

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

T. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1839.

NO. X.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

	PAGE
1. Seclusaval, or the Sequel to the Tale of "Judith Bessaddi." Chapter I, a young lawyer in the Gold Country; Chapter II, the Vale of Seclusa; Chapter III, the voyage to London; Chapter IV, the lady in black; Chapter V, the music teacher; Chapter VI, the summer festival.....	688
2. Incidents. An extract.....	662
3. International Law of Copy-Right; the justice and expediency of establishing such a law between the United States and Great Britain the pernicious consequences flowing from its non-existence, &c.....	663
4. The Innocent Avenger. By Park Benjamin.....	671
5. Dancing.....	676
6. Domestic Slavery, as it exists in our Southern States, considered with reference to its influence upon free government. By Judge A. P. Upshur.....	677
7. First Love. An extract.....	687
8. Rejoinder to a "Reply to the Tuckahoe Colony of Virginia.".....	659
9. Sketch of Ferdinand, the late King of Spain. By G. W. M.....	692
10. Affliction.....	693
11. N. P. Willis; The Corsair; Jottings Down in London; Paris Correspondent, &c.....	694
12. The Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters. Notice of this new work.....	696
13. Currente Calamities; to the Editor; by James F. Otis, author of the "Tree Articles."—Nos. IX and X. Unpacking my Books, with cursory reviews of some of the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Daniel, Prior, Donne, Hallsted, P. Thompson, Taylor, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Frisbie, Dawes, &c., with a particular analysis of Beaumont and Fletcher's Play, "The Custom of the Country.".....	696
14. Adversity and Prosperity.....	703

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES—(CONTINUED.)

	PAGE
15. Eternity.....	705
16. Thoughts and Reflections. By a Gentleman of Williamsburg, Va.....	706
17. The Knickerbocker, and the Gentleman's Magazine. Notice of these periodicals.....	708

ORIGINAL POETRY.

18. Ode to Love. By W. Wallace, Louisville, Ky.....	637
19. Human Life is Like the Year.....	661
20. The Whippoorwill. By Park Benjamin.....	663
21. Evening Clouds.....	671
22. To the Memory of L. E. L. By Mrs. Lydia Jane Pier-son, of Liberty, Pa.....	676
23. The Ballad of Sancha of Castile and the Count Alar-cos. By G. W. M.....	688
24. Sonnets to 'J. D.' author of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Sonnets. By C. W. Everest.....	693
25. The Revel.....	693
26. Hope. By the Milford Bard.....	694
27. Extracts from a poem "On the Meditation of Nature." By Park Benjamin.....	702
28. Oh! Pity the Stranger. By a Young Lady.....	704
29. The Student in Agrippa's Museum.....	706
30. The Silent Tear. By the Milford Bard.....	708
31. The Sunbeam.....	709

SELECTED ARTICLES.

32. Lecture on Phrenology, No. V—Destructiveness, Al-mentiveness, Love of Life, Secretiveness, Acquisitive-ness, &c. By George Combe, Esq.....	687
33. Beautiful Extract. From Gallagher's Hesperian.....	702
34. Oliver Twist; by Bez. Notice of this work, with an extract from the London Quarterly Review.....	704
35. Lines to a Sister Dead. By John Kenyon.....	705

THIS WORK IS PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY NUMBERS, AVERAGING SIXTY-FOUR PAGES EACH, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

The postage on each No. for 100 miles or less, is 6 cents; over 100 miles, 10 cents.

RICHMOND, VA.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER, OPPOSITE THE BELL TAVERN.

1839.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1839.

No. X.

ODE TO LOVE.*

CHILD OF EDEN !—born in light,
Where Creation's wandering fires
Jewelled first the brow of night,
And the angels swept their lyres !—
Seraphs then by thee impelled,
Bent before the august throne,
And in ecstasy beheld
Thy bright effluence alone—
Glowing—burning—flashing down,
From Jehovah's awful crown !

CHILD OF PARADISE !—thy wings
Glorious as the morning spread,
When by Eden's glassy springs,
Earth's first pair of mortals wed ;—
Lions terrible in strength
Court'd man's approving look,—
He before the serpent's length
Not as now in terror shook,
And the harps of angels played
Notes unearthly in the shade.

COMFORTER OF EARTH !—we kneel,
Drunk with pleasure, at thy shrine,
And in boyhood's rapture feel
Presence naught so sweet as thine.
In the mother's eye of blue—
In the virgin's blushing cheek,
Where the bright soul sparkling through,
Utters more than words can speak,—
In the first long kiss we see
Mirrored thy divinity.

Roll the battle's stormy drum !—
Wave the banner !—peal the life !—
Hark ! the fearful cry, " They come,
Sword to sword and life for life !"
See the patriot moved by thee,
Bleeding falls upon the sod ;
Still he shouts " your watchwords be
FREEDOM ! NATIVE LAND and God !"—
Hark the cannon's dying roll
Victory utters to his soul !

MURDER scowls his haggard brow !—
Black REVENGE sits waiting by !—
Now the knife is lifted—now
Passion rolls her blood-shot eye !—
Softly—sweet thy words implore,
And thy smiles the brow have wreath'd ;
PASSION's burning rage is o'er—
MURDER's glittering knife is sheath'd,—
For as brothers—friends embrace
In thy rosy dwelling place.

Leaps the storm-king from his cloud—
Bursts the whirlwind from his lair—
And the giant wood is bowed
In the tempest-troubled air !—
Save him, Heaven ! the sheltering oak
Quivers—crashes on the ground ;—
Scatheless of the thunder stroke ;—
Tremblingly he looks around !—
Thine, oh ! Love, the sheltering power
In Creation's darkest hour !

Gods from rugged marble start—
Blossoms gem the withered tree—
Glory is where'er thou art—
Ruin when bereft of thee !—
Ceased the ancient hymn of spheres—
Suns became at noon-day dim—
Mourning angels stood in tears—
Even shook the throne of Him—
When thou for us glorified
In the mortal, suffered—died.*

MERCY'S SYMBOL !—at thy word
(Where the Tempest rear'd his form,
But his voice no longer heard,)
Rainbows wreathed the dying storm †
Thunders in their darkest ire—
Lightnings in their wildest flash—
Ætnas quench their deadliest fire—
Stormy oceans cease to dash—
When thy sunny brow appears
Sparkling from the clouded spheres !
ESSENCE BRIGHT !—thy fingers sweep
Nature's harp-strings, and her song
From the torrent-rill and deep,
Peals eternally long.
Where no eye has seen but His
Through the soundless sea of space,
Worlds by thee impelled in bliss
Roll with majesty and grace :—
Yes ! where cherubs fear to tread,
Thou the dance of stars hast led !

GLORIOUS CHAIN ! whose links unite
Earth to God's eternal seat—
Where the golden orbs of night
Are but clay beneath its feet—
Man—archangels—worlds adore thee—
Mountains—rivers—forests—flowers—
Torrents—oceans, bow before thee—
And the everlasting hours :—
Earth's assembled thousands bending
Round thine altar breathe the prayer—
Hail the day when seraphs blending
In the crimson clouds of air,
Ope thy temple—yet untrod
And unveil its monarch—God

Louisville, Sept. 1, 1839.

W. WALLACE.

* Love is here to be taken in its universal sense as the spirit that pervades all creation.

* Crucifixion.

† Deluge.

SECLUSAVAL;

OR THE

SEQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG LAWYER IN THE GOLD COUNTRY.

When I wrote the former part of my story, I expected never again to hear of Judith Bensaddi. Her residence was in England—mine in the Apalachian mountains—among which, or at least within sight of their blue summits, I expected to spend my days. Whatever fortune might betide either of us, it seemed improbable that any intelligence of the one should ever reach the other. Heaven seemed to have ordained that our future experience should have nothing in common, except the sad remembrance of our disappointed love, which we might each in our far distant homes continue to cherish in secret, and I at least would cherish in loneliness and sorrow, to the last hour of life. But the way of man is not in himself. The power that rules our destiny had ordained that I should visit London, and there receive most affecting intelligence of Judith. What I heard—what followed to agitate and perplex me still more—and what the issue was—I shall now proceed to relate, after premising a brief recapitulation of my former story, in order to refresh the reader's memory.

I was studying law, when symptoms of consumption drove me from my native Rockbridge to spend a winter in South Carolina. In the spring I set out with renovated health, to return home by way of Charleston and the sea to Norfolk. In the stage I found Eli Bensaddi of London and his lovely sister Judith, going by the same route towards Boston. We travelled in company, mutually pleased to have met, and I somewhat more than pleased with the beautiful black-eyed sister.

