child, but I do-not hold you to be as guilty as you deem yourself to be. I have penetrated into your inmost heart, and I see that if you fell for a moment, you recovered-yourself nobly. St. Peter, that blessed saint, was guilty, but he repented, and was forgiven."

"My conscience, mother, holds a different language. Sleep fell from my eyes, from the day when I freed-myself from the parental authority, and punishment followed my crime, as darkness succeeds to the day. No, I can never again enter the world, which so abused my inexperience. I see the menacing hand of my brother, the averted looks of an angry father, and, at the foot of the altar, only, can I hope to regain the peace which I have lost."

"My sweet child! Oh, may God pardon him who betrayed thee—yet, believe, believe me, the future will again shine-forth for thee, in brightness: think, too, of the misery of thy dear father, and that grief for thy loss may lead him to an untimely grave."

At these words, the drooping creature bowed her head, as immersed in deep meditation.

"My poor father," she exclaimed, at last, "let him be for ever ignorant of my existence, that if the voice of his honor cries "she is guilty," another may answer "but she is dead."
"Thy supposed death, my child, will be avenged. Thinkest thou thy brother would rest until the injury was effaced from thy name, and dost thou desire blood should be shed in thy defence?"

"Ah no, excepting it were mine own."

"Well, then, let thy father, thy brother, cease to weep for thy fate, let them cease to plan vengeance and crimes. Let them be informed that thou livest and art safe."

"Ah, no," interrupted the unhappy girl, in terror "they might think ..."

"What, my child, believest thou they would suppose thou hadst taken-refuge with thy betrayer?"

At the words, the girl raised her head proudly. "Who would dare believe so," she asked, with the tone that innocence, alone, has a right to assume. "Who would dare even to think it." Ah, mother, forgive me. I am humbled, but not degraded."

The good abbes tenderly embraced her.

"I will not oppose you, further, my child, but I insist that you abstain from the irrevocable vow, until meditation and composure have restored you to the perfect use of a mind, now wounded from distress and remorse."

"And how long do you require?"

"Oh, mother! abridge the term, I beseech thee, and let me be freed from this weary world and its concerns."

But the abbes was firm, and whilst she soothed her charge, with all a mother's tenderness, she recommended her to gain the mastery over her feelings, by means of prayer and gentle resignation, and having again embraced her, she dismissed her to her cell.

A moment afterwards, a cry of surprise, and almost of terror, struck on the ear of the abbes, who hastily proceeding to discover the cause, was astonished at seeing the young novice nearly fainting in the arms of another female, equally young and fair, who ceased not to kiss her pale checks. It was Leonilla dei Calculara, who, led by a happy fatality to the same roof which sheltered Alice, found there the friend of her infancy, whom she had wept, as lost, or separated from her for ever. An old sister of the convent was endeavoring to separate them with an illnatured perseverance, strangely contrasted with the mild and gentle deportment of the abbes.

Leonilla had been that morning conducted to the convent by her step-mother. The mother of the novices, Genevieve, an aged woman of eighty, whose temper was none of the sweetest, had received her; and the self-possessed dignity of Leonilla did not at all suit her ideas of the requisite submission and obedience which she exacted from her flock.

Indignant at the manner in which she had been dismissed from her father's house, she had ascended the flight of steps leading to the entrance of the convent, with the air of a Vashti; not a tear moistened her eye; and, coldly bowing to her guide, she followed in silence to the apartment, where she was to remain, until summoned to the presence of the abbes.
"Santa Chiara, protect us," said mother Genevieve, crossing herself. "Young Moabitess, why, how thou art dressed. Silver brocade and silks, fit for the vestment of a bishop. I marvel—not at thy haughty eye and proud looks. The devil has spread his snares for thee, and will hold thee fast in these glittering vanities and gew-gaws."

"The mode of dress, signora, that it pleases thee to disapprove, is such as I have been accustomed to wear in my father's house, but if I am condemned to pass my days within these walls, I shall conform to the rules of your house, with little regret for either the silks or brocade, which seem so offensive in your sight."

"You are very bold, young lady, very bold, but the demon of pride has got-hold of you, and, indeed, your lady-mother assured me you were a Lucifer in petticoats."

"What you term pride, signora, I designate rather as conscious innocence, and a well-grounded expectation of receiving from all discerning persons, such treatment as I feel I deserve."

"Better and better. You are quite a heroine, it seems—a lady fit to bestow weapons on courtly knights—such a damsel as figures in the chronicles of archbishop Turpin—an Argolica, a Moranda, or a Flandrina. Ah! ah!"

"I know none of those persons, signora, nor had I supposed I should become acquainted with them here, where I believed very different chronicles were studied."

"Silence, insolent. Who taught thee..." but, at this moment, the door opened, and Alice appeared, at the sight of whom, Leonilla sprang past the old nun, at the hazard of disturbing her equilibrium, and threw her arms round the neck of her friend. There was little time for the anger of mother Genevieve to work any vexatious effects, since the cry of Alice, at a meeting so unexpected, brought, as we have said, the holy mother, herself, who being well aware of the irritable temper of the old nun, calmly dismissed her, whilst she assured her she would answer for the entire submission of the novices to her authority.

Left alone with the two friends, the abbess soothed them both, and gave them the consolation of assuring them of the free enjoyment of each other's society; and Alice, although her melancholy was invincible, could not be insensible to the satisfaction of reposing her sorrows in the bosom of her favorite friend.
CHAPTER XXI.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

The defenders of the castle of Montebore were in deep consultation as to the means of defending it, when the sentinel, on the summit of the great tower, announced that a band of armed men, whose numbers could not be ascertained, from the inequalities of the road, were advancing. These were the party before-mentioned, which, animated by the popular enthusiasm, came to offer their services to Folchetto, either in defence or attack. But Malaspina refused to take-advantage of their generous devotion, both from a reluctance to arm brother against brother, and that he was satisfied at having fully chastised the insolence of his hated antagonist. And this determination, doubtless, spared much immediate dissension. The bishop, although he plainly perceived that his own position became, each day, one of greater difficulty, shewed a resolution to maintain his rights, and fulfil his decrees. He caused the windows of the house, inhabited by Folchetto, in the city, to be stopped, at night; and that no one might dare to unc lose them, each was marked with a cross, surmounted with the episcopal staff. He further published an edict on his own authority, announcing Folchetto Malaspina, outlawed, for his profanation of holy things, and he menaced the whole city with interdict, if any of the citizens should presume to oppose the execution of the sentence promulgated against him. Such a menace could not fail of its effect upon the people. The days of delay granted to Malaspina, passed in a species of gloom and depression. The Plebeians dared not murmur, whilst the nobles awaited the event of the succeeding Sunday, persuaded that the young baron would never present-himself, to submit to the imposed penance, and determined to enforce with all their power the acts of rigor with which the magistrate purposed to proceed, should he prove contumacious. But what more than all surprised the people, and the other classes, was, that Opizzone moved— not a step—at least, openly— to avert the evil from the head of his young kinsman. A complete cessation of action prevailed over the whole city, like the calm preceding a tempest. The inhabitants of Montebore, however, seeing that the popular faction was intimidated by the menaces of the magistrate, only redoubled their activity, to place the castle in the best state of defence, of which it was capable, and awaited the hour, when the secret intentions would be disclosed, of a prince, who called himself a member of the sacred, German empire.

The consequences of the vigorous proceedings of the bishop, were not, however, the only ones that might have been fatal to the Malaspina. In the silence of darkness, revenge sharpened his dagger, and the young chief would have been its victim, had not a secret hand averted the blow.

In the night of Friday, previous to the day when Folchetto and his two principal adherents were cited to perform public penance for their crime, the Fleming reposed
upon his bed, in a sleep, somewhat disturbed with his anxious fears for the morrow. About two hours after midnight, the measured step of a person was heard crossing the anti-chamber of his room; and the turning of the bolt of his door effectually roused him from his slumbers. His horror may be imagined, when he perceived a figure, like a phantom, wrapt in a sort of shroud, like that on a corpse prepared for interment; a red head-dress concealed part of the face; one hand gathered around the folds of the mantle, the other, held a small lanthorn, whose uncertain light glimmered faintly in the profound darkness.

The phantom advanced slowly to the terrified Stull, and, raising the light to his face, thus addressed him:—"Signor Stull, dost thou know me?" but he was too much alarmed to reply, though his unclosed lips uttered a faint murmur.

"Coward—all cowards—rich, poor, learned, ignorant, wise, fools—all alike—a vile race. Must I declare my name? Dost thou not know me? Curses on him," she continued, "he is in a swoon. Why, signor Stull, hast thou no heart, man? 'Tis strange, I who could see, unmoved, the whole human race die in agony, am forced to aid this stupid heap of dust to regain his breath, to complete the work of my redemption. Ha! What a word in the mouth of... but the last breath will be drawn if I delay to succour."

In truth, the paleness of death was spread over the face of the good Fleming, when the strange woman, depositing her lamp upon the floor, drew-forth a small leather-case, containing a crystal bottle, which she held to his nostrils; then drawing a sharp bodkin from her bosom, she began to puncture him in various parts of his body, with a speed and dexterity worthy of the first of practitioners.

These methods were very effectual in recalling Stull to himself. He sneezed violently, then raised-himself on the mattress, with extended hands, to avert the further application of such pungent remedies, whilst he endeavored to utter some Latin words, probably a form of exorcising an evil spirit.

"Art thou mad," demanded Pattumeia, for it was she. "What art thou scared-at? That I should bear thee with me to the burning pit?"

"Alas, good mother; speak—not such words."

"Good mother! Evil be to all the mothers who merit the name. But there is no time to lose. Collect thy scattered senses, and listen to what I shall say. As soon as the dawn streaks yonder hills, rise from thy den and seek Folchetto. Tell him that I counsel him to leave the castle before sun-set, and retire, instantly, to his uncle, the Abbot. Before sun-set, dost thou hear me? If his father, and thou, would avoid a bloody fate, ye must accompany him. But what have I to do with thee. My vow obliges me to preserve but one,—nevertheless,—I could pluck this unworthy, weak heart from my bosom. Depart, then, all of ye, to the abbey of St. Precipiano. There is little hardship in consorting with these fat monks, I trow. Keep strict silence, Signor Stull, on this meeting, or thou shalt eternally repent. Tell Folchetto, that, at Precipiano, he shall hear tidings of the lost-one. No! I will say no more." So saying, the strange being took-up her lamp, and turned to depart,—but Stull, who, by this time, had regained a portion of courage, exclaimed,

"Heaven shed its blessings on thy head, if thou speakest the truth. But where-

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fore didst thou not seek Folchetto, himself, and give him thy directions; wherefore didst thou terrify the soul of a poor priest..."

"Fool," retorted the witch, as she turned her flashing eyes upon the Fleming, "thinnest thou I would have entered thy den, if I could have gained-entrance to Folchetto."

Then thou didst-not enter by unhallowed means, "cried Stull, comforted by the admission," but, wherefore, if thou canst-not reach him, to-night, wherefore not accost him to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, I shall be far off.—Where treachery sharpens the knife, where none, without me, can penetrate, who have-not sworn to sacrifice the Malaspina on the altar of vengeance."

"Merciful heavens! But how hast thou entered."

"I told thee before, that I needed-not that the drawbridge should be lowered for me; for me, who sit here and there, at my will, and yet I am skin and bone; skin and bone, that the earth should long since have covered: but that a vow must be fulfilled, in favor of one, which the tongue hath uttered, which curses all beside."

She ceased, and passing through the door disappeared.

Long did Stull remain half-unconscious, whether he had had a fearful vision, or beheld a reality, but the smart of the deep punctures in his body, made him lay-aside his uncertainty. Sarecly had the morning dawned, when he hastened to the chamber of Folchetto, whom he found already risen, and preparing to superintend the defences of the castle. He listened, at first, with incredulity, to the Fleming's strange narration, nor did he yield-belief, until he beheld the livid marks of the sharp bodkin, so pitilessly used by Pattumeia. He was forced, too, to admit the probability that she was cognizant of a secret entrance into the castle. A fact by no means of light import at the present juncture, and he determined at the first leisure moment, to institute a strict search for this concealed passage. It appeared that this singular personage had no present intention to use her knowledge to the injury of the family, but there could be no security for the acts of so wild and extraordinary a being, of one, who seemed actuated by a demoniacal hatred to all mankind. What could be the secret tie, which led her to sympathize with himself, he knew-not. Stull had said that she spoke of a vow; but a cloud of mystery hung over the whole. Folchetto was pondering-over her directions, when Valentino arrived at the castle with a brief dispatch from Opizione, eagerly recommending an immediate removal to the monastery, with Teobaldo and Stull. He spoke of no personal danger; but he said they must rely on the wisdom of his counsel, which would hereafter become apparent. Folchetto had scarcely made-out the somewhat uncouth character of his kinsman, when there arrived another messenger, bearing a letter from his uncle, Giordano, the abbot, as follows:—

"Beloved nephew. I, the abbot of Precipiano, salute and bless you. I have heard with satisfaction, that you have washed in blood, the face of that graceless youth, who would have robbed your nest. And I have heard, moreover, the sentence that the magnate has published against you. Dear nephew, submit-not to it, but come and shelter-yourself beneath the roof of my monastery. I would talk to ye, in confidence, on the execution
of an idea, on which my old head has long been working. I have, also, to tell you, that the poor dove, thy sister, has taken-refuge at the foot of the altar: of this, I had notice from a pious abbess, who confided it in a parchment, buried in a mass of sweet paste—a present indicating pious good-will. Come, then, without fail, before night-fall, with my good brother and the learned Stull; delay-not, or it may be, that all my authority will not suffice to save a square inch of the walls of this famous pasty for thy gratification.

Thy loving Uncle,
GIORDANO MALASPINA."

It would have been mere obstinacy not to have yielded to these repeated counsels, and confiding the defence of the castle to their faithful followers, Corolli and Pascemasmati, the three once more sought-shelter beneath the hospitable roof of the abbey of San Precipiano.
CHAPTER XXII.

THE NOCTURNAL EXPEDITION.

It was about midnight, when a party of eight or nine men, armed with swords and daggers, and enveloped in dark mantles, traversed, in silence, the skirts of the wood, which flanked the western side of the castle of Montebore. The skies were covered with clouds, through which the faint light of a seven-days’ moon, dimly struggled. A sea-breeze rustled in the dry leaves of the chestnuts; deadening the sounds of the steps of the men who were guided on their way by a female, who, by her free and unhesitating pace, seemed well-acquainted with the locality. Having reached a spot which commanded a view of the entrance to the castle, she paused, and addressing the two, who appeared to be the leaders of the party, she abruptly said:—“It is by the great portal that ye would enter, is it not?”

“Come, come, Pattumeia,” replied one of them, whom she had spoken to, “let us have no untimely jesting. Remember, we can cast thee from this precipice, if thou art capricious, so, forward, and gain the reward of fair dealing.”

“I care not for thy miserable gold,” retorted the woman, sullenly, “neither for thy dagger’s point. But, enough—let us proceed.”

“By the concealed way, and no other.”

“Yes, yes,” she replied, with a bitter smile, “Guglielmo degli Uberto and his brave companion may chance to come-forth, feet-foremost, from the grand portal; but, doubtless, they shall enter only by the postern door.”

So saying, she resumed her office of guide, walking so fast, that the troop could scarcely keep-pace with her; nor did she stop until she reached the external walls of the moat. At a part which was shadowed by a clump of old oaks and ivy, she directed the men to affix a ladder of cords, with which they were provided, and by this she herself ascended, followed by the rest, and crossing the moat, on the other side, arrived at the postern-door.

Nothing broke the profound silence, but the sighing and whistling of the wind; and Pattumeia, taking from her girdle a large key, unclosed the small, concealed door, with difficulty, and entered into a narrow passage, which hardly allowed one person to pass-along it. Here she lit a small lamp, and they proceeded to ascend a flight of stairs, extremely steep and narrow, so that the party could follow, only in file. Having reached the last step, Pattumeia, turning to Guglielmo, said:—“Wilt thou proceed at the head of thy men? Now thou knowest the way as well as I do myself.”

“No, no,” replied Guglielmo. “I do not remember these cursed passages. Proceed—proceed—but cautiously. Where are we, now?”

“Thou hast passed here, twice, signor Calpucio; thou canst direct thy master; but speak freely, for this wing of the castle is abandoned to the evil spirits. Ye may enter, if ye will, the chamber of the deceased Rodegonda, where, doubtless, her ghost resorts, nightly. Out with thy dagger, signor, to make-war on the bats. On that side,
The Castle of Montebore:—An Historical Romance, 12th Century.

sir Guglielmo, as surely, thou knowest, is the corridor, leading to the apartment of your—shall I call her—spouse! Ah, poor Alice! But the dagger of her brother will be in thy heart quickly, if thou darest to assert, even, that thy lips have tasted her cheek. Ha! Ha!"

"Silence, hag," exclaimed Calpucio. "If thou raiseth such a din, we shall be discovered."

"Fear-not, I tell thee; but mark this door—it leads direct to the armoury; if thou needest a stouter cor-let to save thee from the point of a spear. And there—silence—is the chamber of the Fleming; if thou wilt begin with him . . ."

"No, no," said Guglielmo, "I want no dealings with that fool. Lead on," and the whole party continued to follow Pattumeia in silence.

The architecture of the castle was such, that a straight line had seldom been attained. All the corridors were curved, and so intermingled, that, to pursue them to any fixed end, was perplexing in the extreme. They were, therefore, some time traversing through this wing, and arriving at the southern front, which, alone, was now inhabited. An enormous, iron grating, open on its hinges, separated it from the part which they had traversed; and, having reached this, Pattumeia stopped, and giving her lantern to Guglielmo, she whispered:—""My office is completed. Yonder door opens into the chamber of Folchetto; that, into the baron's. Slaughter—destroy—fill yourselves with blood. May the arch-demon, himself, come to aid thee, whilst I revel in destruction, and dance upon the palpitating carcasses."

So saying, she retired to the extremity of the passage, beyond the grating, muttering some words, which had no particular sense for the ears which heard them.

Although her precipitate retreat displeased Guglielmo, this was not the time to oppose her inclination; time was precious; and, unsheathing their daggers, they divided their forces, and entered the apartments of their enemies. Inflamed with hatred, and the desire of revenge, Guglielmo, bending over the bed of Folchetto, plunged his dagger repeatedly into the coverlid and mattrass, whilst Calpucio did the same in the other chamber, without, at first, discovering that both were unoccupied.

The transports of rage into which Guglielmo fell, can be easier imagined than described; and Calpucio, whose heart palpitated as much with fear as disappointment, was forced to subdue his own feelings, and urge upon his master the necessity of an immediate retreat—endeavoring to soothe him with the reflection, that his vengeance was but deferred. Exerciting all the saints in heaven, and cursing all the demons of hell, for having assisted the objects of his hatred, Guglielmo and his followers retraced the corridor, with far less precaution than they had used in their first approach. But when Calpucio reached its termination, he was suddenly stopped; he turned deadly pale; a cry died upon his lips—the iron grating was closed! With a trembling hand, he tried one of the solid bars, but it was firm as a rock; and the truth becoming apparent to all, they united in a storm of menaces and oaths. After the first explosion of wrath was subsiding, one of the body suggested that there might be another outlet, and they set-themselves to search by the feeble light of their solitary lanthorn, but, in vain; the windows, or, rather, loopholes, were high
in the wall, and barred strongly with iron, and the opposite end of the corridor was fastened with another grating, which had been unobserved, before, in the gloom, it having been then unclosed.

Every hope was, now, vain, of recovering their liberty; and whilst Guglielmo and Calpucio indulged in bitter recrimination, the remainder of the party, with the thoughtlessness and recklessness, so characteristic of the retainers of the nobles in those times, wrapt-themselves closer in their dark cloaks, and threw-themselves upon the hard floor, in patient, or sullen expectation of the events of the future. Calpucio, who listened angrily to his master's unlimited abuse, at last interrupted him with:—

"Instead of casting all the blame upon me, signor, it would be more just to invoke thy maledictions upon the cursed witch who has led us into this snare."

"And in the name of the great demon, where is she?" cried Guglielmo. Patumeia, where art thou? Answer, I say, or I will tear thee piece-meal."

"She has had the foresight to put the iron grating between us," said Calpucio.

"Evil to him who forged its bars."

Guglielmo, for the first time, awakened to a sense of the treachery and deceit by which the wise witch of Varenilla had led them into the very jaws of destruction, like beasts to the slaughter. His heart was too full of rage at her, and anger at his own credulity, in being so duped, to be able to review their situation with any calmness. He felt, only, that he was in the hands of his most determined enemies, whose animosity would be increased, by the discovery of an action, which was of a dastardly and unknighthly nature. Impatiently awaiting the dawn, which, however, would but faintly illumine those dark and dreary passages, he paced up-and-down their narrow precincts, in a state of mind which even the Malaspina might have compassionated.
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MESSENGERS TO THE CONVENT.

Sunday, which had been so anxiously expected by the two factions, as that which would cement their united powers, passed over, without Folchetto and his two followers presenting themselves in the great Duomo, in obedience to the summons. The people had preserved an external appearance of calm, which animated the magnate to persist in his designs. He had been informed that the Malaspina had retired to the monastery of Precipiano, and he immediately dispatched a messenger, with an injunction to the abbot to forward the criminals, without delay, to the episcopal prisons.

Before we proceed to relate what reception these orders of the magnate met from the abbot, we must enter the monastery, itself, where the Malaspina and Stull were assembled, by the secret advice of Pattumeia, the counsel of Opizzone, and the invitation of the abbot. This powerful ecclesiastic, who had a strong disposition to exercise the dominion of a secular baron, was, in his person, robust, and in his deportment, determined and imperious, and his grey locks, shading his temple in profusion, seemed more fitted for a helmet than a cowl. The prior was a man of a cheerful countenance, with an air of content and health, tallying exactly with his character; and the father procurator was small, active and slender, like an Arab courser; cunning and shrewd; and, who, to every interrogation of his superior, replied in the very mode which was calculated to suit his wishes. Such were the three principal personages who held-rule in the celebrated monastery of Precipiano.

Giordano, who had awaited his guests with all disguised impatience, received them with warm cordiality, but with a kind attention to their anxiety. After the first greetings were over, he displayed the notice from the abbess of Santa Chiara, which gave them the consolatory certainty, that their beloved Alice was safe under her holy protection.

The following day, which was the eventful Sunday, was passed in a pleasant cessation from care; the abbot, especially, was at the summit of exultation, for the indefatigable procurator had discovered in the archives of the convent, an ancient deed of great importance, long lost, or mislaid, the production of which would materially aid his views of independent jurisdiction. Folchetto thought deeply on the disasters that menaced his country, and on the perplexities of the fair Leonilla, but even he was soothed and composed by the quiet of the sacred dwelling, and the hospitable attention of the brothers.

But more stirring events occurred on the morrow. Two messengers arrived nearly at the same time at the monastery. The first was the bearer of a dispatch from Opizzone, which ran as follows:—

"Honoured kinsman and friend. I, Opizzone Malaspina salute thee as one whom I esteem and love.

He who sets out on his way, arrives at his destination, at last, however slowly he may
advance; so, by various marches and counter-marches, our advanced guard has so cleared the passage that we shall be enabled to bring-forward the chief of the army, without fear o dangers or want of provision. Some lawless men, it is true, yet seek to attack us, but we scorn them as those taken in a snare, whose power is destroyed. Soon thou wilt understand of whom I speak, those who are put-aside, and have-not obtained the rites of burial.

I have received from you, brave and honored kinsman, a proof of deference, the most flattering. That you have been induced to retire to the monastery of Precipiano, upon the faith of my counsel, has spared much misfortune to the city, has assured our triumph, and has given a boundless satisfaction of a revenge, imperiously demanded by our offended honor. I, must, however, call upon thee to share the fruits of thy deference to my will; and I pray thee to retrace thy way, on the morrow, to the castle of Monteboe, in company with the baron and Stull. But I recommend thee not to appear before mid-day. There we will meet together at the festive board, when I will reveal unto thee secrets which shall manifest the solicitude and care of,

Thy loving kinsman,

Opizzone."

This letter, in spite of the flattering prospects it held-out, did-not entirely please the young Malaspina. He liked-not the air of superiority assumed in it, and he began to suspect the political views of his kinsman. It seemed as if the influence which Milan sought to exercise upon the affairs of Tortona, was more than was desirable, or suitable, and he feared that a yoke was preparing for the state, not less burthensome than that from which it sought to free-itself. It was true that the approach and menaces of the emperor, rendered aid from a powerful neighbour of importance; but Folchetto was aware of some suspicious circumstances, which demanded a vigilant eye to keep-watch over them.

Opizzone had brought from Milan a banner, as a friendly gift to the citizens, to be adopted in the place of the ancient standard of Tortona. It was white, intersected with a red cross; and embroidered with a golden sun, and a silver moon—which emblems were thus explained:—"The moon shines by the reflected light from the sun, so does Tortona receive life, spendor and strength from illustrious Milan."

The letter, then, of the Milanese ambassador, was thoughtfully read-over by Folchetto, whilst Teobaldo, Stull, and the abbot saw in it nothing beyond the security of approaching triumph. They were warmly discussing the appearance of affairs, when a lay-brother entered, to announce the arrival of a messenger from the magnate, with, as he said, dispatches of serious importance for his reverence, the abbot.

"Let him enter, father Eusebius, and declare his mission," said the abbot, Giordano. "I marvel what his excellency, my lord bishop would with me."

"Yes, yes, let him come," said Teobaldo, "and if he does-not demean-himself, respectfully, he shall return to his excellency, with his ear in his hand."

The lay-brother made his reverence and departed; father Eusebius accompanied him, and, presently after, the messenger appeared, under the escort of father Peter.
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRAP.

The fancy of a modern author would be at fault, if it was set to originate a figure, such as presented itself before the abbot and his guests. Clothed in a corset of iron, embossed with red, and the lower attire strongly defended with steel; a brazen helmet, surmounted with a cross on his head; a long sword, in an iron sheath, depending from one side, and a short cloak, with a wooden clasp, hanging over the right arm; long spurs on the heels, and gauntlets on the hands, with the episcopal arms, impressed upon them—he was a complete specimen of an Italian soldier of the twelfth century.

His appearance was not prepossessing; every feature of his countenance—every glance of his eyes, announced one accustomed to dark deeds, and capable of any atrocity. As he entered, he raised his helmet, not as one might suppose, out of respect, but to wipe the moisture from his dark-burnt brow, and he spoke with a tone of insolence and roughness.

"In good sooth, your reverence holds not in much veneration, the message of his excellence, the magnate. I have waited long at the gate, and I know well that . . ."

"Insolent, I order thee to be silent," loudly interrupted the abbot. "Whom thinkest thou thou art speaking to. Correct thy manners, sirrah, or thy shoulders may become acquainted with the scourge, despite thy message, or the magnate who sends it."

The good prior trembled at the haughty words of the abbot, for, being ignorant of his secret views, he deemed this menace to exceed the bounds of respect imposed by his reverence's subordinate position.

The messenger would have been scarcely restrained from an insolent reply, but the abbot, in an imperious tone, said, "Speak—I command thee."

"It was, probably, only the presence of twelve sturdy monks, the formidable baron, and the powerful Folchettto, that gained obedience to this mandate, and it was yielded—to in no gracious mood.

"Your reverence will be pleased to read this letter, and give me a quick reply."

So saying, he gave the parchment into the hands of father Eusebius, who handed it to the abbot, and as the latter prepared to untie the silken string which bound it, the messenger, turning to one of the monks, thus accosted him:—"It will take his reverence no short time to read his letter and give the reply, and I need refreshment. I know the way to the kitchen, or my nose will direct me. Methinks it already discovers something comforting for the stomach. I will wager there is abundance of mutton fried in oil; and bacon. I trust his reverence will not refuse the messenger of his excellency a slice of meat, and a jug of wine."

So saying, he followed the father, whom a sign from the abbot had directed to administer to the wants of the rough retainer of the magnate.

"I would the fellow's ears were slit with the kitchen carving-knife," exclaimed
Teobaldo, whose wrath was excited at his insolent behaviour. "Were I the fat brother who presides there, he should hardly escape unsheathed."

"Ha! ha!" said the prior, "I know nothing of our good procurator, if he does not prepare such a dish for the ruffian as will satisfy his appetite effectually. But his reverence smiles. Does that insinuate that the paper contains no vexatious communication?"

"No vexation," repeated the abbot. "Wert thou in my place, good father, it is my belief, thou wouldst impose a fast of three days to implore the aid of the divine counsels, and who knows, that I may-not, in truth, be obliged to enforce it."

This menace caused a universal shudder throughout the venerable conclave. Each disposed-himself to discover less grievous means to arrive at the desired end, and shewed signs of curiosity to hear the contents of this alarming epistle.

It was nothing less than an order from the magnate to the abbot, to deliver-up Folchetto Malaspina as a criminal condemned to severe punishment.

Consternation was depicted on every face, but the abbot smiled disdainfully at the episcopal mandate; and its menaces were disregarded. Folchetto preserved a dignified silence, and Teobaldo, breathing hard with rage, might have served a painter for a model of a Boreas.

In the mean time, the procurator, followed by the insolent courier, had traversed a long corridor, which terminated in a small, uninhabited chamber. Hardly had father Eusebius entered, when his companion stopped at the threshold:—" It seems not that this is the way to the kitchen," said he, suspiciously.

"I tell you, it is the shortest way," replied the monk; and the messenger looking-around, and seeing that the door was wide open, made no more scruples at entering.

"You see, sir monk, that if it should come into thy head to play a trick upon Malmontello, thou mightest chance to get the worst of it, as did a comrade of mine, who, seeing me somewhat drowsy over a flask of good wine of Milan, dared to give me a fillip on my nose; but, mark me, my dagger was unsheathed in the instant, and . . ."

Here the Malmontello came to a sudden stop, for, as he was speaking, the father had continued to precede him along a dark passage, which ran over the vaults of the convent. He kept close at his heels, but, in one spot, the pavement sank beneath his feet, and he was precipitated through a trap-door, about eight feet, into a damp cellar, unlit by a single ray of the sun.

"Cursed be every monk in the world," exclaimed Malmontello. "Art thou minded that I should burn thy convent to the ground—that I should tear thee piece-meal—that I should . . ."

"What sayest thou, my signor," rejoined the monk, with a laugh of derision. "Thou canst—no set-fire to a match, where thou art, and thou canst rend none but the spiders and scorpions, who are thy companions.

The blasphemous imprecations of the unfortunate messenger may here, at least, be spared; but feeling too certainly that he was completely in the power of the monk, they were mingled with attempts to mollify, and even persuade him into milder measures. But the father was unmoved. "Silence, silence, I tell thee, rude
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heretic," he cried, "and hearken to me. In three days, I will return, and, perchance, thou mayest be in a milder mood. In one corner of thy chamber, thou wilt find a good bed of fresh straw, an excellent piece of black bread, and a jug of water; the bread may, in truth, be somewhat hard, and the water none of the clearest, but thou wilt swallow, both, with appetite, after thy long ride. I recommend to thee a little moderation and forethought, because thy provisions will not be renewed for three days; and, so, I bid thee farewell."

Loud and long echoed the furious cries of Malmontello; but the monk, after placing a heavy table of oak over the trap-door, hastened to rejoin the assemblage in the abbot's apartment. So short a time had served to act this scene, that he found the abbot, who had only just got through the magnate's despatch, beginning to comment on it as follows: "The bishop of Tortona seems assured that the convent of San Precipiano is under his jurisdiction. But were it, indeed, so, it is not fitting that his excellence should use such an imperious tone, as if he were addressing a poor laic. Well, father Eusebius, hast thou begun by flaying the skin of this rascal?"

"Your reverence cannot doubt," answered the brother, with glee, "that he is in a place and situation, to make him wish heartily that his ears had never come within sound of our convent bell."

"That is—father Eusebius," interposed the prior, in alarm, "I conjure you— with his reverence's permission—that you explain..."

"God forbid, that I should not submissively obey my superiors," replied the father.

"Know, then, that the insolent Malmontello is safe in the cellar, and..."

"Immortal saints," exclaimed the prior, "in our cellar! Where, oh father, are thy brains. Think of the wine the sot will drink; besides, that he is quite capable of staving the casks. Quick, quick, father abbot, issue thy commands to repair this fatal folly."

"Calm thyself, reverend father," returned the monk, with a triumphant smile.

"I were unworthy of the office of guardian of the cellars, if I had committed such an oversight. No! the rogue is fast, not in the cellar of rich liquor, but in the damp subterranean vault, where our chronicles say the excommunicated baron, Calcoprena, died of hunger, for way-laying more of the cattle of our pastures, than he had hairs on his chin."

"Bravo, procurator," exclaimed the abbot, "thou hast given him a lesson to teach to his lieges."

The Fleming now rose, and began an harangue on feudal rights, which was presently cut short by the baron, who suffered him to say—not a word beyond expressing his belief that this insolent messenger was the same Malmontello who, in a priest's habit, had dared to officiate at the pretended marriage of Alice.

Folchetto imposed silence on him, on this point, also, and remarked that it was of importance to direct their full attention to the consideration of the orders which had been transmitted.

"Nephew," said the abbot, "there needs small discussion about it. The question is already clearly decided; there is not a shadow of reason in the mandate. We are nothing to the bishop of Tortona, and the bishop of Tortona is nothing to us."
"Your reverence says wisely," thus spoke father Eusebius. "If we have a legitimate superior, it is the bishop of Lodi, as may be seen by the famous deed, executed in Milan, in 1125."

The important document was then read, with very little benefit to the auditors in general, excepting to Stull, who listened to the uncouth and difficult phraseology with eagerness, and who would have dilated on it, and discussed it, if the intolerant baron had not effectually silenced him. The abbot, though with a certain reluctance which he sought to conceal, declared that, from that day-forth he should recognize the authority of the bishop of Lodi. He, also, endeavored to mitigate the alarm of the timid prior, by taking-upon-himself the whole responsibility of the affair. The bell of the tower now summoned them to the refectory, when his reverence, taking the arm of his nephew, invited the rest to the banquet, to empty a goblet in honor of their newly-acknowledged superior; and they sat-down, accordingly, to a repast, which, in those days, might have merited the epithets of delicate and luxurious.
CHAPTER XXV.

GENEROUS REVENGE.

The repast over, the baron, Folchetto and Stull withdrew, to leave the abbot at liberty to reply to the episcopal mandate, unbiased by their presence. The procurator and the prior remained in counsel with him, and the result of their deliberations may be briefly summed-up as follows.

His reverence set-forth the impossibility of complying with the request of his excellence—for he denied his right of commanding to give-up Folchetto Malaspina, because, in his quality of captain of the people, his person was sacred, and because the sentence issued against him, he (the abbot) held to be illegal. That he pretended not to judge the matter, but that it must be evident to all it was his excellency’s nephew who was in-fault; and he regretted that the name of Malaspina, and his personal merit had not led his excellency to act with greater moderation.

In a postscript, he made-known the necessity he was under to despatch his reply by a messenger of his own, the extreme insolence of the bishop’s retainer having obliged him, for the due maintenance of monastic discipline, to subject him to punishment and confinement.

Opizzone Malaspina had been made-aware of the intentions of the abbot to throw off his allegiance to the bishop, nor had he disapproved of it, deeming that such a step must weaken the episcopal influence. The monastery of Precipiano was one of the richest gems in the ecclesiastical mitre, and its withdrawal was equally injurious to its revenues and its splendor. How Opizzone had discovered the design of Guglielmo to assassinate Folchetto in his castle, the chronicle saith—not, though it may be conjectured that Pattumeia—who, although the declared enemy of mankind, had some mysterious reservation in favor of Folchetto—was the means; and, that, unable to warn the young baron, she had discovered the plot to Oppizzone. The artful politician drew a profit from the event, and had no repugnance to work by tortuous ways; he, therefore, withdrew his kinsmen from the castle—made-sure of the possession of Guglielmo as a valuable hostage, and strengthened the confidence of the Malaspina in his fidelity, by proving how attentively he watched-over their welfare; yet, as we have said, the germs of suspicion had been sown in the mind of Folchetto, to spring-forth, probably, hereafter.

The following day, after taking a cordial farewell of the abbot, the two barons and Stull retraced their steps to the castle of Montebore, where, according to agreement, they were met by Opizzone and a party of his followers. Being entered into the inner court, Folchetto, raising his eyes towards the barred windows, was astonished at the sight of some men, who appeared to have scarcely strength to raise their hands in an attitude of supplication. He turned to Opizzone for an explanation.

“They are those who would have been thy assassins,” he replied; “they are villains, who, two days since, sought thy life in vengeance for the chastisement thou didst inflict on them.”

“The chosen lances of Guglielmo,” exclaimed Folchetto. “I thank thee, cousin,
for having saved me from their hands; and I thank thee, also, for having left to me the office of avenger."

