

in colors, in phrases. I am an artist in battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it can not be called dear. But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing; 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force. Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see all dynasties date from mine, 'parvenu' though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowd. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands."

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remarks, and by the frankness of the advance which concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinizing glance of Bonaparte; a light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

GABRIELLE; OR, THE SISTERS.

Those who weep not here, shall weep eternally hereafter.
Ecclesia Græca Monumenta.

DIM voices haunt me from the past—for the dream of life is dreamed, and may now be revealed; the dreamer is loitering on the Bier Path leading to the green grass mounds, whence mouldering hands seem to point upward and say, "Look thy last on the blue skies, and come rest with us."

I have no happy childhood to recall; for I began to think so early, that pain and thought are linked together. I had a father, and a sister two years my senior; and our home was a small cottage, surrounded by a flower-garden, on the outskirts of a town, where the chime of church-bells was distinctly heard. These are sweet, romantic associations; but "garden flowers," and "silvery chimes," and "childhood's home," are words which awaken no answering chord in my heart—for Reality was stern, and Fancy wove no fabric of fairy texture wherewith to cover the naked truth.

My mother died when I was born; and my father was a thin, pale man, always wrapped

in flannels about the head and throat, and moving slowly with the aid of a stick. He never breakfasted with us—we were kept in the kitchen, to save firing—but he came down late in the forenoon, and when it was warm and sunshiny he would take a gentle stroll into the fields, never townward. We dined at a late hour, and there were always delicacies for my father; and after dinner he sat over his wine, smoking cigars and reading the newspapers, till it was time to go to bed. He took little notice of Gabrielle or me, except to command silence, or to send us for any thing he wanted. There were two parlors in the cottage, one at each side of the door; the furniture was scanty and mean, and the parlor on the left-hand side never had a fire in it, for my father always inhabited the other. It was bitter cold for Gabrielle and me in this left-hand room during the winter, for we were often turned in there to amuse ourselves; our sole domestic—an ancient Irish servitor, retained by my father solely on account of her culinary accomplishments—never admitted us poor shivering girls into the kitchen when she was cooking, for, said Nelly,

"If I am teased or nervous I shall, maybe, spoil the dinner, and then our Lady save us from the master's growl."

No one ever came near us—we seemed utterly neglected, and our very existence unknown. The house was redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the garden where we played was a wilderness of weeds, among which roses bloomed in summer, and Gabrielle and I watched for their coming with delight: those summer roses, on the great tangled bushes, were surely more beautiful to us than to other and more fortunate children—we gathered and preserved each leaf as it fell, and never was fragrance so delicious!

Now it may naturally be supposed, that from ignorance our impressions were not painful; but from the time when I first began to notice and comprehend, I also began to bitterly feel our condition, and Gabrielle felt it far more than I did. We knew that we were half-starved, half-clad, neglected, unloved creatures, and that our parent was a personification of Selfishness. We saw other children prettily dressed, walking past with their mothers or nurses—or trotting to school, healthful and happy; and our hearts yearned to be like them—yearned for a mother's kiss! Gabrielle was habitually silent and proud, though often passionate when we were at play together; but the outburst was soon over, and she hugged me again directly. I early learned to dislike all ugly things from gazing on her—her beauty was of a kind to dazzle a child—she was so brilliantly fair and colorless, with clustering golden hair falling to her waist, and large soft blue eyes, which always made me think of heaven and the angels; for, thanks to His mercy, I knew of them when I was yet a child.

Of course we were unacquainted with our father's history as we afterward heard it. He was of a decayed but noble family, and—alas! it is a commonplace tale—he had ruined his

fortunes and broken his wife's heart by gambling. Worse even than this, he was irretrievably disgraced and lost to society, having been detected as a cheat; and broken down in every sense of the word, with a trifling annuity only to subsist on, he lived, as I remember him, pampered, luxurious, and utterly forgetful of all save Self. And, oh! God grant there be none—poor or rich, high or low—who can repeat the sacred name of "father" as I do, without an emotion of tenderness, without the slightest gossamer thread of love or respect twined around the memory to bind the parental benediction thereto.

Nelly had followed our deceased mother from her native isle, for she too was Irish, and clung to our father, ministering to his habits and tastes, a good deal, I believe, for our sakes, and to keep near us. She was a coarse woman; and, unlike her race in general, exhibited but few outward demonstrations of attachment. When her work was done in the evening she sometimes taught us the alphabet and to spell words of three letters; the rest we mastered for ourselves, and taught each other, and so in process of time we were able to read. The like with writing: Nelly pointed out the rudiments, and Gabrielle, endowed with magical powers of swift perception, speedily wrought out lessons both for herself and me. The only books in the house were a cookery-book; a spelling-book which Nelly borrowed; a great huge History of England, which formed her usual foot-stool; and an ancient, equally large Bible, full of quaint pictures. Would that I had the latter blessed volume bound in gold now, and set with diamonds! A new epoch opened in my life. I had already thought, now I understood; and the light divine dawned on my soul as Nelly, the humble instrument of grace, in simple words explained all that was wanting: for our faith is very simple, notwithstanding the ineffable glories of Jesus and redemption. I dreamed by night of Jesus and of angels, and of shepherds watching their flocks "all seated on the ground;" and I used to ask Nelly if she did not think an angel must be just like Gabrielle, with shining wings, certainly? But Nelly would say that Miss Gabrielle was too proud for an angel, and never likely to become one unless she liked her Bible better; and it was too true that my darling sister had not the same love for holy things that I had then. She liked to read of Queen Bess and Bluff King Hal; but when we found our way to a church, and heard the chanting, her emotions far surpassed mine, and she sobbed outright. At length Gabrielle, who had been pondering many days without speaking, confided to me her determination to ask our father to send us to school.