On the first day of our voyage, poor Eli fell overboard and was lost. Judith, in her first paroxysm of grief, also fell into the sea, and was saved by my leaping into the water as she sank. I took charge of the lovely mourner, and was conducting her to a friend of hers in Boston, when my ankle was so sprained in Philadelphia, that we were detained ten days, until her cousin Von Caleb came from Boston to take her home.

Meantime, my love for this pure and amiable young lady grew so intense, that I declared myself and offered her marriage. She frankly confessed that our love was mutual; but, to my great surprise, informed me that she was a Jewess; and because I had not known and considered this fact, she would accept my offer of marriage, only upon the condition that after my return home, I should deliberately and freely ratify the engagement.

From her cousin Von Caleb, and a miserly Jew named Levi, I first learned that her father was a wealthy banker, and that an uncle had devised her an independent fortune of three thousand pounds a year.

Judith and I parted with deep sorrow. On my return, a fit of despondency came on me and presented my intended marriage with a Jewess in gloomy colors. After a severe and protracted struggle of opposite principles, I was able to decide in favor of the marriage through the influence of Judith's miniature, which she had given me. I wrote two letters; the one to go by the

miser Levi from New York, as had been arranged in Philadelphia; the other to go by the usual means of conveyance. The former was probably suppressed by the designing miser, who desired Judith to marry his son; the latter must have been accidentally lost by the way. I waited in vain for an answer till the next spring, when I prepared for a voyage to London that I might solve the mystery; but was deterred from going by the loss of Judith's portrait. This unfortunate accident threw me into another fit of mental gloom, and unfortunately put an end to all hope, and all exertion to secure the lovely prize of my heart. I rashly concluded that my innocent Judith was false.

The ensuing August I was surprised by the receipt of a letter from her, giving me the history of her disappointment and despair at my long silence—her struggle with hopeless love for me—her conversion to christianity through the persuasive eloquence of an amiable young gentleman, whom she had met with among the lakes in the north of England,—and her final consent to marry that gentleman, to whom she was indebted for her christian hope and consolation.

This letter filled me with grief, with self-reproach, and with unutterable despair. Such was the unhappy conclusion for the time, and as I then thought forever, of my love-adventure with the beautiful, the accomplished, and the pure-hearted Judith Bensaddi.

All that I could now do, was to love without hope, and to mourn without consolation for my lost bride, until time and some other engaging pursuit, should distil their mitigating balm into my deeply-wounded heart.

Now I would fain hear no more of my lost one; that I might ever think of her as my own lovely bride, snatched by some evil fate from my arms, between the betrothal and the nuptials. I abhorred the conception that she lived on this earth, as the happy or the unhappy wife of another man. Whenever I found the train of my thoughts leading towards this painful conception, I shuddered and broke off the train, saying with king Lear in the tragedy, "Ah, that way madness lies."

My only hope of relief from paralyzing melancholy, was to engage promptly and assiduously in the practice of my profession. My preparation was thorough and complete. Experience had now taught me the evil effects of indecision and melancholy. Dearly had I paid for the indulgence of these native tendencies of my mind. I was reduced to such a state that I must rally or perish. I summoned all my remaining energies to the rescue. I resolved to make the weak points of my character the objects of constant watchfulness, and of strenuous efforts at moral improvement. With the Divine blessing I succeeded in overcoming them, not wholly nor at once; (for vices of character are not cast off by a single effort;) but to such a degree from time to time, as to encourage persevering exertions, and to furnish a salutary example for the imitation of other young men.

My circumstances required a field of action more wide and promising than my native Rockbridge. I determined to try my fortune among the gathering population and stirring pursuits of the Carolinian gold country.

The day before I left the home of my youth, I took

a farewell ramble over the loved scenes of the vicinage. Among other spots of peculiar interest, I visited the one by the river side, where I had so unfortunately dropped my Judith's miniature. I searched once more, if peradventure I might find the golden locket-case; for the portrait I presumed to have been blotted out forever by the envious water. To my joyful surprise, I found the elegant case lodged in a crevice of the rock above the level of the river, now shrunken by the drought of summer. Eagerly I pressed the spring—the lid flew up—and so did my heart, when I beheld the unsullied likeness of my Judith, whose lovely self appeared once more to look upon me. The picture had been preserved by a glass cover sealed hermetically to the raised edge of the case. I conceived I know not what vague hope from this unexpected discovery. Heretofore this picture had operated with talismanic power to revive my love, and to brighten my matrimonial prospects. But now, when Judith was spell-bound by solemn vows to another, what potency could there be in this or any other charm to disenchant my lost bride, and bring her again within the reach of my arms? I could not tell; but nevertheless, the recovery of the miniature diffused a new warmth, and an obscure glimmer of something like hope through my soul.

Again I hung the precious jewel in my bosom, and ceased not to wear it for years afterwards. A thousand times did I open the case, and feel anew the fascinating beauty of that countenance; as often did those dark eyes of love seem to give me an inspiring look of encouragement. But when I would close the case, and look around at the realities of my situation, all my sweet visions fled and left me to utter solitude of heart.

I reached the gold country in time to attend the fall terms of the courts. I was so fortunate as to obtain immediate employment, first in a criminal case and then in a civil one; and each time I happened to make such a creditable effort, that I sprang at once into reputation and a lucrative practice. Whatever portion of my first success might be attributed to good fortune, I strove with all my energies to sustain and to elevate the reputation so happily acquired. I labored night and day to extend my knowledge of the law, and to prepare myself thoroughly upon every case put into my hands. I knew full well, that with ordinary talents, such diligence would ensure success, and that no degree of natural talents could give me ultimate success without laborious application.

So lucrative was my practice, that within six months I found myself in possession of more than a thousand dollars of clear gain; and what was of more value, my heart was relieved from melancholy; my soul was prompt to resolve and vigorous to pursue the course resolved upon. Such were the happy effects of diligence in an honorable vocation.

Speculation in gold mines began to rage; but I felt no inclination to deviate from the safe road of my profession into the hazardous experiment of gold mining. I was too full of law to think of gold in any shape but that of fees. Avarice was not my passion—chicanery I disdained—but the fair rewards of professional ability I sought, and felt justified in seeking. Yet was I incidentally involved in the gross earthy process of digging for gold.

A poor man had employed my agency to recover a

meager tract of land, out of which he had been defrauded by a speculator. But success in his suit was likely to make him poorer than before—for the soil would not repay the labor of cultivation, and the failure of the speculator in some mining experiments upon it, made the tract unsaleable as gold land. At last my poor client came and besought me to give him eight hundred dollars for his eight hundred acres of barren hills and vales. More out of pity than the hope of gain, I paid the man his price, and sent him rejoicing with his family to the rich lands of the west. For this charitable purchase I was ridiculed by the knowing ones, and had to hear sundry unfavorable auguries respecting my prospects of future wealth.

However, I was not discouraged, but immediately employed an honest man, acquainted with the business, to search my barren freehold for the precious metal. In a few days I turned the laugh against the knowing ones, by the discovery of a rich deposit of gold, in a little valley which had not been scrutinized by the speculator. It was the most productive mine yet discovered in the country. Besides the fine grains usually met with, lumps of gold weighing often an ounce and sometimes a pound, were picked out of the gravel. My clear profits from this source amounted to about a thousand dollars a month.

Now my attention was drawn to the mineralogy of gold mines. I began to study the subject at intervals, by way of relaxation from the arduous labors of my profession. I examined the localities of the mines, noticed the character of the minerals among which the gold was found, observed the conformation of the hills and vallies, and marked how the layers of rock were disposed. In this new pursuit I derived an unforeseen advantage from my college studies. In the course of my education I had gone through the mathematical and physical sciences, more with the view of gaining the honors of scholarship, than with any hope of practical benefit in future life. How often do young men mistake their true interest, when they neglect, as unprofitable, any part of those studies which the wisdom of ages has prescribed as necessary to a good education! My knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology—imperfect as it was—enabled me to pursue the study of gold mines with facility and success. In less than a year I had acquired considerable skill as a gold-finder.