"Doubtless, cousin, thou mayest, if it so please thee, bind them and cast them beneath the board, when thou fearest joyfully with thy friends. Not one can raise a hand against thee. Besides, thou mayest now impose laws on the magnate, and force him to revoke his unjust sentence against thee."

"Guglielmo, then, is amongst these villains?"

"Yes," rejoined Opizzone, maliciously, "and he has begun to gnaw his fingers, to satisfy the hunger which torments him."

These words disturbed the young baron:—"I understand thee not, Opizzone," he said. "Explain-thyself."

"Have-I not told thee, that I deliver them to thee, as meek as lambs? This is the third day since they have tasted meat or drink."

At these words, Folchetto started aghast. "Three days fasting," he exclaimed. "Opizzone, thou hast passed the limits of humanity. I cannot consent to be the accomplice of such barbarity."

"With such ideas of moderation and generosity," returned Opizzone, "thou wilt end by the blow of the assassin! Nevertheless, do as thou wilt."

Folchetto immediately summoned Boson to bring the keys of the corridor and iron gates, and hastened towards the wing of the castle, where the prisoners remained in safe custody; when, after some exertion, the ponderous key was made to turn in the rusty lock, and it grated harshly on its hinges. Folchetto was moved to compassion at the sight before him. Two or three of the band were sullenly wrapt in their cloaks, and were stretched on the floor in a state of gloomy resignation. One, alone, was pacing the narrow precincts of his prison, with crossed hands, and looked less oppressed from the want of food, and to be less debased in mind, than the others.

Guglielmo had completely laid-aside his air of insolent libertinism, and leaning, silently, against the wall, seemed to implore pity by his downcast looks. But Calpucio, of all the vile party, preserved his pre-eminence. At the appearance of Folchetto, he fell on his knees, yelping for mercy, as a beaten cur, with sobs and cries conjuring them to save his life; but no one attended to him, though he never ceased his wailings and entreaties.

Folchetto sent, immediately, for a plentiful supply of food, for the relief of the famished wretches; and whilst they devoured it with a voracity, which was, at once, pitiful and disgusting, Calpucio ate and wept, alternately; but Guglielmo partook of it, sparingly, and seemed overpowered at his painful and humiliating situation. Their wants thus administered-to, it became a matter for consultation, how they were to be disposed of. Opizzone made some attempt at excusing his inhumanity, and Folchetto was fain to receive it, and attributed it to a somewhat too heated zeal for the interests of his kinsmen.

"I leave the disposal of them to thee," said Opizzone, "though I do-not deny that I deem thy generosity out-of-place. But thou art less prudent and cautious than I am, and, it may be, bolder. Try, then, the experiment of clemency, if it so please thee; and, in truth, they have had a taste of debasement and punishment."
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Folchetto assembled all his friends in the castle-hall, and ordered that the band of criminals should be brought before him. Guglielmo was introduced the first. His pale face, sunken eyes, and the trembling of his lips, shewed his internal suffering.

Guglielmo degli Uberto,” said Folchetto, “how wilt thou act in future, if I permit thee to leave these walls unseathed?”

For a moment, he made no reply, then, with a feeble voice, he replied:—“So as thou shalt hear of me no more.”

Folchetto was, also, silent: then, approaching him, he whispered some words in his ear, at hearing which, Guglielmo’s countenance became more animated, and, with a firmer voice, he said “No! I swear that she is innocent.”

His earnestness and manner both shewed that he spoke truly, and Folchetto was so convinced; for, calling to Boson he said:—“I order thee to unclove the castle-gate, that this signor may go-forth,” then addressing him, he added, “Go, Guglielmo, and remember thy promise.”

Guglielmo concealing his face in his mantle, drew-down his visor, also, and departed.

“Bravo,” exclaimed Teobaldo, “bravo, Folchetto, thou art a true Malaspina.”

To Calpucio, who was next brought-forward, the same question was addressed:—

“If thy liberty is granted thee, how wilt thou act?”

“I swear, by all the saints in Paradise,” replied the villain, “to become the humblest of thy slaves. Like Jacob, I promise to serve thee seven years without hire, and seven other . . .

“Hold,” exclaimed the young baron, contemptuously, “Get-thee-gone, Calpucio, quickly; or, in spite of my moderation; I may be too strongly tempted to throw thee out of the window, rather than endure thy presence.”

Calpucio waited—not for this order to be repeated; the gate being unlosed, he went-forth, and, two hours subsequently, he was found by Boson in the moat of the castle, with a leg broken, but whether he fell in his haste to escape, or that his master, in consequence of some altercation with him, had thus disposed of him, the chronicle saith-not, and this is the last mention that is made of this unworthy subject.

The other dependants of Guglielmo received their liberty, with various degrees of gratitude, and there now only remained Gaddo, the man whom we have pointed-out as the one who seemed to bear his position with the most magnanimity. Folchetto looked at him attentively; for there was something in his physiognomy that attracted his good-will. “Who art thou?” he demanded.

“An ass, signor, for having been snared as easily as a sparrow, just out of its nest.”

“And thy name?”

“Gaddo Lungapieca.”

“Gaddo,” if I give thee a pardon, how wilt thou comport thyself.”

“My pardon, signor! truly, I know—not that I ought to accept my life, or my liberty, on such a condition.”

“Good,” exclaimed Teobaldo. “Art-thou-not our prisoner? Hast-thou-not attempted to destroy us: and is-it-not fitting thou shouldst pay for thy crime with thy blood.”
“Not so fast, signor Teobaldo, confound—not truth with falsehood. That I am thy prisoner, ‘twere folly to deny, but that thou hast the right to treat me as an assassin is a question. Know that—I was drawn-in, ignorantly, to act with these rogues, and knew—not our destination till it was too late to retract. But, most assuredly, my sword should never have been drawn to shed thy blood.”

“I believe thee” said Teobaldo, son Folchotto give him his liberty, of right, and not of grace.”

“Willingly” said Folchotto, “thou mayst depart if it so please thee, or, thou mayst, if thou wilt, enter into my legion in Tortona.”

“I agree” cried Gaddock, joyfully. Dispose of me, I am yours, body and soul.”

“Precede us, then, to the city, where we shall presently follow thee.”

“Long life to the Malaspina; success to Tortona” cried Gaddock, throwing his berretto into the air, as he made his obeisance and departed.

Freed from his enemies, in a manner so satisfactory, Folchotto seated-himself at the board, with a lightened and cheerful heart, and the repast, though far inferior to the luxurious banquets of the convent, was partaken-of with far more appetite than he had felt, when the guest of the abbot.

Political events succeeded each other with rapidity, the morning had scarcely dawned, ere a new messenger, despatched to Montebore by the friends of Folchotto, announced the arrival in Tortona of a herald from the Emperor, demanding audience of the consuls and the people. This information determined him to return to the city to represent the Plebeians, of whom he was the captain, in circumstances so important; and Opizzone, who foresaw that, on the reception this herald met-with, greatly depended his own designs, hastened to accompany his kinsman. The arrival of the young Tribune was a triumph; the meditated treachery was already known; and even his opponents expressed their deep indignation. Guido Anfosso, amongst others, went-about loudly declaring his regret that he had ever been the friend of Guglielmo, whilst the afflicted magnate sought, in vain, to conceal, or diminish the infamy of the act; the people were enraged, and the weakest impulse was sufficient to occasion an explosion. In such a state of tumult was the city when the herald appeared. The consuls to whom he addressed-himself, resolved that he should have a public audience, on the following day. The great Duomo, where foreign embassies were generally received, would have been too confined a space on this occasion, for this assemblage; and the great piazza was prepared for the accommodation of the crowds who flocked-in from the surrounding country. Amidst the agitation of the people, secretly fomented by Opizzone, the imperial herald was introduced, and invited to unfold his mission. He appeared without a lance, and with his shield turned on his back, according to the usage of heralds on warlike embassies, and presented to the consuls the mandate of his lord. Frederic imposed on the Tortonese an immediate withdrawal from their league with Milan; to abolish the commune; to restore the government to its ancient form; to receive a German garrison, and to pay, within five days, a sum of five-hundred marks of silver. He menaced them with utter destruction, as the punishment of disobedience, if one single condition were transgressed.
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No pen can describe the fury of the people at these rigorous demands, and if Folchetto, foreseeing the tempest, had not appointed a band of men to guard the herald, it is very certain that the Emperor would never have received a reply through his hands; but, placing himself in front, he raised his voice and cried:—

"Back, citizens, touch-him-not. The person of a herald is sacred, your swords shall be drawn in the field, but not against a defenceless man. The mandate is thine, rend it in pieces if ye will, and swear that the blood of a hundred foes shall wash out every word which it contains." So saying, he took the parchment from the hand of the herald, and throwing it amongst the crowd, thus dexterously directed their fury to another object. Then, hastily addressing the herald, he said:—"Thy mission is terminated, no clearer reply can be given to thy master than that thou hast received. Depart, instantly, if thou wouldst save thy life."

The herald waited not to reply, but, escorted by the troop, gained a door in the wall; and, mounting his horse, set off at full speed.

The impulse, now, given, and the barrier of prudence passed, it behoved the leaders to guide the reins with a dexterous hand, and Opizzone managed the Plebeians and the military with singular skill. The election of the consuls, above all, proved how carefully he had sought to restrain the popular preponderance. The number was raised from three to four. Oberto Busseti, Guido Anfossi, Borco, Guidice, and Folchetto Malaspina were given the titles of Consules Deuionenses. The two first represented the nobility; the two last, the people.

In the mean time, the Emperor marked his progress with blood and slaughter. He had already destroyed Chiara, and had proceeded thence to Asti, where he had sworn to sow the ruins with salt. This barbarous policy, even more than the dexterity of Opizzone, had tended to crush all the seeds of division, and to unite the opposing parties. Folchetto, invested with a directing authority, soon shewed himself worthy of the confidence of all; and the command of the military was readily confided to him. Guido Anfossi was, also, well content to serve under him, and the whole city proved full of enthusiasm and patriotism. Some of the clergy, and four or five families, amongst which was the Calcinara, determined, rather to yield to Frederick than to the power of the Plebeians, and the magnate protested against any measures that might diminish the influence of the church. These, therefore, affixed to the gates of their palaces a signal of neutrality, in the shape of a yellow band, and so well restrained were the people, that these conventional signs remained unmolested.
CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AMBASSADORS IN PERIL.

Our history now passes over a space of two months, during which no events of particular interest occurred. It was a cold and gloomy evening, in the February of 1153, when father Eusebius, accompanied by another of the order, and mounted on good mules, was returning to the monastery of Precipiano. The countenance of the procurator was expressive of much internal satisfaction, the cause of which we will relate.

After destroying the unhappy city of Asti, the angry Emperor prepared to inflict vengeance on the brave Tortonese, and had encamped with the chief of his army near the territory of Bosco, whose possessors were amongst his adherents. Thence he despatched several bands under the command of his brother, prince Conrad, the duke of Burgundy, the count Palatine, and the duke of Bavaria, to reconnoitre the city. Fire and sword marked their steps, and the isolated dwellings and their lands, which could oppose no defence to them, were rased or consumed.

This mode of warfare spread terror and desolation throughout the country. The abbot of Precipiano may, therefore, be excused, if, having no forces at command, to oppose the ferocious barbarian, he sought to preserve the lives and interests of those confided to him, by negociation and submission. As the kinsman of Opizzone, and the uncle of Folchetto, he could have no hope that his sacred character would be respected; he, therefore, held deep consultation with the prior, on the best means of averting the danger, and they agreed that the act of rebellion by which the monastery had thrown-off the authority of the bishop of Tortona, was the anchor which might save them in this extremity.

Lodi and Pavia were the most faithful allies of the German prince. A number of subsidiary troops, furnished by these cities, fought in the german ranks against Tortona and Milan, whose power was a great obstacle to their own. It was probable, then, that by declaring itself dependent on the bishop of Lodi, the monastery of Precipiano might obtain security and protection from Frederic, and, in concurrence with this opinion, father Eusebius had been sent to the imperial presence, in the quality of ambassador from the abbot. There, skilfully bringing-forward a part, and concealing what were best unrevealed, he had obtained a promise that the monastery should be exempt from the general fate, and that its lands and dependencies should be held-sacred.

None can blame the good father, if, exulting in the success of his mission, he jogged along, on his well-conditioned mule, in full content and satisfaction; and when he and his companion were within a mile and a half of the monastery, they urged their beasts to a more animated pace. The evening was at-hand, and the path was solitary; the air was cold, and snow, in large flakes, began to descend, rapidly. The mule, however, on which father Eusebius was mounted, was unac-
customed to proceed out of a walk, being the particular animal set-apart for his reverence's own riding, and he made a very determined remonstrance to the arguments of whip and spur which the father was inclined to urge. Suddenly, however, the beast made a violent start to one side, approaching rather too closely the edge of the high bank, at the foot of which flowed a rapid torrent. The cause of this sudden movement was explained to the terrified monk, by the apparition of a dark, female figure, which, rushing from the shadow of a rock, seized the bridle of the mule, and backed it to within the smallest possible distance of the edge of the precipice. In this position, she held the lives of both man and animal at her pleasure. "Dog," she exclaimed, "dog of a monk! at last I have thee. Better had it been for thee to have fallen into the fangs of a tiger or a bear, than into the hands of a woman, whom thou hast outraged in her fondest affections."

"What meanest thou, good woman?" cried the father, in mortal fear, as a backward glance revealed the depth of the precipice. "What meanest thou? And how dost thou dare to lay thy unholy hands on a son of the church?"

"A son of the church? Rather, a son of the devil. Asketh thou who dares to lay-hands on thee? I, dog, I—the daughter of my mother—Pattumeia. Two months have I been awaiting thee—day and night—by the light of the moon, in rain, in snow, in frost, in wind. My patience was exhausted. Two days more, and I would have done that, which would make thee shiver with terror. But, hearken, and then reply. Thy life is at my will, and if thou hesitatest to answer, I hurl thee over the rock. What hast thou done with my son, barbarian? Speak. What hast thou done with him?"

"Thy son—but thou art mad. What know I of thy son?"

"Liar! Knowest-thou-not that Malmontello, the shield-bearer of Uberto, is my son?"

"How! He, in very truth; but, indeed, good woman, he has been a great sinner, and . . ."

"Has been," eagerly interrupted the angry Pattumeia. "What meanest thou by has been? Lives-he-not?"

"I trust he does—and I hope he is, by this time, a good Christian. Be persuaded, I pray . . ."  

"I have no time to hear thee. Where is my son?"

"In the convent, my good woman—in the convent; and if thou wilt come with me, thou shalt behold him with thine own eyes. But, I pray thee loosen thy hand, a space, for thou tormentest the mule, sorely."

"I will-not release thee, until thou hast made me such a promise as thou darest-not break. If, before mid-day, tomorrow, thou dost-not restore my son, unsheathed in life and limb, three days shall-not pass, ere the monastery of Precipiano shall be nought but a smoking heap of ruins."

"God help me, good woman, thou canst-not mean what thou sayest. Surely a malignant spirit possesses thee."

"Woman," exclaimed the companion of father Eusebius. "Woman or fury, whichever thou art, ere the feast of Easter, thou wilt repent thy malignancy."
He approached so boldly to the aid of the father, that the Accabadura relaxed her hold, and the procurator urging his mule, with a severer lash than she was accustomed to, bounded forward into a safer position than she had occupied for the last few minutes. The witch, judging it no fit opportunity to re-commence her attack, uttered her imprecations, anew, and disappeared behind the rock, from which she had just sprung forth.

The two monks, well contented to be rid of their extraordinary enemy, went on their way, with a speed, which even their mules no longer objected to; and right glad were they to find themselves again safe within their convent walls, a feeling in which the abbot participated, so fully, that he gave orders for the preparation of a second repast, and, for that night, placed father Eusebius under his own canopy, to exercise the official functions at the feast.

On the morrow, Eusebius pondered on the threats uttered by the fearful Pat-tumeia, and which might be followed by disastrous consequences. He knew her to be a woman of fierce and determined character, with a touch of insanity, besides; two circumstances demanding serious consideration. The monk certainly felt no remorse for the barbarous punishment inflicted on Malmontello—a punishment he was still enduring. It is true, his crimes merited it to any extent, but that was no justification for the present arbitrary act, although to imprison a man in a damp and unwholesome vault might have been little considered in an epoch where humanity was almost disregarded.

Whilst he was seeking for some expedient conciliation, a small troop of Landsknechts arrived, under the orders of an officer, who were sent by the emperor to protect the monastery, as well from its friends as its enemies.

These men were no sooner within the walls, than they called for refreshments, in no very gentle terms, and father Eusebius, after a deep sigh for the necessity which exacted such sacrifices, determined, at least, to make them useful in watching over the safety of the convent within. He, therefore, acquainted their leader with the threats of some malevolent persons, of setting fire to it, and requested him to place sentinels, so as to prevent the impending calamity. As he strengthened his entreaty with a flask of excellent wine, and hinted at the possibility of a similar offering, daily, he obtained from the complaisant German, a promise, that the monastery of Precipiano should be burnt by no hands, save those of the Landsknechts—a contingency which the monks hoped and trusted would never arrive.

This important assurance duly made, father Eusebius next despatched various vassals of the convent in search of the old witch of Varinella; but she had escaped with her two sons, and none in the village could indicate her present abode. But not many days after, she was seized by the Landsknechts, in the neighbourhood of the convent, about which she was prowling, probably, with the hope of succouring her imprisoned son and to execute her sworn vengeance. It suited the father procurator, to treat her more as an unfortunate lunatic, than as a criminal; and he contented himself with confining her in a room on the ground-floor of the convent, and placing her in the custody of the German.
CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTERS.

The facts which remain to narrate, belong more particularly to history, but we must intrude into her domain, to gain the information which our imperfect chronicles do not supply. The first day of Lent, on the 15th of February, in the environs of Tortona presented a spectacle, difficult to conceive. On the western side might be seen a long procession of the aged, the sick, and children, under an escort, proceeding to the castle of Sarrano, which the consuls had prepared for their refuge. The hard necessities of war had imposed the absence of all who were not useful for the defence of the city.

On the opposite bank of the Scrivia, might be seen the legions of the terrible Barbarossa, awaiting the fall of the flood to pass its impetuous waters. Between these two dissimilar parties, the fair city of Tortona rose with her strong walls. Her towers, situated on a rock, which commanded the lower hills, but more formidable from the resolution of her citizens to shed their last blood in her defence.

In his strenuous efforts to dispose their means to the best advantage, Folchetto had been greatly assisted by Guido Anfoso, to whom was confided the band of archers. Opizzone, laying aside his usual policy, had undertaken to lead the small troop of Milanese who had been introduced into the city. Teobaldo and the Fleming had abandoned the castle, to repair within the walls of Tortona; and recalling his ancient valor, the former, with a file of efficient soldiers, had assumed the defence of the southern bastion. The dawn had scarcely lighted the summit of the highest Apennines, when Folchetto might be seen on the ramparts. At the first glance at the river, he saw that the waters had subsided, sufficiently, to admit the passage of the imperial troops, and the movement throughout the camp plainly shewed them preparing for it. Folchetto lost no time in disposing the troops and archers, in the most effective situations to annoy their opponents; and, with a cheerful voice and inspiring harangues, animated them to a brave resistance: he was answered with shouts of enthusiasm and cries of eagerness for the battle.

Already, the squadrons of Enrico Esti Guelpho had passed the river, and whilst Frederic, himself, attempted a ford, half a mile below, that chief, proud of having been the first to put his foot on the opposite bank, boldly advanced to occupy the weakest of the suburbs—the defence of which was confided to Opizzone. Anfoso, followed by his men, took their stand on a rising ground, commanding their approach, and let fly a shower of darts on the Saxon phalanx. The war-cry of the Tortonese of "San Marriano santa Croee," echoed along the battlements, amidst the shouts of all the citizens.

But, already, the duke of Burgundy had crossed the river, and hastened to support the imprudent Henry, who, impatient to gain the first honor, had advanced, with too little caution, and thus exposed himself, unprotected, to the arrows of the Tortonese—so thickly showered and so truly aimed, that many of the soldiers fell, mortally wounded.
The emperor was soon aware of the consequences of Enrico's rashness, and menacing vengeance, pressed onwards to the city. He assigned their posts to his brother Conrad and the Pavians, and ordered the Saxon duke to draw his troops from the quarter which he had attacked. Before night-fall he had so disposed the army, that the city was entirely surrounded. On the following morning, the troops of Conrad and Enrico, and the Pavians, led to the attack, whilst Frederic, at the head of a large body of men, threatened the western side of the city; and when the space of a bow-shot, alone, separated the combatants, the imperial trumpets blew a blast, which was responded to, as if in derision, by the Tortonese.

The column of Conrad was the most formidable of all, from the position it occupied, but it was urged forward as a protection to that of the duke of Burgundy. Armed with axes and similar weapons, they attacked the outer fortifications, and succeeded, but not without the most strenuous efforts, in opening a breach towards the moat.

Here, then, the fight became the hottest; the Tortonese combating for life and liberty, levied the most deadly blows on the besiegers. Henrico d'Este, who had gained the occupation of the western suburb, without serious resistance, was deceived by the subtlety of Opizzone; who, as soon as Enrico relaxed the warfare, fell upon him with showers of darts, stones and boiling lead, so that the narrow way were presently filled with the killed and wounded. Frederic sent to order him to retreat, but this was not effected without fresh damage, for Opizzone, wheeling round his men, awaited him at the breach, and made him pay dear for his egress, as well as his ingress.

But a deadly struggle was going on in the western precinct of the city. There, a huge banner of red, signed with a white cross, waved on the tower. There, the Pavians and the Lodigians fought with the Tortonese and the Milanese; there, Italian hands shed Italian blood. There, Folchietto, Guido Anfossi, and Ugone Visconti opposed the enemy, with such vigor, and made such slaughter in their ranks, that Frederic sent the marquis of Monferrato, with fresh forces to their aid. Ten mortal hours did the combat last, and it would not then have ceased, if darkness and weariness had not interposed between the armies.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE STRATAGEMS OF WAR.

This specimen of the valor of the Tortonese, occasioned the emperor serious uneasiness. In this first encounter, he had lost eight hundred of his best soldiers, and several of his captains and horsemen, and, amongst them, Scoranò, the Pavian leader. It would, unquestionably, be a difficult undertaking to overcome a city, so determined on resistance, and he was averse to seeing his army fall ingloriously before the city walls. He resolved, therefore, to desist from assaults, and have recourse to stratagem.

From its elevated position, the city was supplied with water, not from wells, but through aqueducts and cisterns. The emperor had turned the sources on the St. Lucian and Rinarola sides; but, on the east, there were streams and fountains, at which the besieged daily drew the quantity they needed. Frederic ordered that every obstruction should be thrown in their way, but the Tortonese overcame them all.

He then thought of gaining an entrance into the city, by mining. The Tarquin tower was on the western side, and less protected than the other suburbs, because there was no natural barrier of rock and steep ground. Frederic ordered a body of men to work night and day, to open a subterranean passage to the foundations of the tower. Between the tower and the camp, had been thrown-up a wall of earth and stones, destined, apparently, to protect the archers, who should attack the tower itself, but, in reality, to cover the miners, who silently and cautiously advanced in their task. After fifteen days of incessant fatigue, they had approached within a short distance of the great tower, and they hoped to reach its base by sun-set the following day. This tower, from being an edifice of no great strength, was particularly watched by Folchietto. Towards the evening of the 16th of March, a cold wind was blowing round the angles of the ramparts, with the sound of distant thunder, when Malaspina, seated on a beam, with a dark cloak folded round him, was sniffing a brief rest, and meditating on the threatening aspect of the struggle. Provisions were beginning to be scarce, and water was procured, only at the price of blood. The Milanese, it was true, might forward more efficacious aid, but it was scarcely possible that the city could hold-out against the numerous army of the emperor, united with the troops of the Pivians and Lodigians.

Mingled with these anxious reflections, were those on his own private afflictions. The thirst of revenge had been fully sated, and troubled him no more. Guglielmo had never appeared since he had been liberated from his prison; but it was rumoured that his uncle, the bishop, was cognisant of the place of his retreat; so indignant, however, was the magnate, at the baseness of his last attempt, that all tenderness for the delinquent was entirely extinguished. It was not, then, to this defeated foe, that the thoughts of the young hero turned, but he suffered them to rest, for a
moment, on Leonilla and his sister, and with the complacency which arose from the knowledge of their safety and fellowship. Amidst the absorbing incidents of the times, Folchetto had but short space to dwell on themes of softer interest, and he was not long suffered to indulge in them. He was disturbed from his reverie, by sound of steps hastily approaching:—

"Who goes there? he cried, raising his head from the folds of his cloak.

"Hush, hush," replied an unknown voice, "I have something to tell thee; but, silence. The sentinel dare not quit his-guard, whatever he may hear, so thou must advance, thyself."

Folchetto approached the sentinel of the Tarquinian Tower, who then took his arm and led him to a part of the pavement where he bade him kneel down and listen.

There was a distinct but dull sound of the blows of axes and mattocks, which, in the bowels of the earth were making a way to the foundations of the tower. The blows were cautious, and measured, and, by their nature, Folchetto knew that they had arrived within no great distance. He rose, and pressing the hand of the sentinel, led him away to a spot, where they might speak securely. "Friend," then said Folchetto "the service which thou hast rendered thy country shall be rewarded. But tell me thy name."

"It is sufficient, signor, that I am a true man, and ready to do thy behests. What is to be done?"

"The case exacts promptitude, silence, and courage."

"Three qualities, of which I deem myself possessed. Command."

"Seek, instantly, Falavello, the captain of the guard, and bid him in my name hasten hither with twenty of the most trusty of his men, provided with axes, mattocks, and spades."

"I understand, Signor, thou may'st trust Gaddo."

"Ha! Gaddo Lungapiccia! Well, hasten, I rejoice that I gave thee thy life. If we cannot repair the mischief, at-hand, we will die, together."

"Yes—but no—let it be contrived, so that the sacrifice of two is not necessary."

"No more, Gaddo; depart. I will remain at thy post in thy stead."

Gaddo departed, and Folchetto, leaning on his spear, waited anxiously for his return with Falavello. In half an hour, he came with his men, and a consultation was held by the two captains, which ended in resolving to commence immediately a lateral countermine, not only to frustrate the design of the enemy, but to involve them in destruction. But time pressed, and Falavello did not conceal from the baron, that the success depended upon the portion being sufficient, and on finding men ready to sacrifice themselves for the public good.

"Go the shortest way to work, Falavello," said Folchetto, and fear—not but that citizens will be found ready to deliver their country."

Falavello lost not a moment: learned in as much of the difficult art of mining, as was known in those days, he set his men to work skilfully, after calculating exactly the nature of the ground, and the progress of the enemy. In twenty-six hours, they had worked a parallel road to the mine of their opponents, and approached so near, that they could hear their voices; and, after another laborious
ten hours, Falavello informed Folchetto that, at a given signal, the enemies' works might be destroyed.

Folchetto had observed that, on their near approach to the foundation of the tower, the miners had ceased to work at night, evidently from the fear of their proceedings being heard; but that they recommenced early in the morning, when the confusion and movement in the camps drew off attention from the sounds of the hammers and axes. Folchetto chose this hour for his attack, as that which would ensure the destruction of the greatest number of the enemy.

The night preceding this important morn, to the event of which Falavello looked forward with intense anxiety, was passed by Folchetto in unceasing vigilance. About the second hour after midnight, Gaddo Lungapicca joined him. "Signor," said he, "I have set my affairs in order, I have confessed and communicated, I have taken farewell of my brother, I come to maintain my promise, and I hope you are ready to keep yours." "Gaddo," replied Folchetto, I greatly commend thy boldness and patriotism; but thy noble sacrifice is not necessary.

"What! signor, hast thou granted the honor of dying for the city's safety to another. Who, first discovered the mine, I ask? Who, told thee of it? Who, made thy ears to hear, and thy eyes to see, but Gaddo?"

"I do not deny it, my good friend, but, in truth . . ."

"Hear me, signor, he that sowed the seed has the best right to reap the harvest. As long as I have a foot to stand-on, or a hand to raise, none other shall have precedence over Gaddo in this affair." Nor could he be calmed, until Folchetto assured him solemnly, that, if the case required it, the preference should be accorded to him.

The doubtful light of day faintly streaked the horizon, when a dull murmur, like the swarming of bees, was heard in the enemy's camp. Then, Folchetto and Falavello descended into the countermine, and lending an attentive ear to the sound of the sappers, assured themselves that the whole length of the mine was filled with soldiers at work.

Folchetto had already placed between the base of the tower and the parapet of the wall which joined it, two large mortars, filled with stones and sharp pieces of iron; and, now, all being fully prepared, Folchetto gave the signal to Falavello, and, a moment after, a dull, heavy, rolling sound announced to the captain the happy success of the enterprise. A cloud of dust, burst from the earth, a loud crash and explosion succeeded, mingled with frightful shrieks and groans from the miserable wretches, who, buried beneath the ruins of their own works, could neither escape nor avert their fate.

The Germans hastened to the relief of their unhappy comrades. The duke of Bohemia and count Biandrate, who presided over the work, were the first to hasten to the fatal trench, to save those who were not mortally wounded; but it was not easy in such a moment of confusion, to effect their purpose. The first strokes, incan-tiously given, were fatal to many, and the mattocks, meeting with the limbs of the sufferers, inflicted wounds still more deadly than they had already received. Whilst thus engaged, a furious assault was made from the walls. Guido Anfosso directed his archers to shower their darts upon their foes, whilst their vicinity to the city
enabled the Tortonese to do great execution amongst them, with red hot stones* and melted lead. The wounded fell upon the dead; the spearmen upon the miners; the miners, upon the half-disinterred bodies of their comrades.

Oaths and blasphemies, in various tongues, echoed around; howlings of despair—groans of pain—cries of rage, variously expressed, made a horrible discord.

The attempt was useless to save or rescue any of the sufferers from beneath the ruins; and the duke of Bohemia was forced to sound a retreat, and abandon to their fate the victims of this terrible disaster.

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- Red-hot Stones.—Red-hot Shot.—By the above, it would appear, that there long ago existed a knowledge of heating missiles, red-hot—so that, instead of the following being a new invention, it is, in reality, only the revival of a power, for awhile, unheeded:—

The coast defences.—Captain Addison's invention for heating shot red-hot, which was recently tested in the marshes at Woolwich, having been approved by the board of officers, appointed to ascertain and report on its advantages, the inventor has been requested to state the amount he would require to supply two hundred furnaces similar to the one approved, but placed on higher and stronger wheels, to enable them to be moved with greater facility, and without being liable to break down, when employed on actual service. This invention will prove a great acquisition to the coast defences, as its power of rendering thirty-two-pounder and other shot red-hot in a limited time, has been fully and satisfactorily tested, and the object is attained at a much less expense than by any other mode hitherto adopted. Each furnace also possesses the advantage of being able to supply thirty, thirty-two-pounder shot at a red-hot heat every twenty minutes after it is heated, and to retain a similar number of shot, at a red-heat, for many successive hours, without much waste in the metal, or perceptible reduction in the diameter, which is effected by the exclusion of atmospheric air and regulation of the fire, accomplished by checking the draught, and using coke or charcoal, mixed with the usual description of coal, principally supplied at the first heating of the furnace. Through the recommendation of the board of officers, captain Addison received a check for 100l. from the Lords of the Treasury, previous to the last experiment, as a reward for his exertions to perfect the invention.—*The Times, Dec. 8, 1845.*
CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST ASSAULT.

At hearing of this unexpected disaster, Barbarossa was filled with rage, and in his blind fury commanded that gallows should be raised under the city walls, and the few prisoners who had been taken, hanged thereon. He swore, too, to subdue the rebellious city at any cost: and one of the measures he directed for that purpose was, certainly, amongst the most inhuman that could have been devised.

We have already related that the besieged were constrained to obtain their supplies of water with much hazard and bloodshed; three days after the explosion of the mine, all opposition was abandoned, and the way to the fountains left unmolested. It was not long, before, that the discovery had been made, that the canals and reservoirs were filled with dead-bodies by the orders of the emperor, and this, for the first time, affected the spirit and courage of the Tortonese. Nevertheless, there appeared, as yet, no disposition to surrender, although the clergy sought their own safety, by means, not the most courageous. At the approach of the holy week, both parties had agreed on a truce, to continue until Easter day. Profiting by the cessation of hostilities, the magnate informed the consuls that he intended to go-forth from the city, accompanied by the body of ecclesiastics, and all the piously disposed, to implore mercy of Frederic. The consuls, at first, were inclined to refuse their permission, but, on considering the matter, they determined not to oppose it.

Towards the hour of nine, on Friday, the gate of St. Lucrino was unclosed, the road from which led direct to the imperial camp, and the procession slowly proceeded in that direction. Preceded by crosses, the sacred banners, and a number of acolytes, swinging the incense, the magnate advanced,—not arrayed in pontifical splendor,—not crowned with the jewelled mitre; but clothed in sackcloth, and his head and beard strewn with ashes. The principal of the clergy followed with pale and sad countenances, a number of monks, of different orders, clad in brown, in white, or in grey, with their long beards flowing on their bosoms. Having passed through the great gate, the bishop, with a firm but mournful voice, raised the Miserere, and the pathetic sounds of this beautiful psalm were echoed from the walls, which so lately knew only cries of despair and pain. The emperor, being informed that the bishop of Tortona was advancing to implore the favor of an audience, sent-forth an ecclesiastic of rank, to learn the object of his visit, but he refused him admittance to his sovereign-presence, fearing that “the tears and entreaties of the rebellions prelate might move his royal master to unworthy compassion for a city, which he had determined utterly to destroy.”

It was in vain that the magnate sought to separate himself and the ecclesiastical body from the rest of the citizens, and to entreat that they might—not be supposed to take-part in the proceedings of the commune; their representations produced none of the effects which they hoped. Frederic persisted in his system of severity, and dismissed the episcopal prince and his clergy.
No sooner was the truce ended, than Frederic, for the last time, summoned the city to surrender, menacing it with total destruction, in case of a refusal.

The consuls assembled the great council to consider the imperial mandate. Misery had extingushed enmities, and the idea of imminent danger reconciled those who had abhorred each other in prosperity. The nobles ceased to treat the Plebeians with contempt, and the clergy, foiled in their last hopes, turned to the arms of those, whom they would have sacrificed to ensure their own safety. But warfare and famine began to weaken the soldiery, and thirst, the cause of almost insupportable suffering, subdued the hitherto dauntless spirit. Already, every useless animal was destroyed; the faithful dog was no longer left to protect his master's property; the domestic cat no longer basked in the sun; a few skinny cattle, and a still fewer number of horses, alone, were saved. To complete the misery, symptoms of the plague began to appear—that dreadful scourge, which, in those days, was the general accompaniment of war.

In spite of these accumulated calamities, but few voices were raised in favor of surrender. The greatest number resolved on obtaining reasonable terms; and the herald returned with a message that, rather than yield at discretion, the Tortonese would die amidst the ruins of their city.

The violence and impiety of the emperor's temper, prevented him from appreciating, at its just value, this noble reply. Determined to oppress them with the whole weight of his displeasure, he gave-orders for a final assault.

At the first break of day, a mingled sound of drums, cornets, and trumpets announced the approaching attack. The exhausted citizens seemed re-animated at the call—a cry of defiance was returned, and, shortly after, the attack began.

First, the duke of Rotoberg and count Guido Biandrate, with six hundred Italians, and eight hundred Germans, moved upon the suburb next to the Genoese gate. Already, the pioneers had filled-up the narrow stream of the Ausona with trunks of trees and rubbish, so that no impediment should occur on that side, to prevent their mastering the space between it and the walls, and enabling them to advance with less exposure to the showers of stones, hurled into the plain. At the same time, the duke of Bohemia, Guglielmo di Monferato and count Conrad, assailed the gate of St. Lucia. This was defended by Opizzone, and combating with him were Martino Pomodoro and several of the most skilful of their soldiers. Folcheto traversed the suburb with a chosen squadron, ready to act where assistance was most needed, and effectually opposing the enemy.

Long and terrible was the first attack. The troop of Bohemia and Biandrate filled the space before the walls and the river. Twelve horsemen, protected by a triple line of soldiers, dragged at a gallop a battering-ram, which, placed upon wheels, was destined to work against the western gate. A shower of stones from the walls, offered but a momentary obstacle to its course, and those who conducted it, protected-themselves under immense shields of leather. The ponderous machine was soon adjusted in the best position, and its tremendous head commenced its strokes against the strong doors of the great entrance.

Folcheto speedily hastened thither. The archers discharged their arrows—the
citizens launched their slings, and enormous stones, that despair, alone, could have enabled them to move, fell from the wall upon the huge machine, but the haste and confusion of the mêlée prevented these powerful means of destruction from taking full effect.

At this juncture, the cry of "To the rescue, Santa croce, San Mariano, to the rescue," struck on the ear of Folchetto. It came from those on the rock, unexpectedly assaulted by the troops of Enrico of Saxony, and Conrad, the count Palatine. This part was defended by the Anfossi, Teobaldo, and a few other bold citizens, but the line of assault was extensive, and numerous the bands who menaced them.