"Why should I not ask him, Ruth?" she said. "I wonder we never thought of it before—only he is always poorly, or smoking, or drinking."

I observed her beautiful lip curl as she spoke in a contemptuous tone, and I thought that

Jesus taught *not so*; but I feared to speak—so I wept, and knelt down alone and prayed for my sister.

Gabrielle did ask him, and my father laid down his paper, and took the cigar from his mouth, gazing in dull amazement at the speaker, but I saw his gaze become more earnest and observant as he said,

"Why, girl, how old are you?"

"I was thirteen last month," replied Gabrielle.

"You are a monstrous tall girl of your age, then, I declare; and you have learned to read from Nelly, haven't you?"

"Yes, we have," was the quiet reply; "but we wish to learn something more than that."

"Then you must go to some charity school, miss, for I have no money to pay for such nonsense; you can read, and write, and sew, and what more would you have? Pass the claret nearer, and reach me those cigars; and take yourselves off, for my head is splitting."

I must draw a veil over Gabrielle's passion when we were alone.

"It is not for myself only that I sorrow," she exclaimed, as her sobs subsided; "but you, poor, little, delicate thing, with your lameness, what is to become of you in the big world if you are left alone? You can not be a servant; and what are we to do without education? for Nelly has told me our father's income dies with him."

Her expressions were incoherent; and when I tried to comfort her, by assurances that the blessed Saviour cared for the fatherless, she turned away and left me. So ended the first and last application to our parent.

When I remember Gabrielle's career from that period to her sixteenth year I much marvel at the precocity of intellect she exhibited, and the powers of mind with which she was endowed. We had no money to procure books—no means to purchase even the common necessities of clothing, which too often made us ashamed to appear in church. But suddenly Gabrielle seemed to become a woman, and I her trusting child. She was silent and cold; but not sullen or cold to me, though her mouth became compressed as if from bitter thought, and never lost that expression again, save when she smiled. Oh, that sunny smile of radiant beauty! I see it now—I see it now! I tried to win her, by coaxing and fondling, to read the Holy Book; but Gabrielle said we were outcasts, and deserted by God. When I heard that my wan cheeks burned with indignation, and I exclaimed, "You are wicked to say so;" but Gabrielle was not angry, for tears stood in her eyes as she fixed them on me, whispering,

"Poor little cripple—sweet, gentle, loving sister—the angels that whisper these good things to you pass me over. I hear them not, Ruth."

"Sister, sister, they speak and you will not hear: do you think the stupid, lame Ruth is favored beyond the clever, the beautiful, the noble Gabrielle?"

Then with an outburst of passionate love she would take me in her arms, and weep long and bitterly. I knew that I could not enter into the depths of her feelings, but I comprehended her haughty bearing and scornful glances; for the neighbors looked at us pitifully, and Gabrielle writhed beneath it: child as she was, there was something awful and grand in her lonely majesty of demeanor. Her self-denying, constant devotion toward me—often ailing and pining as I was—I repaid by an affection which I am sure is quite different from that entertained by sisters happily placed for each other: Gabrielle was as mother and sister, and friend and nurse, and playmate, all in one to me. She and the bright young roses in our neglected garden, were the only two beautiful creations I had ever seen. It was well for me, in my childish simplicity, that I knew not the wreck of mind—the waste of brilliant powers for want of cultivation—of which Gabrielle was the victim; but she knew it, brooded over it, and the festering poison of hatred and contempt changed her innocent, affectionate nature, toward all created things, except her own and only sister.

We never wearied of listening to Nelly's accounts of the former grandeur of our maternal ancestors, intermixed with wild legends of chivalrous love and gallant daring. She told us, too, of our ancient blood on the father's side, and that we were the great-grandchildren of a belted earl. Gabrielle's pale cheeks flushed not—her eyes were downcast; but I knew the sufferings of the proud, beautiful girl. I too, humble as I was, felt what we were—what we ought to have been, and the blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens mounted to my throbbing temples.

Gabrielle was a lady—a lady in each action, word, and look; poorly and insufficiently clad, her tall, graceful form bore the unmistakable mark of hereditary breeding, which neither poverty nor neglect could eradicate. It was not her exceeding loveliness which alone attracted observation, but it was a refinement and elegance which no education can bestow—it was Nature's stamp on one of her most peerless and exquisite productions. One evening, when we had been listening to Nelly's discourse by the kitchen fire, a sudden and a new thought took hold of my imagination, nor could I rest until I had imparted it to Gabrielle. It was this—that she might marry some great, rich man, and so release us from want and privation; for, of course, my home would always be with her!

Gabrielle looked gravely on my upturned face as I knelt beside her, and confided this "new plan."

"Ruth," she said, "you are a wise and a singular child, and you deserve to be trusted. I mean to become a rich man's wife if I have the opportunity; but how it is to be brought about, your good book, perhaps, may tell."

"Oh, darling," I cried, "do not smile so scornfully when you speak of that blessed, dear

book; it would comfort and lead you, indeed it would, if you would but open and read its pages."

"Well, well, Parson Ruth," she cried, laughing, "that will do. When the rich man comes down from the clouds to make me his bride, I promise you I'll have a book bound in gold like that; and you shall be educated, my darling Ruth, as the daughters of the De Courcys ought to be, and you shall forget that we have no father, no mother."

"Forget our father?" said I. "Never, never!"

Gabrielle was terribly shaken and agitated: little more than a child in years, injustice and sorrow had taught her the emotions of age, yet she was a guileless child in the world's ways, as events soon proved.