A gentleman of my acquaintance was involved in a law-suit about a valuable gold mine in Georgia. I accepted his offer of a liberal fee to manage the case for him, and consequently had to make a visit to the newly discovered gold region of Georgia. This was about six months after I had commenced the study of mines. I embraced the opportunity of improving my knowledge of the subject by examining the Georgia mines. The suit was not tried until the succeeding spring, when I went a second time to the same country, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict in favor of my client, and thereby an additional fee of one thousand dollars for myself. But this was only a small part of my good fortune in Georgia.

On my return homewards, wishing to see the hill country, I was skirting the Cherokee border by an unfrequented route, when my attention was arrested by indications of gold. A torrent filled by extraordi-

nary rains, had lately torn up the ground in a ravine, and exposed the rocks at the base of a mountain. After a diligent examination, although I discovered no mine, I was strongly persuaded that gold might be found about that locality. I went to the owner of the land in the open country below, and found him disposed to sell, but so disgusted with mining speculations, by reason of his ill success in digging on this very land, that he refused an offer of partnership. I bought the tract, and immediately hired men to dig for gold. In a few days a rich and extensive vein of gold was discovered on the mountain side, where I had observed the favorable indications. A professed mineralogist examined it, and certified to its great value. The agent of an English company immediately offered me fifty thousand dollars for my discovery. I refused to sell, until further exploration should more completely test the value of the property.

Thus by a lucky accident in the first instance, and by a fortunate exercise of scientific skill in the second, I found myself become a wealthy man, within twenty months after I had left my native land, a poor young lawyer, to seek my fortune in the gold country.

Had I been less fortunate in my speculations, I might have continued to pursue the hazardous game of mining. But my extraordinary success itself alarmed me—after two such brilliant prizes, I could not hope for another—I might rather expect to find myself, the next time, on the descending side of Fortune's wheel. I resolved to quit the pursuit at once, before the spirit of adventure should grow into a habit, and lead me, as it leads most of its slaves, to misfortune, debt, and imprisonment. For the better security against temptation, I resolved also to sell the mines which I had discovered, as soon as I could get a fair price for them. My prudent resolutions on this subject were aided by the influence of another scheme, more congenial with my natural temper than delving in gravel and quartz rocks after the miser's god. What this new attraction was, I shall proceed to unfold in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE VALE OF SECLUSA.

During the first nine months of my residence in Carolina, I toiled incessantly at my profession, until my health was seriously injured. After the discovery of my Carolina gold mine, I diverted myself occasionally with mineralogical studies, but they were not sufficient to reinvigorate my overwrought system. When the summer heats became oppressive, I laid aside all my studies, that I might take a few weeks vacation in the mountains. Often had I looked with desire towards the great Blue Ridge of this country, whose magnificent summits cut their waving outline in the western sky. In Virginia this range of mountains is broken, to let the rivers pass through from the Alleghany to the sea; here it casts off the rivers from both its sides, and compels them to seek a passage from its impenetrable flanks by winding and tearing through other mountains of less stern and massive solidity.

To this sublime wilderness I directed my course, with the intention of exploring its deepest recesses and its most eminent summits. My good horse soon carried

me out of the realms of anxious gold-seekers to the forest wilds, where the herdsman and the hunter dwell in solitary huts, and breathe the free spirit of the mountains. About the sources of the Catawba, the Broad and the Saluda rivers, I found the most gashed, craggy, and savage region that I had ever seen. It was the very sort of country that I would have chosen to visit; consisting of ancient, steep, forest-covered mountains, rent, rugged, and grim with deep ravines, or dissevered by rich vallies of less horrid aspect—all watered with perennial streams, clear as crystal—here hidden beneath impenetrable thickets of evergreens; there leaping over precipices in splashing cascades, or gurgling through loose rocks in damp mossy ravines, or purling over gravelly beds in the rich low grounds of wider vales, and eddying here and there under crumbling banks and bare tree roots, in deep bluish trout-pools.

With delight I threaded the vallies, crossed the ridges and mounted the tall peaks, catching every hour some new aspect of Nature's wild magnificence. Sometimes I lodged in dwellings of hewn logs in the wider vallies, where civilization had begun to make inroads upon the savage wilderness. At other times I partook of the hunter's fare in his smoky hut of round logs, in the deeper recesses of this rugged land. One while I wrought my solitary way along horse-paths in dusky glens, or up and down the mountain sides; then again my journey was through pathless wilds, and to desolate summits, where the deer ranges and the wolf makes his den.

In the course of these laborious rambles, my attention was attracted by a remarkably high summit, or knob, a few miles south of the main Blue Ridge. The whole region about it was distinguished by the cragginess of its mountains, and the richness of its vales. I resolved to scale this conspicuous observatory. A pleasant valley led up to its base, where the valley contracted itself, and was parted into two deep, narrow ravines; the one on the left seemed to be impassable to my horse; so I took the one on the right, which led me up by the north-eastern side of the great knob, where it expanded into a beautiful vale, sufficiently large for a moderately-sized farm. Near the head of this lonely vale, I found a practicable way to the top of the mountain. The sides of this great eminence consisted in part of almost perpendicular precipices, supporting broad terraces of ground, so gently sloping that arable fields might be formed upon them. The top was capped by a flat rock, elevated upon high natural walls, that gave it the appearance of a vast, half-ruined castle.

The view was immense. On the side of the Blue Ridge, nothing was visible but huge mountain masses, with deep rents between them: but on the east and south, I could overlook the craggy-sided mountains of the vicinity, and see the pleasant hill country next beyond them; and over the hills again, I could discern at a great distance the lower champaign, stealing out of sight under the blue veil of the atmosphere.

After I had looked awhile over the distant regions, I cast down my eyes, and was smitten with admiration at the romantic beauties of a valley, that lay under the southern side of the mountain. It was enclosed on every side by mountains of great height and every diversity of form and aspect. The sides of these moun-

tains were deeply cut with wild narrow glens, one of which lay directly under my feet, beneath a perpendicular precipice a hundred fathoms deep. These glens all converged towards the centre of the valley; from their dark, shady recesses, streamlets flowed out, and uniting their cool pellucid waters, they formed a brook, which passed out of the valley by the deep contracted ravine that I had avoided as impassable.

The main valley was more than two miles long, and at the broadest part not less than a mile and a half in width: but the outline was so irregular, that its shape is nameless and indescribable. The surface was as irregular as the outline. Low-grounds nearly flat, dales of various width and curvature, hills of every shape, round-topped, flat-topped and ridgy; smooth or rocky—all gave an infinite diversity to the surface. The valley looked like a terrestrial paradise. Nature luxuriated in all possible wildness, richness and variety; requiring only the hand of man to prune and dress its profusion, to make it outvie all the pastoral beauties of Arcadia in the golden age.

When I descended, I entered the valley by the uppermost and longest glen, which led its murmuring streamlet from the main Blue Ridge. I had no sooner plunged into its dusky solitude, than I lost sight of all the sunshiny world; the lofty tree-tops formed so dense a screen, that the few straggling sunbeams which penetrated to the moist ground, were not recognised as daylight, but looked like glow-worms or fallen stars amidst the surrounding gloom.

Not a sound was heard for some time, but the soft purling of the brook among the mossy stones, or the occasional chirp of birds in the lofty boughs over head. After I had proceeded some distance towards the main valley, I heard the splashing of a waterfall. The sound appeared to rise from a deep cavern. I soon discovered that the brook fell into a chasm, a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and then flowed out between precipices of limestone into the main valley. There was a romantic wildness about this cascade, in some respects exceeding any thing that I had ever seen. The water fell into a deep shady pool, where I could discern scores of trout enjoying themselves.

When I got into the main valley, I followed a blind cow-path, which led me a winding way, by hill and dale; one while in the dusky shades of the forest, another while through native lawns and shrubbery, until I found myself at the base of a flat-topped hill that projected from the foot of the great knob, on the upper side of the deep glen, which I had seen under my feet from the mountain-top. This hill was about midway between the upper and lower extremities of the valley; and I knew from its position, that it would afford me the best general view of the landscape, that could be had from any point within the valley itself. I ascended its gently sloping side, and from its brow, had a near and delightful view of the dales and hills and glens and mountain sides. I gazed in a sort of ecstasy over the charming landscape. Never had a place so captivated my fancy. The scenery was so various and so rich—so wild, so sweet, so majestic; the place was so shut up from the bustling and contentious world, that it seemed to have been made for a hiding place from the storms of life; yet was it not so completely cut off from the haunts of men, as to wear the aspect of a pri-

son; for on looking through the ravine that let out the waters, I caught a glimpse of the open country of hills and vallies at a distance.