"Gaddo, Malopera, Beruti," shouted Folchetto, "follow me to the rock, in aid of the Anfossi. You, Visconti, Franzoni, Massa and your men remain."

This said, the little troop hastened with their leader to the rock, and opportunely they arrived. Already, a Bohemian warrior had mounted by a ladder to the edge of the parapet, and planted there the imperial standard; and, already, the cries of a thousand voices saluted it. Folchetto struck-down the bold trooper, and seizing the flag, broke the staff in two, and hurled it into the moat. The heavy Teobaldo wielded an enormous spear, and, never, in vain; the Anfossi ran here and there, animating their followers to the fight—their indomitable courage struck-terror into the hearts of their assailants.

But, in spite of their efforts, a band of Saxons having, unnoticed, applied a ladder to an angle of the wall, got-footing on the rock, and were advancing towards Folchetto, then actively engaged in repelling a body of Pavians, who attempted to gain-entrance on the opposite side of the tower. Already they had reached, and must have overpowered, the young baron, when a voice, like the roaring of a bull, thundered-forth, "To the right, Malaspina—to the right."

Nor with the voice, alone, but with a club, worthy of a Hercules, Gaddo advanced to the rescue, and, in this terrible day, he well proved the worth of his brawny arm, and that his rough manners were no obstacle to his feeling, acutely, his debt of gratitude.

The first who encountered the terrible-spiked club of Gaddo, endured no lengthened agony. Succoured so opportunely, Folchetto, wearied by long combat, had a moment to respire, and, aided by Guido Anfoso, who, at the peril of his friend, had hastened to him, the wall was presently cleared of its invaders. But, on the western suberd, though they fought with equal valor, it was-not with equal success. The gate was destroyed by the blows of the catapult, and a fierce assault commenced. The entrance of the Germans was bravely opposed. The first troop of the Bohemian duke was killed, for the narrow passage did-not permit an extended line to make-their-way, but, as soon on one party fell, another succeeded like the waves of a torrent, and, by persevering, they gained, at last, a wider space for their manoeuvres.

In the mean time, Ugone Visconti, the leader of the Milanese auxiliaries, was killed by an arrow, which pierced his temple. Opizzone Montemerlo, a brave soldier, fell, transfixed with a spear, and was trampled under the feet of the Germans, as they pressed, onwards, to the city.
And, now, the western suburb was lost. The defenders of the gate of St. Lucia were no longer sufficient to repulse the ever increasing multitude of enemies, they were forced to retreat, slowly, towards the rock, whilst the duke of Bohemia, traversing the suburb, followed them close from the Genoese gate. Opizzone Malaspina, who, on this side, had performed prodigies of valor, enclosed between those, without, who sought to enter, and those, within, who assailed him, opened-a-way with his sword, and, thus, gained the Rocca. Thus deprived of all defence, the gate of San Lucia was laid-prostrate, and, pressed on two sides by the enemy, the Tortonese were forced to abandon the suburb, and hastily retreat to the heights.

Then began a new slaughter. The weak women—the trembling children, fell beneath the barbarous strokes of the exulting victors; but they gained the ascendant, not without serious loss; for, from the roofs and windows, the desperate citizens cast-down all that could wound or destroy; and even in the interior of the houses, the stair-cases were bravely defended. Rendered more ferocious by this obstinate resistance, the captains ordered that the four corners of the suburb should be fired, and committed to the most terrible of the elements—a destruction that the soldiers could-not complete, without a fierce combat. A hundred torches presently blazed in the hands of the pitiless warriors. Frederic, himself, animated them, if possible, to work greater vengeance. He desired to cancel the remembrance of an assault, which had cost him the lives of his bravest followers. Four hundred were computed to have fallen of the Tortonese, but more than sixteen hundred Germans and allies bit the dust, where they anticipated a glorious and complete victory.
CHAPTER XXX.

THE SURRENDER.

The last, faint hope of the Tortonese expired at the destruction of the western suburb, for being situated on a lower level, it contained two or three wells and cisterns, and from these was drawn the only supply of water for the thirsty citizens. Now in the possession of the enemy, they were forced to call a council, and decide on their future course.

The consuls and the members of the grand council assembled in the Duomo. The magnate appeared pale and silent; the priests, who attended him, wan and emaciated from hunger, and long watching; the magistrates weak and attenuated, but tranquil and intrepid; the soldiery, though exhausted by warfare and wounds, ardent for liberty, and breathing indignation.

The discussion was not long; although threatened by inevitable ruin, they persisted in demanding honorable terms of capitulation, and the office of making-known their resolve was assigned to Bruno, the abbot of Chiaravallo, a man of pure and holy character, who promised to consent to no conditions that would diminish the honor and reputation of the citizens.

The emperor, who found himself detained, for two months, before a city, which he had reckoned on subduing in two days, was, at last, forced into admiration at its magnanimity and courage. He received the abbot, favorably, and granted him terms, which were moderate, considering the advantages which he had gained. The Tortonese were allowed to depart, unmolested, from their city, with the goods they could transport with them; the churches, convents, and monasteries, were to be uninjured, together with all the furniture of the altars and vestments for the priests; the walls and the houses were to be preserved, the emperor being content with the destruction of three of the principal towers, some bulwarks, and a few other fortified works; and, finally, the persons and possessions of five families, who had always opposed the creation of the commune, were to be respected, and, amongst these, were numbered, the Calcinara.

The following day, the 16th. of April, the remnant of the miserable inhabitants began their departure from the ruins of their city. It was a sad spectacle to behold the sick and wounded, the old, the infirm, the women, and the children, slowly defiling down the broken paths, and casting their sorrowing looks, for the last time, on the walls which had sheltered them in the days of their prosperity, whilst the exulting shouts of the victors, impatiently urging their retreat, but too plainly expressed the scenes of devastation and plunder about to be committed.

Accompanied by Opizzone, Stull, Teobaldo, Gaddo, and a few faithful friends, Folchetto took the mountain-path, which led directly to Montebore. He knew the castle to be occupied by a troop of insolent Bohemians, he had, therefore, no intention of proceeding thither, but of seeking an asylum in some of the small dwel-
lings in the woods, which covered the numerous valleys in this part of the Apennines, and which were secluded from the usual course of destruction of war. He might have gained the monastery of Precipiano, but besides that he knew it to be filled with a troop of Landsknechts, which, in spite of the emperor's promise, were plundering it, he would-not expose his uncle to the serious responsibility of sheltering one so obnoxious.

Teobaldo, who had received a sharp wound from a lance, which, however, he treated as a trifle, was conversing with Stull and Gaddo with great energy, as he walked slowly along, when the rapid approach of a horse or a mule, over the stony and narrow road, made them step-aside to give free passage to the impetuous rider. A turn in the path still hid them from the party, when a sharp, clear voice made the adjacent rocks ring with the echo of the following irregular rhymes, half sung, half chaunted:

"Onward, onward, lazy mule,
No longer under monkish rule;
No more thou'lt tread the beaten track—
Thou bear'st the wild witch on thy back;
And thou must speed, through fire and flood,
Where'er I snuff the scent of blood.
Thy days of idleness are o'er—
Thou'lt eat an unearn'd meal no more.
On, on, o'er vale, and hill and rock,
As hungry wolf, who tracks the flock.
Away, ye sluggish beast, away—
At morn and eve—by night by day;
Where'er I urge thee, thither go,
Through summer heat, and winter snow."

A long burst of laughter succeeded, and a body of twelve Landsknechts appeared. At their head was a female, wrapt in a red mantle, and mounted upon a superb mule, which, panting and breathless, seemed to have received such a portion of spurring and scourging, as it was very unaccustomed to.

"Good night," cried the wild woman, as she passed. "Good night, signor Folcheto; the same to you, great signor Teobaldo. Ah! Opizzone, the fox of the Apennines, and Stull, the well-fed hog of the church—and thou, too, Lungapicca. Satan, then, has spared ye all. Ha! I understand,

Both swine and sheep must fly,
When the hungry wolf is nigh."

So saying, she urged-on her weary beast, along a path, so stony and rugged, that it seemed as if the mule and her rider ran a good chance of breaking their necks.

"By the holy virgin," exclaimed Gaddo. "Is-not that the witch of Varinella? and I have let her pass without pitching her over the rock;—I, who have a long account to settle with her."
"It is Pattumeia, doubtless," returned Folchetto; "but what astonishes me is, to see her mounted on the favorite mule of the abbot of Precipiano."

"Poor beast," exclaimed Stull, "how the good woman maltreats him."

"Good woman, indeed," replied Teobaldo. "Thou art more courteous than she, for she saluted thee as a fatted hog of the church."

"A slip-of-the-tongue, signor baron; and, perhaps, no insult, for Lewis, the young, called the abbé Suger 'the chief hog of his herd.'"

"Oh, if it is thus, I say no more," replied the baron. "Thou findest always motives for consolation, in thy abbé; but cease thy chattering, Stull, and let us hasten-on, for the clouds are gathering on the hills, and there are symptoms of a coming storm."

The travellers sped-on-their-way, but they abandoned the idea of reaching the neighbourhood of Montebore, that night, and descended into a little valley, in the centre of which, a walnut-tree, of prodigious size, extended its sheltering branches.

Beneath this, they deemed they should be sufficiently protected from the rain, which threatened to fall, speedily, and collecting a few, large stones, as seats, and spreading their cloaks upon the earth, they prepared to snatch a few hours repose.

They had passed about two hours in this unenviable situation; the wind had risen considerably; the rain-clouds began to discharge-themselves; and the sickly rays of the moon, piercing through them, at intervals, served to shew the desolation around. Teobaldo, whose wound was more uneasy than he would confess it to be, had, nevertheless, fallen-asleep; Valentino, Stull and Gaddo were, also, in profound slumbers; but neither Opizzone nor Folchetto could, by this sweet restorer, refresh their weary frames. They lay absorbed in bitter reflections, until the sound of hoofs roused them from their reverie, and, in a few minutes, the wild voice of the witch was heard singing, in a suppressed tone, these words:

Waken, warriors, waken—
'Tis truth I tell—
Birds of prey have taken
The white doves in their cell.
The iron bars are broken,
The holy walls defil'd,
True the word that's spoken,
Though the speaker's wild.
Frighten'd voices wailing,
Pierce the midnight air—
Voices sad and failing,
Call on friends to spare.
Waken, warriors, waken,
Fly to the forsaken.

"Folchetto Malaspina," then cried the voice.

Folchetto, followed by Opizzone, with rapid steps passed round a bank which concealed her, and there she stood behind a hedge of thorn.

"Pattumeia, what want you with us?" asked the young baron, "what is the meaning of thy words?"

A. v. 2-45.
"I bid thee hasten" replied the witch, "and retrace thy steps to the city; before the cock crows, the convent of Santa Chiara will be sacked, violated, consumed. Mark my words; within three hours, if thou dost not succour Alice and Leonilla, they... but wherefore not? Why should I save... Why should I limit my vengeance. I might satiate it to the full, if my heart were not so weak, if this my miserable life were not thy gift."

"Woman," cried Folchetto, "I know not whether to credit thy speech, thou minglest thy assertions with circumstances of which I have no knowledge. Sayest thou I have saved thy life? How and when?" "But not now," he continued, interrupting himself, "if it is true that the convent of Santa Chiara is menaced with assault, we have not a moment to spare for thy explanation."

"Ha! dost thou not believe that the old abbess, and the venerable priorress, have recourse to all their arms of defence, their rosaries, their scapularies, their relics."

"Incomprehensible Being," exclaimed Folchetto; "I dare not despise thy counsel. Opizzone, wilt thou follow me?"

"Doubtless; I have sworn to share with thee all perils and dangers."

"Advance, then, slowly, and I will rejoin thee, after speaking to Valentino, and summoning Gaddo."

Folchetto briefly informed the former of what had occurred, and ordered him to remain for the protection of his father and the Fleming, whilst he invited Gaddo to accompany him back to the desolate city.

Gaddo, like one to whom sleeping or waking was a matter of indifference, instantly arose from his hard bed, and, buckling-on his sword, followed Folchetto without delay or enquiry. But as soon as they joined Opizzone and Pattumeia, Gaddo relaxed his speed, and turning to the young baron, "Sir Folchetto" he cried, "art thou mad? Dost thou let-thyself be guided at the will of this witch, who has vowed to swallow every day a goblet of blood, in honor of the devil; who, under the form of a man, saved her from the Turks in Laodicea."

"Villain," retorted the woman, turning her mule so as to front her accuser, "Dost thou so traduce the only good deed that stands between me and perdition. It was only the vow of salvation, not of blood; and the demon, who, under a human form saved me from the infidels, behold in Folchetto."

These words were succeeded by a pause, during which, the Accabadora appeared greatly agitated.

"What avails silence," she began, at last. "Does not my last hour approach? Listen, then, Folchetto! Rememberest thou, the terrible night, when the Christian army, separated by the impiety of Godfrey and the Count de Morienna, left half its warriors in the pass of Laodicea? Dost thou remember one, who, wounded by the javelin of a Turk, and trampled by the horsemen in their flight, extended the supplicating hands, as thou passedst on thy steed? That hand was mine, and thou refusedst-not thy aid. Pitifully, thou dismountedst from thy horse; and the prayers of a miserable wretch prevailed, though at the risk of thy own life. I swore, then, to consecrate the life thou hadst saved, to thy service and that of thy family. And this is the vow that he calls an infernal compact; behold, Gaddo, the
The Castle of Montebore:—An Historical Romance, 12th Century.

preserving demon, but know that I have discharged my debt. It was I, who saved
the young Alice from the snares of a villain; it was I, who, summoned to Montebore
by the purple banner, which her own hands raised on the castle tower, the day that
the proposal of marriage from Opizzone was made, aided the pious desire of the
innocent girl, and guided her to the convent of Santa Chiara, as a safe asylum from
treachery. I, summoned by my son, Malmontello, to heal the wounds of Guglielmo,
discovered the wicked plot which was to deprive Folchetto and Teobaldo of life; I
gave the tidings to Opizzone, and fearing he might be too tardy, I hastened to
Montebore, and entered by a way which had been disclosed to me by the deceased
Rodigonda.—Still can tell thee what arguments I used to convince him; and thou,
Gaddo, wast one of the band who pantèd to plunge into the bosom of Folchetto thy
treachorous dagger.”

“Infamous woman,” cried Gaddo, “thou liest; I was drawn-in, not by mine
own will or knowledge, but from deceit; I never struck my direst foe in the dark,
still less a man who had never injured me.”

“Thou seest Gaddo,” returned Pattumeia, that calumny is difficult to digest;
why, then, dost thou give it to others.”

“Silence, both,” interrupted Folchetto, “and listen to me.”

Now tell me, Pattumeia, how hast thou discovered the peril that threatens the
convent of Santa Chiara. The emperor has promised that the sacred asylums shall
be protected. This was an agreement in the surrender, nor can it be broken with
impunity.”

“Knewedst thou not, that when the sword is unsheathed, the neck is in danger?
It may-be that the chief really intend to preserve the terms inviolate, but the
soldiery are eager for blood and plunder. And since I must tell thee all, know
that the troop, put to protect the monastery of Precipiano, enraged at not sharing in
the sack of the city, have determined to attack the privileged places. Their
example will have many imitators; with mine own ears I have heard a troop of
Landsknechts settle their plans. Confined in the monastery, where the villainous
Procurator caused the death of my son, I had the means to discover their in-
tentions, in which my participation was the price of my liberty. I have promised
to guide them, because they freed me. The mule which bears me, they allotted
to me, that I might advance as speedily as their horses: when we overtook thee on
the way, I would have warned thee, but I durst not awaken their suspicions.”

“And thinkest thou,” asked Folchetto, “that we shall arrive before they exe-
cute their design.”

“I know-not; but the convent will not be assailed before midnight; and, by the
light of the moon’s height, I judge it not far from the hour . . . yet,—surely, I see
some sparks of fire mingled with smoke amidst the darkness—yonder,—in the
direction in which I point.”

So saying, Pattumeia extended her skinny hand towards the heights on which
was situated the convent of Santa Chiara, nor was she mistaken; a red flame rose
sullenly in the misty air, the bells of the convent were now distinctly heard, and
hastening their steps; Folchetto and his companions advanced to the scene of action.
There was no difficulty in penetrating into the city, for the general movement and tumult had relaxed all vigilance. On the way, Folchetto and Opizzone, and Gaddo, had changed their red plumes for black horse-hair, the usual ornament of the German cavalry; and they had taken these from the helmets of the dead soldiers, whose bodies strewed the path. Favored by this disguise, and the darkness of the night, they traversed the city; by threading many bye-ways, with which they were acquainted, they reached the conven of Santa Chiara. The flames which had first appeared to rise from the gardens, now, aided by a brisk wind, had seized on the building, and, already, under the pretence of extinguishing it, the Landsknechts were seeking an entrance within the undefended walls. The most ferocious and impious, had battered the gates, and, forcing their way into the chapel, were despoiling the altars of their sacred ornaments; whilst others were penetrating into the forsaken cells of the nuns, to obtain the money, with which they believed them to be amply supplied: others, less avaricious, but equally sacrilegious, were swearing, singing, and pursuing the traces of the terrified novices.

At the first manifestation of the flames, and the attack upon the gates, these had sought-protection at the foot of the altar; but when they heard them giving-way before the repeated blows of the invaders, they had fled into the sacristy, and fastened the door with chains. Not long would they have found-safety, there, if Malaspina and Gaddo had not made their way to a window of this very chamber, which looked-forth upon an unfrequented alley. The cries of the unhappy nuns had reached their ears and directed their steps, when it would have otherwise been highly hazardous to have attempted an entrance into the convent.

A strong, wooden grating was the first defence of this opening, and this being destroyed by Folchetto’s herculean strength, he found a more impracticable one of iron, immediately behind it. Fortunately, Gaddo, with admirable foresight, had brought his axe, the same with which he had worked in the countermine, and, with its aid, they succeeded but with great difficulty, in tearing it from the walls. Folchetto was the first to leap into the sacristy; a lamp, suspended with an iron chain, shed a feeble light, around, and enabled him to discern a group of terrified women, crowded together at the furthest corner of the chamber. The forcing of the window they believed to be only another attack of the enemy, and their situation they judged to be hopeless. Already, the fierce Germans having violated the altars, and seized-on the sacred vessels, were assailing the door of the sacristy. The danger was imminent, and not a moment was to be lost. Gaddo had cast his keen eye around, and had spied a small, wooden ladder, by which the priest was accustomed to ascend the pulpit, when he gave the benediction to the people. Opizzone remained without, to protect the only outlet, by which escape could be effected,
and to aid the novices in their descent. Folchetto, with urgent, but gentle entreaties, encouraged them to profit, without delay, by their assistance, and sought with anxious eyes for the two, in whom he was so deeply interested; but the uncertain glimmer of the lamp; the uniformity of the dress; the deep veils; the paleness of every countenance, mingled the whole in an undistinguishable mass. But, after a few moments, the most courageous approached the window, and Folchetto, as he assisted them, had an opportunity of examining their features. At last, two only remained, who, folded in each other’s arms, seemed paralysed with terror. With a beating heart, Folchetto drew near, and recognised the object of his search, but Alice was in a swoon, and, Leonilla, supporting her, was bathed in tears.

“Quick, Gaddo,” cried the baron, “take this lady. Leonilla, leave the care of Alice to me. Gaddo—the door is giving-way—hasten, or we are lost.”

With a sturdy arm, Gaddo raised Leonilla to the window, and, in another instant, she was safely placed in the street, whilst Folchetto, passing one arm under the head of Alice, and the other under her knees, blew-out the lamp, and hastened after Gaddo. At that moment, the broken panels of the door yielded to the unceasing efforts of the soldiers, and they penetrated into the deserted chamber. The utter darkness prevented their immediately discovering the window, and, whilst some of the party hastened to the chapel, to procure a light, the fugitives escaped.

But Folchetto and Gaddo must still have encountered serious obstacles, if, at the head of the street, they had not met with Pattumeia, who awaited them with two horses and her mule; these, she had secured as soon as the Landknechts had forced their entrance into the convent.

“Mount, quickly,” she cried, as soon as they drew near. “Now, if heaven and earth fall in ruins, my vow is accomplished.”

So saying, she disappeared in the darkness, never to appear again. It was rumoured, afterwards, that she was slain by the troopers, for the loss of their horses; others, affirmed, that she had repaired to her native island with her two sons; others, that she had been seen, perishing in the flames which destroyed the convent. It was in vain that Folchetto sought for her in after-times—all traces of the wild woman of Varinella had vanished.

Opizzone took Leonilla behind him on his steed, whilst Folchetto supported Alice upon his; and Gaddo, mounted the mule of the Acabadura, or, rather, of the abbot. Thus they traversed the most secluded streets, until they arrived at the palace of the Calcinar, whence issued the most piercing cries of distress. Leonilla, who amongst them distinguished a well-known voice, wrung her hands, imploringly: “Blessed Virgin,” she cried, “it is my father’s voice; let me fly to him, and save him.”

So saying, she sought to escape from Opizzone’s restraining arm, and leap from the horse, but he held her too firmly. Folchetto, however, resigning his sister to the care of Gaddo, and drawing his sword, hastened through the open gates, and up the stair, and burst into the hall, whence the cries of distress proceeded. A horrible spectacle met his sight. Extended upon the pavement, mortally wounded, the lady Pellegrina was breathing her last; near her, killed from the blow of a club, lay the
young Titinnio, and, in a distant corner, four soldiers were standing over the hapless baron, torturing him with the points of their daggers, to draw from him the confession where his treasures were concealed. Enraged at such atrocity, Folchetto needed none other counsels, than his own valor. He fell upon the plunderers, and, striking one, and attacking another, whilst he uttered a volley of indignant rebuke in the German tongue, with which he was familiar, he put them to flight, for the helmet aided the deception, and they believed him to be one of the imperial officers, sent to punish their disobedience of orders.

Although naturally slow in his movements, the old baron waited not for Folchetto’s assistance to regain his feet.

Horrified at the dreadful tragedy, of which he had been a spectator; overwhelmed at his own danger, and fearing his own fate might be at hand, he passed down the great stairs, groaning and howling as if the dagger of the assassin was already in his bosom. Folchetto followed, endeavoring in vain to calm his fears; but, on reaching the street, the Malaspina ordered Gaddo to resign the mule to the unfortunate old man, and to walk by his side, to soothe and compose him; he, himself, resuming the charge of his sister Alice; and, without any further adventure, they, at last, safely passed through the Genoese gate, and reached the valley where they had previously rested.
CHAPTER XXXII.

THE HERMIT.

The party were yet some distance from the walnut-tree, under which they had first sought-shelter from the rain and wind; and the two females, somewhat recovered from their alarm, were indulging in thankful aspirations to Heaven and the saints for their escape, when the loud voice of the old baron was heard conversing with Stull. The theologian was explaining to his companion an awkward event, which had disturbed their slumbers, and forced them to abandon the friendly shelter of the tree. A number of narrow streams had poured down the hill-side during the heavy rain, and inundating the earth, beneath, had made their resting-place neither safe or salutary.

The meeting with Folchetto and his party, interrupted the conversation, and the joy of the old baron may be imagined, when he recognised, under the heavy cloak which enveloped her, his lost daughter. The good Teobaldo, loaded her with tender caresses, and the Fleming was nearly beside-himself with delight, but little time could be spared for the indulgence of tender emotions, and Gaddo was eagerly making known to Folchetto, the plan he had been settling for their safety.

"Behind this hill," said he, "and I was a fool not to have thought of it before, is the castle of Sarrano; and, following the direct line, we might reach the draw-bridge in an hour. It is true, we shall-not be regaled with the luxuries of the abbey of Precipiano, but, at least, there will be shelter for these innocent doves; we ravens care little for the storm, and, for myself, I laugh at the torrent, if it fall like the tempest of demons."

"Thy proposal were a good one," said Opizzone, "provided thou art sure of the road."

Gaddo assured them that, spite of the darkness, he was perfectly sure of the way, but that they must dismount, for the path was too rugged for horses." So, following his directions, the whole party commenced a laborious ascent up the mountain. After proceeding about half a mile, the path, which had gradually become more thorny and narrow, suddenly ceased, and Gaddo was reluctantly forced to admit that he had missed the track. Folchetto was about to upbraid him, sharply, for his self-sufficiency, when Alice, who had toiled along, in silence, pointed-out a light, gleaming faintly among a group of trees, which crested a hill at no great distance. The eyes of each turned to the spot indicated by her; and though Gaddo at first maintained it to be only from a glow-worm, the others declared that it was-not the season when those insects displayed their light.

They resolved, therefore, on making their way thither; but Folchetto preceded them a short space, to assure-himself that no danger was to be feared, and presently reached a small level, surrounded with bushes, upon which he discerned a rude, low building. It appeared to have been recently built, for the ground was strewed with logs, and such rude materials as would be required for a hasty erection; the light
proceeded from a pine-torch, as Folchetto perceived, on asking admission. The figure who unclosed the door was habited in a loose dress of white wool, encircled with a band of iron; a cowl of the same stuff covering the head and great part of the face, shewed him to be an anchorite—a personage, who, about those days, not unfrequently might be found inhabiting rocks and caves in the mountains.

"Good father," said Folchetto, "wilt thou permit a party of fugitives, thy countrymen, to shelter, this night, beneath thy roof? There are with us, two females, who have miraculously escaped the fury of the insolent soldiers; they are trembling with alarm, and are overcome with fatigue. Our gratitude would be boundless."

As Folchetto spoke, the hermit became as pale as the garment that covered him. He lowered the torch, as if his hand was too feeble to support the weight; he attempted to utter some words, but in vain; but he bowed his head in token of assent, then fixed the torch in an iron ring, fastened in the wall. This done, he stept-forth, nor did Folchetto particularly notice him, supposing his silence occasioned by a vow, but he entered into the humble edifice, and was speedily joined by the others, excepting Gaddo.

The chamber contained but two wooden seats, a small table, and a prayer-stand, or what, in modern days, is called a prie Dieu. The two females lay-down upon their cloaks; the rest waited for the re-appearance of the hermit, and thus several minutes passed in silence. Teobaldo first expressed surprise at his absence, then Stull, whilst Opizzone attributed it to his desire of procuring them food, for which he might have to apply to one of his mountain neighbours. In about twenty minutes, Gaddo entered, breathless, as if he had been running hard, and pale and terrified as if he had seen a ghost. At his strange appearance, he was questioned eagerly and rapidly:" Where hast thou been? What has happened? Where is the hermit? These questions were uttered simultaneously, but Gaddo did-not think-proper to reply to them.

"Not now," he said, "not now—I cannot—I must-not speak. A solemn vow binds my tongue until the morrow."

"At least say if we are in any danger," cried Folchetto.

"None—none; sleep if thou canst, and leave me in peace."

To sleep, with their curiosity unsatisfied, was-not easy, either for the men or the females; and this observation made by Stull was agreed-to by Gaddo, who, pressing his forehead with his hand, resumed his speech:

"I comprehend, truly, that sleep cannot visit unsatisfied minds; but here is no choice; I have promised to be silent, and I will bite off my tongue, rather than break my promise. Nevertheless, it is permitted me to tell thee that thou hast leave to use this poor refuge as ye will; and that, to the right of the table—no, at the left—or in the adjoining chamber, some food may be found.

So saying, he passed into the second, small apartment, and Opizzone, with the torch, and Folchetto followed him. A recess pointed-out by Gaddo, was opened, nor was the suspense of the Malaspina little, when, instead of the expected provisions, they beheld a rich suit of Italian velvet, a berretto, embroidered in silver, and a dagger-sheath, on which was a cypher, in gold, of G. U. It may be conceived, to
what reflections this gave-rise; but Folchetto hastily closed the recess, and opened
another, which contained a moderate portion of coarse provisions. The females de-
clined it, but the others were glad of any refreshment after their labors and fatigue,
and, after partaking of it, they lay-down-to-rest, until morning.

At the early dawn, they found the skies had brightened, and they set-out on their
way to the castle of Sarrano, which was scarcely a mile distant. Hardly had they
advanced two hundred paces from the hermitage, when Gaddo, who acted as guide,
paused an instant at the brink of a precipice, along which the road passed; then,
retracing his steps, he accosted Folchetto, and whispered something in his ear. The
young baron seemed agitated, and, counselling Opizzone to take-a-path to the right,
with a less rapid ascent, he, himself, with Gaddo, hastily descended a very precipi-
tous rock, at the foot of which a dreadful spectacle presented itself—the poor hermit
lay, bathed in blood.

Fleeing from the presence of those, whose sight was worse than death, the unhappy
Guglielmo degli Uberto (for it was none other) mistaking the path, in the darkness
of the night had fallen the whole depth of the rock, and struck his head against a
sharp, projecting mass. The miserable man was breathing his last sigh, but he
unclosed his dim eyes, and fixing them on Folchetto, who knelt and supported his
head, he raised one hand, which the young baron took in his, and, pressing it
kindly, was about to assure him of his full pardon for the past, when he perceived
that the spirit had left its mortal tabernacle, and the heart had ceased to beat.

Folchetto and Gaddo covered the remains as decently as they could, and hastened
to rejoin their companions. The whole party were hospitably welcomed by the
small garrison of the fortress of Sarrano; and, by Folchetto’s request, two of the
troop sought the fatal rock, and excavated a grave for the penitent hermit, whilst
the Fleming, in sad astonishment, performed the sacred rites over him.

This event, for ever remained unknown to Alice and Leonilla; but the latter, who,
after the lapse of some months, became the wife of Folchetto, then told her husband
that she had recognised Guglielmo degli Uberto in the person of the hermit,
transient as had been her opportunity of observation.

The demolished Tortona, after a time, by the exertions of the impoverished
citizens, aided by the faithful allies, the Milanese, was rebuilt. Folchetto was not,
again, called-on to engage in public strife, but retired to the castle of Montebore,
where he would fain have retained his sister; she was, however, not to be persuaded,
but, in spite of the affectionate remonstrances of Leonilla, her father and Folchetto
pronounced the sacred vows in the monastery of Santa Chiara, and died a few
years after, in peace and hope.

The career of Opizzone was a stormy one; but his actions and intrigues are mat-
ters of history, and are related in the old chronicles of the times. Our tale closes
with the inhabitants of Montebore, the ancient ruin that still crowns a peak of the
Appennine in the Tortonese territory, where the sound of war is happily now heard
no more, and the only weapons of destruction are those wielded by the hand of time.

A. c. 2-45.

B.
THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

I am fading away—I am hastening fast!
   From a changing scene of smiles and showers;
The sunny hue of my life is past,
   And my brow is bound with withering flowers.

There are few who wish me to linger here,
   With my trembling step, and aged frame;
They love—not to look on my aspect drear,
   So changed from the beauty, with which I came.

They will smile with delight, when they see me depart;
   They will feast and rejoice, when my journey is done;
But there will be many an aching heart,
   Before my successor its course hath run.

Vain mortals! I scoff at your transient mirth,
   When I look on this world's, wide, hurrying scene;
And see that the fairest flow'res of earth,
   Are swept from the place, where they once have been.

There are lonely graves, where the young and bright,
   Lie wrapp'd in a slumber, still and deep;
When I look'd on them first, each heart was light;
   When I sought them again, they had fallen asleep!

There are desolate homes, which, when first I came,
   Were sunny and smiling, with love's bright ray;
But the cherish'd-one's voice, and the cherish'd-one's name!
   Have gone!—Have departed!—Have vanish'd away!
The Court and Lady's Magazine.

I have seen blighted hopes—I have watch'd love grow cold—
I have look'd on the graves of the wealthy and proud—
I have mark'd the despair of the heart-broken old,
When the child, fondly lov'd, hath lain pale in its shroud.

And now I depart—I shall see ye no more,
When the coming year casts a fresh shade on each brow—
When its joys and its woes, and its changes are o'er,
Ye will turn from it then, as ye turn from me now.

Give-ear! oh, ye children of folly! give-ear!
This world and its fashion are passing away;
There are trials and sorrows for all drawing near,
And the earth's brightest blossoms are doom'd to decay.

Ye have heard my last words!—Ye have heard my last sigh—
No longer!—no longer! among ye I dwell;
A year with fresh hopes and fresh fears draweth nigh,
Ye will see me, no more! Fare ye well!! Fare ye well!!!
THE NEW-ZEALAND DEBATE.

In our last, when speaking of British Colonial Policy, we purposed giving the speech of Sir Howard Douglas, as (with many others) it was forwarded to us, for the intended pamphlet of "The Knowledge Society."

We hope it will be considered nothing invidious in making this selection, repeating, as our reason, that the worthy baronet's remarks involve great principles; but, in this instance, we think, no less than the public generally, along with the press, the organ—the leader—and—the led—of public opinion, that there was much of undue severity in what he uttered.

On the other hand, we admire Sir Howard's high Tory principles:—the day has gone—by when the crown is oppressive of its subjects—but the day is, and we say it with extreme sorrow, that the power of the crown is far from what it ought to be; that, piecemeal, its prerogative is curtailed, elipt, until, at length, it is almost powerless, for, even, good; that whilst royal minds and noblemen are diligent in the service of the fine-arts (and we, of all parties, who have been setting an example—when little were they in this country heeded or thought of—for their encouragement, in our long-continued series of authentic, ancient Portraits, long-after followed, under royal patronage, by memoirs—never before published—of Queens of England!)—other and undermining arts are but too apparent to give to royalty as little of control as possible, over public affairs. Are, we would ask, such things, together with railroad bills, the only things needed by the public? Are there not, from time to time, developed, abuses, the most galling, frauds the most excessive, yet made-known, only, by some bursting of indignation, or public out-breaks, as in Wales, or a declaration of some frightful deficiency. But if the crown have not lost its more arbitrary powers, of which both the public and the crown may mutually rejoice; if the official servants of the crown have gained adherents from among the families and connections of the endless number of commissioners and revising barristers, to whom they have given, or for whom they have procured appointments, whilst the crown, itself, has really become weaker and weaker, against which ills would that Sir Howard Douglas could stand in the gap, yet would we see an unflinching and stern control over all public officers and bodies-corporate, those hydra-heads, some even spreading their exclusive powers in almost every direction, growing, in strength, almost stronger than the crown:—more, then, than all boards, there is wanted a Board of General Control, over these various under-heads of public, and directors of semi-public affairs.

Thus would we constitute this Board. We would appoint three judges for the public service. We use this term in its largest, yet its most simple and natural sense. Their office would be to administer to the wants of the public. To hear, as if the king, as of old, was in the court of his palace—his palace-court—all persons who conceived themselves to be wronged by any public body, through neglect, delay, or unjust oppressions, for it should ever be borne-in-mind, by those who preside over public affairs, that, generally speaking, the time of all the opposite party is paid—for-time: every unnecessary delay is, therefore, a positive, and, in many instances, a very cruel pecuniary or personal wrong. To redress gallang annoyances of this description, we humbly believe that a board so constituted, would confer on the community at large—that is, of every degree—the greatest of all possible benefits.

Should this branch be carried-out, beneficially, we would enlargo their sphere of action; we would give them a reference control over all bodies constituted by act of parliament, or by charter. In a word, we would enable them to carry-out, with a high and beneficent hand, the less-aspiring, but yet not more honorable principles of "The Knowledge Society," whereby peace might ensue to those who would seek it, from such an easy, speedy, and powerful redress against wrongs.
The Speech of sir Howard Douglas in the House of Commons, on Wednesday the 15th of June, 1845.—"I have read these bulky volumes with deep interest, and profound attention; and approach this discussion with some knowledge of the facts of the case, and not without entertaining great dread of what may ensue. With some experience of Colonial affairs, I know, as a professional man, the serious difficulties, and sad consequences of desultory warfare, in a remote quarter of the world, with numerous tribes of Aborigines, in an extensive country, with a very insufficient force; and I speak with peculiar interest, on this subject, inasmuch as that small force consists of a detachment, belonging to the regiment which I have the honor to command. No Member of this House—no subject of this realm—attracts more importance to the extension of the Empire, by a sound and well-conducted system of colonisation, than I do; and it rejoices me greatly to find by these discussions, that hon. Members, opposite, even the noble Lord, the Member for Sunderland, who repudiates the vital principle of the Colonial system, have not yet, altogether, abandoned the subject of colonisation, and still appear to cling to a policy, which I began to fear, was getting out of date, and considered to be old-fashioned. ["Hear, Hear."] I mark that derisive cheer—be it so—my opinions are as old as the days in which the foundations of this great Empire were laid, in those well-known Colonial establishments, by which these little islands have become the centre of a mighty Empire; and those opinions are as firm as that Empire is, I trust, enduring. It is because I do attach that importance to colonisation conducted upon sound and approved principles, and in a judicious manner; it is because I do most fully admit the vast capacities and capabilities of the New Zealand Islands, as rich and extensive fields for British colonisation, that I condemn and deplore that precipitate, unauthorized, lawless scheme, which has blighted those prospects, and which has been the main cause of all the difficulties and disasters that have occurred, and may yet happen, from collisions with the natives. In support of my assertion, that the recent attempts at colonisation have not been consistent with experience—that they were illegal, unauthorized, and have been the main cause of the difficulties which have ensued—I quote the Report of the Select Committee of the last Session, drawn up by the noble Lord, the Member for Sunderland. That Report states:

"That in the measures which have been taken for establishing a British Colony in these Islands, those rules as to the mode in which colonisation ought to be conducted, which have been drawn from reason and from experience, have not been sufficiently attended to,

"That neither individuals, nor bodies of men, belonging to any nation, can form Colonies, except with the consent and under the direction and control of their own Government; and that from any settlement which they may form, without the consent of their Government, they may be ousted. This is simply to say, as far as Englishmen are concerned, that Colonies cannot be formed without the consent of the Crown.