We used to ramble out into the adjacent meadows, and doubtless our roamings would have extended far and wide, had not my lameness precluded much walking, and Gabrielle never had a thought of leaving me. So we were contented to saunter by a shining stream that meandered amid the rich pasture-land near our home; this stream was frequented by those fortunate anglers only who obtained permission from the lady of the manor to fish in it, and this permit was not lavishly bestowed, consequently our favorite haunt was usually a solitary one. But soon after Gabrielle had completed her sixteenth year we noted a sickly youth, who patiently pursued his quiet sport by the hour together, and never looked round as we passed and repassed him. Some trifling "chance" (as it is called) led to his thanking Gabrielle for assisting to disentangle his line, which had caught amid the willow-branches overhanging the water; the same "chance" caused him to observe his beautiful assistant, and I saw his start of surprise and admiration. He was a silly-looking lad, we thought, dressed like a gentleman, and behaving as one; and he was never absent now from the meadows when we were there. He always bowed, and often addressed some passing observation to us, but timidly and respectfully, for Gabrielle was a girl to command both homage and respect. She pitied the lonely, pale young man, who seemed so pleased to find any one to speak to, and exhibited such extraordinary patience and perseverance, for he never caught a fish that we saw. Through the medium of a gossip of Nelly, who was kitchen-maid at the principal inn, we ascertained that our new acquaintance was staying there for his health's benefit, and for the purpose of angling; that his name was Erminstoun, only son of the rich Mr. Erminstoun, banker, of T——. Nelly's gossip had a sister who lived at Erminstoun Hall, so there was no doubt about the correctness of the information, both as regarded Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's identity, and the enormous wealth of which it was said his father was possessed. The informant added, that poor Mr. Thomas was a *little* soft maybe, but the idol of his parent; and that he squandered "money like

nothing," "being a generous, open-handed, good young gentleman."

I observed a great change in Gabrielle's manner, after hearing this, toward her admirer—for so he must be termed—as admiration was so evident in each word and look: by-and-by Gabrielle went out alone—there was no one to question or rebuke her; and in six weeks from the day that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun first saw her she became his wife. Yes, startling as it appears, it all seemed very natural and simple of accomplishment then; early one brilliant summer morning, Gabrielle woke me, and bade me rise directly, as she wished to confide something of great importance, which was about to take place in a few hours. Pale, but composed, she proceeded to array herself and me in plain white robes, and straw bonnets; new and purely white, yet perfectly simple and inexpensive, though far better than the habiliments we had been accustomed to wear. Gabrielle took them from a box, which must have come when I was sleeping; and when our toilet was completed, I compared her in my own mind to one of those young maidens whom I had seen in the church, when bands of fair creatures were assembled for confirmation. She looked not like a *bride*—there was no blushing, no trembling; but a calm self-possession, and determination of purpose, which awed me.

"My wise little sister Ruth," she said, "I am going to be married this morning to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, at — church. You are my bridesmaid, and the clerk gives me away. I shall not come back here any more, for a chaise and four waits in Yarrow Wood to convey us away directly after our marriage. You will come home, darling, and take off your marriage apparel to appear before him; and as I do not often dine with him, and he never asks for me, I shall not be missed. So say nothing—Nelly's tongue is tied—fear not her. Be patient, beloved one, till you hear from me: bright days are coming, Ruth, and we do not part for long."

Here she wept, oh, so bitterly, I thought she would die. Amazed and trembling, I ventured to ask if she loved Mr. Thomas Erminstoun better than me, for jealousy rankled, and at fourteen I knew nothing of *love*.

"Love him!" she cried vehemently, clasping her hands wildly; "I love only you on earth, my Ruth, my sister. He is a fool; and I marry him to save you and myself from degradation and misery. He buys me with his wealth. I am little more than sixteen"—she hung down her lovely head, poor thing—"but I am old in sorrow; I am hardened in sin, for I am about to commit a great sin. I vow to love, where I despise; to obey, when I mean to rule; and to honor, when I hold the imbecile youth in utter contempt!"

Vain were supplications and prayers to wait. Gabrielle led me away to the meadows, where a fly was in waiting, which conveyed us to the church. I saw her married; I signed some-

thing in a great book; I felt her warm tears and embraces, and I knew that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun kissed me too, as he disappeared with Gabrielle, and the clerk placed me in the fly alone, which put me down in the same place, in the quiet meadows by the shining water. I sat down and wept till I became exhausted. Was this all a dream? Had Gabrielle really gone? My child-sister married? Become rich and great? But I treasured her words, hurried home, and put on my old dark dress; and Nelly said not a word. Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's gold had secured her silence; and she was to "know nothing," but to take care of me for the present.

Ere my father retired to rest that night, a letter was brought addressed to him. I never knew the contents, but it was from Gabrielle and Gabrielle's husband. I did not see him again for some days, and then he never looked at me; and strange, strange it seemed, Gabrielle had disappeared like a snow wreath, in silence, in mystery; and I exclaimed in agony, "Was there ever any thing like this in the world before?"

My father made himself acquainted with the position of the young man whom his daughter had gone off with, and also of the legality of their marriage; that ascertained satisfactorily, he sank into the same hopeless slothfulness and indolence as heretofore, dozing life away, and considering he had achieved a prodigious labor in making the necessary inquiries.

Very soon after this I had my first letter—doubly dear and interesting because it was from Gabrielle. The inn servant brought it under pretext of visiting Nelly, so my father knew nothing about it. Ah, that first letter! shall I ever forget how I bathed it my with tears, and covered it with kisses? It was short, and merely said they were in lodgings for the present, because Mr. Erminstoun had not yet forgiven his son: not a word about her happiness; not a word of her husband; but she concluded by saying, "that very soon she hoped to send for her darling Ruth—never to be parted more."