"Here, (I exclaimed in a transport of admiration,) here is the place where in all the world a lover of nature, of retirement and of books, might find the most delightful retreat: and yonder is the loop-hole through which he might still look forth upon the outer world of insatiate passions and self-tormenting hearts. So sweet a nook shall not be nameless: I call it *The Vale of Seclusa*, or in one word, *Seclusaval*. This flat-topped hill which opens at once all the beauties of the landscape, but especially the romantic glens on every side, is the hill of *Glenview*; and yon lofty mountain-head, which frowns so haughtily over this nearest glen, through which I look up at his sublime crags, is *Craggyhead*. I thank his grim majesty for giving me the first sight of this lovely *Seclusaval*, which, if Divine Providence grant the wish of my heart, I will purchase and improve, and make the retirement and the resting place of my future days. Oh! had it pleased God that *she*, the lost one of my heart, should enjoy with me the rural beauty and quietude of an abode so perfectly agreeable to her taste. The world might be searched in vain for a place where we could have spent our lives together so happily, as in this beautiful and romantic valley."

These last reflections saddened me; and thus I experienced that delight may be the immediate cause of sadness by suggesting some painful reminiscence. I looked again silently over the thousand beauties of *Seclusaval*; I drew from my bosom the portrait of my lost Judith; those eyes of love seemed again to beam into my soul; and then I sat down to weep, under an overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation, amidst the thousand beauties of *Seclusaval*. At length I closed the locket case and returned it into my bosom. The shadows of evening had covered the valley, and were following the sunlight up the pine-covered precipices of the mountain. I led my horse down the hill and directed my course to a solitary hut near the lower end of the valley. Here a hunter had pitched his habitation, and cleared a field in the rich low-grounds of the valley, and seemed practically at least to be "monarch of all he surveyed;" for it must have been a rare thing for any stranger to visit this secluded valley. I went nevertheless with confidence to seek a lodging in the "poor man's nest." On approaching I was met by three fierce mastiffs, that forbade my entrance without leave of the family "first hand and obtained." The man came out, and, after calling off his dogs, invited me to enter. I stepped in, saluted the wife, and took my seat on a three-legged stool. After some introductory account of myself, I asked the favor of a night's lodging. It was granted, of course—but with more appearance of coldness and suspicion than is usual among mountaineers. It behooved me to make myself more decidedly welcome.

I had no sooner been seated in the character of a guest, than the dogs came in and smelt at me as if to try my quality. Finding the scent of the woods upon me, they wagged their tails; and when I patted their heads they gave me the friendly salutation of tongue and paw—licking my hand and leaping upon my breast; all of which I took very kindly, and thus secured the good will of their master. When I first enter-

ed the house, I saw four or five children run and hide themselves under the bed, and then slyly peep at me. When I had done with the dogs, I called a little fellow coaxingly, who had ventured to put his head out of the hiding place. But at first they all drew back, and seemed frightened at my invitation. Finally, however, I got the boldest one to venture near me. I patted his frizzly pate, and took the dirty urchin upon my knee: after which I soon had the whole swarm upon me. Thus I won the mother's heart. I assumed an easy familiar manner with the whole family, and took every thing as if I had been accustomed to such accommodations. Consequently I was soon treated, not as a guest merely, but as a friend. The good woman did her best to show me kindness. She prepared me an excellent treat of jonny-cake, venison, and onions. She could have treated me also with new milk; but she was not disposed to put me off with such homely fare. She burnt some coffee berries to cinder, tied them in a linen rag, pounded them on the hearth-stone with the axe, put the pulverized charcoal into water, and boiled the mixture in a skillet. She then poured the black bitter liquid into her queensware bowl with blue flowers pictured on it, and putting in a little milk and maple sugar, handed me the finished product of her kindness. The water was irretrievably spoiled by the process: but what of that? Should I not drink the well-meant gift? Certainly I should, and did, with the firmness of resolution and fixedness of muscle, which the occasion required. And let me say unto thee, gentle reader, that shouldst thou ever be placed in like circumstances, then drink thou also,—yea drink heartily, for the giver's sake. Think not that thou canst ever show good breeding by turning up thy nose at the poor woman's fare:—nay, on the contrary, thou wouldest but show thyself impolite, ungenerous and every way ill-bred, to scorn the kind hospitalities of the poor. Therefore should the draught be never so bitter, drink it even to the dregs, rather than mortify thy kind entertainer. Away with silly pride and contemptible affectation. Remember, that in a few years thou wilt be as poor as thy neighbors. Death will soon bring down thy pomp and thy circumstance, and put an end to thy affected airs of superiority. But I will not tire thee with my homily.

From Larkin Strone, the hunter, I learned that Seclusaval was in the midst of an extensive tract of mountain lands, owned by Major Mudge, an old gentleman who resided at the distance of thirty miles in the country below. The next morning, after a farther exploration of the valley, I made my way out with some difficulty by the ravine, and went straightway to Major Mudge, confirmed in my resolution to attempt the purchase. I found him eager to sell: for being an indulgent father, and having several sons brought up to no useful occupation, he was greatly embarrassed to pay the expenses of their prodigality. The demands of their creditors, and of his own, were just now so pressing, that he offered at once to sell me his thirty thousand acres of mountain lands for the small sum of five thousand dollars. The price was very low; for notwithstanding the ruggedness of the country, the tract contained several thousand acres of rich vallies and arable mountain sides. Seclusaval alone was in my estimation worth the whole price. I therefore accepted his

offer without hesitation, and proceeding home immediately, I raised a sufficient sum from the profits of my gold mine, to make the first payment, and to commence a system of improvements on my new acquisition. I was peculiarly fortunate in obtaining an agent to manage my intended improvements.

Seven years before, Major Mudge had brought from England an intelligent and judicious gardener, whose name was Baylor. This man had conducted the improvements on Mudge's estate, with a union of taste and economy that pleased me exceedingly. He operated on the plan of following and assisting Nature, instead of attempting, by dint of labor and expense, to force upon the place a set of features and embellishments inconsistent with the design of Nature herself. Hence the garden, the park, and the other grounds of Major Mudge's estate, were all beautiful, because every operation of art was conformable to the genius of the place.

Major Mudge, for an obvious reason, was glad to transfer Baylor to my service; and Baylor knowing the old gentleman's pecuniary embarrassments, readily accepted my offer of employment. When he saw my valley, he was delighted with its appearance, and rejoiced in the task of assisting its natural beauties with the touches of art. He not only understood at a glance my theory of improvement, but suggested several things that I had not thought of, but which, on hearing his observations, I heartily approved. The primary operations were to be directed to the following objects, namely: first to open a farm and build mills in the valley three miles below Seclusaval; secondly, to convert the rich low-grounds from the ravine of Seclusaval up to Glenview into a meadow—retaining, however, many of the fine trees, either singly or in clumps: thirdly, to convert the beautifully sloping sides of Glenview into a garden, retaining here also a number of the fine trees, shrubs and vines; and lastly, to beautify the remaining hills and dales of Seclusaval, by removing unsightly trees, and cleaning the surface, so that grass could flourish in these native parks. My faithful agent went promptly to work, whilst I returned home and resumed my professional avocations.

I did not revisit my wild barony until December, when I was on my way to Georgia. Seclusaval was already assuming the appearance of a park. Whatever was unpleasant to the eye, was disappearing from the noble woods; sweet lawns, winding and branching in various ways, not only gave variety to the landscape, but opened to the eye, as one passed through them, the most delightful views of trees, hills and mountains, on every side. The plough and the spade were preparing the soil for the grass of the meadow and the vines and shrubbery of the garden.

Baylor now suggested a sort of improvement that I had never thought of: this was to cover the lowest grounds of Seclusaval with the waters of an artificial lake. I was pleased with the idea of a lake, but hesitated to incur the expense, until he informed me that he had taken all the levels and measurements, and had carefully estimated the cost, which was surprisingly small. He showed me first a narrow cleft in the ravine where a dam could be easily built of the loose rocks near the spot. Supposing the dam to be twenty-eight feet high, the water would be thrown back a mile and a half to the foot of Glenview. He then traced for me

the exact boundaries of the lake. On the meadow side, the outline would wind beautifully with divers sinuosities. On the opposite side, the water would lave the bases of the hills, some with sloping, some with precipitous sides. At one place, half a mile below Glenview, a little bay would run a furlong up a dale between gently swelling hills; at another place, near the lower end of the lake, a narrow glen with steep rocky sides, would conduct the lake water to a spring-head, deeply hidden in the flank of the mountain, where the atmosphere was ever cool and dusky, between tall crags and densely interwoven tree tops. At the broadest part of the lake, the water would spread out to the breadth of a hundred rods; but generally the shores would be from fifteen to thirty rods asunder. The fountains that would supply the lake, being cool, clear and perennial, the lake would consequently never become stagnant; and would not only be at once beautiful and salubrious, but would moreover yield both pleasure and profit as a fish pond: thousands of trout and other fish, could live and fatten in its pellucid waters.