"That this attempt led at once to a violation of the law, by the first settlers entering into a voluntary agreement for the establishment of an authority, by which they hoped, in the absence of any legitimate power, to maintain order amongst themselves. The illegality of this arrangement was pointed out to the Company by the then Secretary of State.

"That it is to be regretted that more decisive measures were not adopted for preventing the sailing of the expedition under these circumstances; since it appears important, with reference to the future, to observe; that such unauthorized attempts at colonisation cannot be permitted without leading to the most serious inconvenience.

"That the irregular and precipitate mode of sending out the first settlers, had the unfortunate effect of placing those settlers and the agents of the New Zealand Company, from the very outset, on unfriendly terms with the officer, whom Her Majesty's Government found it necessary immediately to dispatch from England, for the purpose of establishing the authority of the Crown in the Islands of New Zealand, has been one of the main causes of the difficulties with which it has had to contend.

And the first Resolution of the Committee, which appears to have been unanimous, embodies these opinions, in the following terms:

"That the conduct of the New Zealand Company in sending out settlers to New Zealand, not only without the sanction, but in direct defiance of the authority of the Crown, was highly irregular and improper."

With this I entirely concur. That attempt to colonize a state acknowledged to be free and independent, was, as I have asserted, illegal, unjustifiable, and unauthorized; it was, moreover, conducted with fatal precipitation. The first Colony was despatched, before any arrangement could have been made by the agents, previously sent out to prepare for its reception, and before British authority was established in New Zealand. That expedition ought to have been stopped. An embargo ought to have been laid on their proceedings, until British authority, and British law had been established in New Zealand; and Lord Normanby, instead of indulging in strong writing against the unauthorized undertaking—extracts of which have been read by several hon. Members—my noble friend, the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, in his very able speech and others—should
have resorted to strong measures. He (Lord Normanby) should have stopped the expedition by proclamation, but this not being so, it does appear to me that the British Consular, or Residential, or Diplomatic Agent, who had been sent out there to treat with the native tribes, should have prevented that expedition from entering on their undertaking, until British authority and law should have been established in New Zealand: and, for myself, I would add, that, if acting in that capacity, I would have sent that Colony to the neighbouring British Colony of New South Wales, there to wait. [Lord John Russell: Which would have been against the law.] It would not have been illegal; it would have prevented an illegal transaction. The time would come when all would have to deplore that the Government of the day did not interfere in some way to prevent that expedition from proceeding to, or entering on their lawless undertaking. Persisting, however, in this audacious and lawless enterprise, in defiance of the authority of the Crown, the New Zealand Company forced the Government to resort to the only effectual way by which that act could be covered—that of acquiring the Sovereignty of the New Zealand Islands—and now insist upon what would amount to a violation of the Treaty with the chiefs and natives of New Zealand, which the Queen of England has advised by the noble Lord, the member for London, to ratify. Much has been said to ridicule what is called the farce of making treaties, or compacts, with natives in an uncivilized state, for the sovereignty and soil of the countries in their occupancy. How stands our title to the Eastern Settlement of the Cape of Good Hope? By compacts with the Caffres. How stands it with respect to Sierra Leone? By compacts with the natives likewise? How have our titles to the soil in that vast region which has been settled in Canada since its conquest, been acquired, but by purchase from the natives, whose right to the soil we never disputed? Lord Normanby, in his dispatch of the 14th August, 1839, to Captain Hobson, states, that we acknowledge New Zealand as a sovereign and independent State, so far as it was possible to make that acknowledgment in favor of the people, composed of numerous, dispersed, and petty tribes. Adverting to the colony which had recently sailed from this country, and the necessity of establishing amongst them some settled form of Civil Government, his Lordship says:—

"The spirit of adventure having thus been effectually roused, it can no longer be doubted that an extensive settlement of British subjects will be rapidly established in New Zealand; and that, unless protected and restrained by necessary laws and institutions, they will repeat, unchecked, in that quarter of the globe, the same process of war and spoliation, under which uncivilized tribes, have almost invariably disappeared, as often as they have been brought into the immediate vicinity of emigrants from the nations of Christendom. To mitigate, and, if possible, to avert these disasters, and to rescue the emigrants themselves from the evils of a lawless state of society, it has been resolved to adopt the most effectual measures for establishing amongst them a settled form of Civil Government. To accomplish this design, is the principal object of your mission."

This means the acquisition of the Sovereignty by treaty with the chiefs of the tribes. Lord John Russell, in his dispatch of the 9th of December, 1840, to Captain Hobson, advertising to the formal recognition of New Zealand as an Independent State in 1835, to the condition of the people (viz., the New Zealanders), and to their competency to cede the Sovereignty on behalf of the people at large to Great Britain, writes thus:—

"Amongst the many barbarous tribes with which our extended Colonial Empire brings us into contact in different parts of the globe, there are none whose claims on the protection of the British Crown rest on grounds stronger than those of the New Zealanders. They are not mere wanderers over an extended surface, in search of a precarious subsistence, nor tribes of hunters, nor of herdsmen; but a people among whom a sense of government have made some progress—have established by their own customs a division and appropriation of the soil—who are not without some measure of agricultural skill, and a certain subordination of ranks, with usages having the character and authority of the law. In addition to this, they have been formally recognised by Great Britain as an independent State; and even in assuming the dominion of the country, this principle was acknowledged, for it is on the deliberate act and cession of the chiefs, on behalf of the people at large, that our title rests. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that large bodies of the New Zealanders have been instructed by the zeal of our missionaries in the Christian Faith. It is, however, impossible to cast the eye over the map of the globe, and to discover so much as a single spot where civilized men, brought into contact with tribes differing from themselves, widely, in physical structure, and greatly inferior to themselves in military prowess and social arts, have abstained from oppressions and other evil practices. In many, the process of extermination has proceeded with appalling rapidity. Even in the absence of positive injustice, the mere contiguity and intercourse of the two races would appear to induce many moral and physical evils, fatal to the health and life of the feeler party. And it must be confessed, that after every explanation which can be founded of the rapid disappearance of the aboriginal tribes in the neighbourhood of European settlements, there remains much which is obscure, and of which no well-ascertained facts afford the complete solution. Be the causes, however, of this so-frequent calamity what they may, it is our duty to leave no rational experiment, for the prevention of it, unattempted. Indeed, the dread of exposing any part of
the human race to a danger so formidable, has been shown by the Marquis of Normanby, in his original instructions to you, to have been the motive which dissuaded the occupation of New-Zealand by the British Government, until the irresistible course of events had rendered the establishment of legitimate authority, there, indispensable."

This is an ample vindication of the Treaty of Waitangi, the competency of the native chiefs to make such compact, and the obligation it imposes. The hon. and learned Member for Liskeard had spoken of the Treaty with great levity. Perhaps the New Zealanders, as a body, may not exactly have known what a Treaty meant, or understood any thing of international law upon which it proceeded; but their chiefs did. Right or wrong, the Treaty was made; it exists; and its provisions and stipulations are now well understood by the New-Zealand people. It established in New-Zealand, the Sovereign power of England. The natives knew well the rights it secured to them—the august name of the Sovereign of these realms, and the character of this country, are pledged to that people, that the Treaty will be faithfully observed. No measure—no course of proceeding—no policy that does not observe the utmost good faith in respect to that Treaty, can be pursued without the most serious consequences. The least infraction of that Treaty—the least indiscretion committed now, with reference to native titles and rights, would, unquestionably, lead to the most serious and deplorable results. The military force, at present, in New-Zealand is inadequate to any emergency; the interior circumstances and features of the country are, in a military sense, formidable; and the habits and character of the natives, are such as require, if once roused, very considerable increase of force; and of other descriptions than infantry, to suppress anything like a general insurrection, and desultory movements; and I know not why I should not now state the fact, that there is not a field gun, nor one single artillery soldier in the whole of the South Australian Colonies. I have said, that the foundations of the British Colonial Empire, were laid in Colonial Establishments, very different from that which has been attempted, with such fatal effects in New-Zealand. These were of three descriptions; Proprietary governments, Charter governments, Provincial Establishments. Proprietary governments are grants by the Crown to individuals, in the nature of feudatory principalities, with all the inferior legalities, and subordinate powers of legislation, which formerly belonged to the owners of Counties Palatine. Of the former, there does not now exist but one, that of Hudson's Bay. Charter governments are of the nature of civil corporations, with the powers of making by-laws for their own interior regu-

lation. Provincial establishments, are formed by commissions issued by the Crown, which give power by royal instructions to carry it out, to make local ordinances, establish courts of law, municipal institutions, and constitute provincial legislative assemblies. In all these, the rights of the Aborigines to the soil, are distinctly admitted; and such atrocities as those committed in early days severely condemned, by Blackstone and others, as a breach of natural justice. But a new fundamental principle of Colonial law has, it seems, been discovered as announced by the noble Lord, the Member for Sunderland, in the Report of the Select Committee, drawn up by that noble Lord, and which is said never to have been controverted. It is this:—

"That the uncivilized inhabitants of any country have but a qualified dominion over it, or a right of occupancy only; and that, until they establish, amongst themselves, a settled form of government, and subjugate the ground to their own uses, by the cultivation of it, they cannot grant to individuals, nor of their own tribe, any portion of it, for the simple reason, that they have not themselves any individual property in it."

I should like to ask where this principle of Colonial law is to be found? I find it not in Vattell, nor in Vaughan's Reports, nor in Stokes, nor in Blackstone. It is totally inconsistent with a strict observance of the stipulations of the Treaty of Waitangi. If carried out, it would violate the native rights which we have recognised and pledged to the New-Zealand People. It would warrant a repetition of the worst atrocities of former times, which the noble Lord, the Member for London, so forcibly condemns. I suspect I know the origin of this new fundamental principle of Colonial law. It comes, I think, from the land in which the black man is a slave, and the red men of the forest have been driven and hunted from their lands, as the Seminole and other Indians have been, according to the prescription or adjudication that Indians have no other property to the soil of their respective territories than that of mere occupancy, and that the complete title to their lands vests in the Government of the United States! Diametrically different from this have been the policy and practice of Great Britain in her adjoining possessions—the Canadas. There, the soil has been obtained by compact with the Indians. Every part of the vast region, now settled, has been obtained by regular conveyances and compacts from the native tribes. I have been a party to such compacts as a Commissioner to treat with numerous and extensive tribes, in what were then remote, unsettled parts. Every effort has been now bestowed to treat the Aborigines with justice and kindness. Large reserves of land have been set apart for them, which they cannot
alienate. No person can hold a title to land, procured or purchased from them. With respect to what ought to be done, that is a difficult and important question. I admit that it is impossible to allow New-Zealand to remain in its present condition; and that it is equally improper to annex it, or to relinquish the colonization already commenced, with what is due consistently to the British Colonists, or to the Natives. I admit that the Colony should be placed on a comprehensive system of administration, for the benefit of all these parties. But I do not think this could be effected by erecting the New-Zealand-Company into feudatory Princes of New-Zealand, by granting them a proprietary charter. I have the greatest possible personal respect for the gentlemen composing that incorporation. I am far from meaning them any disrespect, or expressing anything that can be offensive to them; but object to such a grant being made to them, or to any other set of gentlemen. I think my noble friend, the Secretary of the Colonies, did right in declining the proposition, recently made by the New-Zealand Company, to have a Proprietary Charter conferred upon them. I object to the Charter of 1840, as to any other measure which, necessarily, complicates the great difficulty of administering and regulating the government of a distant and extensive Colony, by creating authorities and powers, which take the management, more or less out of the Queen's authority and functions, and out of the hands of her responsible advisers. I think the failure of the attempt made by the New-Zealand Company to colonize New-Zealand, has been so signal, that it appears to me utterly impossible for them to proceed with credit to themselves, and advantage to the country under the existing Act of Incorporation. I think, therefore, they should surrender their charter, and that the Government should extend to New-Zealand, at a convenient time, and the sooner the better, that higher order of Colonial Government, termed Provincial Establishments, which gives the power, as I have already stated, by Royal Commission and Royal Instructions to make local ordinances, to establish Courts of Law, Municipal Institutions, and, ultimately, to constitute Provincial Assemblies, and which form, altogether, the Representative Constitution of the British Colonies. I feel convinced that it will be impossible to organize and establish order in New Zealand, to rescue it from the serious evils with which that Colony is menaced, remote as it is, but by sending out a Governor with full powers, to bring it forward in this manner; and, in the meantime, until British authority and British law shall have been established, and every preparation made for the location of emigrants, the county surveyed, roads opened, bridges constructed, town-sites established, and many other preparatory works, upon all of which, the natives, as well as the settlers might be employed, no considerable number of settlers should be sent out; and, then, in proportion as these preparations are made, those important islands may be filled with successions of colonists to a very considerable extent, to their own advantage and that of the country. I shall vote against the motion of the honorable and learned Member.

GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

Barevi, lady of George — esq. 17, Saville-row, of a son; at Highgate, August 7.

Benwell, lady of Joseph Proctor — esq. of a daughter; at Chelmsford-common, August 17.

Blake, lady of John — esq. of a daughter; at Birkenhead, July 30.

Brooke, the wife of George — esq. of a daughter; at Croom's-hill, Greenwich, August 21.


Brown, Mrs. William — of a son; at 16, Duncan-terrace, August 17.

Brownrigg, lady of Captain —, Military Secretary to the Right Hon. the Governor-General, of a son; at Montreal, Canada, July 5.

Burr, lady of Charles — esq. of a son; at Eaton, Bedfordshire, August 9.

Cookson, lady of J. T. — esq. of a son; at Nettington-house, Northumberland, Aug. 16.

M.C. 2—2—15.

Dale, the lady of John — esq. of a son; at No. 15, Park-terrace, Highbury-park, Aug. 6.

Dixon, wife of John — jun. esq. of a son; of Daughtery-street, August 21.

Doyle, the lady of Charles Wesley — esq. of a daughter; at Earl's-court, Old Brompton, August 9.

Edgem, Hon. Mrs. of twins— a son and daughter; at No. 14, Great Stanhope-street, May-fair, August 16.

Edwards, lady of John — of a son; in Upper Church-street, Bath, August 18.

Egan, wife of John —, esq. of a daughter; in Cavendish-road-west, St. John's-wood, August 17.


Ellis, wife of Rev. Robert Stevenson — M.A., of a daughter; at Copenhagen, August 6.

Flight, wife of Thos. Flight, esq. of a daughter; at Highbury-terrace, July 51.
Fryer, lady of Frederick D. —, of a daughter; at Holbrooke-house, near Ipswich, July 30.

Graham, wife of Thomas Hedges —, esq., of a son, at Abingdon; July 28.

Harrison, lady of R. F. —, esq., of a daughter; at Welshpool, August 6.

Harling, lady of J. V. —, esq., of a daughter; in Cadogan-place, August 7.

Harvey, the lady of the Rev. G. L. —, of a son; at Yate Rec. ogy, Gloucestershire, Aug. 6.

Hening, lady of Dempster, —, esq., of a daughter; in Carvon-street, May-fair, Aug. 8.

Henry, lady of James, —, esq., of a daughter; at Blackdown-house, Sussex, Aug. 2.

Hentsch, lady of William, —, esq., of a son; at Laurier-terrace, Southwark, August 19.

Hoblyn, lady of Richard D. —, esq., of a son; of Sussex-place, Regent's-park, August 9.


Holland, lady of Rev. Erskine —, rector of Dunford, Surrey, Cambridge-parl, Hyde-Park, of a daughter, Aug. 7.

Howkins, lady of Théophile —, esq., of a daughter; at Harbury, Warwickshire, July 31.

Iolides, lady of É. C. —, esq., of a son; Elm-lodge, Stoke Newton-common; August 15.

Johnston, lady of Captain George —, of a son; Laugharne, near Carmarthen, August 7.

Jones, wife of F. C. —, esq., M.D., of a son, 69, Blackfriars-road, August 17.

Joseph, lady of S. I. —, of a daughter; at 2, Montague-place, Russell-squary, August 1.

Julius, wife of Alfred Alexander —, esq., of a son; at Norfolk-crescent, Hyde-park, Aug. 8.

Knatchbull, lady of Norton —, esq., of a son; at Provender, near Faversham, Kent, Aug. 7.

Lamb, lady of Colonel —, Sons Fusilier Guards, of a son; which survived its birth but a few hours; at Blount's-court, Oxfordshire, Aug. 9.

Lorne, Marchioness of, of a son; at Stafford-house, Aug. 6.

Lovell, lady of Edwin —, Esq., of a son; at Dinder, Somerset, August 20.

MacNaughten, lady of Francis —, esq., of a son; at No. 10, Hyde-park-street, August 23.

Manuell, lady of William —, esq., H.N., of a son; at Hammersmith, Aug. 11.

Marston, Mrs. Westland, of a daughter; at 14, Camden Terrace, West, Camden-town, Aug. 37.

Medhurst, lady of Francis Hastings —, esq., of a daughter; at the Palace Buono, Naples, July 14.

Mercer, lady of Rev. Lewis Page —, of a daughter; at Lordship-lodge, Tottenham, Aug. 10.

Miller, lady of James —, esq., M.D., of a daughter; at 40, Weikbeck-square, Cavendish-square, Aug. 18.

Monckham, lady of Joseph B. —, esq., of a daughter; in Doughty-street, Hackenburgh-square, Aug. 19.

Moritz, lady of J. M. —, esq., of a daughter; at the Western Villas, Bloomsfield road, Maida-hill, West, Aug. 13.

Norris, wife of the President of Corpus Christi College, of a son; at the President's lodging, Corpus Christi College, Oxford, August 19.

Northcot, lady of Stafford H. —, esq., of a son and heir; at 13, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, August 7.

Oliveira, lady of Benjamin —, esq., of a daughter; in Hyde-park-street, July 31.

Orred, lady of George —, esq., of a daughter; at Relugns, Morayshire, Aug. 12.

Paley, lady of Thomas —, esq., barrister, of a son; in Fitzroy-square, Aug. 3.

Phelps, wife of the Rev. Dr. —, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, of a daughter; at Sidney-lodge, Cambridge, Aug. 6.

Philips, wife of Arthur Constantine —, esq., of twin sons; at Shepton Mallet, Somerset, August 8.

Pollock, lady of Robert —, esq., of a daughter; at 3, John-street, Berkeley-square, August 5.

Rakies, lady of Robert —, esq., of a daughter; at Eastdale, in the East Riding of the county of York, August 17.

Bawling, lady of Joseph —, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at Albionville, Finchley-road, St. John's-walk, August 17.


Rohrs, lady of John —, esq., of a daughter; at the Hendre, Monmouthshire, August 17.

Rose, wife of Philip —, esq., of a son; at 22, Han-place, August 8.

Sac, wife of Richard —, esq., of a daughter; in Kensington Gardens-terrace, Hyde-park, August 5.

Sutherland, The Duchess of, of a son; at Stafford-house, August 2.

Strahan, lady of William —, esq., of a daughter; in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, August 22.

Saunders, lady of Samuel —, esq., of a son; at Alexandria, in Egypt, July 14.

Shirley, wife of Evelyn Philip —, esq., M.P., of a daughter; at Lower Eaton-park, Worthing, August 5.

Tuffnell, The Hon. H., of a daughter; at 37, Curzon-street, Mayfair, August 16.

Thornton, lady of Thomas —, esq., of a son; at Brixton-hill, August 29.

Woolley, lady of the Rev. Dr. —, of a daughter; at Rossall-hall, Lancashire, July 30.

Warner, lady of Edward Lee —, esq., of a daughter; at Dover, August 19.

Winstanley, lady of James W. —, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at North Brixton, August 2.

Willes, wife of W. G. —, esq., of a daughter; in Han-place, August 22.

Which, lady of the Rev. I. C. —, of a daughter; August 21.

White, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel, —, of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, of a son; Pilton-house, July 18.

MARRIAGES.

Alexander, Mary, eldest d. of Joseph Alexander, esq., of Myddleton-square, to William Samuel, eldest son of W. J. Berry, Esq. of Doctor-commons; at St. Mark's Church, Penwith, June 11.

Alexander, Augusta, third d. of Henry Alexander, of Cork-street, to Frank, fourth son of the late Nathaniel Milne, esq., of the Inner Temple; by the Rev. Charles Clarke, M.A.
vicar of Takeley, Essex, at St. James’s, Picensdilly, August 8.


Allfree, Miss, of Regency-square, Brighton, to Edward Jones, esq., of Hackney; by the Rev. W. E. Allfree, the rector, at Southseahe, in the county of Sussex, August 6.

Alven, Matilda Anderstigen, third d. of Francis Alven, esq., of Cheshunt, Herts, to William Bovell, youngest son of the late Thomas Fraser Burrowes, esq., of Demerara; by the Rev. M. M. Preston, at Cheshunt Church, August 21.

Arkwright, Margaret Helen, fourth d. of Peter Arkwright, esq., to Willersley, Derbyshire, to James Richard Wigram, esq., Coldstream Guards; by the Rev. Henry Arkwright, at Matlock, August 31.


Austen, Emma Matilda, d. of the Rev. Dr. and Hon. Matilda Sophia Austen, of county of Cork, to Edmund Roche, esq., Lieutenant 3d. (of King’s Own) Light Dragoons, son of the late Francis Roche, esq., of Rochemount, in the same county; by the Rev. John Penrose, vicar of Castle Mayner, Ireland, August 4.

Baines, Frances Anne, eldest d. of the late John Baines, esq., of Shooter’s-hill, to Thomas Harley Rose, esq., of the Woods and Forests; by Edward Fairman, esq., of Belvoir-place, by the Rev. Peter’s Church, Pimlico, August 14.


Baldock, Mary Ann, eldest d. of the late E. Baldock, esq., of Union-row, Mile-end-road, to Charles Stewart, eldest son of Joseph Russell, esq., of Tredgar-square, Mile-end-road, at St. Dunstan’s Church, Stepney, August 12.

Barnard, Melosine Sophia Maria, eldest d. of the Rev. Mordaunt Barnard, vicar of Amwell, and rector of Little Bardfield, in the county of Essex, to the Rev. Edward Fawcett Neville Rolfe, of Haxsham Hall, in the county of Norfolk; by the vicar, at Amwell, Herts, August 5.


Bazley, Elizabeth Caroline, d. of the late Joseph Bazley, esq., to Robert Liston Ellett, esq., of Upper Gloucester-place; by the Rev. E. Morgan, at St. Mark’s, Kennington, August 21.

Bell, Juliana, eldest d. of John Thomas Bell, esq., of Russell Square, to Newnham Winchworth Winstanley, esq., of Somers-place, Hyde-park; by the Rev. William Bell, B.A., at St. George’s, Bloomsbury, June 19.

Bellamy, Maria, the youngest d. of the Hon. Mrs. Bellamy (relief of the late Charles Bellamy, Esq., Hon. East India Company), and niece of Lord Viscount Kenmure, to Thomas Taylor, esq., of Wakefield; by the Rev. James Maitland, the minister, at Garrock, in the parish of Kells, New Galloway, August 19.

Berry, Mary, second d. of William John Berry, esq., of Doctors’ Commons, to George William Pilkington, eldest son of George Pilkington, esq., C.E., late Captain of the Royal Engineers, of Milner-square, Islington; by the Rev. Francis Dolman, M.A., at St. Mark’s Church, Pentonville, June 17.

Bill, Elizabeth Mary, only d. of the late Mr. James Bill, and granddaughter of Thomas Arden, esq., of Upper Kennington-lane, to Mr. Charles Dresser, of Coventry; by the Rev. Robert Eden, at St. Mary’s, Lambeth, June 19.


Bishop, Mary Frances, second d. of the Lord Bishop of London, to the Rev. Charles Browne Dalton, Prebendary of St. Paul’s, Chaplin of Lincoln’s-inn, and late Fellow of WadHAM College, Oxford; by the Venerable the Archdeacon of London, at All Saints’ Church, Fulham, August 21.

Boghurst, Isabella Louisa, fourth d. of Edward Boghurst, esq., of Beverley, Yorkshire, to Captain Frederick Dittmas, Madras Engineers; by the Rev. E. Robertson, at Shorwell, Isle of Wight, June 10.

Bonar, Christina Mary, eldest d. of the late Thomson Bonar, esq., of Camden, and Eltham, Kent, to Patrick Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, county of Mid-Lothian, North Britain; by the Rev. George Lock, rector of Lee, Kent, at the parish church, Richmond, Surrey, August 12.

of Great Smith-street, Westminster, to Mr. Robert Cox, of Marlborough-road, Chelsea; at St. Saviour's New Church, Chelsea; August 16.

Cleaveland, Emily, d. of Colonel Cleaveland, of the Royal Horse Artillery, to the Rev. George W. Sands, son of Richard Sands, esq., of Slade Lodge, near Stroud, Gloucestershire; by the Rev. W. F. Powell, at the parish church of Plumstead, Kent, June 10.


Cockedge, Charlotte Ross, to Mr. Charles Brill, of the Clarendon-mansion, at the parish church, Brighton, August 28.

Coles, Georgina Eliza, youngest d. of Edward Coles, esq., of Paul's-house, Taunton, to John Halliday, esq., of Chapel Cleeve; by the Rev. Dr. Warre, at Bishops Hull, June 18.


Collins, Louise, d. of Mr. James Collins, of 37, Marsham-street, Brunswick-square, to Stephen Staight, esq., of Tollington-park, Hornsey; by the Rev. F. T. Stainforth, at St. Pancras New Church, August 19.

Cott, Anne, sole d. of the late Mr. Colt of Cheltenham, to Francis Rousiblie Conder, Civil Engineer; by the Rev. Francis Close, at St. Mary's, Cheltenham, June 17.

Colville, Mary, eldest d. of William Colville, esq., of North-bank, Regent's-park, and the Laws, Perivale, to Henry James, esq., barrister of the Middle Temple; by the Rev. J. James, rector of Abbey-Dore, Herefordshire, at St. Marylebone Church, June 5.

Couch, Charlotte Augusta, youngest d. of the late John Couch, esq., Governor of the General Penitentiary at Millbank, to George John Dike, esq., of the Parliament Office, House of Lords, and of No. 5, Brixton-rise; by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, at St. Matthew's Church, Brixton, Surrey, June 26.

Cozens, Catherine Grimwood, eldest d. of James Brewer Cozens, esq., of Woodham-Mortimer-lodge, in the county of Essex, to the Rev. Thomas Clark Whitehead, minister of Trinity Church, St. Lawrence, Thanet; by the Rev. R. P. Morrell, at Woodham, Mortimer Church, June 26.


Daly, Anne Elizabeth, only d. of the late Edward Daly, esq., Enfield, to Edward C. Dell, esq., surgeon, Highgate; by the Rev. G. W. Cockrell, M.A., of C. Coll., Oxford, at Trinity Church, Southwark, August 21.

Dairymple, Anne, second d. of North Dalrymple, esq., of Fordel, to John Dick Lauder, esq., eldest son of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, of Fordell, Grangemouth; by the Rev. William Travis Sandys, A.M., Vicar of Beverley, and domestic chaplain to Lord Belhaven, at Cieland-house, Lanarkshire, June 22.

Davies, Helen, youngest d. of the late William Davies, esq., of Little Strawberry-hill, Middlesex, to Lieutenant Edmund Edward Turnour, R.N., son of the late Hon. and Rev. E. J. Turnour, and grandson of Edward Garth, Earl of Winterton; by the Rev. F. E. Turnour, at Twickenham Church, June 18.


De Villar, Dorothy, d. of the late Thomas Denham, Esq., of Regent-street, to John Frederick Bird, Esq., third son of the late Thomas Bird, Esq., of Muswell-hill; by the Rev. Thomas Hill, at St. James’s, Piccadilly, August 30.

De Villar, Dorothys, only d. of the Baroness de Villar, to Robert Vauzeller, Esq.; at Oporto, June 2.


Dorsell, Mrs. Mary Brown, widow of the late Mr. John Brown, and d. of the late John Detset, Esq., of King-street, Westminster, to Mr. John Sewell; at St. John’s Church, Westminster, August 21.

Drewel, Mary Ann, youngest d. of the late Peter Drewel, Esq., of Celerne, and widow of the late M. I. Morgan, M.D., of Corsham, Wilts, to Thomas A. Loxley, Esq., youngest son of the late John Loxley, Esq., of Stratford, Essex; at Celerne, Wilts, August 30.

Driver, Mary Manning, second d. of Charles Bradbury, Esq., of Cumber-place, Kensington, to Frederick, youngest son of the late William Webb, Esq., of Kennington; by the Rev. Henry Morgan, LL.B., &c., at St. Mark’s Church, Kennington, August 7.

Drummond, Louisa, d. of the Earl and Lady Harriet Drummond, to Lord Lovaine, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Beverley; by the Bishop of Rochester, in St. George’s Church, Hanover-square, July 26.

Dudgeon, Elizabeth Jane, eldest d. of Robert Dudgeon, Esq., to Charles Peter Dickson, Esq.; by the Rev. J. Jones, M.A., at St. Bride’s, June 19.

Durngure, Sophia, d. of Charles Damergue, Esq., of York-street, Portsmouth-square, to the Rev. P. P. Gilbert, M.A., incumbent of St. Mary’s, Haggerston; by the Venerable the Archdeacon of London, at the parish church of St. Mary’s, ebene, June 27.


Etheridge, Emma Matilda, third d. of Mr. Thomas Etheridge, of Acton-place, Kingsland-road, to Mr. Frederick Bowton, of De Beauvoir-square, Kingsland; by the Rev. P. P. Gilbert, M.A., at Mary’s, Haggerstone, August 12.

Fane, Emma, second d. of Vere Fane, Esq., of Little Ponton, in the county of Lincoln, to Westly Richards, jun., Esq., of Woodend, in the county of Warwick; by the Rev. Henry Chaplin, at Great Marylebone Church, Aug. 14.

Faux, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Edward Faux, Esq., of Yaxley-lodge, Hatton, to Mr. Charles Fowler, of Vincent Terrace, Islington, and second son of Mr. J. Fowler, of Aylesbury; by the Rev. Charles Lee, at Yaxley, June 17.

Forster, Eliza Louisa Maria Jane, eldest d. of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Forster, 12th Regiment, to Richard Davis Craig, of Lincoln’s-inn, Esq., barrister-at-law; by the Rev. William Francis Raymond, rector of Stockton, Worcestershire, at the parish church of Cheltenham, August 12.

Foster, Alice Jeffery, eldest d. of Jeffery Col- len, Esq., of Marlborough-place, Old Kent- road, to Edmund Montgomery Foster, surgeon, &c., Maidstone, Kent; by the Rev. O. Nash, at St. George’s, Camberwell, August 9.

Gardinier, Ann Elizabeth, eldest d. of Samuel Gardiner, Esq., of Deptford, Kent, to Frederick Hughes, Esq., of Manchester; by the Rev. B. S. Finch, at St. Paul’s, Deptford, August 26.

Gardner, Marianne, d. of the late George Gardner, Esq., of the Priory, Pendleton, Lan-

Gates, Eliza, eldest d. of John Gates, esq., clerk of Peterborough Cathedral, to Andrew Percival, of that city, solicitor, second son of William Percival, esq., of Northampton; by the Rev. the Dean of Peterborough, at the Cathedral, June 9.


Gibson, Anne Isabella, only daughter of Anthony Gibson, Esq., of Islington, to Malcolm, son of Thomas B. Gordon, Esq., of Hornsey; at Trinity Church, Islington, August 31.

Gosnell, Frances, youngest d. of the late John Gosnell, esq., Lombard-street, to David A. Gibbs, esq., of Dalston; by the Rev. J. Gordon, at St. John's, Hackney, August 12.

Gooch, Ann, younger d. of the late Theophillus F. Gostenholzer, esq., to Septimus Ledward, esq., at Liverpool, August 14.


Gurney, Elizabeth, third d. of Samuel Gurney, esq., of Upton, in the county of Essex to Ernest, the second son of the Chevalier Bunsee, minister from the Court of Prussia in this country; by the Rev. Henry Bunsee, at West Ham Church, August 6.


Heath, Henrietta Angel, d. of J. B. Heath, esq., of Russell-square, to John Williams Purse, esq., of Naples; by the Rev. G. Pocock, at St. Pancras Church, August 23.

Hinde, Mrs., of No. 1, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, to Mr. J. D. Benjamin, of 23, Little Alie-street, Goodman's-fields; August 20.

Hodgson, Amelia, third d. of the late Charles Hodgson, Esq., of Chelemsford and Sandon, Essex; by the Rev. the Late Colonel Hodgson, of the 1st Royal Dragon Guards, to

John Morse, esq., son of the late John Morse, esq., of Leigherton-house, Gloucestershire; by the Rev. S. S. Knipe, M.A., at St. Mary's, Islington, August 19.

Homes, Margaret Wilson, youngest d. of the late Rev. Thomas Holmes, of Bloock-hall, Norfolk, to the Rev. Joseph Williams Blakesley, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and vicar of Ware cum Thundridge, Herts; at Southwold, Suffolk, August 21.

Hornby, Emma Isabella, third d. of the late Rev. George Hornby, vicar of Turkdian, Gloucestershire, to Thomas Scott, esq., of Bromsgrove; by the Rev. W. Price, rector of Cola St. Dennis, Gloucestershire, at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, June 17.


Housen, Ann Isabella, daughter of Joseph Housen, esq., of Lincoln's-Inn-fields, to Thomas Bradshaw, of Hope-street, by the Rev. the J. H. Mapleton, rector of Aylton, at Trinity Church, St. Luke's, Chelsea, June 3.

Huddleston, Christiana Matilda, only child of William Huddleston, esq., of London, to Mr. Alfred Nash, of the city; by the Rev. G. S. Dickson, at St. Swithin's, Lincoln, Aug. 21.

Hutton, Caroline Sophia, eldest d. of the late Henry Hutton, rector of Filleigh, in the county of Devon, to the Rev. Abraham William Bullen, of the Vineyards, Great Buddow, Essex; August 5.


Jamieson, Elizabeth, of Hyde-park-street, youngest d. of the late Robert Jamieson, esq., Glasgow, to Thomas Young, esq.; at St. John's Church, Hyde-park-street, August 19.

Jenkins, Elizabeth Frances Jane, eldest daughter of William Jenkins, esq., of Walscot-place, Lambeth, to Joseph Brook, esq., of Rusholme-lodge, Lancashire; by the Rev. J. Cave Browne, at Lambeth Church, August 7.

Jones, Harriet, d. of Richard Jones, Esq., of Liverpool, to the Rev. Thomas Mac Gill, son of the late T. Mac Gill, esq., of Malta; by the Rev. Augustus Campbell, rector of Liverpool, at St. Catherine's Church, Abercorn-bright-square, Liverpool, August 5.

Judd, Caroline Mary, second d. of William Judd, Esq., of Curzon Lodge, Old Brompton, to John Augustus Beaumont, esq., of West-hill, Putney-heath; by the Rev. Dr. Sleath, sub-dean of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, at St. James's Church, August 16.


Kell, Eliza Polhill, of Lewes, second d. of the late Christopher Kell, esq., to Tidew Smith, Esq., of Vinehall, and of the Hastings Bank; by the Rev. Frederick Tweed, at St. Michael's, Lewes, August 14.
The Court and Lady's Magazine.


Knowles, Mary, eldest surviving d. of the late Edward Knowles, esq., of Somerset-house to Admiral Euphemia, a Poutiaine, of the Russian Imperial Navy: by the Rev. E. Popoff, at the Chapel of the Russian Ambassador, in Welbeck-street, June 20; by the Rev. G. F. W. Mortimer, D.D., at the parish church, Lewisham, June 20. At the latter church, at the same time:—

Knowles, Harriet, second surviving d. of the late Edward Knowles, esq., to Thomas Arthur Busby, Esq., eldest son of W. Peatt Busby, esq., of Larkfield, near Liverpool. The ceremonies were honored with the attendance of his Excellency the Baron Brunow and suite.

Lister, Mary, eldest d. of Joseph Jackson Lister, of Upton-house, Essex, to Richard Godlee of New-square, Lincoln's-inn, and of the Middle-temple, barrister-at-law; at the Friends' Meeting-house, Plaistow, August 21.