I know that my guardian angel whispered the thoughts that now came into my head as I read and pondered; because I had prayed to be led as a sheep by the shepherd, being but a simple, weakly child. I determined on two things—to show the letter I had received from Gabrielle to my father, for conscience loudly whispered concealment was wrong; and never to quit him, because the time might come when he, perhaps, would require, or be glad of my attendance. I felt quite happy after forming these resolutions on my knees; and I wrote to Gabrielle telling her of them. I know not if my father observed what I said, but he took no notice, for he was half asleep and smoking; so I left the letter beside him, as I ever did afterward, for I often heard from my beloved sister: and oh! but it *was* hard to resist her entreaties that I would come to her—that it was for my sake as well as her own she had taken so bold

a step; and that now she had a pleasant home for me, and I refused. It was hard to refuse; but God was with me, or I never could have had strength of myself to persevere in duty, and "*deny myself*." When Gabrielle found arguments and entreaties vain, she gave way to bursts of anguish that nearly overcame me; but when "I was weak, then I was strong," and I clasped my precious Bible, and told her I *dared* not leave my father.

Then came presents of books, and all kinds of beautiful and useful things, to add to my comfort or improvement. Gabrielle told me they were settled in a pretty cottage near the Hall, and that Mr. Erminstoun had forgiven his son. Mr. Erminstoun was a widower, and had five daughters by a former marriage—Gabrielle's husband being the only child of his second union: the Misses Erminstoun were all flourishing in single blessedness, and were known throughout the country-side as the "proud Miss Erminstouns." These ladies were tall, and what some folks call "dashing women;" wearing high feathers, bright colors, and riding hither and thither in showy equipages, or going to church on the Sabbath with a footman following their solemn and majestic approach to the house of prayer, carrying the richly-embazoned books of these "miserable sinners."

How I pined to hear from Gabrielle that she was happy, and cherished by her new connections; that she was humbled also, in some measure—abashed at the bold step she had taken. So young—so fair—so determined. I trembled, girl as I was, when I thought that God's wrath might fall on her dear head, and chasten her rebellious spirit.

Six months subsequent to Gabrielle's departure our father died, after but a few days' severe suffering. Dying, he took my hand and murmured, "Good child!" and those precious words fell as a blessing on my soul; and I know he listened to the prayers which God put into my heart to make for his departing spirit. I mourned for the dead, because he was my father and I his child.

Nelly accompanied me to my sister's home; and fairyland seemed opening to my view when I embraced Gabrielle once more. What a pleasant home it was!—a cottage not much larger than the one I had left—but how different! Elegance and comfort were combined; and when I saw the rare exotics in the tasteful conservatory I remembered the roses in our wilderness. Ah, I doubt if we ever valued flowers as we did those precious dewy buds. Wood End Cottage stood on the brow of a hill, commanding a fair prospect of sylvan quietude; the old parsonage was adjacent, inhabited by a bachelor curate, "poor and pious," the church tower peeping forth from a clump of trees. The peal of soft bells in that mouldering tower seemed to me like unearthly music: my heart thrilled as I heard their sing^{ing}, melancholy chime. There were fine monuments within the church, and it had a superb painted

window, on which the sun always cast its last gleams during the hours of summer-evening service.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, was paler and thinner than when I had seen him last, and I was shocked and alarmed at his appearance. His love for Gabrielle amounted to idolatry; and for her sake he loved and cherished me. She was colder and haughtier in manner than ever, receiving passively all the devoted tenderness lavished by her husband: this pained me sadly; for though he was assuredly simple, there was an earnest truthfulness and kindness about him, which won on the affections amazingly. He would speak to me of Gabrielle by the hour together, with ever-increasing delight; we both marveled at her surpassing beauty, which each week became more angelic and pure in character.

On me alone all my sister's caresses were bestowed; all the pent-up love of a passionate nature found vent in my arms, which were twined around her with strange enthusiastic love; therefore it was, her faults occasioned me such agony—for I could not but see them—and I alone, of all the world, knew her noble nature—knew what she "might have been." I told her that I expected to have found her cheerful, now she had a happy home of her own.

"Happy! cheerful!" she cried, sadly. "A childhood such as mine was, flings dark shadows over all futurity, Ruth."

"Oh, speak not so, beloved," I replied; "have you not a good husband, your error mercifully forgiven? are you not surrounded by blessings?"

"And dependent," she answered, bitterly.

"But dependent on your husband, as the Bible says every woman should be."

"And my husband is utterly dependent on his father, Ruth; he has neither ability nor health to help himself, and on his father he depends for our bread. I have but exchanged one bondage for another; and all my hope is now centred in you, dearest, to educate you—to render you independent of this cold, hard world."

"Why, Gabrielle," I said, "you are not seventeen yet—it is not too late, is it, for you also to be educated?"

"Too late, too late," answered Gabrielle, mournfully. "Listen, wise Ruth, I shall be a mother soon; and to my child, if it is spared, and to you, I devote myself. You have seen the Misses Erminstoun—you have seen vulgarity, insolence, and absurd pretension; they have taunted me with my ignorance, and I will not change it now. The blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens has made me a lady; and all the wealth of the Indies can not make them so. No, Ruth, I will remain in ignorance, and yet tower above them, high as the clouds above the dull earth, in innate superiority and power of mind!"

"Oh, my sister," I urged timidly, "it is not well to think highly of one's self—the Bible teaches not so."

"Ruth! Ruth!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "it is not that I think highly of myself, as you well know; you well know with what anguish I have deplored our wants; it is pretension I despise, and rise above; talent, and learning, and virtue, and nobleness, that I revere, and could worship!"