By the time that Baylor had shown me all these things, I became enthusiastic: "Mr. Baylor (said I), I thank you for this delightful scheme of improvement. Go to work, and by the next summer, let me see the lake of Seclusaval reflect every object around it, from the green meadow banks up to the cliffs of old Craggy-head." "It shall be done, sir," was the prompt reply.

My income from my gold mine, and from my law-practice, was sufficient now, I thought, to justify incipient measures for the erection of a permanent dwelling on Glenview. I resolved to build a stone cottage on the brow of the hill where some fine trees of majestic stature overtopped a dense thicket of undergrowth, embowered and festooned with a profusion of wild vines. Baylor had already commenced pruning this tangled wilderness, which needed only his skilful hand, to convert it into a labyrinth of umbrageous walks and rustic arbors, romantically sweet, "for whispering lovers made." My fancy was pleased at the thought; but a twinge of sadness came over me, when I reflected, that all the charms of this lovely place would be in a great measure wasted on the lone heart of a bachelor, who had lost his bride, and could never love again. Nevertheless I ordered stone cutters to be employed, and materials of all sorts to be prepared for a neat rural mansion. What better could I do? If I was lonely, I needed the more to seek pleasure and consolation, from all the sources yet open to my desolate heart.

I did not again visit Seclusaval until the next spring, when I was returning from Georgia, after the discovery of my second gold mine. I found the improvements going on to my heart's content. Tenants had been settled in several rich vales, besides Seclusa. The mills and the farm near them, were in a state of great forwardness. A passable carriage road was made from the older settlements below, to the mills, and thence through the ravine into Seclusaval. The dam and area of the lake were prepared for the waters, which began to fill their destined bed, as soon as the massive wall of the dam was closed by casting earth upon its upper side to stop the crevices. I marked with interest the hourly growth of the lake. In three days it was full, and began to shed its superabundant waters in a pretty cascade over the dam; while the glassy expanse above

reflected the budding woods on the margin, and the hoary steep of Craggyhead. I launched a rude boat on the calm waters, and circumnavigated the sweetly indented borders of the lake. I was delighted with the scenery on every side, but most interested with the romantic wildness of the dusky glen, now filled with water between its craggy sides. When I entered its narrow channel, it looked like some infernal river, with its dark still waters pent up between frowning precipices and the sombre foliage of the pine and the hemlock, that stretched their branches over the chasm. This stygian recess was the more impressive to the imagination, from the circumstance, that while we let our boat lie still on the water, and held our peace, not a sound was heard; unless it were the low murmur of the foliage in the breeze, and the soft gurgling of the fountain, which at the head of the glen, poured its little contribution into the lake, through loose rocks coated with moss. But no sooner did we speak, or strike the oar upon the boat, than a dozen echoes awoke and multiplied the sound, as if we had roused a troop of angry spirits to mock us from rock and tree. Hence I gave this the name of the Echoing Glen.

When we returned to the open lake, a light breeze came up through the ravine. Hoisting sail, we were soon wafted to the foot of Glenview, where the garden had already begun to look beautiful, and gave promise of becoming in another year a paradise of delights.

The recent discovery of my Georgia mine, determined me to enlarge my plan of improvements. I ordered the foundation of my cottage to be laid immediately, on a larger scale than I had intended, and pretty cottages to be erected for my steward and other tenants. Among the rest a shepherd's cot was to be set in a romantic place at the foot of a precipice, on the opposite side of the valley, for I designed to give little of my beautiful grounds to the plough; but to make Seclusaval a pastoral scene, where flocks and herds might graze the lawns and mountain sides, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe mingle with the song of birds and the chime of waterfalls, to animate the beauties of the landscape. The natural loveliness of my valley, inspired me with ambition to make Seclusa the most charming of all the ten thousand vales embosomed in the Apalachian mountain.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE TO LONDON.

The purchase of my lands, and the improvement of Seclusaval, involved me in so much expense, that I was under the necessity of selling one of my gold mines. For reasons formerly explained, I resolved to sell them both, and to renounce all future connection with mining speculations. Immediately on my return from Georgia, after my fortunate discovery there, I sold my Carolina mine for thirty thousand dollars. I could have obtained a higher price, if it had been set to sale a few months sooner; for it was becoming less productive than it had been, although it still yielded a large profit.

My supply of cash was now sufficient to complete my scheme of improvements, and to leave me still a considerable surplus. I had before made arrangements to transfer my residence to a village about twenty-five miles from Seclusaval. Here I took up my abode now,

that I might be near my beautiful valley. I preferred this new place of residence also on account of its agreeable society. Several families from the low country, had left their estates and settled in the neighborhood. The scenery was pleasant, and the climate salubrious: the nucleus of an intelligent and refined society was thus formed; and around this attractive centre, new families from below were yearly gathering. Literary institutions would naturally arise among such a people. An academy for boys had been founded and put into successful operation. But an attempt to raise funds for a female seminary had failed. The subscriptions were insufficient to erect the necessary buildings. The cause of the failure was an obstinate dispute about the location of the seminary; some desiring to place it in the village beside the academy, while others insisted that it should be located near a country church, lately erected at the distance of four miles from the village. The contest became so warm, that the whole scheme was abandoned. Thus it often happens, that a dispute about some incidental and subordinate matter, defeats the most important enterprises.

On my settlement at the village, I found several persons regretting the failure of so useful an undertaking. Now the question occurred to me, whether I was not morally bound to contribute, out of my abundance, to an object of such great and manifest utility. I was a bachelor indeed, and never expected to have a daughter to be educated: but that circumstance seemed to increase my obligation to aid literary institutions; inasmuch as my exemption from the burden of a family afforded me the more abundant means to become a public benefactor. I was a member of the society of mankind, and no less than others dependant, for my welfare, upon the intelligence and the good morals of the people. Divine Providence had given me extraordinary success. For what end? Not surely that I might consume this affluent store on personal gratifications. And then I considered, what an amount of blessings would flow from a well endowed seminary for females; what expansion of intellect, what refinement of sentiment, what elevation of character, what new sources of happiness, to the individuals educated, and through them to society and to posterity. The more I contemplated the object, the more did the feeling of obligation grow upon me. Finally, I thought of Judith Bensaddi; how much more charming, how much more useful, she was, by reason of her excellent education. I drew forth her miniature by the golden chain to which I had attached it, and caught fresh inspiration from the sweet picture of my beloved. "I have lost her, (said I,) but she shall be my good genius on this occasion. I had thought of subscribing a moderate sum for the seminary; now for her sake, I will make myself responsible for the undertaking. With the blessing of Heaven I will be the founder of a seminary, and will make up all deficiencies in the contributions of others. The institution shall be complete, in every thing necessary to the good education of females."

Such was the conclusion of my meditations. I instantly set to work. I headed a subscription with two thousand dollars, which I bound myself to pay, upon the condition that double the sum was raised by others. I called meetings of the people, and addressed them earnestly on the subject. In a week my condition was

complied with, and six thousand dollars were secured for the seminary. The location at the country church, was named in the paper, and was preferred by me on account both of the beauty of the situation, and its shorter distance from Seclusa. It was in the valley that led up to my intended home. Seven gentlemen were nominated as trustees; of whom I refused to be one, because I was soon to be absent on a long peregrination, and because I was a young bachelor. A plan of the building was soon agreed on, and contracts made for the erection of it without delay. I told the trustees to adopt a liberal scale of building, and if they fell short of funds, to consider me responsible for half the deficiency. Thus I had put a most benevolent enterprise into operation; and I felt a pleasure in reflecting on this good deed—a pleasure in some respects more heartfelt and consoling, than all the gratification that I had experienced from the treasures of my gold mines, or the delightful scenery of Seclusaval. It was a pleasure which, if less exhilarating at the moment, was felt to be of such durable stuff, that time could not wear it away, nor could misfortune poison its sweetness.