Locke, Mary, eldest d. of the late Charles Locke, Esq. of Waithamstow, Essex, to Sacket Townlin, Esq. of Camberwell-street, Hyde-park, at the parish church, Brighton, August 20.


Messer, Mary Hannah, eldest d. of Josiah Messer, Esq. of Bruce-grove, Tottenham, to John Thompson Fletcher, esq., of Union-dock, Limehouse; by the Rev. Thomas Newcome, vicar, at Tottenham, Old Church, August 31.

Morgan, Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest d. of Thomas R. Morris, of Southampton-row, Russell-square, to Theophilus Redwood, Esq., of Montague-street, Russell-square; by the Hon. and Rev. Montague Villiers, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, August 16.


Pearce, Emma, eldest d. of Mr. Pearce, of Dockhead, Bermondsey, to Mr. G. B. Edwards, of Thornton-street. Horseydown, Southwark; by the Rev. John Puckle, at St. Mary's Church, Dover, August 18.


Peterson, Emily, of Pall-mall, to Mr. Richard Keshaw; by the Rev. R. J. Thoms, B.A., at St. James', Church, Piccadilly, Aug. 21.

Potter, Mary, of Barham-wood, Elstree, Hertfordshire, to George John Circuit, esq., Ellercombe-grange, Woburn, Bedfordshire; by the Rev. Dr. Morris, the rector, at Elstree Church, August 29.

Preston, Frances Elizabeth, eldest d. of Christopher Richard Preston, Esq., late of Blackmore Priory, in the county of Essex, to major Bonham, 40th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, at St. James' Piccadilly, August 2.

Reinsford, Eliza Mary, eldest d. of the late Rev. John Salisbury Rainsford, formerly of St. Michael's parish, Dublin, to George Hickey, esq., son of the late Charles Hickey, esq., of Both; by the Rev. F. Fitzpatrick, rector of Sharrow, county of Cavan, at St. George's Church, Dublin, June 3.


Richardson, Annie, youngest d. of the late Mr. James Richardson, of Chancery-lane, to Alfred, youngest son of Mr. John Cripps, Newgate-street; at St. Mary's, Islington, Aug. 18.

Richards, Emily Julia, eldest d. of Rev. W. Minutes, of Knockholt, to Mr. John Newington, of Broke-place, Halstead; at Knockholt Church, Kent, August 14.

Rose, Laura Elizabeth, d. of William Grant Rose, Esq., of, 8, Waterloo-crescent, Dover, and of Parliament-street, Westminster, to William Kingdom, Esq., of Duryard lodge, near Exeter; at St. James', Dover, August 31.

Rogers, Gertrude, youngest d. of the late William Lorance Rogers, Esq., to the Rev. William A. Carter, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; by the Rev. William Rogers, at All Saints', Fulham.

Russell, Jane, third d. of James Russell, Esq., Court-lodge, Horton Kirby, Kent, to J. W. Brown, Esq., of Ufford, Wiltshire; at Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, August 31.

Rutherford, Mary Fenwick, only child of William Rutherford, esq., of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, to George Renwick, esq., of the Admiralty, Somerset-house; by the Rev. W. Greenlaw, at St. Mary's, Woolwich, June 20.


DEATHS.

Campbell, Henry, esq., second son of the late Major Charles Colin Campbell, late of the 92d Highlanders, in his 46th year; August 29.

Carnegie, Isabella, youngest d. of James Carnegie, Esq., Athol-crescent, Edinburgh; at Copenhagen, August 9.

Champey, the Rev. Edward F., aged 36, of Bedford-square, Stepney, secretary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society; at Cambridge-shire, August 16.

Christmas, Thomas, in his 63th year, at No. 1, Holywell-row, Worship-square, Finsbury; August 17.

Church, Wellington O'Reilly Scott, aged 13, youngest son of the late Lieutenant Charles Church, R.N., at the Vicarage, Bodmin; Aug. 9.
Collett, Emma, in the 47th year of her age, wife of John Collett, Esq., M.P.; August 17.
Cooper, Frances Caroline, aged 25, d. of John Davy, esq., and wife of Thomas Cooper, esq., at her father's house, Tottenham, Middlesex, late of Sandleford lodge, Berks; August 8.
Cotton, Mr. William Augustus, after a long illness, aged 59, at No. 145 Minories, deeply lamented by his widow and family, and much respected by all who knew him; August 26.
Croft, Robert, esq., at Blanfolds, near St. Omer, formerly of London; August 25.
Cumming, Mr. William, aged 30, of Printer's-place, Bermondsey, (nephew of the late Admiral Cumming), to the great regret of his relatives and friends; August 16.
Dalton, Mrs. G. Tuite, wife of G. T. Tuite Dalton, esq., at Headfort-house, county Meath, August 23.
Davis, William, esq., of Bartholomew-lane, Bank, and Great Carter-lane, Doctor's-commons, in his 71st year, at his residence in Ludgate-street, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends; August 22.
Drummond, Sarah, the wife of George Drummond, esq., of Regency-square, Brighton, at Rusioning, Sussex; August 24.
De Salis, Captain Charles, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, from the effects of an accident; August 26.
Ebworth, Charles Riley, in his 19th year, son of Mr. Ebworth, of Surrey-square, whose death was recorded on the 10th inst.; at Calcutta, of cholera, April 16.
Evans, Jane, only daughter of the late Henry Evans, esq., of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire; at Tulse-hill, Brixton, June 12.
Eyres, Lieut.-Col. John, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, aged 69; at Coleshill-house, near Amersham, June 14.
Harrison, Chatburn, second son of G. B. Harrison, esq., of Upper Homerton, in his 16th year; June 11.
Hayward, Mary Anne, the beloved wife of William Turner Hayward, esq., in her 32nd year; at Torquay, Devon, June 16.
Heathecoat, Margaretta, daughter of the late Colonel Heathecoat, and sister of the late Rev. Dr. Heathecoat, of Hackney; at Malbry, near Rotherham, June —.
Hill, Caroline, aged 64; at 31, Cambridge-square, Hyde-park, June 18.
Hills, Lieut.-Col. William Newbolt, of the 6th Madras Cavalry; at Madras, April 21.
Hopwood, Mary, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Hopwood, chemist, Richmond, Surrey, in the 70th year of her age; June 25.
Howell, Martha, relict of Mr. Randolph Howell, of Oswestry, Shropshire, aged 84; at St. John-street-road, Islington, June 18.
Hudson, Sarah, the beloved wife of Mr. John Hudson, Lower Shadwell, eldest daughter of the late Mrs. Jane Grier, Bloomsbury-square, of dropsy, aged 69; June 17.
Huggate, Jane, the beloved wife of Sir W. A. Huggate, Bart., aged 44, deeply and sincerely regretted by her numerous family and a large circle of friends; June 21.
Hunt, Louisa Miles Stephens, of consumption, aged 24; at the house of her uncle, Mr. James Hunt, Sveden-hall, St. Albans; and it is a remarkable, though solemn, coincidence, that her death occurred on the same day of the month, almost at the exact hour, and at the same age, which her sister Emma departed this life two years ago.
Lawrence, Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. R. Lawrence, in Chadwell-street, Myddleton-square; June 24.
Lawson, Mary Ann, relict of James Lawson, esq., of Norwood, Surrey, in the 70th year of her age, most sincerely lamented by her affectionate and grateful family; at Great Ealing, Middlesex, June 17.
Lawson, John, esq., in his 84th year; at Leicester, June 17.
Lewis, Elizabeth, relict of Samuel Lewis, esq., of Boulogne-sur-Mer, late of Hampstead; at Calais, June 20.
Luck, Frederick, esq., in the 43d year of his age, late of Blackheath; at the house of his father, Malling, Kent, August 24.
Malim, Wentworth, esq., formerly of Lincoln's-inns-fields, aged 76; at Wandsworth, March 16.
Morrison, Lady Caroline; at her residence in Devonshire-place, March 3.
Palmer, George, esq., sixth son of the Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney, and an old and respected member of the Stock-Exchange, aged 68; at Docking, March 3.
Rice, Vincent, formerly of the East India-house, eldest son of the late Rev. Barnard Rice, vicar of Alderminster, near Stratford-on-Avon, suddenly, aged 55, of apoplexy; at Islington, March 1.
Russell, John, esq., formerly of Pubna, in Bengal, and of Bengartree House, Leslie, Fife, North Britain, aged 56; at his residence in London, March 2.
Saumarez, General sir Thomas, aged 35; at his residence, Belmont-lodge, Guernsey, March 4.
Tindall, John, esq., banker, one of her Majesty's deputy lieutenants and a justice of the peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire, highly respected, aged 57; at his residence on the Cliff, Scarborough, May 6.
Tyssen, esq., of Narborough-hall, Norfolk, aged 60; at Colchester, March 1.
Vassal, William, esq., M.D., of Ashley-place, Bristol, formerly an active medical officer in the British Army; March 31.
Unwin, Maria, wife of Joseph Unwin, esq., of Calburne-street, St. Pancras; March 10.
Walkerham, the Right Hon. Lady, aged 69; in Upper Portland-place, May 8.
Weber, Charles Lewis, esq., after a long illness; at Clapton, Feb. 1.
Westminster, Marquesa of, aged 78; at Eaton-hall, Cheshire, Feb. 17.
Westropp, Charles R., esq., of Melon-house, in the county of Limerick, a young gentleman most deservedly and highly respected; at Albion-street, Hyde-park, Feb. 4.
Williams, James Wilmot, esq., only son of Edward Williams, esq., of Herrington, in the county of Durham; at his father's, 19, Upper Wimpole-street, May 4.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.
Alington, wife of Rev. Richard P. —, of Swin- hop, Lincolnshire, of a daughter; Sept. 9.
Bell, lady of Charles, esq., of a daughter; in Southwick-street, Hyde-park; Sept. 15.
Blount, lady of a daughter; at Stafford- house, Sept. 15.
Brookes, wife of William, esq., of Elmes- tres, of a daughter; at Doughton, near Tertbury, Gloucestershire, Sept. 7.
Browning, wife of Colin Arrott, M.D., R.N., of a son; at 17, Bloombury-place, Brighton, Aug. 20.
Buckley, wife of Rev. J. W. —, of a son; at Stanley-place, Paddington, Sept. 13.
Burrowes, lady of Robert, esq., of Strad- done-house, county of Cavan, of a son; at 16, Merrion-square, Dublin, Sept. 9.
Butler, wife of Rev. William John, of a daughter; in Clifton-place, Aug. 28.
Chapman, wife of Cowdell, esq., of a daughter; at Egremont-place, Aug. 27.
Clifton, wife of H. W. —, of a daughter; at Brussels, Sept. 7.
Colchester, wife of Thomas, esq., surgeon, R.A., of a son; at Woolwich, Sept. 1.
Cox, lady of William Saurin, esq., of a daughter; Sept. 11.
Cross, wife of Robert Jennings, esq., of a daughter; at South molton, Devon, Aug. 29.
Dale, wife of Rev. Thomas, of a son; at Sydenham, Kent, Sept. 12.
Darell, lady of Rev. W. L. —, of a son; at Fretherne Rectory, Gloucestershire, Sept. 6.
Davidson, Mrs. of Bogue, North Britain, of a daughter; at Tunbridge-wells, Kent, Aug. 23.
Duke, wife of Dr. —, of a son; at Hastings, Sept. 11.
Forbes, lady of John, esq., of a daughter; at Forest-avenue, Kensington, Sept. 16.
Harrison, lady of R. P. —, esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, of a daughter; at Welchpool, Aug. 6.
Harvey, lady of Rev. G. L. —, of a son; at Yate Rectory, August 6.
Hayton, Mrs. J., of a son; at Abridge-house, near Tunbridge, Aug. 25.
Headley, lady of Rev. William, of a son; at Purleigh, Essex, Aug. 25.
Jackson, wife of Rev. John, head-master of Islington Proprietary School, of a daughter; at Muswell-hill, Sept. 4.
James, wife of Rev. William, of a British Chaplain, of a son; at the English Parsonage, Amsterdam, Sept. 11.
Keeling, lady of Mr. Henry L., Monument-yard, of a son; Sept. 12.
Kemble, wife of Rev. Churles, M.A., incumbent of St. Michael’s, Stockwell, of a daughter; at 3, 2-45
Wagstaffe, lady of M. French —, esq., of Walton-place, west, Lambeth, of a daughter; Sept. 6.
Walker, wife of Francis —, esq., of a daughter; at Grove-cottage, Southgate, Sept. 2.
Watson, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter; at Rockingham-castle, Aug. 30.
Watts, Mrs. Francis, of a son; at Warwick-square, Belgrave-road, August 9.
Webster, lady of Robert —, esq., of a son; at North-bank, Regent's-park, Sept. 12.
Welch, wife of John —, esq., of the Inner Temple, of a son; at Charles-street, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde-park, August 11.
Westbrook, lady of Richard Austwick —, esq., of a daughter; at Amwell-mount, near Ware, August 19.
Winter, lady of Rev. A. I. —, of a son; at Cranfield, Bedfordshire, Sept. 5.
Wood, wife of Charles William —, esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; at Holly-villa, Finchley, common, Sept. 10.
Wooley, lady of G. N. —, esq., surgeon, of a daughter; at Brompton, Sept. 9.
Yorke, Hon. Mrs., of a son; at Wimpole-rectory, Aug. 29.

MARRIAGES.
Abercombie, Susan Henrietta, eldest d. of Mr. Abercombie, of Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, to Mr. Nathaniel Peal, of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square; at St. Pancras-church, September 11.
Allan, Mary Anne, only d. of Mr. George Allan, of Chelsham, Bucks, to Mr. Charles Kent, of Tring, Herts; by Rev. H. Allon, at Union-chapel, Islington, Sept. 6.
Allchin, Elizabeth, youngest d. of Thomas Allchin, esq., of Ditton-place, to Edward Oliver, youngest s. of John Golding, esq., of the same place; by Rev. T. Golding, at Ditton, Sept. 9.
Allender, Madelina, d. of the late Josias Du Pre Alexander, esq., of Stone-house, Kent, to captain F. W. Pleydell Bouverie, R.N.; by his father, Hon. and Rev. F. Pleydell Bouverie, canon of Salisbury, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, Sept. 2.
Barley, Mary Jane, eldest d. of Edward Barley, esq., solicitor, Poole, Dorsetshire, to Alfred Craik, esq., surgeon, of the Parade, in the former place; by Rev. W. Howarth, A.M., at March, Cambridgeshire, Isle of Ely, Sept. 17.
Barnett, Margaret, youngest d. of the late Mr. Benjamin Barnett, of Spring-garden-court, Stepney, to Henry Ridley, eldest s. of Mr. Dale, of Stepney-causeway; by Rev. W. Valentine, incumbent, at St. Thomas's, Arboursquare, Sept. 2.
Barwick, Mary Ann, eldest d. of Mr. Barwick, of Coburg-place, Old Kent-road, to Mr. Edmund F. Good, of Lymington, Hants, and Doncaster-place, Old Kent-road; by Rev. S. Smith, at St. George's, Camberwell, Sept. 11.
Beale, Anne, youngest d. of the late Daniel Beale, esq., of Fitzroy-square, to William Page Ashburner, esq., of Van Diamen's Land; at St. Pancras-church, Sept. 4.
Blanshard, Margaret, second d. of John Blunshard, esq., deceased, late a commander in the H. E. I. Co.'s, naval service, to Thomas Mills, esq., of the island of Nevis, in the West Indies, second s. of John Collous Mills, esq., deceased, late of the same place, and President of the Legislative Council there; by Rev. W. Hoadley, B.A., at St. Pancras-church, Sept. 16.
Blight, Emma Christiana, youngest d. of the late Mr. Thomas Loathis Blight, of Woolwich, to Charles Richard, only son of the late Mr. Richard Crouch, of Curry Rival, Somersetshire; by Rev. F. Braithwait, M.A., at St. Marylebone church, Sept. 1.
Butts, Elizabeth, only d. of the late Edward Butts, esq., and grand-daughter of the late Thomas Butts, esq., of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, to Alfred, eldest surviving son of Stratford A. Eyre, esq., surgeon, of Fitzroy-square, formerly of H. M.'s 13th Regt. of Light Infantry; by Rev. D. O. Etough, M.A., at Kennington, Sept. 2.
Campbell, Anna Sophia, widow of the late Captain Campbell, R.N., to Abel Alleyne Walker, esq., late of the Customs, Cape of Good Hope, and eldest s. of Rev. Edward Newton Walker, rector of Leigh, Essex; of Trinity-church, Kennington, Sept. 18.
Carpeuter, Grace Susanna, youngest d. of the late major Carpenter, 15th Regiment of Foot, of Porchester-place, Oxford-square, to Alfred Johnson Larkman, esq.; at St. John's, Paddington, Aug. 26.
Cawthorn, Anna Elizabeth, third h. of the late George Cawthorne, esq., of Rotherhithe,
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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Child, Emily, second d. of F. Child, esq., South Lambeth, to Frederick Bugge Lloyd, of Highgate, s. of the late W. Lloyd, esq., of Barnett; by Rev. R. Cattermole, at St. Mark's, Kennington, Sept. 4.

Clark, Catharine Amelia, eldest d. of Matthew Clark, esq., of Sussex-place, Regent's-park, to Llewelyn Wynne, esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields; by Rev. B. E. Nicholls, M.A., at St. Marylebone, Sept. 11.

Clark, Josepha Rosetta, eldest d. of Samuel Elliott, esq., of Redlap-house, near Dartmouth, to Alfred P. Welch, of Luton, second s. of John Welch, esq., of Aldermanbury and Peckham; by Rev. J. Newman, at Stoke-lemington, Devon, Sept. 11.

Costes, Mary Elizabeth, youngest d. of Chas. Coates, esq., lately of Morley-house, Stondon Drew, Somersetshire, to John Sharpe, esq., of Ropseley Lincolnshire; by Rev. H. Burgess, B.D., at Upper Trinity-church, Chelsea, Sept. 11.

Cranch, Mary, second d. of the late Richard Cranch, esq., of Brixton, Surrey, to Joseph Wace, third s. of Thomas Gray, of Liverpool; at Trinity-church, Southwark, Sept. 10.

Crosse, Louisa Jane, d. of Robert Crosse, esq., of South Lambeth, to Lewis Day, esq. of Salisbury Square; by Rev. H. W. Seswell, at St. Mark's, Kennington.

Crum, Mary, second d. of William Crump, esq., of Parnham, to John Knight, esq., of the same place; by Rev. Richard Sankey, vicar, at Parnham, Sept. 3.

Cruchley, Caroline, youngest d. of George Henry Crutchley, esq., of Sunninghill-park, to the Rev. Henry Leech, of Thorpe-place, Surrey, and Rector of Croughton, Northamptonshire; by the Rev. Charles Augustus Steuart, at Sunninghill, Berks, Sept. 11.

Dames, Elizabeth, only d. of Charles Richard Dames, esq., of Forest-house, Forest-gate, West-ham, to J. D. Hewett, esq., of Brompton; by Rev. E. R. Theed, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, at All Saints' Church, West-ham, July 30, Aug. 30.

Davison, Eliza, eldest d. of William Davison, esq., of Bread-street and Bloomsbury-square, to William Henry Lamin, esq., of St. John's, Fulham; by Hon. and Rev. H. Montague Willyoughby, of St. George's, Bloomsbury, Sept. 10.

Davy, Harriett Frances, second d. of William Davy, esq., of Cowley-house, to John Wickens, esq., of Lincoln's-inn; at Cowley, near Cheltenham, Sept. 15.

Dennie, Henrietta Lavinia, second d. of the late Colonel Dennie, C.B.of the 13th Regiment Light Infantry, and Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, to Septimus Moore Hawkins, 97th Regiment, s. of the late William Hawkins, St. Botolph's, Colchester; by Rev. Philip Hewett, rector of Binsted, at Carisbrook Church, Isle of Wight, Sept. 4.


Dyke, Mary Ann, eldest d. of George Dyke, esq., of Coleshill, to Thomas Howse, esq., of St. Paul's church-yard; by Rev. Edward Bouverie, M.A., Prebend of Sarum, at Coleshill, Berks, Sept. 11.

Ellwall, Clara Anne, d. of George Ellwall, esq., to William Porden Kay, esq., Colonial Architect; by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Tasmania, at Hobart Town, April 3.

D'Easte, Emma, d. of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, to Sir Thomas Wilde; by special license, Aug. 13.

Fairbank, Elizabeth Crapping, third d. of the late Benjamin Fairbank, esq., of Kennington, to George Augustus, youngest s. of John Schneider, esq., of Beaver-hall, Southgate; by the Rev. Neville Jones, at St. Mark's, Sept. 20.


Fraser, Marianne Sloan, only child of C. S. Fraser, esq., Her Majesty's Special Justice of Charlotte-town, Grenada, to George, eldest s. of Mr. George Rutherford, of London, solicitor; by the Rev. Thomas Gill, rector of the united parishes of St. Mark and St. John, in that island, at Charlotte-town, Grenada, Aug. 12.

Fricker, Maria Biess, d. of R. G. Fricker, esq., of Leadenhall, to Mr. Thomas Meares, of Davies-street, Berkeley-square; by Rev. J. H. Coward, at Allhallows Church, Lombard-street, Sept. 16.


Mac Donell, Marianne, youngest d. of the late Col. Edward Mac Donell, of Newhall, Clare, Ireland, to James Willia Brooks, esq., of John-street, Bedford-row; by Rev. F. Synge, at Croydon church, June —

Maddox, Mary Louisa, eldest d. of the late James E. Maddox, esq., of Bow, to Joseph
Wohlgemuth, esq.; by Rev. N. Jones, M.A., at St. Mark's, Tenter Grounds, August 9.
Mills, Mary Olyffe, only child of the late Paifield Mills, esq. of Clay-hill, Enfield, to Arthur William English, esq., of Denmark-hill, Surrey; by Rev. T. Mills, at St. George's, Hanover-square, August 12.
Murro, Miss, of Great Marylebone-street, to Mr. Mitchell, of Paddington-street; by Rev. Dr. Wesley, chaplain to Her Majesty, at St. Marylebone church, June 24.
North, Eliza, only d. of John North, esq., of Shepherd's-bush, to Mr. W. C. Raymond, of Bridge-street, Southwark; by Rev. F. Taunton, M.A., at St. Paul's, Hammersmith, Aug. 18.
Paget, Jane Frances Elizabeth, youngest d. of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Paget, to John Horne, esq., son of the late Edward Horne, esq., and nephew of Sir William Horne; by Hon. and Rev. A. Gore, at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Aug. 19.
Pearson, Hannah Martha, only d. of Mr. Pearson, of Pimlico, to Robert Ransom, esq., of Hastings; by Rev. H. Bishop, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 4.
Rideal, Hannah, third d. of T. Rideal, esq., of the Paragon, Brixton, to George S. Pedlar, esq., of Fleet-street; by Rev. J. Sherman, June 28.
Rob, Mary Pattison, third d. of Dr. Rob, of Water-valley, Jamaica, to Rev. Thomas Barry Cahusac, B.A.; in that island, May 1.
Roope, Emily, only d. of Mr. Charles Roope, of Slaone-street, Chelsea, to Joseph Hine, esq., of Newnham, Herts, second s. of Thomas Hine, esq., of Bedford; by Rev. C. Kingsley, rector, at St. Luke's, Chelsea, June 26.
Rosen, Sophie, eldest d. of Mr. Rosen, President of the Court of Justice for the Principality of Lippe, Detmold, to Charles Kilingsmann, esq., Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation in London; by Rev. Dr. Heinrichs, at Detmold, Westphalia, Aug. 10.
Samuel, Marian, eldest d. of Louis Samuel, esq., of Liverpool, to A. Spielmann, esq., bullion merchant, of Lombard-street; by Rev. M. S. Oppenheim, Aug. 17.


Skelton, Fanny, fourth d. of Captain Jones Skelton, late of the R. A., to Captain G. H. Bellasis, of the Bombay Army (grandson of the late General Bellasis, Commander of the Forces of that Presidency); by Rev. R. P. Graves, at Bowness church, Windermere, Aug. 21.

Smith, Mary Meek, d. of Mrs. John Smith, of Clapham, to Moniteur Sigmund Christophe L'Allemand of Vienna; by Rev. C. Bradley, at Clapham church, June 16.

Soley, Catherine Elizabeth, eldest d. of the late Thomas Soley, esq., of H. M.'s Dockyard, Woolwich, to Rev. Mr. George Simeon of Tunbridge-wells; at St. Mary's, Islington, Aug. 18.

Southey, Matilda, youngest d. of Thomas Southey, esq., of Compton-terrace, to Joseph Seddon, third s. of the late George Scholes, esq., of Manchester, by Rev. G. S. Elwin, M.A., at St. Mary's, Islington, Aug. 12.


Spilsbury, Temperance, only d. of Benjamin Spilsbury, esq., Claremont-cottage, north Stole Newington-road, to George Swaine White-church, esq., of Bishopsgate-street, eldest s. of the late John Whitechurch, esq., of Chancery-lane; at West Hackney church, Aug. 18.


Travers, Jane Ingram, eldest d. of the late John Travers, esq., of Clapham-park, to David, only s. of Thomas Muir, esq., of Muir-park, near Glasgow; at Clapham church, Aug. 29.

Turner, Mary, d. of Edmund Turner, esq., M.P., Truro, to James Oliver Mason, esq., eldest s. of the late James Mason, esq., of Endesleigh; by Rev. W. J. Edge (domestic chaplain to the Earl of Westmoreland), at St. George's, Hanover-square, Aug. 6.

Uther, Mary Anne Eliza, only d. of C. B. Uther, esq., of Leicester-street, Leicester-square, to R. Ellis, esq., surgeon, Brompton-crescent; by Rev. — Stevens, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, Aug. 6.


Wightman, Caroline Elizabeth, eldest d. of Hon. Mr. Justice Wightman, to Rev. Peter Almeric Lefaup Wood, of Littleton, Middlesex, eldest s. of the Very Rev. the Dean of Middleham; by the Very Rev. the Dean of Hereford, at Hampton, June 26.

Williams, Sarah Ann, only d. of Benjamin Nicholas Williams, esq., of Enfield, and grandd. of the late John Strange, esq., formerly of the same place, to Edward, youngest s. of Mr. Sheriff Hunter; by Rev. H. K. Richardson, M.A., rector of Leire, Leicestershire, at Enfield church, Middlesex, Aug. 19.


Wrey, Florence Eliza, only d. of the late Edward Bouchier Wrey, esq., H.E. L.C.'s C.S., and cousin of the present baronet, to Rev.
George Leroux Wilson, of New Alresford, Hants, only s. of major Wilson, of Titchfield, Hants; by Rev. J. Rashdall, at Exeter, July 31.

DEATHS.

Affleck, Jane, relict of Lieut.-Col., Affleck, third daughter of the late Francis Smyther, esq., of Colchester; in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Aug. 22.

Allen, Miss Marion, at 22, Cladesley-street, Islington, of consumption; Aug. 10.

Any, John Alfred, second son of John Frederick Any, esq., Grove-street, Hackney, in the 22nd year of his age, secretly lamed by his sorrowing relatives and friends, who justly consider his loss irreparable; June 20.

Apletree, Francis Russell, eldest and only surviving son of William Apletree, esq., of Goldings, Harrow, near Ruislip, and of Hunsbury Priory, near Basingstoke, aged 30; June 23.

Archer, Mrs. Eliza Catherine, of Kingston, Jamaica, at Bryanston-street, Portman-square, in her 48th year; Aug. 1.

Arnett, J. H., esq., late of the Admiralty-office, Somerset-house, at Budleigh, Salterton, Devon; Aug. 7.

Attwood, James Alexander, esq., younger son of the late James Attwood, esq., of Congreaves, Staffordshire, aged 56, at his residence in Lower Grosvenor-street, deeply regretted by his family; after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the patience and humility of a Christian; June 17.


Barth, William Wilkinson, esq., veterinary surgeon to the 9th Light Cavalry, at Allahabad, East Indies, suddenly of apoplexy, aged 28; June 10.

Bassett, Julia, youngest daughter of George Bassett, esq., Gloucester-road, Regent’s-park; Aug. 16.

Bayle, Miss Rebecca, sister of the late Jacob Bath, esq., of Chalford, formerly surgeon in the 66th Regt., and deputy inspector of hospitals. By her immediate relatives, by a select circle of privileged friends, by the neighbourhood in which she lived, and in a more especial manner by the poor, whose appeals were never made to her in vain, her loss will be long and deeply deplored; at Corderries-house, Chalford, Gloucestershire, aged 57; June 24.

Baylor, Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Butterworth Bayley, esq., of Hope-hall, near Manchester, at Lichfield, in her 75th year; July 28.

Bentall, William Whitingtonstall, eldest son of W. Bentall, esq., Mount-pleasant, Hampstead, aged 14 years; Aug. 15.

Bentall, Mrs. Henry, at Chepstone-lodge, near Bridgetown, Barbadoes, the residence of her son, Alexander Stewart, esq., collector of H. M.’s Customs at that island, in her 71st year; June 25.

Berkeley, Robert, esq., of Spetchley-park, Worcestershire, in the 81st year of his age, at his house Fulminate-street, Bath; June 14.

Best, Richard, esq., third son of the late Rev. Thomas Best, of Newbury, Berks, in his 74th year; Aug. 10.

Bicknell, John Laurens, esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., of 25, Abingdon-street, Westminster, at Dover, aged 59; his loss will long be deplored by his numerous clients and friends; Aug. 3.

Black, lady of T. N. Black, esq., agent for Lloyd’s, at Belgrade, near Constantinople; May 31.

Blackman, Mr. G., formerly of Oxford-street, in St. John-street-road, aged 80; Aug. 12.

Blake, Mr. Alexander, of stanwell-cottage, Middlessex, and Piccadilly, aged 44, much respected; June 23.

Bligh, Hon. William, after a short illness, at Kemp-town, Brighton, in his 70th year; Aug. 6.

Boileau, Mrs. Lesh, widow of the late Thomas Boileau, esq., of Calcutta, at her residence, 40, Upper Berkeley-street, west, Hyde-park-square, in the 78th year of her age. She departed this life in peace, having placed her trust in the merits of her Redeemer Jesus Christ; June 22.

Bostock, William Billing, the infant son of Robert and Charlotte Bostock, of High-street, Clapham, released from his early afflictions, after several months of much suffering, aged 13 months, June 21.

Brace, Matilda Frances, only daughter of the late Thomas Brace, esq., of Notting-hill, Kensington, at 18, Surrey-street, Strand, aged 35; June 22.

Brander, Constantia, wife of Dr. J. M. Brander, of the Bengal Army; at Hampstead, July 15.

Brett, J. George, esq., of Grove-house, Old Brompton, in his 86th year, at Brighton, June.

Bristow, Mrs. Maria, younger daughter of Charles Bussy Bristow, esq., late of St. Dunstan’s-hill, aged 31; June 18.

Britten, George Ernst, esq., late of the E. I. Co.’s. S., at 5, Alpha-place, Regent’s-park, deeply lamented; Aug. 5.

Brodribb, Maria Louisa, wife of W. P. Brodribb, surgeon, Bloomsbury-square, after a few days’ illness; Aug. 6.

Brown, Hon. Patrick, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with great fortitude and resignation, at Nassau, New Providence, Bahamas, in his 77th year; June 15. He was senior member of Her Majesty’s Council in those islands, and for many years held the offices of Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty and Assistant Judge of the General Court. Upright, honorable, generous, and sincere in every transaction of his private as well as his public life. Mr. Brown will long be remembered with the deepest affection and respect by all the inhabitants of the colony, particularly by the poor, who always found in him a kind friend and zealous advocate.

Bryant, Maj.-Gen. Sir Jeremiah, C.B., of the Bengal Army, after a protracted illness of ten months, borne with the utmost cheerfulness and resignation; at Grove-lodge, Richmond, June 10.

Buchanan, Margaret Frances Erskine, second daughter of John Buchanan, esq., of Carbeth, Stirlingshire, at 84, Jernyn-street, aged 6; July 27.

Byass, Anna Maria, relict of the late John Byass, esq., of Arundel, at the residence of her son, Westwood-cottage, Sydenham, after a very short illness, aged 71; Aug. 7.
Case, Thomas, esq., one of H. M.'s justices of the peace for the county of Lancaster and borough of Liverpool, at his residence, Thwinghall, aged 68; Aug. 25.

Catlin, Clara, the beloved wife of George Catlin, esq., in the Avenue Lord Byron, Paris, of consumption of the lungs; July 18.

Chambers, Anna Maria, wife of Rev. J. P. Chambers, at Hedenham Rectory, Norfolk; July 24.

Chambers, Captain John, of Upper Seymour-street, Somers-town, aged 71; Aug. 20.

Childs, H., eldest son of Mr. John Childs, at Bungay, aged 23; Aug. 15.

Clarke, Mary, wife of Mr. J. S. Clarke, solicitor, Leeds, at 2, Canbridge-place, Hyde-park; Aug. 12.

Clarke, Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Major Percy Cooke, 6th Regt. H. E. I. Co.'s N. I., and Deputy Judge-advocate-general of Bengal; at Clifton, aged 17, Aug. 6.

Cooper, Mary Justina, widow of the late Sir George Cooper, K. G., Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, daughter of John Lloyd, esq., of Dale Castle, Pembroshire, Mabus, Cardigian; at Stanhope-street, aged 65, Aug. 31.

Cowan, Lady Sophia, at her residence, Forest Hill, Kent, of choler, after a few days' illness; Aug. 7.

Curling, Maria, relict of the late Mr. George Curling, and daughter of the late James Mallet, esq., universally respected and lamented; Aug. 14.

Curtis, Jane, beloved wife of Francis Hargrave Curtis, esq., of 19, Porchester-terrace, Hyde-park; Aug. 1.


Driscoll, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Sir Royal Dragoon, at Mortimer, Berks, aged 51; Aug. 12.

Dowdeswell, Charles William, second son of John C. Dowdeswell, esq., in Park-place, St. James's, aged 14 months; Aug. 16.

Eaton, John, only son of the late George Bancroft Eaton, M.D., of Southernhay-place, Devonshire, at Hampstead; July 2.

Edwards, Eliza, aged 63, July 11, and August 4, Anne, aged 69, sisters of Edward Edwards, esq., of Woburn-square, and Ramsgate, at Dolgelly, North Wales.

Elderton, Christopher William, only surviving son of Rev. Christopher Jeaffreson, late chaplain in the H. E. I.'s C.'s S.; at Edmonton, aged 11 years; Aug. 17.

Espinasse, Isabella Margaret, fifth daughter of William Espinasse, esq., of Kill-abbey, in the county of Dublin; Aug. 17.

Evans, William, esq., surgeon, son of the late Owen Evans, esq., of Little Hampton, Sussex, after a short illness, in his 34th year; Aug. 17.

Everitt, Thomas, esq., late professor of chemistry of the Middlesex-hospital; July 29.

Farrell, George, esq., formerly magistrate for the county of Sussex, and major in the Sussex Militia, at his residence, in Albion-terrace, Southampton, in his 70th year; Aug. 10.


Fell, Richard, esq., at his residence, Belmont, near Uxbridge, aged 65; June 9.

Ferguson, David, eldest son of David Ferguson, esq., at Champion-park, Cambewell, in the 17th year of his age; June 21.

Ferrier, sir Alexander, Knight of the Most Noble Hanoverian Order of the Guelph, Lord Conservator of Scottish Privileges, late Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for South Holland and Zealand: at Rotterdam, aged 72; Aug. 17.

Fitz Herbert, Ellen Margaret, wife of Capt. Fitz Herbert, of the Rifle Brigade, at Halifax, Nova Scotia; May 21.

Fox, Harriet, relict of the late Mr. William Fox, formerly of London, at the residence of her youngest son, Rev. Octavius Fox, College-green, Worcester, aged 69; June 20.

Frankland, Mr. F. B., midshipman, H. M.'s S. Penelope, eldest son of Captain F. W. Frankland, late of Muntham-park, Sussex, and Annadale, in the island of Grenada, barrack-master at Gibraltar: at Sierra Leone, of fever; January 25.

Franklin, Lewis, esq., deeply lamented by his family and numerous friends, at his residence, Hamilton-square, Woodside, Cheshire, in his 69th year; June 23.

Frazer, Martha, relict of Richard Lithfield, esq., late of Great Torrington, Devon: in Portland-place, Bath, at an advanced age; June 15.

Frewen, Gertrude, second daughter of the late sir George Henry Frewen, Bart., at Newport, near Barnstaple, aged 22; Aug. 1.

Fry, Fanny, daughter of Peter Fry, esq., of Compton-house, Axbridge, Somersetshire, after a short illness; June 22.