"But, beloved," I urged, "people may be very kind and good, without being so mighty clever."

"The Erminstouns female are not kind, are not good," she haughtily replied: "the Erminstouns male are fools! Ruth, I have changed one bondage for another, and the sins of the father fall on the innocent child. I have changed starvation, and cold, and degradation, for hateful dependence on the vulgar and despised. Woe is me, woe is me! If I can but save you, my sister, and make you independent, I can bear my lot."

My education commenced, and they called me a "wise child;" every one was kind to the poor cripple, even the "proud Miss Erminstouns," who cast envious and disdainful glances on my beautiful sister, which she repaid with unutterable scorn—silent, but sure. Oh, how I prayed Gabrielle to *try* and win their love; to read her Bible, and therein find that "a kind word turneth away wrath;" but Gabrielle was proud as Lucifer, and liked not to read of humility and forbearance. I found a zealous friend and instructor in Mr. Dacre, the "poor, pious curate;" he was a college friend of my brother-in-law, and a few years his senior. I felt assured that Mr. Dacre thought Mr. Thomas's life a very precarious one, from the way in which he spoke to him on religious subjects, and the anxiety he evinced as to his spiritual welfare. Mr. Dacre used also to call me his "wise little friend;" and we were wont to speak of passages in the book I loved best. What thought I of him? Why, sometimes in my own mind I would compare him to an apostle—St. Paul, for instance, sincere, learned, and inspired; but then St. Paul haunted my day-dreams as a reverend gentleman with a beard and flowing robes, while Mr. Dacre was young, handsome, and excessively neat in his ecclesiastical costume and appointments generally. Mr. Dacre had serious dark eyes—solemn eyes they were, in my estimation, but the very sweetest smile in the world; and one of the Misses Erminstoun seemed to think so too: but people said that the pious young minister was vowed to celibacy.

There was also another frequent visitor at Erminstoun Hall, who not seldom found his way to Wood End Cottage; and this was no less a personage than Lord Treherne, who resided at Treherne Abbey in princely magnificence, and had lately become a widower. This nobleman was upward of sixty, stately, cold, and reserved in manner, and rarely warmed into a smile, except in contemplation of woman's beauty; of which, indeed, he was an enthusiastic admirer. The late Lady Treherne had presented her lord with no family; and the dis-

appointment was bitterly felt by Lord Treherne, who most ardently desired an heir to succeed to his ancient title and immense possessions. It was rumored abroad that the eldest Miss Erminstoun was likely to become the favored lady on whom his lordship's second choice might fall: she was still a handsome woman, and as cold and haughty as Lord Treherne himself; but, notwithstanding her smiles and encouragement, the ancient cavalier in search of a bride did not propose. Nay, on the contrary, he evinced considerable interest in Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's failing health; he was the poor young gentleman's godfather, and it seemed not improbable that, in the event of his lordship dying childless, his godson might inherit a desirable fortune. Rare fruits and flowers arrived in profusion from the Abbey; and my lord showed great interest in my progress, while Gabrielle treated him with far more freedom than she did any one else, and seemed pleased and gratified by his fatherly attentions.

At length the time arrived when Gabrielle became the mother of as lovely a babe as ever entered this world of woe; and it was a fair and touching sight to behold the young mother caressing her infant daughter. I have often wondered that I felt no pangs of jealousy, for the beauteous stranger more than divided my sister's love for me—she engaged it nearly all: and there was something fearful and sublime in the exceeding idolatry of Gabrielle for her sweet baby. Self was immolated altogether; and when she hung over the baby's couch each night, watching its happy, peaceful slumbers, it was difficult to say which of the twain was the more beautiful. Repose marked the countenance of each—Gabrielle's was imbued with the heavenly repose of parental love.

In less than twelve months after its birth, that poor baby was fatherless. I had anticipated and foreseen this calamity; and Gabrielle conducted herself, as I believed she would, without hypocrisy, but with serious propriety. Sad scenes followed this solemn event; the Misses Erminstoun wished to take her child from Gabrielle, to bring it up at the Hall. Mr. Erminstoun urged her compliance, and recommended my sister to seek "a situation" for me, as "he had already so expensive an establishment to keep up; and now poor Thomas was gone, there was really no occasion for Wood End Cottage to be on his hands. Gabrielle must find a home in some farm-house."

All this came about in a few months, from one thing to another; and the young widow, who had been ever hated as a wife, was grudging her daily support by her deceased husband's family. "Give up her child?" Gabrielle only laughed when they spoke of that; but her laugh rings in my ears yet! though it was as soft and musical as the old church bells.

We left Wood End Cottage, and found refuge in a retired farm-house, as Mr. Erminstoun proposed; but we were together: and there were many who cried "shame" on the rich banker,

for thus casting off his daughter-in-law and his grandchild. Small was the pittance he allowed for our subsistence; and the Misses Erminstoun never noticed Gabrielle on her refusal to part with the child. "She was not fit," they bruited about, "to bring up their poor brother's daughter. She was ignorant, uneducated, and unamiable, besides being basely ungrateful for kindness lavished; she had a cold heart and repellant manner, which had steeled their sympathies toward her." They thought themselves ill-used at Erminstoun Hall; and the five Misses Erminstoun regarded Gabrielle and her poor little daughter as mere interlopers, who were robbing them of their father's money.

Well might Gabrielle say—"I have changed one bondage for another!" but I never heard her repeat that now. She was silent, even to me. No murmur escaped her lips; and what she felt or suffered I knew not. Little Ella was a pale flower, like her mother; but as similar to the parent rose as an opening rosebud.