Before I had engaged in this labor of love, circumstances had directed my thoughts to the subject of a voyage to London. I desired to sell my Georgia gold mine, and to invest the proceeds in some productive stock. I was advised to sell in England, where speculation in gold and silver mines had risen almost to a mania. Mining companies had agents abroad, exploring America from Chili to Carolina in search of mines. In London I could sell under all the advantages of competition among the buyers. Though I had received constantly increasing offers for the purchase, yet none came up to what I considered a fair price.

Continued explorations had laid open the extent of the vein along the hill side, and proved the richness of the ore. Several mineralogists had examined it; two of these were agents of the Londoners, and all gave me satisfactory attestations of the value of the mine. These and all other needful documents being provided, I gave notice to the agents that I would sell the mine at auction in London about the first of August.

When I was prepared to set off, I made a parting visit to Seclusaval on the first day of June. My beautiful valley was putting on still new charms. A hundred varieties of trees, vines, shrubs and flowering plants, were blooming in the garden and about the margin of the lake. The meadow was green with its first crop of grass. Birds were merry in every grove. The cottage on Glenview was rising in beauty; and carpenters were busily constructing other cottages in pleasant situations. Baylor, my faithful steward, now recommended another improvement, which I adopted instantly. He had ascertained that the spring which flowed out of Craggyhead through the glen that opened by the side of Glenview, had its source at so high an elevation, that it might be conducted in pipes to my cottage for family use, and the overplus made to water the garden on the hill side.

"It is an excellent notion, (said I;) and I will order you a set of iron pipes in Philadelphia. Meantime have the ditch made and the pipes laid, in the course of the following winter." "It shall be done, sir," was the answer to this and all my orders to my worthy Baylor.

Having given directions about the various improvements to be made in my mountainous barony, I rode on horseback to the nearest stage-road, and then travelled rapidly to New York, where I embarked for Liverpool in a packet ship on the fifteenth of June.

The thought of my going to London, where, as I supposed, my beloved Judith dwelt, kept her dear image more constantly and more vividly present to my mind, than it had been during the two last years of my busy and enterprising life. The renewed habit of meditating on this dear lost one, gave a strange susceptibility to my fancy. Often when I obtained but an imperfect view of some young lady of her size and somewhat like features, I conceived that it was Judith herself, and my heart fluttered as if the notion were not imaginary.

A notable instance of this sort occurred when our ship was leaving the harbor of New York. We met in the narrows a French ship from Bordeaux. The day was fine, and the passengers were on deck admiring the scenery of the noble bay. The near approach of the vessels turned the attention of each party on the other. I was immediately struck with the appearance of a lady on the French ship. She was dressed in mourning. Her form and stature first, then her black locks and dark eyes, (as they seemed to me,) reminded me of Judith Bensaddi. Her eyes seemed to be directed towards me individually. The more I looked at her, the more did I think her like my Judith. I was so fascinated by this apparition, that I forgot to use the telescope in my hand, until the vessels were full twenty rods apart. When I directed the instrument towards this interesting object, I could get but a momentary glance of her features; but that glance put me in a tremor, for I saw those lovely dark eyes still fixed upon me, and the whole face was to my conception the face of my lost one. So persuaded was I for some minutes that it could be only she, that I would have returned instantly to the city, if an opportunity had been given me. But before the pilot left us in his boat, I had reasoned myself into doubt, as I soon after did into utter disbelief, of the truth of my impression. "How can I believe (said I to myself) that Judith of London, married no doubt and settled in her native country, should be just now landing at New York in a French ship from Bordeaux?" Thus I soon got rid of the agitation produced by the strange lady. By the end of the voyage I ceased to think of the circumstance.

On my arrival in London, I applied myself instantly to the business on which I had come. I called on the officers of several mining companies and exhibited my documents. I advertised the sale of my gold mine in three of the principal journals. My papers and statements were authenticated by two agents, and an American gentleman of science who had seen the mine and knew my character. Thus I was able to give purchasers the most ample assurance that all was right. Bidders manifested a high spirit of competition, and ran up the price to the unexpected sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Having thus successfully concluded my chief business, I spent a few days in making purchases of books, scientific apparatus, and various other articles, for myself or for the female academy. I was then prepared to leave London for Paris.

But how could I stay a month in London, and not even inquire for my lost Judith? Yet I did so, though I did it with an aching heart. But, although I felt the most anxious curiosity to know her present state, I dreaded to learn it; and although I longed most intensely to see her lovely face once more, yet I shrunk from an interview with one so beloved, when the sight of her, and the living look of those eyes that had awakened unquenchable love in my heart, could only pain me now, and might affect me beyond the power of self-control. To see her as the wife of another, was intolerable—I could not encounter the shock of feeling that such an interview must produce. Nor could I believe that she would meet me now, without the most distressing emotions.

Still, when I found myself on the eve of departure, and no remnant of business served to divert my thoughts from the tender theme; my heart began to smite me sorely, for having been so long in London, and at last intending to go away, never to return, without even a word of inquiry after Judith Bensaddi. She would not have treated me with such cruel neglect, had she known that I was so near her dwelling place. I was aware too, that I must feel exceedingly unhappy, if I left my ardent curiosity unsatisfied, and learnt nothing of her, when I could so easily gain intelligence. I therefore resolved to call at her father's house in Piccadilly, and having obtained whatever intelligence I deemed interesting, to hasten away from a place that contained an object so painfully dear to my heart.

I had brought with me a memorandum which Judith gave me in Philadelphia, containing an exact description of the situation and appearance of her father's house. Guided by this, I found the house without difficulty. Just as I had satisfied myself that there was no mistake, and was approaching the door, I was startled by seeing a young gentleman come out with an elegantly dressed lady of Judith's size. A cold shudder ran through my nerves, when I conceived that this might be Judith and her husband. But I was soon relieved by a sight of the lady's blue eyes and light hair. When they had gone, I stepped up to the door, and to my astonishment read upon the knocker the name—not of Nathan Bensaddi—but of Sir David Monteith. Yet this must be the very house described in the memorandum—remarkable in its appearance, and one of the most magnificent on this splendid street.

Presently I knocked and was admitted into the hall. From the porter I learned that Sir David Monteith had occupied the house but a few months, and that the previous occupant was a Jew named Bensaddi, as well as the porter could remember. I sent in my card to Sir David, requesting the favor of a brief interview. After I had waited ten minutes, I was ushered into a parlor, where I met a brawny red haired gentleman, who bowed with haughty coldness, and stood before me as if to signify, "What is your business, sir?" I took the hint and instantly inquired, "Have I the honor to speak to Sir David Monteith?" "You have,"—and another cold bow. "I came to this house, sir, expecting to find it occupied by Mr. Bensaddi, the banker. I desired to see some of his family with whom I became acquainted two or three years ago in America. Being a stranger in the city, I would take it as a favor if you would give me such information of him or his family, as might enable me to find them."

The cold haughtiness of Sir David relaxed immediately; he saw that I was not a designing nor an idle intruder. He asked me politely to be seated, and began to tell me several things in answer to my inquiries, until he gave me the intelligence, of which the following statement expresses the substance.

"I will with pleasure give what information I possess, respecting Mr. Bensaddi and his family. It is a mournful story. I never knew any of his family, but I was personally acquainted with him in his character of banker. About two years ago I had some claims on him, and hearing at Edinburgh, where I then lived, some alarming accounts of his losses, I hastened to London to see him. He had lost heavy sums by failures of houses indebted to him; but he so well satisfied me of his safety, that I not only left what I had before in his hands, but increased the deposit to a considerable amount. No banker in the kingdom had more of the public confidence, both in respect to his personal uprightness and his sound condition as a banker. He seemed to have completely recovered from the shock, when about a year ago, I was astonished to learn his sudden and total bankruptcy. This catastrophe was brought about by one of the most artfully contrived frauds, of two as nefarious villains as ever deserved a halter. The one of these was old Levi, a Jew, whom he had imprudently trusted too far as an agent, and lately as a small partner in the bank. This old villain combined with the other, who was no less than the son-in-law of Bensaddi himself. His name is Brannigan—he is an Irishman—a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who imposed on Miss Bensaddi by the most lamb-like airs, until he made her his wife. After he had drawn what he could from Bensaddi in the way of dowry, and was admitted as a partner in the bank, he joined Levi, and by embezzlement and other villainous manoeuvres, which have never been fully unfolded, they got most of Bensaddi's funds into their clutches, and then left him to meet all the demands of the creditors. So vast was the sum which they embezzled, that on settlement the remaining assets were found sufficient to pay the honest creditors only twelve shillings in the pound. Now Bensaddi's amiable daughter came forward, and did an act which deserves to be engraven forever on brass and marble. She had a large fortune left her by an uncle. This, I presume, she retained in her own hands by the marriage settlement; for, although she was neither legally nor morally bound to pay her father's debts, yet she promptly came forward, and at the expense of her whole fortune, paid up all just claims to the uttermost farthing; saying that she would rather labor for her daily bread, than see her father's creditors go unpaid. She separated from her villainous husband, I infer—yet I do not know the particulars—however, when I came here to reside, about four months ago, I heard with sorrow, that she had gone in bad health to the south of France, along with her father, whose health was also very low; and about two months ago, I was grieved to learn, that after burying her unfortunate parent, she died of a broken heart, and was laid by her father's side."