Fyler, L'Anson Annexley Gore, eldest son of the late T. B. Fyler, esq., of Dover-street, Piccadilly, and of Mrs. Nore, of Pole Nore, county of Wexford. This amiable boy was spending the holydays with his mother in the county of Wexford, and had gone out on a visit to the Rev. T. Bell, of Brook-lill, when he was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the river Slaney, having been either seized with the cramp or entangled in the long sea-weed with which that river abounds, aged 13; Aug. 10.

Gardner, Alexander, M.D., Presidency Surgeon, at Calcutta, aged 51; April 24.

Gardner, Dorothy, relict of the late John Hassall Gardner, esq., of the Abbey, Great Haywood, Staffordshire, at the residence of her son, Duerdin-villars, Tollington-park, Horsey-road, in her 69th year; Aug. 19.

Gardner, Henry, esq., many years first receiver of Customs in the Long-room: at York-place, Brompton; June 23.

Garford, Elizabeth Mary, wife of John Garford, esq., at Poplar, at an advanced age; Aug. 20.

Garnett, George, esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, aged 39; June 20.

Gian, Bridgetta, relict of the late Lorenzo Giana, of 6, New Cavendish-street, Portland-place, at her son's residence, 2, Hennings-terrace, Islington, aged 61, Aug. 15; and on the 21st her remains were deposited in the family grave of St. James's, Piccadilly.

Gibbon, Frederick T., esq., at Laurence-Pountney-hill, in his 28th year; June 21.

Gibbs, Mr. William, of 19, King's-road, Bedford-row, solicitor, at Finne aged 35; June 21.
Gingell, John Douglas, eldest son of Mr. Jas. Gingell, of Wood-house, East Ham, Essex, in his 21st year; Aug. 10.

Gold, Nancy, widow of the late Mr. Charles Gold, at Windsor-terrace, Dover-road, in her 87th year; June 23.

Gooch, Henry, second son of Henry Gooch, esq., of the Grove, Camberwell; by his afflicted family, and a large circle of friends, his memory will long be deservedly cherished; at Blue Hole Estate, Hanover, Jamaica, aged 28; May 21.

Graham, Rev. William, at Welcote, near Lutterworth, Leicestershire, in his 89th year; June 22.

Greenwood, Com. Edward Nathaniel, R.N., after a severe illness of three months, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 71; June 17.

Haden, Sarah, daughter of the late Rev. A. B. Haden, of Chapel Ash, near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire; at Batham-hill, Feb. 16.

Hastley, Miss E., aged 68; at Leamington, Warwickshire, Feb. 1.

Harris, Margaret, relict of Richard Harri esq., at her residence, Woburn-place, Russell square, aged 87; Aug. 5.

Hearn, James Henry, esq., deeply lamented by his family, after a long illness, borne with Christian resignation; at Camberwell, in his 48th year; Aug. 19.

Hepburn, James, esq., of Tewit-place, Kent, in London, aged 68; June 27.

Heuit, Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas Wall Hewitt, esq., aged 57; at Clifton, Mar. 28.

Hilton, Frances, esq., of Finsbury-square, aged 80; March 6.


Hodges, Horace, 3d son of Captain Edward Hodges, of Ramsgate, after a short but severe illness; aged 18; at Ramsgate, Feb. 19.

Holland, Mrs. C. S., of Hollow-park, aged 76; at Broughton-house, Worcester, Feb. 18.

Houson, Clay, the beloved and affectionate son of Joseph Housan, esq., of 19, Lincoln's-inn-fields, aged 15; Aug. 28.

Hunts, Charles Augustus, esq., M.D., suddenly, at his residence, Hillington, Middlesex, March 14.

Ireland, Caroline, daughter and only child of Edward Ireland, esq., of the H. E. I. Co.'s late N. S., at Brighton, of decline, in her 26th year Aug. 10.

Isaacs, Arthur, infant son of John F. Isaacs, esq., in Norfolk-street, of hooping-cough, aged three months; June 27.

Jackson, Elizabeth Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas Jackson, esq., after a long and protracted illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, being an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend, in Trevor-square, aged 54; June 18.

Jacob, Elizabeth, wife of R. D. Jacob, esq., of the Colonial Bank, Port Rico, aged 38; at Euston-square, March 11.

Jenkins, Lucy, wife of W. Jenkins, of Cornhill, aged 60; March 2.

Jenks, Amelia, of Whitecross-place, Finsbury, after surviving his wife only a few months, aged 79; March 1.

King, Mrs., Louisa Montreuinsonly daughter of John King, esq., of Lower Edmonton; at Tours, aged 30; June 18.

Kntchboll, Louisa Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Wadham Kntchboll, of Colderton-lodge, Hants; at Spy-park, Wilts; June 25.

Knox, John Sutton, 2nd son of Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow Knox, Scots Puirilier Guards, aged 9; at Brighton, March 3.

Landela, George, formerly an officer in H.M.'s. Service, and late secretary to the Great Central Sardinian Railway, aged 42; Aug. 7.

Leech, miss Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Robert Leech, esq., Member of the Council of the Island of St. Helena, at Dartmouth-terrace, Blackheath; June 23.

Leick, Frederick, esq., late of Blackheath, at the house of his father, Malling, Kent, in his 43rd year; June 24.

Lever, George, esq., aged 64; at Bayham-street, Camden-town, March 2.

Lewis, Sarah, the beloved wife of W. C. Lewis, esq., late of the Gravel-pits, Kensington, after much suffering, patiently and devoutly borne; at St. Michael's-hall, Bristol, March 3.

Macdonald, Diana Louise, youngest daughter of Alexander Macdonald, esq., Hyde-park-street; at Paris; June 29.

Mac Donnall, James, esq., M.D., late of H. M.'s. 57th Regt. infantry, at Bath, in his 64th year; July 31.


Maginn, miss Annie, eldest daughter of the late William Maginn, esq., LL.D., after a long and painful illness (consumption), which she sustained with admirable patience and resignation, at Northampton, aged 20; June 27.


Mason, Mrs. Elizabeth, of 1, Queen's-parade, Bath, in her 86th year; June 18.


Matson, Mary Ann, youngest surviving d. of Mr. Matson, of Bartersea, deeply lamented, at Tonbridge-wells; June 23.

May, William Bowen, eldest son of J. Bowen May, esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, at Southsea, suddenly of hooping-cough, aged 5 years and a half; July 31.

Meaden, George, esq., solicitor, Wellingtonterrace, St. John's-wood, in his 30th year; June 16.

Miller, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. John Miller, solicitor, formerly of Red Lion-square, at the house of her friend, Miss Phillips, at Clapham, in her 75th year; June 21.

Morgan, Elizabeth, relict of the late Captain William Thomas Morgan, R.N., who was lost in command of H. M.'s. 8. Conflance, on the night of April 21, 1842, off the coast of Ireland, at her residence, Blackath-hill, aged 47; her end was peace; Aug. 7.
Morgan, Sarah, relict of the late Christopher William Morgan, esq., at 29, Brixton-place, Brixton, in her 62d year; Aug. 12.

Mouat, John Ingils, commander of the bark Iris, by drowning, deeply lamented by his afficted relatives and friends: at Mauritius, aged 27; Jan. 15.

Mozeley, Henry, esq., of the Friary, Derby, in his 72d year; Aug. 4.


Nicoll, Henry, esq., solicitor, of the Middle Temple; Aug. 12.

Nicoll, the infant son of H. I. Nicoll, D.C.L, at Clapton, the day after its birth; June 24.

Owen, Selina Emma, only daughter of captain Cunliffe Owen, R.N., at Henry Dayman’s, esq., Milbrook, near Southampton, in her 20th year; June 22.

Nolan, Julia Agnes Mary, the interesting and tenderly loved daughter of Thomas Nolan, esq., who, and her disconsolate mother, are left in the deepest affliction by her irreparable bereavement: at the residence of her uncle, Walter Blount, esq., North-bank, St. John’s-wood, aged 16; lately.


Parry, major Richard Parry, late of the R. M. A., as the residence of John Griffith, esq., Llwynderis, near Cardigan; Aug. 11.

Pattison, Rev. Edward, at East Sheen, in his 83d year; June 21.

Pattison, Robert, esq., at Wrackhoffer-house, Dorset, in 1is 82d year; Aug. 4.

Pegg, William, esq., at his residence, Egham-green, Woolburn, Bucks, suddenly, in his 67th year; June 18.

Picken, Mr. Andrew, artist, son of the late Andrew Picken, esq., after a severe and protracted illness, at Friedenstein-terrace, Morningston-road, aged 80; June 24.

Pridham, Eugenia, widow of the late Henry CHicheley Plowden, esq., formerly of the Bengal Service, at her residence, Newton-grove, near Lymington, in her 88th year; June 1.

Potts, Elizabeth, wife of Roger Potts, esq., of Nightingale-lane, Chatham-common, aged 76; June 20.

Powys, Hon. Mrs. Henry, the beloved wife of Hon. Henry Powys, captain in the 60th Royal Hifice Corps, at Parsonstown; June 21.


Pugh, Jane, twin daughter of Mr. Charles Pugh, Upper Hamilton-terrace, St. John’s-wood, aged 3 years and a half; June 10.

Quilto, George, son of the late Mr. George Quilton, of Harrow, at Iflescombe, in his 22d year, having survived his mother three months; June 1.

Ramsay, General John, of Kinkell, N. B., and formerly of the 3d Regt. of Foot Guards, at Geneva; Aug. 10.

Rayment, William Macaulay, only child of Mr. William Drane Rayment, of Bedford, and only grandchild of the late George Mackenzie Macaulay, esq., of Chatham-place, and Black-M. C. 4.—245.

heath, alderman of London, at Bedford, aged 14, greatly lamented by his relations: Aug. 25.

Rees, Mrs. Henry, of Haverforst, deeply regretted by her relatives and friends: in Albany-street, Regent’s-park, rather suddenly, in her 6th year; June 16.

Rees, Mary, eldest daughter of Josiah Rees, esq., of Guildford-street, Russell-square, at Brighton, Aug. 11.

Richardson, Sarah, late of Clapham-rise, at her brother’s, 82, Blandford-square, in her 76th year; June 19.

Richmond, Arthur John, son of George Richmond, esq., of York-street, Portman-square, of menaces, aged 1 year and 21 days; June 2.

Ritchie, Alexander, esq., late of 19, Manchester-buildings, Westminster, at Hamble, near Southampton, in his 56th year; June 20.

Ritchie, Charlotte Julia, wife of Mr. Thomas Ritchie, of the Wandsworth-road; June 10.

Robinson, Hannah, youngest daughter of Stephen Robinson, esq., at Walden, near Saffron Walden, aged 22; Aug. 5.

Rope, Mr. John William, of Lamb’s-conduit-street, after a long and painful illness, in his 84th year; June 17.

Rumball, Mary Ann, widow of the late T. Rumball, esq., at Maryland Point, West Ham, Essex, aged 45; June 24.

Rushbrooke, Lieut.-Col., of Rushbrooke-park, Bury St. Edmunds, M.P. for West Suffolk, in his 66th year; June 17.

Sargant, Maria, wife of W. L. Sargant, esq., of Edgbaston, and daughter of the late William Redford, esq., of Birmingham; Aug. 19.

Savery, Mrs. Sarah, late of St. Thomas’s Hospital, at Uxbridge, aged 72; June 28.

Scarlett, Hon. James Henry Lawrence, yngst. son of Lord Abinger, in New-street, Spring-gardens, in his 16th year; June 16.

Sharp, Mary Jane, relict of the late captain Sharp, R.N., of Ramsgate, at the residence of Charles Lewis, esq., Blackheath, aged 77; Aug. 10.

Sharpe, Ellen Mary, only daughter of Rev. L. A. Sharpe, at Tackley Rectory, near Woodstock, aged 9 months; June 17.

Shaw, Elizabeth Bridget, wife of John W. Shaw, esq., at Fort Phillip, New South Wales; Feb. 24.

Short, major W. Henry, formerly of the 66th Regt.; a very old and highly meritorious officer. During the late war he served many years on the general staff of the army, and subsequently as Paymaster of the Forces in the island of Jamaica: at Mortlake, aged 85; Aug. 16.

Smith, Helen Frances, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Smith, 8, New Broad-street, aged 16; June 19.

Smith, Mary, widow of the late Rev. Gainsford Smith, formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, at Hastings, aged 80; June 17.

Smith, Mary, wife of George Alexander Smith, of Hockney-road, July 17.


Smith, Mr. Elliot Mauro, late of Trinity-street, Cambridge, at Great Shelford, Cambridgeshire, much respected, aged 68; June 25.

Smith, Mr. T., gunnaker, No. 288, High Holborn, from abscess, caused by a wound re-
ceived in his back from a pistol-ball fired at him by the Hon. Mr. Tuchet, July 6, 1844. He bore his protracted sufferings with astonishing fortitude and patience; May 19.

Smith, William, esq., M.D., at Bideford, Devon, in his 85th year; June 16.

Sones, Joseph, esq., after a short illness, at his residence, New-grove, Mile-end; June 25.

Speer, Catherine Eleanor, the only and beloved daughter of W. H. Speer, esq., of Liverpool, at the residence of her uncle, J. R. Templen-an, esq., Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, of decline, aged 18; Aug. —

Spiller, Mrs. Judith, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Spiller, formerly of the Legacy department, Somerset-house, of disease of the lungs and enlargement of the liver, at 22, Great Quebec-street, Portman-square, in her 48th year; June 19.

Stead, Sarah Winifred, the wife of Mr. Henry Stead, of Wapping-wall, Shadwell, and eldest daughter of the late James Nicholas Maillard, esq., formerly of Claydon-place, Kennington, Surrey; Aug. 10.

Stevens, Elizabeth Watts, wife of James Stevens, esq., and eldest daughter of the late Rev. Watts Wilkinson, at Farnham, Surrey; Aug. 10.


Summer, Frederick Charles, son of Charles Summer, esq., of St. James's-square, at Farnham-castle, aged 8 months; Aug. 10.


Swale, Mrs. Charlotte, at the house of her son-in-law, H. W. Bull, esq., in Wilton-crest, in her 85th year; June 17.

Sykes, John, esq., of 6, Earl's-terrace, Kennington, at Margate, in his 76th year; Aug. 19.

Talpin, Mr. Edward, surveyor and auctioneer, deeply regretted by his family and friends, at Bart, in his 44th year, aged 61; Aug. 17.


Templar, Catharine, wife of James Templar, esq., at Bridport; June 8.

Tew, Edward, esq., of York-place, Portman-square, aged 74, deeply regretted by all who knew him; at his residence, Coupland Castle, near Wooler, Northumberland, Feb. 28.

Thompson, Sarah, widow of the late George Thompson, esq., at Abbot-Ann, near Andover, Hants, aged 74; June 21.

Thompson, Charles, infant son of William James Thompson, jun., esq., of 28, Mincing-lane, at the house of his grandfather, 30, Brunswick-square; June 24.

Townsend, George, esq., second son of the late Richard Townsend, esq., of Speed, Berks, after a very short illness, at Swindon, Wilts; Aug. 4.

Tuite, Lady Jane, reliet of the late Sir George Tuite, Bart., aged 71; at Harcourt-place, Dublin, Feb. 21,

Vaughan, Elizabeth, reliet of Walter Vaughan, M.D., late of Rochester, at her son's the Vicarage, Chart Sutton, a most kind and affectionate mother, aged 75; June 19.

Vince, Rev. Samuel Berney, M.A., late Fellow of King's-college, Cambridge, vicar of Ringwood, at the vicarage, aged 64; June 14.


Waring, Thomas Fuller, eldest child of William Waring, esq., at Farningham-hill, aged 16 months; June 21.

Waterman, William, esq., of Essex-street, Strand, after a long and severe illness, at Bromton, Middlesex; June 21.

Watts, Hannah, wife of James Watts, esq., at Hythe, Kent, aged 69; June 22.

Wells, Alice Catherine, infant daughter of F. O. Wells, esq., Bengal Civil Service, at Brighton; June 20.

Welsford, William Adams, esq., of Exeter, formerly of Plymouth, at Bowdon, Totters, aged 58; June 15.

Welsford, Sophia, wife of Mr. Samuel Welsford, and eldest daughter of Mr. F. W. Welsford, Brunswick-place, Ball's-pond, Islington, at Port Elizabeth, Algoa-bay; March 8.

Whitaker, John Frederick, esq., of Reading-Berkshire, aged 41; Feb. 2.


White, J. D., esq., of Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate, at the house of Rev. S. Brewer, Bayswater, suddenly, in his 50th year; Aug. 17.

Whiting, Maria, second daughter of the late John Scott Whiting, esq., of Epson, Surrey, at Clapham-common, aged 68; June 20.

Wilkinson, Mr. Robert, of Bedford-row, Islington, and Copthall-buildings, after a short illness, aged 75; June 17.

Willimot, Thomas, esq., formerly collector of Her Majesty's Customs, London; at his house, Southerno-hill, Reading, Feb. 15.

Wilson, Charles, esq., in Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square, aged 23; June 12.

Wilson, Mr. William, jun., of Marlborough-place, Old Kent-road, and 37, Walbrook, aged 39; June 24.

Wilson, Rose, third daughter of Alfred Wilson, esq., of Stamford-hill, of inflammation of the lungs, aged 5; Feb. 4.

Winn, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late George Winn, esq., Normandy, Lincolnshire; June 28.

Wodehouse, Rt. Hon. lady Charlotte Laura, at Kimberley; June 24.


Woods, Fanny Amelia, the youngest daughter of Arthur William Woods, esq., at epsom, aged 1 year and 6 months; June 21.

Wransham, William, esq., aged 70; at Epsom, Jan. 31.

Wright, Mr. James, formerly of the York-hotel, aged 74; June 10.

Young, William Cavendish Oliver, second son of the late captain William Oliver Young, Bengal Artillery, in Manchester-street, aged 8 years; Aug. 16.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

Benecke, the lady of F. W. —, esquire, of Denmark-hill, of a daughter; October 4.

Bennett, the lady of the Rev. E. L. — of a son; at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, October 4.

Bennett, the lady of Dr. J. R. —, of a daughter; at 24, Finsbury-place, Oct. 10.

Benedict, the lady of J. —, esq., of a daughter; at Manchester-square, October 4.

Bevan, Lady Agneta of a son; in Upper Harley street, October 21.

Bowman, the wife of W. —, esq., of a son, in Golden-square; Sept. 29.

Boxer, the wife of Edward M. —, esq., Royal Artillery, of a daughter; at Mill-hill, Woolwich; Oct. 14.

Brisaw, the lady of J. C. —, esq., of a daughter; at Esmere-hill, Sept. 28.

Burr, the lady of the Rev. Henry Scudamore —, of a son; at Dennil-hill, Gloucestershire, Oct. 17.

Burton, the lady of the Rev. R. C. Burton, of a daughter; at Peckham, Oct. 21.

Butler, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas —, of a son; at Bury-lodge, Hants, Oct. 3.

Campbell, the lady of John —, esq., clerk-of-the-peace, of a daughter; at Colesberg, in the Cape of Good Hope, June 20.

Davies, the wife of Hugh —, esq., jun., of a daughter; at Nelson-place, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire, Oct. 2.

Dick, the wife of Commander J. G. —, R. N., of a daughter; at Falmouth, Oct. 1.

Drew, the lady of James —, esq., Paragon, Blackheath, of a son; Oct. 14.

Dunning, the wife of Thomas —, esq., of a daughter; at Clapham, Oct. 3.

Edmonds, the lady of John —, esq., of a son; at Darcey Hay, Yorkshire, Oct. 1.

Foot, the wife of Joseph J. —, esq., of a daughter; Oct. 13.

Fraser, the lady of John —, esq., of a daughter; at York-terrace, Regent’s-park, Oct. 13.

Gifford, the lady of E. H. —, esq., of the Schools, Shrewsbury, of a daughter; Oct. 8.

Greene, the lady of Thomas W. —, esq., of a son; at 17, Gower-street, Bedford-square, Oct. 11.

Griffith, the lady of Major George Darby —, of a daughter; at Woolaston-house, Buryst Edmunds, Oct. 18.

Hadilo, the Hon. Lady, of a son; at the Ranger’s house, Blackheath, Oct. 11.

Hertalet, the wife of George T. —, esq., of a daughter; at Albion-terrace, Oct. 2.

Hull, the lady of Dr. —, of a daughter, at Peckham, Oct. 19.

Jackson, the lady of Charles R. M. —, esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter; at Farnley-lodge, Cheltenham, Oct. 16.

Jenkins, the wife of the Rev. R. C. —, of a son; at Tournham-green, Oct. 11.

Jodrell, the lady of J. J. —, esq., late Captain in Her Majesty’s 18th Royal Irish, of a son; at Fleadham-hall, Essex, Oct. 15.

Lebe, Madame, of a daughter; at Paris, Oct. 10.

M. C. 5. — 2-45.

Manning, the lady of William Montague —, esq., Solicitor-General, of a daughter; at Sydney, New South Wales, May 13.

Mason, the lady of Dr. —, of No. 1, York-place, City-road, and Gloster-lodge, Croydon, of a son, Oct. 16.

Michell, the wife of the Rev. B. —, B.D., of a son; at Oxford, Oct. 1.

Middleton, the wife of Hastings Nathaniel —, esq., of a daughter; at Worthing, Oct. 18.

Mills, the wife of Henry —, esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, of a son; at No. 19, New Ormond-street, Oct. 2.

M’Calmont, the wife of the Rev. Thomas —, of a daughter; at Highfield, near Southamp- ton, Sept. 28.

Napper, the lady of Thomas —, esq., of a daughter; at Dorking, Oct. 8.

Nicholl, the wife of the Rev. J. B. —, of a son; at the Rectory, Streatham, Oct. 10.

Oliphant, the lady of Major —, of a son; at Wimbledon-common, Oct. 3.

Parker, the wife of Alfred —, esq., of a daughter; at St. John’s-wood, Oct. 13.

Perceval, the lady of Frederick James —, esq., of a son; at York-house, Hampstead, Oct. 20.

Phene, the wife of P. —, esq., of Woolwich-place, Russell-square, of a daughter; at Wrexham, North Wales, Sept. 28.

Pocock, the lady of Samuel —, esq., of 27, Bloomsbury-square, of a son; at No. 5, Marlborough-road, St. John’s-wood, Oct. 5.

Pole, the lady of Lambert —, esq., of a daughter; in Upper Harley-street, Oct. 17.

Porter, the lady of Thomas —, esq., surgeon, of a daughter; at 32, Euston-square, Oct. 14.

Riccard, Murian, the wife of Russell M. —, esq., of the Nunney, Southmolton, Devon, of a son; Oct. —.

Ricketts, the lady of Captain W. H. —, 14th Regiment Native Infantry, Deputy-Judge Advocate-General, of a son and heir; at Neasmoor, July 22.

Riddell, the lady of Major William —, of the 60th Regiment Native Infantry, and one of the assistant-superintendents for the suppression of Thuggee in Bengal, of a son; at Hooghly, Calcutta, August 16.

Rivers, Lady, of a son; Oct. 21.

Robertson, the lady of Captain George Henry —, 25th Regiment Bombay Army, of a daughter at 71, Blessington-street, Dublin, Oct. 6.

Roberts, the wife of Philip —, esq., of a daughter; at No. 3, Upper Montagu-street, Russell-square, Oct. 12.

Sandeman, the lady of Captain —, of a daughter; at Milwood, Herts, Oct. 8.

Shaw, the lady of Thomas George —, esq., of a son; at Plymouth-grove, near Manchester, Oct. 7.

Smith, the wife of C. R. —, esq., of twins, a son and daughter; at Southrop, Oct. 18.

Stewart, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Inglis —, of a son; at Duppas-hill, Croydon, Oct. 11.

Tarrant, the wife of William B. —, esq., of a daughter; at 2, Bond-court, Walbrook, Oct. 12.
Thornton, the lady of Harry —, esq., of a son; at Queen-street, May-fair, Oct. 16. Trafford, the lady of Colonel —, of a son; at Bath, Oct. 14.

Trevor, the lady of E. S. R. —, esq., 64th Regiment, of a son; at Dublin, Oct. 8.

Turbin, the lady of Charles —, esq., of a son; at Dingle-head, Liverpool, Oct. 16.

Turvin, the lady of J. M. Hankin —, esq., of a daughter; at Terlings-park, Herts, Oct. 16.

Warden, the lady of Captain William —, of a son; at 11, Dean-terrace, Edinburgh, Oct. 19.

Webb, the lady of Thomas —, esq., of a daughter; at Tuffley, Staffordshire, Oct. 14.

Wilkinson, the wife of the Rev. Matthew —, the Master of Marlborough College, of a son; at Marlborough, Wilts, Oct. 15.

Willshire, the lady of William —, esq., Her Majesty's Consul, of a daughter; at Adria-


Wilson, the lady of Alfred —, esq., of Stamford-

hill, of a son; Oct. 8.

Whishaw, the wife of Charles John —, esq., of a daughter; at Willesden, Sept. 30.

MARRIAGES.

Allen, Margaret, eldest of John Allen, esq., of Warrington, to Joseph Ridge, esq., M.D., of Cavendish-square; by the Rev. H. Brook Aspley, M.A., of Dunkinfield, at Warrington, Oct. 16.


Baxter, Sophia Mary Ann, only dau. of Mr. William Baxter, of Dalston, Middlesex, to Mr. George Harvey Thompson Jarvis, of Loughton, Essex, surgeon; by the Rev. John Sands, A.M., at Ball's-pond Church, Islington, Oct. 1.

Barnes, Sarah, eldest dau. of Thomas Barnes, esq., of Upper Park-place, Dorset-square, to Francois Guillaume Eugene Chatard de Far-
eges, Haute Vienne, France; by the Rev. George Everard, at Christ Church, Marylebone, Oct. 11, and afterwards at the Chapel of the French Embassy, by L'Abbe Tournel.

Bennett, Georgiana Rose, youngest dau. of Mr. George Bennett, of Elm Cottage-hill, near Southampton, to Henry Page, esq., solicitor; by the Rev. W. Phillips, of Millbrook, Hants, Oct. 9.


Brinton, Martha Eliza, eldest dau. of Henry Brinton, esq., of Kidderminster, to Francis Crossley, esq., of the firm of Messrs. John Crossley and Sons, of Halifax; by the Rev. T. F. Barker, at the Old Meeting-house, Kidderminster, Oct. 11.

Burke, Louisa, relict of the late John Burke, esq., of the island of Jamaica, to R. D. Woodi-


Brinton, Sarah Elizabeth, second dau. of the late Henry Brinton, esq., to Edward Richard, son of the late Samuel Broom, esq., of Llanelly, south Wales; by the Rev. T. F. Barker, at the Old Meeting-house, Kidder-

minster, Oct. 11.

Brough, Charlotte, second dau. of Mr. Thomas Brough of Smithfield, to Mr. John Brough, of Southampton-row, Russell-square; by the Rev. Charles Wade Green, M.A., at St. Sepulchre's, Oct. 4.

Buckley, Eleanor, third dau. of the late Matthew Buckley, esq., of Norton-house, near Chichester, to George Vaughan Tinling, esq., captain in the Royal Engineers; by the Rev. John Fearn-


Buckley, Julia, youngest dau. of the late Joseph Buckley, esq., to Charles Francis, son of the late Colonel Cameron; at St. Mary's, Dumbries, Oct. 14.

Case, Clara, youngest dau. of William Case, esq., late Comptroller of Her Majesty's Cus-

toms, Portsmouth, to Robert Butterfield Cumming, esq., of Bembridge, Isle of Wight; by the Rev. Thomas Brown, at St. Thomas' Church, Portsmouth, Oct. 16.

Carter, Sophia, youngest dau. of the late Mr. George Carter, of Bermondsey, Surrey, to Mr. Philip Beck Angell, of the Kent-road; by the Rev. C. C. Coristie, at St. Alphage, Green-

wich, Oct. 9.


Carr, Laura, youngest dau. of the late Thomas William Carr, esq., of Frognal, to sir Robert Monsey Rolfe, Knight, one of the barons of the Court of Exchequer; by the Rev. Christopher Benson, at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Oct. 9.

Cameron, Emily, eldest dau. of John Campbell Cameron, esq., of Shanklin, to the Rev. Richard Palairct, vicar of Norton St. Philip's, Somerset; by the Venerable Archdeacon Hill, at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, Oct. 2.

Chang, Elizabeth Eckley, youngest dau. of the late Thomas Chang, esq., of Launceton, to William Gregory Langdon, esq., of the Hermi-


Chubb, Kate Lucy, dau. of Morley Chubb, esq., of Judd-place, Euston-square, to Mr. J. G. Reynolds, of the Queen's-road, Dalston; by the Rev. James Reynolds, of St. Mary's, Great Ilford, at St. Pancras, Oct. 18.


Collingwood, Ann, only dau. of Mr. Edmund Collingwood, of North Brixton, Surrey, to Mr. W. Horwood, of Lulgate-street; by the Rev. John Collingwood, M.A., at St. Mark's, Kennington, Oct. 1.

Courtney, Georgiana, youngest dau. of Mr. Courtney, of Great St. Thomas Apostle, to Mr. Thomas Burton, veterinary surgeon, Padding-

ton-street; by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, at St. Mary's, Aldermary, city, Oct. 14.
Collett, Catherine, second d. of the late Charles Collett, of Walton-Suffolk, to Henry Wilkin, esq., of the same place; by the Rev. T. M. Hopkins, Oct. 4.

Collins, Charlotte Catzer, eldest d. of Charles Gower Collins, esq., of Thurloe-square, Brompton, to Mr. Edward Barker Sutton, of the Stock-Exchange; by the Rev. John Vane, Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, Oct. 4.


Donald, Elizabeth, third d. of Mr. Donald, of Goldworth, Woking, Surrey, to Mr. William Smallpiece, of Woking; by the Rev. J. F. At the Rectory, Lizton, Sept. 30.


Eyre, Jacinta Charlotte, d. of the late James Eyre, of Beverley, to Edward Thomas Hutton, esq.; by the Rev. C. P. Eyre, incumbent of St. Mary’s, Bury St. Edmunds, at Beverley Minster, Oct. 16.

Evans, Mary Anne, second d. of Mr. Joseph Evans, of Oxford, to Mr. James Papineau; by the Rev. W. C. Hyde, at St. Giles’s, Camberwell, Oct. 14.

Folliot, Catherine, only d. of the late William Harwood Folliot, esq., of Chester, to Joseph Barningham Miller, esq., son of the late Major Barningham Miller, and late of St. Helier’s, Jersey; by the Rev. James Folliot, A.M., at St. John’s, Chester, Oct. 2.


Fuller, Susan Sophia, eldest d. of Mr. Fuller, of Abberfield, to Mr. John Hiscock, of Great College-street, Camden-town; by the Rev. J. W. Hayes, rector, at Abberfield church, Berks, Oct. 7.

Garnon, Mary Dennis, relict of the Rev. W. Garnon, First Colonial Chaplain of Sierra Leone, to William Bolitho, esq., of Penzance, Cornwall; by the Rev. W. Hodgson, at St. Michael’s, Highgate, Sept. 5.

Geldard, Theodora, youngest d. of the late John S. Geldard, esq., of Kensington, to George Minchin, esq., of Witham, Essex; by the Rev. Edward Rudge, Sept. 13.


Gibson, Jesse, second d. of Captain Gibson, of Hulme, Manchester, to Mr. Henry Mills, of Hawley-road, Kentish Town; by the Rev. W. W. Wilson, M.A., at the Collegiate church, Manchester, Sept. 11.

Gilson, Miss Jane, of Branwoods, Great Baddow, Essex, to Walter Walford, esq., of Moor Hall, Stoke, near Clare, Suffolk; by the Rev. H. T. Walford, at Trinity Church, Gray’s Inn-road, Oct. 1.

Golt, Georgiana Charlotte, youngest d. of the late Richard Golt, esq., of Greenwich, and granddaughter of the late Sir Henry Thomas Golt, of Newland-park, Bucks, to George Batten, esq., of her Majesty’s Customs, second son of John Batten, esq., of Rochester; at St. Peter’s, Walworth, Sept. 18.

Gordon, Laura Christina, younger d. of T. B. Gordon, esq., of Hanley-road, Hornsey, to James, third and youngest son of Joseph Alison, Esq., of Piceon-house, North Britain; at St. John’s, Upper Holloway, Sept. 2.

Grant, Anna Louisa, d. of Major Elliott, and relict of the late Patrick Grant, esq., of the Madras Civil Service, to Lieutenant William Edwin Remington, 8th Madras Light Cavalry; by the Rev. J. W. Ferguson, at Newland Burn’s house, near Edinburgh, Sept. 11.

Grauton, Louisa, second d. of William Grattan, esq., late of New Abbey, Kildare, to Horace Allott, esq., only son of C. J. R. Allatt, M.D., of Bouligne-sur-Mer; by the Rev. Mr. Ridout, at St. George’s, Bloomsbury, Sept. 2.


Green, Martha, only d. of the late David Green, esq., of Millbank, the city of Westminster, to William Louis Coles, esq., by the Rev. H. J. Knapp, D.D., vicar of Willesden, Sub-Dean of St. Paul’s Cathedral, and chaplain to Her Majesty, at Green’s-hall, June 24, and subsequently, at Willesden, in the county of Middlesex, Sept. 8.

Green, Sarah Emily, third d. of the Rev. G. W. Green; of Court Henry, Carmarthenshire, to Henry Butler, jun., esq., of Tulse-hill, Brixton; by the Rev. George Wade Green, at Llangathen, Sept. 11.


Greig, Harriet, d. of the late John Greig, esq. and niece of the Right Hon. Lady Rollo, and of Mrs. M. Leod, of St. Kilda, Inverness-shire, to Captain Lachlan Macqueen, 3rd Light Cavalry, Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, 9th son of the late Donald Macqueen, esq., of Corrybrough, Inverness-shire; at Bangalore, Madras, August 7.

Haldane, Ann Hardcastle, eldest d. of Alexander Haldane, of the Inner Temple, and of Hatcham-house, Surrey, esq., barrister-at-law, to John Corsbie, esq., of the Middle Temple, and of Hornall All Saints, Suffolk; by the Rev. Charles Phipps Eyre, incumbent of St. Mary’s, Bury St. Edmunds, at the parish church of St. Paul’s, Deptford, Sept. 30.

Hayward, Isabella Jane, only surviving d. of the late Rev. James Robinson Hayward, rector of Harrothsam, Kent, to John Innes Pocock, esq., of Lincoln’s-inn-fields and St. Catherine’s, Regent’s-park; by the Rev. Benjamin Winston, vicar of Farningham, Kent, at St. Pancras New Church, Oct. 1.

Hadley, Margaret Martha, widow of the late Ensign Hadley, M. W. J. Irwin, esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s service; by the Rev. W. J. Irons, at Trinity Church, Brompton, Oct. 8.

Hamilton, Isabellla Jane, d. of Hugh Hamilton, esq., Greenock, to Anthony G. Hough, esq., Allford Bay; by the Rev. Dr. M’Culloch, at Greenock, Sept. 9.


Hill, Elizabeth, eldest d. of Thomas Hill, esq., of Pinner, to Mr. Thomas Bayley, of Friday-street, Cheshide; by the Rev. Thomas Burrow, at Pinner, Middlesex, Oct. 15.

Hitchcock, Miss, of 41, Cadogan-place, to John Thompson, esq., of 19, Lincoln’s-inn-fields; at St. Luke’s, Chelsea, Oct. 2.

Hinckman, Miss, of Pompeo-place, Hammersmith, to Thomas Farrance, esq., of Ladbroke-terrace, Notting-hill, and of Spring-gardens; at St. Peter’s Church, Hammersmith, Oct. 8.


Hoskins, Catherine Mary Jane, youngest d. of Sir Hungerford Hoskins, Bart., of Harewood, in the county of Hereford, to the Rev. Edward Burdett Hawkesworth, B.A., only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Hawkesworth; by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford, at Harewood Chapel, Sept. 10.

Hunter, Ann, d. of T. M. Hunter, esq., and granddaughter of Saul Solomon, esq., of St. Helens, to Captain Henry D. Maitland, 72nd Bengal Native Infantry, by the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, at St. Mary Abbott’s, Kensington, Sept. 3.

Ildige, Ellen, third surviving d. of John Ildige, esq., of Bethel-house, Brixton, to Owen Gray, esq., of West Ham, Essex; by the Rev. R. H. Howard, M.A., at St. Matthew’s, Brixton, Sept. 30.


Johnson, Anna Maria, second d. of the late Mr. William Johnson, of March, to Monsieur Henri Vuys, of Antwerp; by the Rev. M. D. French, at St. George’s, Hanover-square, Sept. 30, and afterwards at the French Chapel, Portman-square, by the Rev. Pierre Mailly.

Jones, Catherine Mary, the only child of John Jones, esq., of Glenhonddau, the chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Brecon, to Douglas John Dickenson, esq., of the 7th Regiment of Royal Fusiliers; by the Rev. Edward Knight, at the church of Llandeilo-glach, Breconshire, Sept. 23.