"What could I do?" were the words I was continually repeating to myself. "I must not be an added burden to Mr. Erminstoun. I have already profited by my sister's union with his son, by having gratefully received instruction in various branches of learning, and can I not do something for myself?" What this *something* was to be, I could not define. My lameness precluded active employment, and I was too young to become a "companion." I confided my thoughts and wishes to Mr. Dacre, who often visited us, speaking words of balm and consolation to the afflicted. Gabrielle listened to his words, as she never had done to mine; and he could reprove, admonish, exhort, or cheer, when all human hope seemed deserting us. For where were we to look for a shelter, should it please Mr. Erminstoun to withdraw his allowance, to force Gabrielle to abandon her child to save it from want? I verily believe, had it not been for that precious babe, she would have begged her bread, and suffered me to do so, rather than be dependent on the scantily-doled-out bounty of Mr. Erminstoun.

During the twelve months that elapsed after her husband's death there was a "great calm" over Gabrielle—a tranquillity, like that exhibited by an individual walking in sleep. I had expected despair and passion when her lofty spirit was thus trampled to the dust; but no, as I have said, she was strangely tranquil—strangely silent. There was no resignation—that is quite another thing; and, except when my sister listened to Mr. Dacre, she never read her Bible, or suffered me to read it to her: but his deep, full, rich voice, inexpressibly touching and sweet in all its modulations, ever won her rapt, undivided attention. She attended the church where he officiated; and though the Erminstouns had a sumptuously-decorated pew there, it was not to that the young widow resorted; she sat amid the poor in the aisle, beneath a magnificent monument of the Treherne

family, where the glorious sunset rays, streaming through the illuminated window, fell full upon her clustering golden hair and downcast eyes.

There was pride in this, not humility; and Gabrielle deceived herself, as, with a quiet grace peculiarly her own, she glided to her lowly seat, rejecting Lord Treherne's proffered accommodation, as he courteously stood with his pew door open, bowing to the fair creature as if she had been a queen. The five Misses Erminstoun knelt on their velvet cushions, arrayed in feathers and finery, and strong in riches and worldly advantages; but my pale sister, in her coarsely-fashioned mourning-garb, seated on a bench, and kneeling on the stone, might have been taken for the regal lady, and they her plebeian attendants.

Spiteful glances they cast toward Gabrielle, many a time and oft, when my Lord Treherne so pointedly paid his respectful devoirs; and there was as much pride and haughtiness in Gabrielle's heart as in theirs. Poor thing! she said truly, that "early shadows had darkened her soul," and what had she left but *pride*? Not an iota of woman's besetting littleness had my sister—noble, generous, self-denying, devoted where she loved; her sweetness had been poisoned, nor had she sought that fountain of living water which alone can purify such bitterness. Gentle in manner, pure in heart, affectionate in disposition, Gabrielle's pride wrought her misery. Lord Treherne never came in person to our humble home—he had but once paid his respects to Gabrielle since her widowhood; but the rarest exotics continued to decorate our poor room, constantly replenished from Treherne Abbey, and sent, with his lordship's card, by a confidential domestic. He was always at church now, and people remarked "how pious my lord had latterly become." I was far too young and inexperienced then to understand or appreciate this delicacy and propriety on Lord Treherne's part. But Mr. Dacre understood it; nor would he have intruded on our privacy, save in his ministerial capacity, and for the purpose of aiding and assisting me in the studies I endeavored to pursue. There was a "halo of sanctity" around Mr. Dacre, which effectually precluded any approach to freedom or frivolous conversation, in any society wherein he might be placed. He gave the tone to that society, and the gay and dashing Misses Erminstoun became subdued in his presence; while Lord Treherne, with excellent taste, not only showed the outward respect due to Mr. Dacre's sacred and high office, but the regard which his personal qualities deserved.

I have often looked back on that time immediately after my brother-in-law's decease, with wonder at our serenity—nay, almost contentment and happiness; despite the anguish and humiliation I knew Gabrielle must endure, her smile was ever beautiful and sweet, and illumined our poor home with the sunshine of heaven.

Our baby was, I think I may say, almost equally dear to us both—it had two mothers, Gabrielle said; and what with nursing the darling little thing, and learning my lessons, and Mr. Dacre's visits, time flew rapidly.

On the appearance of each fresh token of Lord Treherne's remembrance, I observed an expression flit across my sister's face which I could not define; it was of triumph and agony combined, and she always flew to her baby, clasping it convulsively to her bosom, and whispering words of strange import. On Mr. Dacre's expressive, serious countenance, also, I noticed passing clouds, as Gabrielle bestowed enthusiastic admiration on the superb exotics. Why this was I could by no means satisfactorily decide, as Mr. Dacre, so kind and generous, must approve the disinterested delicacy exhibited by Lord Treherne, in his offerings to the fatherless and widow. But the disinterestedness of my lord's attentions was a myth which I soon discarded: for in twelve months subsequent to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's decease, a letter from Treherne Abbey was brought to Gabrielle, sealed with the armorial bearings of the Trehernes, and signed by the present representative of that noble race. We were seated at our fireside, busy with domestic needlework, and I saw Gabrielle's hands tremble as she opened it, while that strange, wild expression of triumph and pain, flitted more than once over her face as she perused the missive. She silently gave it to me, and with amazement I read its contents—such an idea had never once entered my simple brain. Lord Treherne made Gabrielle an offer of his hand and heart, signifying that if she would graciously incline her ear to his suit, a brilliant destiny awaited her infant daughter—on whom, and on its lovely mother, the most munificent settlements should be made. I laughed heartily as I read his lordship's rhapsodies, becoming a young lover; and I said, returning the epistle to Gabrielle, "What a pity, dearest, that we can not have such a noble father for our little Ella!" the possibility of Gabrielle's marrying a man of nearly seventy never entered into my calculations for a moment. Therefore my astonishment was overwhelming when she seriously answered,

"Why can not Lord Treherne be a father to my child, Ruth?"