Here my feelings overcame me, and I exclaimed, "Dead! Did you say that Judith Bensaddi is dead?"

"You mean Mrs. Brannigan, I presume. I grieve to say that she is unquestionably in her grave. I saw the fact announced in the papers."

When the baronet thus solemnly confirmed the doleful intelligence, I groaned—I gasped for breath—my eyes grew dim—my ears tingled—and I was sinking into a swoon, when Sir David observing my situation, sprang up and brought a glass of water, some of which he sprinkled on my face, and the rest he gave me to drink. This timely application revived me, and I gradually recovered the faculty of speech. I then felt it incumbent on me to explain the cause of my deep emotion at the news of my Judith's sad fate. I gave him, therefore, a succinct account of my acquaintance with her, including the chief incidents of our mournful love story. He was so interested by the narrative, that he called in his lady and a beautiful blue-eyed daughter of eighteen, and after presenting me to them, and explaining the object of my call at the house, he requested me to repeat my story to them. I did so, and went more fully into the particulars. I spoke with a natural pathos, prompted by my feelings, and so affected the ladies, that they wept at my story, and continued to shed tears for several minutes after I had concluded. This sympathy on their part, unsealed the fountains of my own tears, and I uttered my lamentations with a freedom, which nothing but the tears of my auditors could have justified in a stranger like myself. After our feelings had subsided a little, I rose to take my leave; but they pressed me to stay and spend the evening with them.

I staid several hours. Lady Monteith added some particulars that she had heard respecting the Bensaddi family and their misfortunes—all going to confirm my belief, that the hapless Judith had married an arch-deceiver, and had sunk to the grave in the flower of her youth, broken-hearted. "There at last (said I to lady M.) her many sorrows have come to an end—all lovely as she was in the beauties and the virtues of the earth, she is lovelier now, when arrayed in the unfading charms of a glorified spirit. It is selfishness, therefore, in me to complain of a dispensation of Heaven, which has taken her from a world that was not worthy of her, and has left me only this memorial of her lovely features." On saying these words, I took out the miniature from my bosom, and slipping the golden chain over my head, put the open picture into lady Monteith's hand. She expressed her admiration of the countenance, and handed the case to her daughter, who looked steadfastly at the portrait for a minute—then lifting her eyes glistening with tears, she said to me, "How unfortunate, that one so lovely should have been deceived into a fatal marriage, and thus taken from a gentleman who could appreciate her beauty and virtue, and would have made her happy. How unfortunate!" I felt that this was not a fashionable compliment, but the unstudied effusion of a sympathetic heart; and I loved the beautiful speaker, for the interest she took in my ill-fated love and its more ill-fated object.

When I expressed a desire to copy the article in the newspaper, which announced my Judith's melancholy death, a search was instantly made among Sir David's files, and the paper being produced, I read as follows:

"Died, at the village of Clairfont, in the south of France, on the 20th of last month, (April,) Nathan Bensaddi, late banker of London; and on the 30th of the same month, his daughter, the unhappy wife of Patrick

Brannigan. She had gone with her father to seek health and retirement for him and for herself, from unpropitious skies and more unpropitious connexions. But bright suns and kind strangers could neither restore their bodies to health, nor their hearts to enjoyment. They have found repose in the grave. This notice is sent by a surviving friend; that all who yet care for a once flourishing, but now ruined family, may know the sad fate of the father and the daughter who trusted and were betrayed."

I felt so melancholy, after reading this notice, that I took leave of the worthy baronet and his family; although kindly invited to become their guest, during as many days as I might choose to remain in London. I could stay no longer in a city where such distressing intelligence came upon me, and where all was strange and now gloomy to my imagination. I hurried over to Paris, where I spent a fortnight, and endeavored to divert my melancholy thoughts by looking at the gay sights of that metropolis of pleasure. But I had come in vain; unless it were that I purchased some books and other articles for my retreat in Seclusaval, to which I designed now to confine myself, as soon as I could make the necessary preparations. From Paris I went to the south, into the districts where wine and silk are cultivated. Here I engaged four protestant families to come over and settle on my estate. My object was to employ them in the culture of the vine and the mulberry, in a warm sandy valley of my estate—a place thought to be excellently adapted to these productions. I visited Clairfont, and with difficulty found the obscure graves of Bensaddi and his daughter. No inscription marked the spot—no friend resorted to it with tears. The sexton, after some consideration, pointed out the two hillocks, side by side. "This (said he) is the father's, and this the daughter's." "This, then, (said I) is my Judith's grave!" It was all that I could say. I shed a thousand bitter tears on the holy earth; and having thus recorded my grief, I went to Bordeaux.

Near the last of September, I embarked with my colonists for Philadelphia, where we landed after a voyage of five weeks. Here I chartered a schooner to carry my colonists, my water pipes, and various articles of furniture to Charleston, the port most convenient to Seclusaval. I intended to go by land directly to my native country of Rockbridge, and after seeing my friends there, to continue my journey to Seclusaval, to travel thence no more, until I passed "the bourne from which no traveller returns."

In Philadelphia I made a safe investment of the greater part of the money obtained for my gold mine. The stocks which I purchased then and afterwards, would altogether, yield me a revenue of more than six thousand dollars a year.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

In Philadelphia I took up my lodgings in the hotel where Judith and I had spent the ten most interesting days of my life—where in sadness and in delight we had lived like brother and sister—and where we finally separated with hearts intertwined and bound together in bonds of the purest and sweetest affection. Now, after an interval of three and a half years, I found my-

self again in the same house, but with feelings and under circumstances, O how changed!

I desired on my arrival, to visit the parlor which we then occupied, but was told that a family of strangers with a sick lady were now in possession. Five days afterwards, when I was about to depart for the south, I again inquired about the parlor, and was told that the family were just leaving it, and would go off in the carriage and sulkey at the door. The same moment I saw a gentleman and four ladies passing out in travelling dresses. One of the ladies was dressed in deep mourning and wore a thick veil. My curiosity was excited. I also went out to look at the party. The lady in black was behind, and got in last. She seated herself so as to face my position; but the veil concealed her face. Just as the carriage began to move, she drew her veil aside, and what was my astonishment to recognise in her features, a strong resemblance to Judith Bensaddi! Her whole person agreed with the description of my buried Judith; her raven locks, her black eyes, her oval face—all were like my lost one. But before I could scan the resemblance, to see if it were perfect, she was driven off, and I was left trembling, amazed and unsatisfied. So far as I could judge, she was exactly like, probably the very lady, whom I had seen on the French ship, when I was going out of the harbor of New York. I could not believe that this was my poor Judith, risen from the dead; yet, laying all fancy aside, the resemblance was so evident, that I was sorely perplexed.

When my stupor of astonishment had somewhat abated, I went to the clerk at the bar and inquired the name of the family. He told me that they were the family of doctor La Motte of South Carolina, returning home from a tour in the north. I asked if the lady in black was a daughter of doctor La Motte. "No, (said he,) I think she is the governess of his daughters, and that her name is—let me see—oh, here it is in the register—Miss Bersati." Here was another curious circumstance; the resemblance of the names; yet a difference too. A painful curiosity to know more of this lady, was excited; but how to learn more was the difficulty; for nothing was known here of the family, except the few particulars already mentioned. I could not discover even the quarter of South Carolina in which doctor La Motte resided.