Jones, Elizabeth, only d. of the late Richard Jones, esq., formerly surgeon of Devonport Dockyard, to J. A. Lloyd Phillippa, esq., of Her Majesty’s 44th Regiment; by the Rev. H. A. Greaves, at Stonehouse, Devon, Oct. 1.


Jossely, Sarah Janet, granddaughter of the late Firman Jossely, esq., of Ipswich, to John Ranson, esq., surgeon, of that town; by the Rev. E. P. Neale, curate of Tatterton Suffolk, at Marylebone New Church, Oct. 15.


Lawrence, Louisa, third d. of the late Mr. Richard Lawrence; of Hampton, to William Hemming Lawrence, of the same place; by the Rev. J. W. Berryman, at Hampton, Oct. 2.


Lucas, Rachel, d. of Richard Lucas, esq., of John Ruty, esq., of Maidenhall; by the Rev.
John Charles Williams, rector of Sherrioting, at High Wycombe, Oct. 15.


Mac dougal, C. Airlie, d. of the late Captain Mac Dougal, of the 42nd. Highlanders, and granddaughter of the late Alexander Macdonald, esq., of Glenco, Argyllshire, North Britain, to T. Leonard Leader, esq., 2nd Queen's Royals; at Poonah, July 9.


Mew, Matilda, d. of William Mew, esq., of Apton-hall, Essex, to Huntley Bacon, esq.; by the King's Special license, at Wandsbech church, Oct. 8.

M'Grigor, Annie Duncan, d. of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M'Grigor, of Her Majesty's 70th Regiment, to John Hadden, esq., of Braidmont, Strone, Notts, by the Rev. John Hutchinson, vicar of East Stoke, Notts, at St. Andrew's Chapel, Aberdeen, Sept. 16.

Morgan, Mary, only d. of Hugh Morgan, esq., of the New Kent-road, to John Joyce of Somerset-house, second son of George Joyce, esq., of the Board of Trade; by the Rev. Arthur C. Omslow, at St. Mary's, Newington, Oct. 2.


Old, Susanna, youngest d. of Trenham Old, esq., late of Balham-hill, Surrey, to Major William Stirling, of the Hon. East India Company's Service; by the Rev. Hockin, at St. James's Church, Bath, Oct. 16.

Pears, Mary Ann, only d. of the late S. C. Pears, Cheltenham, to Edward, eldest son of the late William Blundell, of Newington; at St. Luke's, Brixton, Oct. 2.


Phillips, Harriet Elizabeth, eldest d. of the late Mr. John Phillips, of Panton-street, and of Mitcham, Surrey, to William Pickering, second son of the late John Stevens, esq., of Gower-street; at St. Peter's, Finkle, Oct. 11.

Porter, Augusta, fifth d. of Thomas Porter, esq., of the City-road, architect and surveyor, to Mr. Griffith George Todd, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Calcutta; by the Rev. Alfred Burder, A.M., at St. Mary's, Islington, Oct. 15.

Pratt, Thirza Emily, second d. of John Pratt, esq., of Wodmansterne, and of the House of Comrons, to Augustus Henry, second surviving son of the late James Cooper, esq., formerly of Shepperton; by the Rev. C. J. Crawford, M.A., at Woodmansterne church, Oct. 11.


Ralli, Arel P., to M. E. Mavrogordato, at his residence; by the Rev. Dionisi Xenachi, Oct. 9.


Richards, Annette Eliza, eldest d. of Theophilus Richards, esq., of Edgbaston, to Mr. Charles Couchman, of Temple Balsall, in the same county; by the Rev. Dr. Sleath, chaplain in ordinary to Her Majesty, at Edgbaston Church, Warwickshire, Sept. 30.

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Rogerson, Elizabeth, second d. of the late Richard Rogerson, esq., of Bamburg, and niece of John Calthrop, esq., of Stannhoe-hall, Norfolk, to Henry Poole Gregg, esq., son of the late William Gregg, esq., of the city of Cork, solicitor; by the Rev. J. B. Smith, at Bamburg, Lincolnshire, Sept. 9.


Seabrook, Mary, only d. of the late Rev. Thomas Seabrook, of Wickhambrooke, Suffolk, to Mr. J. Seabrook; at St. Mary's, Islington, Oct. 20.

Shanks, Isabella, eldest d. of the late William Shanks, esq., to Robert How, eldest son of Mr. Shanks of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields; by the Rev. James Buckland, at Burnham Church, Oct. 11.

Shepherd, Louisa Jane, youngest d. of the late Joseph Shepherd, esq., of Cottingham, Yorkshire, to Charles Arthur Akin, esq., of Albion-street, Hyde-park; Oct. 9.

Shirreff, Ann, eldest d. of Charles Ireland Shirreff, esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Barnes, to Mr. William Henry Ratcliffe, of Barnes; by the Rev. Mr. Whitecock, at Barnes church, Surrey, Oct. 11.


Smith, Elizabeth Charlotte, second d. of Mr. Benjamin Smith, of Greenwich, to Mr. John Smith, of the Retreat, Bushy-green, Lewisham; by the Rev. R. M. Smith, at Lewisham, Kent, Oct. 16.

Smith, Mary Grace, d. of Samuel Smith, esq., to William May Bean, esq.; by the Rev. Samuel Smith, at St. George's, Camberwell, Sept. 18.

Stanley, Annie Elizabeth, eldest d. of Mr. William Stanley, of Margate, to Mr. J. Northcome, eldest son of Mr. William Northcott, of Camberwell; at St. John's church, Margate, Oct. 8.

Stanton, Eliza, youngest d. of the late Mr. Wm. Stanton, of Hitchin, Herts, to Mr. Henry Wheeler, of the Marsh Mills, High Wycombe, Bucks; by the Rev. Henry Giles, at Hitchin, Herts, Oct. 9.


Taylor, Eliza, niece to John Jones, esq., of Lloyd's, and of the Old Kent Road, to Charles Ambrose Frederick, only son of George Brad, esq., of Camberwell; at the parish church Camberwell, Oct. 9.

Thomas, Mary Alicia, youngest d. of the late David Thomas, esq., of Wellfield-house, Radnorshire, to Hugh Powell Price, esq., only son of Hugh Price, esq., of Castle Madoc, Brecknockshire; by the Rev. W. Jones Thomas, M.A., at Llanelli with church, Radnorshire, Oct. 5.


Tilley, Eliza Grace, eldest d. of the late Mr. John Tilley Wheeler, of Bermondsey, to Mr. George Caithorn; by the Rev. J. E. Gibson, rector, at St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, Oct. 2.

Travers, Emilia, d. of the late John Travers, esq., of Clapham-park, to Thomas Lloyd, esq., of Birmingham; at Clapham Church, Oct. 1.

Turnbull, Isabella, only d. of Ralph Turnbull, esq., of Gloucester, to Mr. William Lee, late of Henbury, Gloucestershire; by the Rev. J. McGrath, L.L.D., at St. Michael's Church, Kingston, Jamaica, August 30.

Turner, Sophia Sarahbella, the only surviving child of Mr. William Turner, of Union-road, Clapham-rise, to Mr. William Marshall Miller, of the Paragon, New Kent-road; by the Rev. Christopher Bowen, M.A., at St. Mary's, Southwark, Oct. 2.

Verini, Mary, eldest d. of the late Mr. Philip Verini, of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, to Mr. John Cronin, of George-street, Portman-square; by the Rev. John Relford, at the Chapel of the Spanish Embasy, Spanish-place, Oct. 12.

Wake, Jane Rosa, only child of William Wake, esq., of Kennington, to Mr. William Heywood, of Camberwell; by the Rev. D. O. E autopsy, M.A., at St. Mark's, Kennington, Oct. 16.

Watts, Caroline, eldest d. of George Watts, Esq., Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, to Mr. R. H. Richardson, second son of William Richardson, esq., of Stone-gate, York; by the Rev. W. H. Dickinson, B.C.L., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Oct. 16.

Waller, Emma Frances, second d. of William Waller, esq., of Burford, Oxon, to George H. Mantell, esq., second son of George Mantell, M.D., Farthingdon, Berks; by the Rev. R. Stephens, at Burford, Oct. 16.

Webster, Anne, of Chapel-street, Bed ford row, to Jacob Perkins Bacon, of 9, Regent's-square; by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., at St. Andrew's, Holford, Oct. 7.


Wieland, Mary Emma, youngest d. of Mr. F. Wieland, of Walworth, to Mr. Henry Francis Hoole, of High-street, Borough; by the Rev. Arthur Onslow, M.A., at St. Mary's, Newington, Oct. 16.


DEATHS.


Anderson, Cornet Robert, 6th Light Cavalry, after a few hours' illness, from spasmodic cholera, aged 20 years and 11 months, deeply and deservedly regretted by his brother officers; at Loddington, August 7.


Ball, Elizabeth, the relict of the late John Ball, esq., of Whithy-crescent, Reading; at her residence, Oct. 3.

Ball, Benjamin, esq., of Fountain-terrace, Camberwell-grove, for nearly 40 years the respected and confidential clerk of Messrs. Harman and Co., of Adams-court, Old Broad-street, in the 61st year of his age; at his residence, Aug. 7.

Barron, Charles Robert, eldest son of Charles Barron, esq., of Denmark-hill, Camberwell, after a few hours' illness, in the 12th year of his age; Oct. 20.

Basati, George, jun., esq., of Saville-row, architect; at Ely, by a fall whilst examining the works in progress at the cathedral, Oct. 16.

Bayly, Captain Paget, Barrack Master of Forton, Gosport, for the last 20 years; deeply and deservedly lamented by his afflicted widow and family. He was son of the late Dean of Lismore, and served formerly in the 7th Hussars, being aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Anglesey during two campaigns in the Peninsula; at Forton, Gosport, Oct. 19.

Bell, Russell, esq., of the firm of Hermann, and Co., eighth son of the late Thomas Bell, esq., of Hackney; at Norfolk, Virginia, United States, Sept. 15.

Bernard, John, esq., formerly of Manchester, in the 61st year of his age; at 61, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square, Oct. 2.

Bowen, Mary Ann Charity, the beloved wife of George Elliot Bowen, of Upper Thames-street; at New Cross, Oct. 4.

Burrows, Captain John, of the 14th Regiment Native Infantry, and superintendent of Police, second son of Dr. G. Mann Burrows, of Upper Gower-street, London, aged 42.


Campbell, Miss Louisa Susannah, of a decline, in the 26th year of her age, and deeply regretted by all who knew her; at the residence of her aunt, 173, Bishops-gate-street-Without, Oct. 10.

Carruthers, Fanny Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late David Carruthers, esq., of 4, Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park; Oct. 9.

Clutterbuck, Emma, the youngest daughter of Thomas Clutterbuck, esq., of Hardenhuish-park, Chippenham; Oct. 12.

Collett, Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Collett; of Westerham, Kent, aged 18; at Torquay, Oct. 16.

Cookesley, William, esq., formerly of the Navy Pay-office, aged 73, universally regretted by a large circle of sorrowing friends; at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Oct. 3.

Cutfield, John, esq, R.N., of Deal, Kent, formerly master-attendant of Her Majesty's Naval Yard, at that port, in his 92nd year; Oct. 13.

Davis, Maria, relict of Henry Davis, esq., Her Majesty's late Collector; at Falmouth, August —.

Dickinson, William, esq., Comptroller-General of Her Majesty's Customs, in the 60th year of his age; at Walworth, Surrey, Oct. 11.

Elliot, Lieutenant H. F., R.N., son of Admiral the Hon. G. Elliot, at sea, on the coast of Africa, of fever.

Ellison, William George Thomas, esq, aged 55; at his residence, Lintz-green, in the county of Durham, Sept. 17.

Erskine, John Francis, captain in the Sterlingshire Militia, and late of the Hon. East India Company's service, eldest son of the Hon. Henry David Erskine, and grandson of the late John Francis, Earl of Mar; at Broomrig, Clackmannashire, Sept. 29.

Escourt, Commander Walter G. Bucknall, aged 38, fourth son of T. G. Bucknall Escourt, esq., M.P.; when in command of Her Majesty's steam sloop Eclair, off the coast of Africa, Sept. 16.

Evans, Benjamin Collinson, in the 9th year of his age, eldest child of Mr. B. Evans, surgeon, Trinity-street, Southwalk; at Farnham, Surrey, Oct. 19.

Fraser, Lieutenant-Colonel Simon, late of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Service, aged 65; at his residence, Drumduan, Forres, N. B., Sept. 24.

Garland, Mr. Robert, formerly of the Stock-exchange, after a short illness, aged 68; at his residence, West-street, Brighton, Oct. 6.

Goddard, the Rev. William Stanley, D.D., of Andover, formerly Head-Master of Winchester College; Oct. 10.


Gowring, John W. G., esq., in his 60th year; at his residence, Sellor's-hall, Finchley, Oct. 2.

Harding, the Rev. William, aged 42, formerly fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, and vicar of Hockley, Essex; at the house of his father, on Clapham-common, Oct. 20.

Harrison, Amelia, the beloved wife of John Harrison, esq., Surgeon-Major, late Grenadier Guards, aged 42; at Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, Oct. 17.

Harper, Anne Isabella, relict of Thomas Harper, esq., late of Mitchel Dean, in the county of Gloucester, in the 55th year of her age; at Bath, Oct. 11.

Harvey, Henrietta Bellenden, youngest daughter of William Harvey, esq., of Portland-place, Regent's-park, in her 9th year; Oct. 8.

Harvey, William Thomas, esq., of Hilden, Tunbridge, Kent, aged 53; at Tudeley, Oct. 7.
Hayley, Thomas, esq., of the Hon. East India Company's service, after only a few days' illness, aged 53; at Tringmouth, Devon, Oct. 2.

Hendley, the Rev. William, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and late curate of Hooeleigh, Essex, in his 26th year; at 121, Sloane-street, Oct. 10.


Hodgson, Mrs., of Bromley, Middlesex, widow of Mark Hodgson, esq., of the same place, in her 65th year; Oct. 6.

Hovenden, Major, 59th Regiment, aged 52 years, 36 of which he served in the Regiment; at the Cavalry Barracks, Leeds, Sept. 30.

Israell, Andrew, esq., merchant, of Hamburg, in his 53rd year, sincerely lamented by his numerous family and friends; at his temporary residence, Torrington-square, Oct. 2.


Joyce, Mr. Edward, of the firm of E. Joyce and Sons, of 13, Water-lane, Tower-street; Oct. 3.


Lockier, Henry Algeron, of the 44th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, second son of Edward Hawke Locker, esq., of fever, in his 20th year, much beloved and regretted by all who knew him; at Trichinopoly, August 15.

Ludgate, Ann, relic of the late Robert Ludgate, esq., of Sussex-place, Regent's-park, magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county of Buckingham; in the 69th year of her age; at the house of G. W. Blanch, esq., of 3, Vassall-place, Brixton-road, Oct. 12.

Lyle, Hugh, esq., of Carnagrace, in the county of Downag, Deputy-Lieutenant and Treasurer of the county of Londonderry; at the residence of his brother, Acheson Lyle, esq., Chief Remembrancer, Sept. 27.

Lynam, the Rev. R. A.M., curate of Cripple-gate-without, leaving a widow and nine children to deplore their irreparable loss; after a lingering illness, at his residence, 4, Bridgewater-square, Oct. 12.

Meeterkerke, Matilda, wife of Charles L. Pannell, esq., and only surviving daughter of the late Adolphus Meeterkerke, esq., of Julians, aged 24; at her residence in Eaton-square, Oct. 1.

Meakin, Julia Rachel, the beloved wife of the Rev. John A. D. Meakin, and only child of the late John Myers, esq., of Milton, Cumberland, aged 24; at Spennhamh, Oct. 6.

Nock, Oswald, son of Samuel Noek, of Regent-street, London, in the 42nd year of his age; at Torquay, Devon, Oct. 20.

Payne, Isaac, of Epping, aged 65 years; Oct. 20.

Pearson, Miss, only surviving sister of the Dean of Salisbury; at Upper Clapton, Oct. 1.

Pegg, Mary, of Salisbury-place, Walworth, and wife of Mr. John Pegg, late of the Bank of England, after a brief illness, in the 78th year of her age; Oct. 15.

Percy, Alan, only son of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Josceline Percy, C.B.; at Simon's-bay, Cape of Good Hope, June 25.

Perry, Elizabeth Smith, one of the twin daughters of the Rev. George Perry, M.A., vicar of Shudy Camps, Cambridgeshire, aged three years and a half; at North-terrace, Cambridge, Oct. 14.


Ramsbottom, John, esq., M.P., thirty-five years one of the representatives of the borough of Windsor; in the Albany, Oct. 8.

Rickett, Mrs. Sarah, much respected and deeply lamented by all who knew her, in her 74th year; at Cottenham, near Oundle, Oct. —.

Robb, John, esq., Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals; at Blackburn, Oct. 8.

Roberts; Captain John Walter, R.N., in the 53rd year of his age; at Petersham, Oct. 2.

Rolf, Alice, third daughter of John Rolt, esq., of Harley-street, aged 12 years; at Heidelberg, Oct. 13.

Rossum, Maria Theodora, eldest child of John Peter and Matilda Louisa Van Rossum, of Berbice, British Guiana, of fever, aged three years and a half; in Berbice, Sept. 16.

Rowley, Admiral Sir Charles, Bart., G.C.B., in the 75th year of his age; at Brighton, Oct. 10.

Russell, Jeanne Helene, infant daughter of John Brook Rush, esq., and grand-daughter of John Roger Rush, esq., solicitor, Austinfriars, city; at Streatham, Oct. 3.

Salvin, Amelia, wife of Captain J. Salvin, of Nottingham-street, New-road; Oct. 9.

Senhouse, Miss Louisa Webster, of Esherhill, Surrey, after long and severe suffering; in Spring-gardens, Oct. 15.

Skirving, Archibald, esq., M.D., after many years' illness; at Nite, Sept. 26.

Smith, Major Ralph, 25th Regiment Native Infantry, Officeying Brigade-Major, deeply lamented by all who knew him; at Barrackpore, August 10.

Smith, Augusta, widow of the late Charles Smith, esq., of Suttons, Essex, in her 74th year; at Mapledurham, Oxfordshire, Oct. 17.

Swife, Theophila-Elixa, the infant daughter of Edmund Lenthal Swifte, esq.; Keeper of Her Majesty's Jewett-house, aged nearly three years; Oct. 9.

Symonds, Octavious Cumby, eighth child of Captain Symonds, R.N., of Downton, Lymington, Hants, of malignant fever, in his 16th year; at sea, on board Her Majesty's steamer Eclair. Terrington, the Rev. Marmaduke, M.A., rector of Over Worton, and perpetual curate of Nether Worton, Oxfordshire, after a short illness; Oct. 11.

Thomas, Munnings, eldest son of Maurice Thomas, esq., of Kingston-upon-Thames, in the 31st year of his age; Oct. 13.

Tongue, Major John, retired full day, 53rd Regiment, in which corps he served for a period of nearly forty years, principally in the East Indies. His kind-hearted and amiable qualities rendered him deservedly regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, aged 60; at Brixton, Surrey, Oct. 19.

Tyler, George Henry, esq., in the 43rd year of his age; at his residence, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, Oct. 10.
DESCRIPTION OF THE FOUR PARIS-PLATES OF FASHIONS.
(Accompanying the present Number of The Court and Lady's Magazine.)

FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

Plate, No. 1283.—Toilettes de Ville.

1st Figure.—Dress of dove-color silk, Pardessus of green-moire, of a shade nearly approaching to blue. The skirt, which is long, is open all the way down. The body, high and tight, is finished with a velvet collar, which ends in a point at each side of the front, where it is finished with a tassal. The sleeves are very long, and open all the way down; they are lined with white satin, capote à la Pâmela of pink crape, ornamented with marabouts.

2nd Figure.—Dress of lilac poult de soie, trimmed down the front of the skirt with a row of silk buttons. High, tight body, which is cut and rounded, so as to fall over the hips—this is also buttoned up the front. The skirt is set on with three rows of gathers. Mantelet of black moire, trimmed with lace Paméla capote of white silk, trimmed on each side of the crown, with a bunch of blue Marguerites.

Plate, No. 1285.—Ball Dresses.

Dress of white Tarlatane, made with a double skirt, the under long, and embroidered on the hem with rose-colored silk; in the centre of each deep scallop, an artificial rose is placed; the upper skirt or tunie, has a similar trimming, which is continued up to the waist at the left side. Corsage à pointe, tight to the figure, with a row of embroidery round the neck, and a bouquet of roses in the centre—short, tight sleeves, trimmed to match. The hair is dressed in a plait at the back, round the front of which is a wreath of roses, without foliage. The front hangs in long ringlets. Fan, bouquet, and untrimmed gloves complete this dress.

2nd Figure.—Toilette de Ville, or visiting dress.—Robe of lavender silk; plain skirt; tight, high body, and tight sleeves. Pardessus of satin à la Reine, of a bright shade of green. The skirt of the pardessus reaches to the hem of the dress. The corsage is high, and full, drawn in with a running string: small, round pelerine reaching to the waist at back, and forming a point in front. Small collar brioé, or cut open at back, and trimmed with guipme, to match that which goes round the skirt; pelerine and sleeves. The latter are rather tight at top, and loose at the bottom; they reach half-way between the elbow and wrist. The bonnet is of iron-grey velvet, rounded at the ears, and trimmed, inside, with bows of red ribbon, a shaded red leather is placed on the left side.

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Plate, No. 1286.—Walking Dresses.

Dress of Ouelle d'ours levantine, made with a plain skirt, tight body and sleeves. Par-dessus manteau of fawn-colored cloth, lined with green silk, which reaches to the hem of the dress. The sleeves increase in width as they descend, and are cut shorter on the inside. A revers of velvet, cut en dents de loup, goes all round the cloak; sleeves and small collar. A frill of lace appears above the collar—Chapeau Paméla of green satin, with white coques inside. Pale-yellow gloves—black brodequins.

2nd Figure.—Dress of grey satin à la Reine; the skirt trimmed with two rows of black velvet, en tablier. The body tight to the figure, and cut à la Jeanne d'Arc, with a revers of black velvet, which is very broad at the neck in front, and descends tapering to the waist, where it goes round the jacket. Tight sleeves with a parement of black velvet at the wrist, below which is a narrow, lace ruffle—Chapeau Paméla of lemon-colored silk and lace. The trimming, inside and out, being a bouquet of roses. Pale-yellow gloves.

Plate, No. 1288.—Ball Dresses.

1st Figure.—Dress of pink tarlatane; a double jupe—a puffing of the same material goes round the bottom of each skirt. The tunic is caught-up in three places, at each side of the front breadth en tablier, with a rose without foliage. The corsage tight, with a point. Berthe and sleeve-trimmings, composed of three folds of tarlatane, finished with a rose, surrounded with buds, in front. Hair in bandeaux ondés, à la Calypso. Very short, white gloves; fan, and gold bracelets. Bouquet of roses.

2nd Figure.—Dress of emerald-green velvet, with a tablier of ermine down the front breadth. The body, which is tight, has also a stomacher and revers of the same fur—another band of which is cut like tabs round the waist. The sleeve is short, in the form of an epaulette, and trimmed with ermine. Ornaments of carbuncle are placed on the sleeves, and, in front of the bust, one bracelet of the same stones is worn. The coiffure, of a novel description, is of green velvet, and light, gold fringe; it entirely conceals the back of the hair. White satin shoes, kid gloves, and ornamented fan.
To those who would seek after further novelties, the following descriptions of our other Plates of Fashions, published in the subscription copies of the “Le Follet,” may be acceptable:

Walking Dresses.—Dress of moss-green cachmere, made in the usual way. Manteau of black satin, lined and wadded; a long cape fastened to the front of the shoulder, reaching three parts of the length of the cloak, and trimmed with a frill of satin, having the edge scalloped and finished with a narrow passementerie. A similar trimming goes round the collar, and down the fronts of the manteau. Hat of pink moire with a half-wreath of roses, and a voilette of lace. Embroidered cuffs and pocket-handkerchief; fawn-colored gloves.

2nd Figure.—Toilette de Jeune Personne.—Dress of white muslin, made a la viègre; worked guimpe underneath. Pink-silk apron, with a small corsage, and short sleeves, which entirely conceal those of the dress. Hair in bandeaux lisses, and bows at the back. A single rose is placed at the left side. Black-lace mittens; embroidered pocket-handkerchief.

Plate 1280.—Young Ladies’ Walking Dresses.

Dress of grey silk, with a plain skirt, the high, in three pieces, and tight sleeves. Paletot of chocolate-color cachmere, closed up the front, but without fitting close to the figure. Small pelerine, put on at the shoulders, not reaching below the waist—rounded at the arm, and fastened in with the sleeve. This is edged with a narrow passementerie, which also goes-round the paletot and the small collar, open in front. It is fastened as far as the waist, with ornaments of passementerie, and buttons. Capote of lilac silk, trimmed with a bouillonné of tulle, round the front, and choux of satin ribbon on the crown. Yellow gloves—worked handkerchief.

Children’s Dresses.—Frock of striped silk, the stripes going on the cross, in the skirt, which descend a little below the knee, to shew the worked trousers, which are finished with frills of lace. The body is tight, with a rabat of the same, forming a berthe. Short sleeves. Guimpe, and long sleeves of muslin underneath.

2nd Child.—Frock of straw-color silk, made like the preceding pardessus, of grey cachmire, made like a long crispin, and trimmed round with narrow, velvet ribbon. Tight sleeves, rather wide, and drawn-up with a band of the same material, which commences under the small collar, and reaches nearly to the bottom of the sleeve. Hat of pink velvet, with a choux, or rosette of satin ribbon. Ermine muff—green brodequins.

Plate 1281.—Planche de Details.

1st Figure.—Dress of white satin—pointed body and full skirt. Berthe of point lace. Coiffure à petit bord of pink velvet, under which is a wreath of green leaves, finished with a rose, and pink, dropping flowers at the right side. The back of the petit bord is open and made of a roll of the velvet, which intermixes with the hair. Front hair in long ringlets.

2nd Figure.—White dress, and lace berthe. A similar petit bord in lemon-color velvet, made as that shewn on the preceding figure.

3rd Figure.—Dress of sea-green moire, with long, tight sleeves. Lace pelerine, open at the back, fastened with a pink bow in front. Cap of point d’Angleterre, trimmed with pink ribbons.

4th Figure.—Dress of pink Tarlatane; berthe of the same, edged with lace. Blonde cap, with a wreath of pink marguerites. Bouquet of pink flowers.

5th Figure.—Dress of grey satin, tight body and long sleeves, trimmed with lace. Worked-muslin canezou, trimmed with lace, and fastened with a brooch at the neck. Lace cap, with a bunch of pink bows, and two long ends of lace.

6th Figure.—Dress of salmon-colored poplin; long sleeves; lace canezou; a cordeliere round the waist, and cap trimmed with blue.
GENERAL MONTHLY REGISTER OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BIRTHS.

Andrew, lady of John Charles —, esq., of a daughter; at Clapham-common. Dec. 23.
Barrow, Mrs. Charles, of a son; at Wokingham, Berks. Dec. 24.
Belles, the lady of Thomas W. —, esq., of a son, at Monument-cottage, Edgbaston; Dec. 21.
Brathwistle, lady of Robert —, esq., of Kendal, of a son; at 18, Mecklenburg-square, Dec. 23.
Boyd, Mrs. Christopher, of a daughter, at Cheshunt, Herts; Dec. 21.
Burford, Mrs. George, of a son, at Chigwell; Dec. 21.
Carr, lady of William —, esq. of Hurst Cottage, Blackheath-park, Kent, of a son; Dec. 21.
Cook, Mrs. W. H., of a daughter; at No. 2, Orange-terrace, Brompton, Dec. 21.
Corbally, Hon. Mrs., of a daughter, at Carbalton-hall, county of Meath; Dec. 17.
Cox, Mrs. Henry Poore of a daughter; at Knott's-green, Leyton, Dec. 22.
Craig, lady of W. Gibson —, esq., M.P. of a daughter; at Riccarton, Dec. 19.
Darley, lady of Henry —, esq., of a son; at No. 9, Abey-road, St. John's-wood, Dec. 23.
Duncombe, lady of the Rev. William —, of a daughter; at the vicarage, Crowle, Lincolnshire; Dec. 21.
Ellis, Mrs. Richard, of a daughter, at St. John's-wood, Dec. 20.
Fenton, lady of John —, esq. of a daughter; at No. 3, Royal crescent, Notting-hill, Dec. 22.
Hawks, wife of the Rev. W. —, of a daughter; at Harring-court, Richmond, Dec. 20.
Lincoln, Countess of, of a son; in Whitehall-place, Dec. 22.
Lower, Mrs. E. W., of a son, at Park-walk, Chelsea; Dec. 20.
Maude, lady of Thomas —, esq., of a daughter, at the vicarage, Bangor, North Wales; Dec. 20.
Pindar, Mrs., of a daughter, at Camden-town; Dec. 23.
Stratford, lady of John Wingfield —, esq., of a daughter; at 12, Stratford-place, Dec. 22.
Taylor, lady of John —, esq., surgeon, Ely-place, of a son; Dec. 20.
Wathen, lady of J. Beardmore —, esq., of a daughter; at 61, Torrington-square, Dec. 20.

MARRIAGES.

Alford, Ann, eldest d. of the late Thomas Alford, esq., of Grove-lodge, Merton, Surrey, to
M. C. 7.—2-45.

James, youngest son of Mr. William Biant, of


Arthor, Sarah, youngest d. of the late W. Arthor, of 37, Bishopsgate-street, within, to
William Barnby, of Darlington, Durham, late of Pocklington, Yorkshire; by the Rev. C. Makepeace, of Great St. Helen's Church, Dec. 6.

Berg, Ellen Catherine, youngest d. of John Berger, esq., of Lower Clapton, Middlesex, to
John Macmeikan, esq., of Stratford, Essex; by the Rev. William Sharp, at St. John's, Hackney, Dec. 11.

Bernal, Lucy, third d. of Ralph Bernal, esq., M.P., of Eaton-square, to Vincemiss Knox, esq., of Stratford-place and Writtle-house, Essex; by the Rev. Thomas Knox, Rector of Ruswell and Ramisdon Orays, Dec. 11.

Berry, Frances, eldest d. of the Rev. W. Berry, of St. Heliers, Jersey, to Mr. John F. Gurney, son of Mr. Frederick Gurney, of Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park; by the Rev. Dean, at St. Hilliers, Jersey, Dec. 8.


Bohte, Miss Jane, only d. of the late Augustus Henry Bohte, esq., of Sackville-street, to

Bolland, Fanny, second d. of the late Sir William Bolland, one of Her Majesty's Barons

Burney, Susan Sabrina, third d. of the Venerable Archdeacon Burney, to Frederick, eldest son of Peter Arkwright, esq., of Willersley, Derbyshire; by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, at Stile Hedingham Church, Essex, Dec. 4.

Carnegie, Susan Mary-Anne, d. of the late

Carnstensen, Annette, second d. of M. Carnstensen, His Danish Majesty's Consul-General
for Morocco, to John H. Drummond Hay, esq., Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General for the same empire; by the Venerable Archdeacon Burrows, at Gibraltar, Nov. 7.

Cockerton, Martha, second surviving d. of
The late Mr. George Cockerton, of Dalton, to
John Savage, of Fleet-street, only son of the
late John Savage, esq., of River-terrace, Islington,
and of Whinfield, Westmoreland; by the
Rev. R. B. Cockerton, incumbent of Cartmel
Fell, at Dalton in Furness, near Ulverstone,
Dec. 5.

Cotter, Matilda, d. of the Rev. Dr. Cotter,
vicar of father of the bride, at Hove Church, Brighton,
Dorking, Kent, Nov. 30.

Dickson, Caroline, only d. of James Dickson,
and of Charles Pontus Rosen, son of the
late general count Rosen, Governor of Gothenburg; at Gothenburg, Nov. 27.

Dillon, Eves Lucy, only d. of John Dillon,
and of York-street, Sydney, formerly of
Arran-quay, and Middle Gardner-street,
Dundee, to Henry John Hatch, esq., of Hereford House, and Magdalene College, Cambridge,
and of the Rev. Thomas Hatch, vicar of
Walton-on-Thames, Surrey; by the Rev. Robert Knox Scoune, at St. Andrew's Church, Sydney,
August 14.

Downes, Ann, of Ailsa-park-villas, Twickenham, to W. Blake, esq., of Brightton; by the
Rev. Dr. Parish, at Twickenham, Dec. 8.

Dunnell, Catherine, only child of the late W. Dunnell, esq.; of the King's Dairy, near Brighton,
to John West, esq., second son of the late
John West, esq., of Park-village East, and of
the Island of Jamaica; by the Rev. David Laing, M.A., F.R.S., at St. Pancras Church, sydney,
Dec. 13.

Dunn, Sophy, d. of Hannibal Dunn, esq.,
to Sir W. H. Austin, of London; by the Rev.
Ralf Clutter, B.D., at Safron Walden, Dec. 4.

Freeman, Elizabethe, second d. of W. A. Freeman,
of Wellesley-in-the-Willows, to Henry Ellis,
esq., surgeon, of the same place; by the Rev.
Peter Peering, vicar of Great Cornard, near Sudbury, at Waterfield Church, Suffolk,
Nov. 23.

Gafuly, Annie, d. of the late John Gafuly,
esq., R.N., Château de Arpigulé, St. Malo,
to J. F. Hanneford, esq., Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire; at St. Peter's Church, Preston, Dec. 13.

Galliers, Charlotte Florence, youngest d. of
John Galliers, esq., late of Stapleton castle,
Herefordshire, to William Sidney Oates, esq.,
only son of the late Colonel Oates, and maternal grandson of Madame Alexandrine Poulet, née
de Chaisty, Baroness d'Anef of Naples; Dec. 1.

Gay, Miss Mary Anne, of Leytonstone, to George Smith, esq., of the Whitechapel Distillery;
by the Rev. H. Herbert Evans, M.A.,
at Leyton, Essex, Dec. 12.

Greaves, Sarah, third d. of William Greaves,
esq., M.D., of Suffolk-square, Cheltenham, and
Mayfield, Staffordshire, to John Jones, esq.,
captain, King's Royal Rides; by the Rev. J.
T. Smith, incumbent of Bredley, at St. George's Hanover-square, Dec. 4.

Greaves, Julia, second d. of Mr. W. H. Greaves,
to Mr. James Hawkins, at the
English Church, Valparaíso, August 16.

Hall, Louisa, eldest d. of Charles Hill Hall,
esq., of West Wickham, Kent, to James Corry
Sherrard, esq., son of William Sherrard, esq.,
of Kilbogget, county of Dublin; by the Rev.

Thomas Shore, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford,
at West Wickham, Kent, Dec. 22.

Henniker, Frances, eldest d. of Sir Augustus
Bridges Henniker, Bart., of Plashwood, near
Stowmarket, Suffolk, and Newton-hall, in the
county of Essex; by the Vicar, the Rev. Robert
Stapylton Bree, at Tintagel, Cornwall, Dec. 19.

Hollisworth, Emily Catherine, second d. of
Captain Hollisworth, R.N., to Hugh Gordon,
esq., son of John Gordon, esq., of Rhynie,
Aberdeenshire; by the Right Rev. the Lord
Bishop of Australia, at Sydney, New-South
Wales, June 14.

Houghton, Mary, only d. of the late John
Houghton, esq., to R. G. Farmer, esq., youngest
son of Robert Farmer, esq., of Ashford
Cottage, Kentish Town; at Guildford, Dec. 11.

Hurren, Miss H. only d. of Mr. C. Hurren,
of Bruton Street, Bond-street, to Mr. D. Miller
of Piccadilly, third son of the late Mr.
Thomas Miller, of Fairfield, Gloucestershire; by
the Rev. W. H. Dickinson, at St. George's Hanover-square, Nov. 30.

James, Hester, eldest d. of John James, esq.,
Secondary of London, of Brunswick-square,
and of Westby, in the county of Sussex, to
Edward West, esq., youngest son of the late
John West, esq., of Park-village East, and of
the Island of Jamaica; by the Rev. John West, M.A.,
incumbent of Coleford, Somerset, Dec. 11.

Jenkins, Emily, eldest d. of Sir Richard Jenkins,
G.C.B. to William Frederick Baring, esq.;
by the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, at the

Kidgour, Eliza, d. of the late George Kidgour,
esq., of Belcairn, Aberdeenshire, and Woburn
place, London, to the Rev. F. H. Bucklefield,
vicar of Little Bedwyn, Wilts; by the Rev.
Edward Otto Trevorly, M.A., at St. George's,
Bloomsbury, Dec. 4.

Knowles, Euphemia, only d. of the late James
Knowles, esq., of Kirkville, Aberdeenshire, to
Christopher L. Ringrose, esq., eldest son of C.
L. Ringrose, esq., of Trunby, Yorkshire; by the
Rev. W. Mark, M.A. British Chaplain, at the
Episcopal Church, Rotterdam, Dec. 12.