"Because, dearest, you could not marry him—he is so old."

"But I mean to marry him, Ruth: could you doubt it? Could I have lived on as I have done without prophetic hope to support me? Think you, if Lord Treherne were double the age, I would refuse rank, wealth and power? Oh, Ruth, were I alone, it might be different." She spoke in a tone of suppressed anguish and passionate regret. "But look on her," pointing to the sleeping cherub, "for her sake I would immolate myself on any altar of sacrifice. Her fate shall be a brighter one than her mother's—if that mother has power to save and to bless! She must not be doomed to poverty or

dependence. No, no! I give her a father who can restore in her the ancient glories of our race; for my Ella is a descendant of the chivalrous O'Briens and the noble De Courcys."

"And of the Erminstouns of Erminstoun Hall," I gently suggested, for Gabrielle was greatly excited.

"Name them not, Ruth; name them not, if you love me. To change their hated name, what would I not do?"

Alas! thought I, you are deceiving yourself, my poor sister, in this supposed immolation on an altar of sacrifice; it is not for your child's sake alone, though you fancy so. But Blanche Erminstoun will be disappointed, revenge obtained, and pride amply gratified, and truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Mr. Dacre entered the apartment as Gabrielle ceased speaking, for we had not heard his modest signal, and he was unannounced. My sister colored to the very temples on seeing the young pastor, and her hands trembled in the vain endeavor to fold Lord Treherne's letter, which at length she impatiently crushed together. I heard a half-smothered hysterical sob, as, with a faltering voice, she bade our guest "Good-evening." Ah! when the heart is aching and throbbing with agony, concealed and suppressed, it requires heroic self-command to descend to the commonplaces of this workaday world; but women early learn to conceal and subdue their feelings, when premature sorrows have divided them from real or pretended sympathies.

I read my sister's heart, I knew her secret, and I inwardly murmured, "Alas for woman's love, it is cast aside!"

My sister's marriage with Lord Treherne was a strictly private one (Gabrielle had stipulated for this), his lordship's chaplain performing the ceremony. My thoughts reverted to Gabrielle's first marriage, when the clerk gave her away, and she was clad in muslin; now she was arrayed in satin and glittering gems, and a peer of the realm, an old friend of the bridegroom, gave her lily hand at the altar to her noble lover. Twice she was forsworn; but the desecration to her soul was not so great on the first as on the present occasion, for then her heart was still her own; while now, alas for woman's love, it was cast aside!

In a few weeks after the marriage we all departed for the Continent, where we remained for the six following years, Gabrielle and myself receiving instructions in every accomplishment suitable to our position. It was charming to witness with what celerity my beautiful sister acquired every thing she undertook, for she was as anxious as her lord to adorn the high station to which she now belonged. Wherever we went the fame of Lady Treherne's beauty went with us, while her fascination of manner and high-bred elegance perfectly satisfied her fastidious husband that he had made a wise and prudent choice. There was one

drawback to his lordship's perfect contentment, and this was the absence of the much-wished-for heir, for Gabrielle presented no children to her husband; and our little Ella, a fairy child, of brilliant gifts and almost superhuman loveliness, became as necessary to Lord Treherne's happiness as she was to her doting mother's. It was settled ere we returned to England, that Ella was to drop the name of Erminstoun, and as Lord Treherne's acknowledged heiress, legal forms were to be immediately adopted in order to ratify the change of name to that of the family appellation of the Trehernes.

With a murmur of grateful feeling I saw Gabrielle kneel beside her aged husband, and thank him fondly for this proof of regard; triumph sparkled in her eyes, and Lord Treherne laid his hand on her fair head, blessing her as he did so. She had made him a good wife, in every sense of the term: he had never forgot that her blood equaled his own. But Gabrielle did, for that very reason; her gratitude made her humble toward him, because he was humble toward her: nor did Lord Treherne ever cease to think that Gabrielle had conferred a favor in marrying him.

A succession of *fêtes* and entertainments were given at Treherne Abbey after our return, and Gabrielle was the star on whom all gazed with delighted admiration. All the country families flocked to pay their homage, but the Erminstouns came not until Lady Treherne extended a hand of welcome to her first husband's family; she was too exalted, both in station and mind, to cherish the pitiful remembrances of their former unkindness. There were but two Misses Erminstoun now, the others were well married (according to the world's notion, that is); and the youngest, who had not given up hopes of yet becoming Mrs. Dacre, had transformed herself into a nun-like damsel, something between a Sister of Charity and a Quakeress in exterior: perhaps Mr. Dacre read the interior too well; and, notwithstanding the lady's assiduous visits to the poor, and attendance on the charity-schools, and regular loud devotions at church, Mr. Dacre remained obdurate and wedded to celibacy. It might be that he disapproved of the marriage of the clergy, but I think he was at one time vulnerable on that point.

How delighted I was to see him once more, to hear him call me his "wise little friend," with his former sweet smile and affectionate manner; six years had changed him—he looked rather careworn, and well he might, for he was a true worker in the Lord's vineyard: nor was his mission confined to the poor; the rich and noble also felt his influence. Lord and Lady Treherne greeted him as an old and valued friend; nor could I detect the slightest agitation in Gabrielle's manner, and my former suspicions almost faded away. She brought our fair Ella to welcome "papa and mamma's friend" to Treherne; and Ella, with her winning, gentle ways, soon made Mr. Dacre understand that

she loved him very much indeed: she was a holy child, and the principal joy of her innocent life was to hear me tell her those stories in which I used to take delight in my early days—how contrasted to hers! She would sing her pretty hymns, seated on a low footstool at Lord Treherne's feet; and the stately nobleman, with tears in his eyes, used to exclaim with pathos,

"Sister Ruth, sister Ruth, my heart mis-gives me; the angels surely will take this child to themselves, and leave us desolate."