Liston, Margaret, second d. of Robert Liston,
esq., of Clifford street, Bond-street, to George
Harris esq., of the Stock Exchange, London;
by the Rev. George Ainslie, M.A., at St. Peter's
Church, Walworth, Dec. 22.

Maccan, Harriet, widow of the late Major
Turner Maccan, of Carriff, in the county of Armaghn, Ireland, to William Henry Whitbread,
of Southill, Bedfordshire; by the Rev. Gerrard
Thomas Andrews, at St. James's, Westminster,
Dec. 6.

Manico, Catherine Roddam, only d. of Peter
Manico, esq., of Peckham, Surrey, to Mr. Joseph
W. Gull, of Peckham, Surrey; at the
church of St. Nicholas, King's Norton, Worcercstershire, Nov. 30.

Maxfield, Louisa, youngest surviving d. of
the late John Maxfield, esq., to Robert Watson
Smyth, esq.; by the Rev. W. M. Pyne, rector of
Oxted, Surrey, at St. John's, Paddington,
Nov. 30.

McCulloch, Isabella, eldest d. of John McCul-
loch, to Captain George Grant, the hill, of the
Hon. East India Company's Indian Navy; by
the Rev. John Muir, of Kirkmabreck, Nov. 29.

Miller, Marianne, only d. of W. Miller, esq.,
Islington, to John, eldest son of James Norie, R.N.; at St. Mary's, Islington, Nov. 28.

Morris, Kate, only d. of Mrs. Charles Morris, of Leicester-terrace, and Northampton, to Henry Thomas Cornelius, of the Royal Victoria Dispensary, Northampton, at St. Sepulchre's, Northampton, Dec. 4.

Morris, Margaret, widow of the Rev. Joseph Morris, late vicar of Feltham, Middlesex, to Thomas John Burgoyne, esq., of Stratford-place, St. Marylebone; by the Rev. Henry Glossop, the vicar, at Isleworth Church, Dec. 13.


Newenham, Annie, third d. of C. B. Newenham, esq., sheriff of the province of South Australia, to James, second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, late of the Royal Engineers; by the Rev. James Farrell, at St. John's Church, Adelaide, South Australia, June 7.


Phelps, Anne Catherine, eldest d. of Mrs. Phelps, of Sommers-place, Hyde-park, and of the late Samuel Phelps, esq., of Hans-place, to Captain Tyndale, formerly of the 51st Light Infantry; by the Rev. John Rush, LL.B., incumbent of the Old Church, Chelsea, at St. John's, Paddington, Dec. 11.


Pugh, Marianne, eldest d. of the Rev. Thomas Pugh, Elm-cottage, Redbourn, to Alfred White, esq., of Cloughley-square, Islington; by the Rev. Thomas Pugh, at Redbourn Church, Herts, Dec. 6.

Rich, Ellen, fourth surviving d. of George Rich, esq., late of Her Majesty's Customs, to Henry Albert Tanner, son of — Tanner, esq., of Her Majesty's Customs, Waterford; at Rochester, Kent, Nov. 25.

Robinson, Susan, second d. of the late George Garden Robinson, esq., to James Imlach, esq.; by the Rev. Alexander Bruce, at St. Andrew's Chapel, at Banff, Dec. 4.


Skipper, Sarah, eldest d. of Mr. Robert Skipper, wine-merchant, London, to Mr. C. H. Feine, H.C.M.; by the Archdeacon Dealtry, at the Old Church, Calcutta, Sept. 4.


Snape, Margaret, youngest d. of the late James Snape, esq., of Chester, to Michael Thompson Scott Rainbach, M.A., of Sidney College, Cambridge; by the Rev. Samuel Hall, M.A., at St. Mary's Church, Islington, Dec. 23.


Villiers, Lady Adela, to Captain C. P. Ibbetson, 11th Hussars; at Grettis-green, Nov. 6.

Warde, Anna, Amelia Barton, only child of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Warde, of the 3d Bengal Light Cavalry, to Alfred Sola, esq.; by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, at St. Pancras, Nov. 28.

Williams, Anna Bertha, d. of Robert Williams, esq., M.D., 39, Bedford-place, Russell-square, to Arthur George Garland, esq., 4th Madras Cavalry, only surviving son of the late P. Garland, esq., of Sandridge, Wilts; by the Hug, and Rev. Montague Villiers, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Nov. 30.


Wright, Mary, second d. of Thomas Wright, Banff, N. B., to Adam Watson, esq., of Park-road, Brixton; by the Rev. D. O. Etough, at St. Mark's, Kennington, Dec. 6.

Wingfield, Julia Selina, d. of William Wingfield, esq., Master in Chancery, to James Fletcher, esq., of Park-street, Grosvenor-square; by the Rev. William Wrothesley Wingfield, vicar of Gulval, Cornwall, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Dec. 22.


Wray, Eliza Matilda, youngest d. of Captain Henry Wray, R.N., to Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Harvey, 14th Light Dragoons; by the
The Court and Lady's Magazine.

Rev. C. P. Reynolds, at St. Mary's Church, Poonah, Nov. 6.

Wright, Elizabeth Mary, fourth d. of Job Wright, esq., of Ashgrove, Cheshunt, to A. S. Adkins, esq., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, barrister-at-law; by the Rev. David Wright, at St. Mary's, Cheshunt, Dec. 20.


DEATHS.

Adeney, Rebecca Ann, the beloved wife of Mr. George Adeney, of Frederick-place, Hampstead-road, in the 65th year of her age; Dec. 20.

Anderson, Richard John, esq., Deputy-Commissary-General, at his residence in Park-road, Regent's-park, aged 84; Dec. 18.


Barker, Mrs. James, at Red-Lion-square, aged 43; Dec. 17.

Blazland, John, esq., of Newington, Sydney, New-South-Wales, for many years a member of the Governor's and Legislative Council of that colony, in the 78th year of his age; Aug. 5.

Blackwell, Thomas Edon, esq., late Captain 91st Regiment, eldest son of the late Major-general Blackwell, C.B., at Bath, aged 42; Dec. 22.


Brown, Rev. John, M.A., vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester; Dec. 16.

Butcher, Ann, the wife of Mr. Thomas Butcher, formerly of Epsom, at No. 1, Montague-place, Hammersmith, aged 73; Dec. 22.

Clarke, Elizabeth Sarah, wife of Mr. Thomas Clarke, of paralysis, at his residence, St. Mark's-road, Kennington; Nov. 25.

Dolan, Mrs. Cecilia, at Judd-place, East, New-road, aged 49; Dec. 20.

Durnford, Barbara, the beloved wife of Lieut.-Colonel Durnford, late of the Grenadier Guards, and only daughter and heiress of the late Hon. William Brabazon, of Tara-house, in the county of Meath, at Coleville, Twickenham; Dec. 9.

Fberapa, Susannah Snell, wife of John Foreman, esq., of Harlow, Essex, in Regent-street, at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Allison, deeply regretted by her family and friends, in her 76th year; Dec. 19.

Foggo, David, esq., at 10, Chatham-place, aged 58; Dec. 23.

Havelock, Captain Thomas, late Paymaster of the 48th Light Infantry, at his residence in Darlington, in the 84th year of his age; Dec. 5.

Harrison, William, esq., formerly of Devonshire, Balham, Surrey, at his residence, South Parade, Wakefield, Yorkshire, in the 80th year of his age; Dec. 17.

Haynes, Joseph Bayley, esq., suddenly, after a lingering illness, at his residence, Little Stanmore, Middlesex, aged 77; Dec. 19.

Hall, John Cressy, esq., barrister-at-law, at Alfreton, in the 824th year of his age; Dec. 22.

Hart, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Thomas Hart, solicitor, Heigate, aged 61; Dec 23.

Hilliard, Anne Eliza, daughter of the late Edward Hilliard, esq., of Cowley-house, Middlesex; Dec. 24.

Hopkinson, Elizabeth Ann, wife of Mr. John Hopkinson, of the Albion Factory, Finsbury, after a long and painful illness, at No. 8, Addison-place, Camberwell, aged 66; Dec. 23.

Hunter, George, esq., of Mornington-place, Hampstead-road, thirty-five years Surveyor of Taxes for Marylebone parish, aged 65; Dec. 21.

Levermore, Mary, the wife of Mr. Martin William Levermore, of Station-hill, Norwood, Surrey, in the 72d year of her age; Dec. 20.

Lidderdale, Halliday, esq., M.D., formerly an eminent physician in London, much respected in his profession and by a large circle of friends, at his house, in Blandford-square; Dec. 20.

Macswen, William Gammel, son of Charles Macswen, esq., Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, of consumption, at Brixton-hill, aged 10; Dec. 20.

Martin, Mrs. Frances, late of East Moulsley, at Brighton, in her 80th year; Dec. 15.

Milbank, ———, the infant son of Mark W. M. Milbank, esq., at Thorp Perrow; Dec. 23.

Molineux, Elizabeth, to the great grief of her bereaved family, at her elder sister's house, Wyndham-street, Brompton-square; Dec. 20.

Morris, Mrs. Sarah, at Clifton-place, Camberwell New-road, in the 83d year of her age; Dec. 20.

Phillips, Jacob, esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, at Hastings, in the 68th year of his age; Dec. 19.


Spicer, J. E., esq., at his residence, Acre-lane, Clapham in his 80th year. His end was peace; Dec. 25.

Squire, Frances Diana, relict of the late Thomas Squire, esq., of Hern-hill, Kent, at Boughton-under-Blean, in the 89th year of her age; Dec. 21.

Stockwell, George, esq., late of the Bengal Civil Service, at Inverness; Dec. 16.

Teesdale, John, esq., of Fenchurch-street, at his house, in Russel-square; Dec. 21.

Unacke, Helen Maria, the eldest daughter of the late Richard John Unacke, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court in the province of Nova Scotia, at Brompton; Dec. 21.

Veargett, Mrs. Sarah, late of King's Lynn, Norfolk, at the house of her son-in-law, Captain Maughan, London Dock; Dec. 21.

Venables, Harriett Emma, eldest daughter of the late Alderman Venables, at Hastings, in her 18th year; Dec. 19.

Watts, Miss Elizabeth Langley, the only daughter and heiress of John Langley Watts, esq., formerly of Norwich, at her residence, Regency-square, Brighton, in his 71st year; Dec. 15.

Wharncliffe, the Right Honourable Lord, at his house in Curzon-street, London, aged 69; Dec. 19.
C'est surtout à l'époque des changements de saison qu'il est vraiment bon et utile d'appeler l'attention sur certains cosmétiques qui exercent sur la peau une influence toutefois bénéfique, et c'est pour cela que nous avons cru tout à fait à propos de rappeler à nos lecteurs quelques compositions du célèbre Guerlain, d'une efficacité reconnue incontournable contre le hâle, les gerçures et tous les inconvénients du froid sur les complexions délicates. Nous citerons principalement le cold cream, la conserve de mai, l'oléine émulsion et la pâte aux
quatre semences. Nous pouvons mentionner aussi la pâte à la reine, les crèmes de figues, les fruits de la France, la mélange de la Féte pour les lèvres, la mélange balsamique, si puissante contre le prurit et l'induration causés par les engelures. Nous parlerons dans un autre bulletin des nouveaux articles que Guerlain a préparés pour le mouchoir, ainsi que des ravissants flacons en tout genre dont son coquet boudoir offre à nos élégantes un choix aussi varié qu'attrayant.

MM. Charles - Louis Chapron et Dubois soutiennent parfaitement la renommée de la Sublime Porte pour la spécialité si importante des mouchoirs dont on peut admirer tous les jours de si remarquables échantillons dans leur brillant magasin. En attendant les nouveautés d'hiver, sur lesquelles nous aurons beaucoup à dire, nous pouvons signaler à votre attention les mouchoirs du matin unis, les uns avec plis piqués, les autres à jours, etc., etc. On sait que dans cet établissement la broderie est traitée avec une perfection qu'on chercherait vainement ailleurs. La Sublime Porte est d'ailleurs, on le sait depuis longtemps, la seule maison qui puisse offrir une aussi admirable variété de dessins et de genres.

Les modèles d'hiver commencent à se montrer à la Sublime Porte, ils sont toujours garnis de dentelles et généralement plus riches que ceux d'été. Nous citerons parmi ces nouveautés le mouchoir catalan dont il nous est interdit de donner la description, mais que nous pouvons annoncer comme un chef-d'œuvre d'art et de goût.

Nos lectrices n'en sont pas, du reste, à connaître les richesses de cette maison qui peut offrir au monde élégant des mouchoirs du prix de 1500 fr. chacun, mais à côté de ces splendides merveilles on trouve des nouveautés plus modestes, toujours d'un goût exquis, dans les prix les plus modérés et descendant même jusqu'à un franc.

Nous avons remarqué chez Louis Chapron et Dubois un bel assortiment de mouchoirs du matin d'une disposition toute nouvelle, dont les dessins entièrement inédits appartiennent exclusivement à la Sublime Porte.

Nous allons donner deux ensembles de toilettes de ville dus en entier à Mme Aimée Henry, rue Basse du Rempart, 18, toujours fidèle au traditions de bon goût et d'élégance qu'elle a su mettre en pratique dès l'origine de sa maison, placée aujourd'hui à un rang distingué entre les premières du même genre.

Ensembles de toilettes de ville. Robe en soie garnie à la jupe de sept rangs d'effilés espacés chacun de la hauteur de 5 c. ; corsage plat à triples coutures très montant des épaules et un peu ouvert par devant, avec petite demi-pelerine arrondie du devant et bordée tout autour d'un effilé pareil à celui de la jupe ; manches longues, demi larges, en mousseline brodée, terminées aux poignets par deux rangs de dentelle. Guimpe en mousseline brodée. Chapeau Paméla en crêpe blanc, orné d'une couronne de petites roses terminée sur le côté par un nœud en ruban de satin.—Robe en foulard à raies blanches et capucines ; jupe unie ; corsage ouvert dans toute sa hauteur, froncé de l'épauleau au milieu de la ceinture et bordé d'un ruban plissé assorti à l'étoffe ; ceinture longue en ruban de taffetas ; manches demi larges descendant un peu plus bas que le coude, sous-manches en mousseline brodée en semis de pois. Guimpe en mousseline également brodée. Chapeau Paméla en paille d'Italie recouvert de petits agréments de paille et orné d'un bouquet de géranium.

Les étoffes de ces deux toilettes sortent des magasins de la Chaussée d'Antin, les passements appartiennent à la maison Richienet-Bayard, et les fleurs sont de M. Perrot, dont les nouvelles guirlandes pour coiffures et robes de bal sont, dit-on, destinées à faire l'admiration de nos salons les plus renommés. Ce sont des secrets de modes sur lesquels nous n'avons
Description des gravures

N° 1269, 1273, 1274. Toilettes de ville, de campagne et des eaux.

Gravure 1269. Toilettes de ville. Robe en soie rayée bleue et blanche, ornée à la jupe de trois hauts volants descendant les uns sur les autres; corsage décolleté; manches courtes. Pardessus en soie changeante descendant par derrière jusqu'au dernier volant et arrondi du devant; corsage ajusté, ouvert par devant avec revers formant demi péplum, garni tout autour d'une hauteur dentelle blanche; manches demi longues, justes du haut, larges du bas, relevées sur le devant par une ganse de passemererie et garnies d'une dentelle formant manchettes. Chapeau en paille de riz orné d'une plume.—Robe en soie changeante garnie d'un volant en biais recouvrant les trois quarts de la jupe; corsage plat à pointe, un peu montant des épaules et ouvert par devant en cœur, avec petite berthe formant la pointe, garnie de trois rangs d'effilés; manches formées de plusieurs petits volants garnis d'effilés. Guimpe en mousseline. Chapeau pareil au premier.

Nous appelons toute l'attention de nos lectrices sur un charmant petit appareil dont les mères apprécieront l'importance pour leurs jeunes enfants. La Balancelle-Marie, qui a pour but de remédier à l'inconvénient de porter les enfants sur les bras, que le suffrage de plusieurs médecins distingués vient encore d'encourager, la Balancelle, dans laquelle l'enfant se trouve mollement assis et libre de tous ses mouvements, convient, sous le rapport de l'hygiène et de l'utilité, à toutes les classes de la société. Elle ne varie pas dans la forme mais seulement dans l'étoffe ou les accessoires qu'on peut y ajouter. Mme la duchesse de Nemours a fait l'acquisition d'une Balancelle-Marie chez l'Inventeur Pascal.

Les étoiles, par M. Alfred de Martonne.

Sous ce titre, qui est plus modeste que les critiques ne pensent, un poète a recueilli toutes ses impressions d'enfance, les sensations de son cœur, les émotions de son esprit, qui, comme les étoiles qui fuient à l'horizon, ne brillent plus pour lui que dans la nuit du passé. On aime à le suivre dans ces souvenirs qui sont les nôtres; l'âme de l'auteur, la mère reviennent nous dire les causeries du foyer et les amours de l'enfance, que ne font pas oublier les orageuses amours de la jeunesse; nous nous égarons avec lui sur la rive du fleuve aimé ou à l'ombre des grands arbres qui sont nés avec nous, grandissent plus que nous, et doivent nous survivre.

Un grand charme de tristesse et de mélancolie règne au fond de toute cette poésie venue de l'âme, mais nous engageons beaucoup M.
Alfred de Martonne à ne plus sacrifier à cette triste muse du passé et à chanter pour l’avenir. Dieu merci, il y a là-bas assez d’autres étoiles brillantes qui vont naître, et qu’on voit poindre sur le front des hommes qui viennent. Réservez nos plus beaux chants pour elles, et quand le sort a tant de richesses en réserve, ne consommez pas notre esprit à remuer des cendres où le souffle le plus puissant ne ranimera pas une étincelle.

Demi Teintes, par Aug. Vacquerie.

Tout le monde a déploré la fin prématurée de la fille de Victor Hugo, si tristement enlevée à l’amour d’un père, et qui, dans la mort même, ne s’est pas séparée de son époux: l’auteur des Demi Teintes est le beau-frère de cette Léopoldine qui n’eut que le temps d’être aimée et de mourir.

Le recueil que nous annonçons est de la famille de la jeune fiancée; plusieurs pièces lui sont adressées, à côté d’autres un peu étonnées de se trouver en si pure compagnie. Ce sont des chants d’amour, des souvenirs de passion et des passions très réelles mises en action avec un cortège de gestes, de pantomimes et de termes fort souvent hasardés; mais si la chaleur du sentiment, le délice des sens excèdent le poète quand il éprouve, il devrait avoir moins de liberté quand il l’exprime: Parny et Tibulle, qui parlaient en latin, bravaient moins l’honnêteté dans leurs vers; la poésie destinée à couvrir d’un voile chaste les émotions les plus réelles, ne doit pas ainsi ouvrir la porte à tous les curieux, et les introduire aussi brutalement dans le sanctuaire du foyer. Régnier, qui se gênait peu, était plus décent que M. Va-querie, et encore avouait-il qu’il fréquentait les mauvais lieux, ce qui explique, mais n’excuse pas. M. Vaquerie, qui nous avait donné dans Antigone un échantillon de poésie si chaste, a oublié ici ses propres doctrines, et nous vou- drions effacer au moins le tiers de son livre. Alors nous n’aurions plus à citer que des pièces pleines de grâce ou d’abandon.

Nous engageons le jeune poète à fuir cette route fatale où il s’engage; avec du talent et de l’inspiration comme il en possède, on doit chercher mieux que le pastiche d’Hugo ou le placage de Musset.

DESSIN LINÉAIRE A LA RÈGLE ET AU COMPAS, appliqué à l’industrie et au dessin en général, par M. Thénot.

M. Thénot, le laborieux et savant artiste dont les nombreuses productions ont toujours un but scientifique et utile, vient de livrer au public cet ouvrage d’une haute utilité, destiné aux jeunes artistes qui veulent apprendre à dessiner toutes sortes de broderies et de tapisseries, aux gens du monde pour tracer les objets usuels, aux manufacturiers et fabricants pour fixer leurs idées d’invention et de perfectionnement, enfin aux chefs d’ateliers et à toutes les classes d’ouvriers. Cette nouvelle publication est formée de quatre-vingt tableaux contenant cinq cent vingt et un dessins gravés sur acier; elle a pour point de départ la ligne droite et se termine par les opérations qui servent à tracer les ornements les plus compliqués. A côté des opérations, M. Thénot n’a pas oublié de placer des règles fixes servant à obtenir les proportions les plus convenables; en un mot, il a tâché de ne rien omettre des connaissances qu’il est urgent de posséder.

Imprimerie de A. Appert, passage du Caire, 54.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin 61.

Chapeau de Mme. Vandry, à Richerouy, 17. — Robe à mantelet de Aimée Henry, à Base du Louvre, 18.
1st December 1845.

De Folllet,

Courrier des Salons.

Journal des Modes.

Court and Lady's Magazine and Museum.

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Fashion.

Nous bornerons aujourd'hui la partie descriptive de notre bulletin à l'analyse sommaire de deux robes de ville et de deux robes de bal des ateliers de Mme Thiéry, dont les modèles sont toujours l'objet d'une faveur particulière de la part du monde élégant. D'abord une robe en velours violet, ornée sur le devant de deux larges passementeries séparées par une rangée de gros boutons; corsage montant, plat, orné comme le devant de la jupe; manches plates; pardessus-visite également en velours violet, arrondi par devant jusqu'à la taille et fermé ensuite jusqu'à moitié du corsage, fendu de chaque côté à la hauteur des bras, orné tout autour d'une passementerie pareille à celle de la robe; -- puis une robe en drap vert, jupe
LE FOLLET.

unie; corsage très montant, à pointe, boutonné dans toute sa longueur; col brisé en velours noir; manches Amadis avec parements en velours. — Pour les toilettes de bal, une robe en crêpe jaune ombré à deux jupes, la première garnie de cinq bouillonnés en étoffe pareille, trois posés au bas de la jupe et les deux autres espacés de la hauteur de l’un d’eux; seconde jupe unie descendant sur le bord du dernier bouillonné; corsage décolleté à pointe, drapé de l’épaulette à la couture du milieu; manches courtes relevées sur le milieu par un bouquet de fleurs rouges. — Enfin une robe en moire gris perle, ornée en tablier d’une large guipure formant des revers séparés par de petits velours rouges disposés en double laçure; corsage plat, décolleté, à pointe; berthe en guipure fermée par devant par plusieurs coques de velours rouge.

Nous pouvons citer, comme complément de ces diverses toilettes, les chapeaux et coiffures de Mme Pratt! Les divers modèles de Mme Pratt sont d’une distinction ravissante, et ce qui contribue principalement à la vogue dont ils jouissent, c’est cette intelligence vraiment unique avec laquelle Mme Pratt sait varier les modes et modifier les formes suivant l’exigence de la physionomie. Si quelque chose pouvait nous réconcilier avec la forme Pamela, pour laquelle nous nous honorerons presque d’avoir une antipathie profonde, Mme Pratt aurait opéré ce miracle.

Nous avons promis à nos lectrices de les tenir au courant des diverses nouveautés en linge- ries de la maison Vafflard, et nous tenons aujourd’hui notre promesse en leur signalt quelques créations remarquables par le bon goût et la cuoterie de la composition: un bonnet de fantaisie, transparent, en tulle rose, la passe et le fond bouillonnés, la forme entièrement ronde, les deux côtés ornés d’un double chou bouillonné d’où sort une barbe à large ourlet, en tulle rose; — le bonnet du-

chesse, légèrement arrondi de forme, et sur la passe duquel sont gracieusement disposés cinq rangs de dentelle de Bruxelles étalés d’un centimètre. Le fond est garni de trois rangs étalés en sens contraire et ne laissant entr’eux que l’espace nécessaire pour tourner un ruban bleu étoilé qui vient se perdre, à droite, sous un large nœud nègligé; — la berthe Pompadour, formée d’un rang de malines, haut de 20 c., relevée de distance en distance par des agrafes de satin blanc. Un large ruban blanc recouvert de quatre petits bouillons en tulle très clair est fixé au haut de la dentelle. Cette berthe, qui a besoin, pour être gracieuse, d’être d’une hauteur moyenne et d’une exécution irréprochable, doit être fermée par devant au moyen d’une agrafe pareille à l’ornement d’ensemble; — enfin le fichu Mariquita, formé de bandes de tulle et de bandes de mousseline, doubles toutes deux et d’égale largeur. En passant dans chaque pli un ruban rose de Chine, la bande de tulle gardera sa couleur vive, tandis que celle de mousseline deviendra d’un rose très pâle. Ce contraste est de fort bon effet, et nous croyons pouvoir assurer que le fichu Mariquita qui est aussi gracieux que distingué, jouira longtemps d’un succès de vogue.

La température de la première quinzaine de novembre a été toute confite en douceurs, mais il ne faut pas se fier à ces douceurs là. Dans cette saison surtout, il serait déraisonnable de ne pas redouter de brusques revirements de température, contre lesquels on peut d’ailleurs se tenir si facilement en garde, grâce aux bienfaissantes compositions de M. Guerlain, dont nous devrions peut-être vous parler plus souvent. Mais qui ne connaît Guerlain et son oléine émulsion qui a pour la peau de si merveilleux effets et qui la met si bien à l’abri des ravages qu’exercent l’âge, la fatigue, la température ou les plaisirs! Qui ne connaît la lotion de Guerlain, son huile philocome, et ses cosmétiques de tous genres, et ses nombreuses
compositions pour le mouchoir, article qu'on ne peut oublier dans la saison des bals. Nous devons aussi appeler votre attention sur la riche et élégante collection de flacons que l'on trouve chez Guerlain, car le flacon a aussi son importance, et il est vrai de dire que nulle part ailleurs on n'en trouverait un assortiment aussi complet et aussi digne de sa destination.

Notre gravure 1284, est consacrée à quelques toilettes d'enfants, des magasins d'Alexandre Maggi, successeur de Cior-Cury. Il y a dans ces divers modèles une simplicité tellement gracieuse, une coquetterie si bien comprise, une distinction si parfaite que nous ne croyons pas avoir besoin d'insister sur la supériorité incontestable d'Alexandre Maggi dans sa spécialité. Il faudrait être aveugle ou de mauvaise foi pour la nier.

Le premier costume est une veste en drap couleur marron, boutonnant jusqu'au haut par un seul rang de boutons, n'ayant qu'un bord de cou en place du collet; les manches collantes et sans parements; le bas de la manche forme le parement; le bas de la veste est orné de basques sur lesquelles sont de grandes poches recouvertes de pattes à trois pointes, et les boutons sont en or; quant au pantalon, il est de satin à petites rayures gris clair et gris foncé; sa forme est à plis et à sous-pieds fixés.

Le deuxième costume est une petite blouse au comte de Paris, en mérimos couleur vert émeraude, boutons en or de couleur; le pantalon est blanc, à plis et large de jambes.

Le troisième costume est une veste en drap noir; collet à châle couvert de velours; les devants n'ont qu'un seul rang de boutons; les manches sont collantes et courtes; le pantalon est droit, large de jambes, et à sous-pieds fixés; ses côtés sont ornés d'une bande de couleur assortie; il est de satin gris perle.

Le quatrième costume est celui de marquis sous la régence: l'habit et la culotte sont rouges; la veste et les parements de l'habit sont d'un vert pâle; les galons en or et les bas blancs.

Gravure n° 1285. Toilette de bal. — Robe en tarlatanne à deux jupes, la première longue ornée d'une broderie en soie rose formant de larges festons sur l'ourlet, et dans le creux et le coin de chaque dent une petite rose; seconde jupe descendante sur le bord de la broderie et brodée de même que la première; seulement la broderie monte de côté jusqu'à la jupe; corsage plat décotélé à pointe; manches courtes; roses dans la coiffure. — Toilette de ville.

— Robe en soie grise; jupe unie; corsage plat montant; manches plates; pardessus en satin à la reine vert émeraude; jupe descendante jusqu'à l'ourlet de la robe; corsage montant ajusté du devant et par derrière à coulisses; petite pêlerine arrondie ne dépassant pas la taille et formant la pointe par devant; petit col brisé bordé d'une passementerie ainsi que la pêlerine, la jupe et le tour des manches qui sont justes du haut et larges du bas; chapeau en velours couleur fer, arrondi des joues, orné à l'intérieur, autour de la passe, de petites cordes de rubans rouges et sur le côté d'une plume nue rouge.

HENRIETTE DE B.....

UNE CRIMACE

Le jeune homme se mit à genoux, joignit les mains, et la contempla dans une extase presque sainte; ses lèvres s'entrouvirent, il allait parler... Mais, au moment de lui faire l'aveu de sa passion, il se releva brusquement, se prit à courir à perdre haleine, et se précipita dans sa maison dont il ferma la porte avec une telle violence que le bruit en retentit longtemps sur le fleuve et dans l'air.
Une heure après, Lina se déshabillaît avec nonchalance: elle était seule dans sa chambre; son mari n'était pas encore de retour. Quelquefois, pour suivre une pensée, elle s'arrêtait subitement, une manche à moitié tirée, une ceinture à demi détachée; puis elle se remettait à ôter ses épingles, et s'interrompait encore pour étendre les bras, ou pour admirer les nuances d'un ruban qu'elle venait de dénouer. Elle défit lentement les nattes de ses longs cheveux blonds, et les cacha sous un bonnet garni de dentelle. Elle était vraiment jolie ainsi! car ces pauvres bonnets de nuit si ménisés et si accommodants, qui permettent les bâillements et les cheveux dérangés, ces longues dentelles qui tombent sur les yeux, et à travers lesquelles le regard luit comme sous une mantille, vont mieux à un frais visage que ces élégants bonnets de jour aux riches broderies, qui demandent des touffes bien frisées et des airs apprêtés.

Avant de se mettre au lit, il lui prit fantaisie d'ouvrir la fenêtre pour admirer le ciel; elle se couvrit d'un peignoir, et contempla tour à tour le visage pâle de la lune et la maison du jeune homme qui touchait à la sienne. Tout à coup des cris partent de cette maison; un tremblement la prend, elle se sent glacée, et, restant à sa place comme enchâlée, elle écoute.

Elle distingue d'abord des plaintes aiguës: le dernier soupir d'un mourant, le cri de saim du pauvre, ne donneraient qu'une pâle idée de ces plaintes-là. Puis succèdent des sanglots qui semblent, en éclatant, devoir briser l'âme.

Les larmes et les plaintes cessent tout à coup, et voilà qu'un rire bruyant y répond, mais un rire sec et clair qui paraît sortir d'une poitrine creuse, et rend des sons métalliques; un rire semblable à celui des diables, quand un chrétien meurt sans confession, avec une âme noire de péchés, ou quand un blasphème, lancé vers

Dieu, va se briser contre le ciel; un rire de malheur, plus près de la souffrance que du plaisir, et qu'on écoute avec des larmes dans les yeux, qui tient de l'accent humain et des cris de joie de l'enfer. Oh! pends-toi, Méphistophélès! ton rire de démon est été bien mesquin près de celui-là. Les rires finissent par faire place à une danse bizarre, tantôt convulsive et heurtée, tantôt se traînant moelleusement. D'abord on dirait des pas d'une jeune fille qui glissent sur le parquet; puis, un instant après, à l'entendre bondir et trépigner, on se demande si ce sont les sorcières de Macbeth qui dansent dans un cercle magique.

Le bruit cesse, et le silence revient aussi profond que si rien ne l'avait troublé; car tout ce qu'il y a dans la nature semble dédaigner de garder quelque chose des hommes: les pas s'effacent sur la terre, l'eau se referme sur la trace du vaisseau, et les chants les plus joyeux, les cris les plus atroces, ne laissent pas de souvenirs dans l'air.

Lina restait immobile: elle se demandait qui étaient les personnes qui pouvaient venir ainsi, la nuit, former ces danses, jeter ces cris dans cette maison? Était-ce des sorcières qui venaient faire le sabbat? Elle n'y croyait pas. Était-ce quelque orgie? elle n'en soupçonnait pas celui qu'elle aimait.

Un petit bruit la fit tressaillir: c'était la porte de la maison de l'étranger qui criait en s'ouvrant. Elle vit sortir, avec précipitation, un homme enveloppé d'un ample manteau, et coiffé d'un chapeau à larges bords, surmonté d'un panache rouge que le vent balançait ainsi que les peupliers. Il marchait lentement, posant à peine ses pieds sur la terre, et mettant quelques secondes entre chaque pas, comme s'il craignait d'être entendu. Il regardait souvent autour de lui avec des mouvements brusques.

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ENDING DECEMBER, 1845, OF

THE

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MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM,

AND LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

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**w. signifies widow.**

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### DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The volume commences with the Emblematical Title-page (May, 1846). Next follow (from August) Portrait of Margaret of Scotland. Description and Memoir 8 pages.

From September.—Vandyck, &c., A. B. C.

From July.—D. E. F. G. H.

From October.—Portrait of Isabella of France.

From November and December.—I. K. L. a. L. b. • M. N. O.

From August.—P. Q. R. S. T. V. X.

From October.—M. C. 1. M. C. 2.

From November and December.—M. C. 3. M. C. 4.

From July.—M. C. 5. Le Follet and Plates of Fashions.

From October.—Le Follet and Paris-plates of Fashions.

The Monthly-pages of Contents, July, August, September, October and December. This Index with a list of the Portraits published.

Much of the matter in the number of July, 1845, belongs, as stated in the Index, to the previous half-years' matter.

The pages are to be little diminished in size, that the Portraits may be preserved as large as possible.

* The description of the Portrait of Oliver Cromwell (October, 1845) should be inserted in the volume ending December 1845, facing the Portrait.
GENERAL REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

* Particulars and Mode of Registration of Birth.—1. The Lady's name. 2. Christian name. 3. Rank or Station. 4. Husband's rank or calling. 5. Son or daughter. 6. Place. 7. Date. 8. The Child's intended name—(Parties thinking proper to do so, could afterwards transmit to us, after Christening, the No. of the Register, name of the Church where Christened, and the same would be added in the following Index.)

† Particulars and Mode of Registration of Marriage.—1. Surname. 2. Christian name. 3. Eldest, or other daughter. 4. Father's name, rank, or calling. 5. The Father's place of abode. 6. Christian and Surname, rank or calling, and residence of the husband. 7. Further particulars when desired of the bridegroom, and particularly when the eldest son, with his father's name, rank or calling, and residence. 8. The Church or place where the ceremony was performed, and Minister's name. 9. Date of the Marriage. 10. No. of the Register;—and it would be well, in case of the destruction of the Register, to add the names of the attesting witnesses to the marriage.


Registration of Marriages, Births, & Deaths from the country.—Notices, accompanied with a remittance of postage-stamps, would be received at the office—the letters being prepaid—the charges are, for Marriage entries, 5s., not exceeding five lines; Births or Deaths, 3s., each, not exceeding three lines; Monumental inscriptions, 6d. a line.

The Names of sought-after Legates, Next of Kin, or Heirs at Law, are also, in like manner, advertised.
This Periodical was first published in the year 1756, under the title of 'The Lady's Magazine,' and there have been altogether published up to December 1, 1845, CXXXII half-yearly volumes, or MXCV monthly parts.]

In the year 1832, when the copyright of the Lady's Museum was purchased, the 'Lady's Magazine' bore the title of 'The Lady's Magazine and Museum;' just previously to that period, the full-length, authentic, ancient portraits were first published, colored; when, for the better displaying the same, the size of the Magazine was enlarged:—

Then began 'The Improved-Series-Enlarged,' and the 'Ancient-Portrait-Series;'

So that up to December 1, 1845, there have been published XXVI half-yearly volumes, or CXLVII monthly parts, (some 2s. 6d. others 3s. 6d. each;) and in January, 1838, the copyright of the Court Magazine, Monthly Critic, and La Belle Assemblée, edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, being purchased of Mr. Churton, the whole was incorporated under the present Title, of;—

The Court and Lady's Magazine and La Belle Assemblée; Monthly Critic, and Museum, of which there have appeared up to December 1, 1845, sixteen half-yearly volumes, or eighty-five monthly parts.

In July 1844, owing to many vexations interruptions, and amongst them an urgent law suit, we were forced to issue the following:—

Respecting the Memoirs in arrear, we must, indeed, for the future, cease to bind ourselves to any promise, and let each number, as published, answer for itself, while we can honor by expressing our wishes and intentions (and to the utmost of our ability we purpose carrying such often expressed intentions into effect,) bearing in mind the honor done us by every, even the humblest patron of our periodical,—again, then, we intreat our subscribers' patience, whilst we are subject to circumstances beyond our present control.

N.B.—In order to obviate apparent difficulties arising from the non-publication of the Memoirs and descriptions of the Portraits simultaneously with the Portraits, a paper will be printed, to be placed in the volume with the respective Portrait, showing in what subsequent number the Memoir, and, when separate, the description of the Portrait and the Portrait have appeared.

We trust yet to be enabled to publish many very ancient, very curious and very beautiful portraits, as well as very interesting memoirs.

For the list of unpublished memoirs see the Index to December, 1844.