Mr. Dacre came not frequently to Treherne, but he was a quick observer, and he saw we had set up an idol for ourselves in this child; he cautioned us, but Gabrielle shivered—yes, *shivered* with dismay, at the bare suggestion he hinted at—that God was a "jealous God," and permitted no idolatrous worship to pass unproved.

Poor young mother, how can I relate the scenes I lived to witness!

Ella died, aged ten years. The mother sat by her coffin four days and nights, speechless and still; we dared not attempt to remove her, there was an alarming expression in her eyes if we did, that made the medical men uncertain how to act. She had tasted no food since the child died; she was hopeful to the last: it was impossible, she said, that her child could die; her faculties could not comprehend the immensity of the anguish in store for her. So there she sat like stone—cold, and silent, and wan, as the effigy she watched. Who dared to awaken the mother?

Mr. Dacre undertook the awful task, but it was almost too much for his tender, sympathizing heart; nerved by strength from above he came to us—for I never left my sister—and we three were alone with the dead.

It harrows my soul to dwell on this subject, and it seemed cruel to awaken the benumbed mother to reality and life again, but it was done; and then words were spoken far too solemn and sacred to repeat here, and hearts were opened that otherwise might have remained sealed till the judgment day. Gabrielle, for the first time in her life, knew herself as she was; and, prostrate beside her dead child, cried, "I have deserved thy chastening rod, for thou art the Lord, and I thy creature; deal with me as thou seest best." Pride abased, hope crushed, heart contrite and broken, never, never had Gabrielle been so dear to me; and during many weeks that I watched beside her couch, as she fluctuated between life and death, I knew that she was an altered being, and that this bitter affliction had not been sent in vain. She came gently home to God, and humbly knelt a suppliant at the mercy-throne, forever crying,

"Thou art wisest! Thou art best! Thou alone knowest what is good for us! Thy will be done!"

The blow had fallen heavily on Lord Treherne, but for two years my sister lived to bless and comfort him; then it became evident to all that

the mother was about to rejoin her child in the mansions of the blessed. She expressed a wish that Mr. Dacre should read the funeral service over her, and he administered the last blessed consolations to her departing spirit; no remnants of mortal weakness lurked in his heart as he stood beside the dying, for he knew that in this world they were as pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which Gabrielle was hastening they would be reunited in glory—no more partings, no more tears. She died calmly, with her hands clasped in Lord Treherne's and mine; while Mr. Dacre knelt absorbed in prayer she passed away, and we looked on each other in speechless sorrow, and then on what had been my young and beautiful sister.

Of my own deep grief and lacerated heart I will not speak; Lord Treherne required all my care and attention, nor would he hear of my quitting him—indeed, he could scarcely bear me to be out of his sight; the heavy infirmities of advanced years had suddenly increased since his double bereavement, and I felt very grateful that to my humble efforts he owed any glimpse of sunshine.

He was a severe bodily sufferer for many years, but affliction was not sent in vain, for Lord Treherne became perfectly prepared for the awful change awaiting him, trusting in His merits alone. Those were blessed hours when Mr. Dacre spoke to him of the dear departed, who had only journeyed on before—of God's ways in bringing us to Himself, chastening pride and self-reliance, and tolerating no idol worship. Lord Treherne, with lavish generosity, made an ample provision for his "wise little Ruth," as he ever smilingly called me to the last. He died peacefully, and the Abbey came into the possession of a distant branch of the Treherne family.

Wood End Cottage was vacant, and I purchased it; and assisted by Mr. Dacre in the labor of love for our blessed Master, life has not passed idly, and, I humbly trust, not entirely without being of use in my generation. Previous to his decease, Lord Treherne caused a splendid monument to be erected in Wood End church to the memory of Gabrielle, and Ella his adopted daughter: the spotless marble is exquisitely wrought, the mother and child reposing side-by-side as if asleep, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, and their eyes closed, as if weary—weary.

The last fading hues of sunset, which so often rested on Gabrielle's form as she knelt in her widowhood beneath the monumental glories of the Trehernes, now illumines the sculptured stone, which mysteriously hints of hidden things—corruption and the worm.

I love to kneel in the house of prayer where Gabrielle knelt: dim voices haunt me from the past: my place is prepared among the green grass mounds, for no tablet or record shall mark the spot where "Ruth the cripple" reposes, sweetly slumbering with the sod on her bosom, "dust to dust."

THE WASTE OF WAR.

GIVE me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day;
The wasted skill, the labor lost—
The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land;
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.
I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
In needful; nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.
I'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere;
Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer;
Reward the Poet for his song.
In every crowded town shall rise
Halls Academic, amply graced;
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness learn both art and taste
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few—
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.
In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honor or to hold their dust.
A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

A NIGHT WITH AN EARTHQUAKE.*

THE sound had not quite died away, when the feet I stood on seemed suddenly seized with the cramp. Cup and coffee-pot dropped as dead from Don Marzio's hand as the ball from St. Francis's palm. There was a rush as if of many waters, and for about ten seconds my head was overwhelmed by awful dizziness, which numbed and paralyzed all sensation. Don Marzio, in form an athlete, in heart a lion, but a man of sudden, sanguine temperament,

* From a work entitled "Scenes of Italian Life," by L. Mariotti, just published in London.