I paid a mournful visit to the now vacated parlor. There was the identical sofa on which Judith and I had so often sat, while she nursed my sore ankle; there the very spot where we had mingled tears and throbs, and all the joys of our innocent love, on the night when we parted. I now left the hallowed spot with an aching heart, and in a few hours more was on my way again, by Lancaster, to my native Rockbridge. I gave my parents and friends—my *alma mater*, my native hills and vales—a visit of two weeks; and then, as I supposed, "a long and last farewell!"—and proceeded southward to shut myself up in my own Seclusaval, there to live and there to die, a mourner and recluse; not that I had made a vow to do so, or that I intended literally to imprison myself in my mountain-bound retreat. But there I expected to abide in seclusion from the wide world; and only to make excursions beyond the limits of my estate, when some important occasion should summon me away.

I arrived first at the village, near which the female academy was located. I received a hearty welcome from my friends there, and was gratified to see the walls of the academy in a state of considerable forwardness. The books and apparatus, bought in Europe for the institution had just arrived, and were stored away until they should be wanted. The next day I proceeded to Seclusaval, and found every thing going on well. My beautiful cottage was almost finished. The parlor and library were already furnished; the hill-sides about the house were all trimmed and arranged in their garden style; multitudes of shrubs, trees, and plants of various kinds, had been growing in pots and boxes through the summer, ready to be set in their destined places in due season, so that by the next spring the garden would be complete. The other grounds and buildings would be in their finished state of improvement by the same time; so that Seclusaval would, the next season, exhibit innumerable beauties to charm the senses, and to make it one of the most delightful scenes of rural beauty in the world.

When my good steward, Baylor, led me into the parlor of my cottage, I remarked that he had arranged the furniture very tastefully. Among other things in this room, was a piano forte of German manufacture, which I had bought in New York with other furniture, on my way to Europe. I had taken a fancy to this instrument, because its tones were remarkably sweet, and because in appearance it resembled the one in Charleston, on which my lost Judith had played the airs which so entranced my soul. But why should a lonely bachelor have an instrument which he could not play? "Because, (said I to myself,) perhaps some lady visitor may two or three times in a year awaken its silent strings, and cheer my lonesome habitation."

When I saw the instrument now in its place, I said to Baylor, "This piano, I suppose, has never yet made music in Seclusaval." "Yes, sir, (he replied,) I was just going to tell you about it. Just a week ago today, I was directing the men about a terrace in the garden, when I happened to cast my eye down the valley, and behold, a carriage and a sulkey were coming up the lake side, full of ladies, except the sulkey, which had an old gentleman in it. A young gentleman on horseback led the way. They stopped several times and looked all round, as if they were admiring the scenery—and well they might admire it, Mr. Garamé. When they came near the foot of the garden, I went down and asked them if they would not drive up to the cottage. 'Have you a good road up the hill?' (said the old gentleman.) 'O yes, (said I,) two of them; you had better drive up this way by the glen side, and you can come down by the other side. You will then have all the beautiful views from the hill.' So I led them up by the glen road. They kept looking about every way and praising the landscape—as they had reason to do, you know, Mr. Garamé. When we got into the park, on the hill here behind the house, they stopped several times to enjoy the glimpses and vistas through the trees. You will say that I have improved them since you went away. I have cut a glimpse for the top of Craggyhead, and a vista for Rocky Nook cottage over the valley yonder. Well, when we got to the foot of the great tulip tree, out yonder, and the whole valley and mountains burst on their view at once, they cried

out, 'Oh how beautiful.' There was a lady in a black mourning dress, that seemed to be all in raptures at the landscape. When they had looked a little, and I could speak without interrupting them, I invited them into the house. They came into the parlor; but for some time they could not rest for going to the door, and looking through the window over the valley. Presently I asked the favor of the ladies to play on the piano and tell me if it was in good tune. First, a young lady in white played a tune very prettily. 'That is a very sweet instrument, (said the black-eyed lady,) and it is in very good tune.' Then she went and played herself, and such delightful music I think I never heard. She sung a mournful song, 'Mary's Dream;' and when she had finished and left the piano, I saw tears falling from her eyes. The old lady, Mrs. La Motte, then began to ask me about you. She said the people at the village below had praised Mr. Garamé's beautiful valley so much that they had come up just to take a look at it. She finished by saying that you must be going to take a wife, as you were making such a beautiful home. 'No, indeed, (said I;) he told me that he intended to live a bachelor all his days.' 'Why what is the matter? (said she, joking;) is he a woman hater?' 'No, (said I,) he is an admirer and friend of the ladies: but I think from what I have heard him say, that he once fell in love with a London lady, and somehow their love did not prosper—and having lost her, he expects never to love another.' When I said this the beautiful lady in black suddenly burst out a crying, and ran out into the yard to hide her feelings. The rest of them went out too, and after they had comforted the lady in black, they returned into the parlor and said they must go. I had refreshments brought in. At first they only tasted them sparingly; but I told them to make free and help themselves plentifully; for that you would not be pleased with me, if I let genteel strangers go away without partaking liberally of the good things in Seclusaval. Then they ate and drank freely; and when, they left the house, I mounted a horse and rode with them about the lawns, and took them up to the dark cascade. When we came back, I proposed that they should take a little voyage on the lake: they consented to be rowed into the Echoing Glen. When they again mounted their carriages to drive away, the old gentleman staid behind a little, talking with me about the valley. Presently, he alluded to the lady in black, and I found out that his object was to apologise for her breaking out so, when I mentioned your being crossed in love. He said that Miss Julia Bersati, the lady in black, was in deep affliction; that she had lately lost her father, had lost her only brother before, and had like you been unfortunate in love. This was no doubt the reason (he said,) why she was so affected, when she heard of your case. He told me that she was a very amiable and accomplished lady, bred in London, and once in prosperous circumstances there; and being now reduced to distress among strangers, and a lady of tender sensibility, she was easily overcome by her feelings, when any thing reminded her of her misfortunes. When he had finished his apology for the strange behavior of the lady in black, he thanked me for my kindness and followed the company."

Such was my steward's account of the lady in black; and the reader will easily conjecture the impression that

such a tissue of strange coincidences made on my mind. In spite of what I had heard and seen in London, I was almost persuaded that this lady in black could be no other than Judith Bensaddi, with her name slightly changed, probably for some motive of concealment. There was one circumstance which had escaped my notice in the tumult of my feelings, when I first heard in London of Mrs. Brannigan's death. Judith had a sister married to a christian gentleman, whose name I had never heard; nor had I heard the name of the gentleman to whom Judith had engaged herself. Sir David Monteith—being unacquainted with Mr. Bensaddi's family, might possibly be mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Brannigan was the daughter who gave up her own fortune to pay her father's debts. This noble act was certainly done by Judith, whose uncle had left to her the fortune that she gave up. So that there did seem to be a possibility, after all, that my Judith might be alive. I regretted exceedingly, that in the sudden perturbation of my feelings, I had not thought of Judith's sister while I was at Sir David Monteith's, and that I had left London without inquiring, or thinking to inquire, more particularly about the two sisters. Being left in some doubt now concerning my Judith's fate, I was prone to hope that the striking coincidences both personal and historical, between this lady and my lost one, were not accidental. Judith, I felt sure, would never have chosen to visit my dwelling without a previous explanation with me;—but I could imagine plausible reasons to account for this circumstance, so inconsistent with the well known delicacy of her feelings. She could not object to coming with her employer's family, without giving a reason that would betray what she would rather conceal; and knowing that I was from home, she had no reason to object: nor could she presume that the Mr. Garame of Seclusaval, was the same person as the poor student of Rockbridge, whom she had known and loved three years before.

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of doctor La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded then to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like; that, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte with his family had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. L.'s residence was on the island of St. Helena upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. L. was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles

from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would probably guide me to my object. When Dr. L. left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudain, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Purysburg on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudain in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N. suspected instantly the cause of my agitation; and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had been attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but on my expressing a desire to see Miss B., she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her (said she) to step into a private room, that so joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat, until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment, I got up and paced the room; then sat down again; but in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudain returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar: beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few moments to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of a person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's plume, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility through my nerves. "My Judith, (I exclaimed)—my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralyzed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undeceive myself. I discovered—to my inexpressible grief and disappointment—that the lady in black was not Judith Bensaddi. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather smaller and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her countenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

She rose after some minutes to a sitting posture, and giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. “Alas, my dear stranger, (said I,) we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me.” “Oh! sir, (said she,) you were announced to me as a dear lost friend of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!” Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who in so many points resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

“Lady, (said I after a while,) your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will you favor me with an outline of it?”

“I will, (said she,) if my feelings permit.” “I have heard (said I,) that you are from London.” “I am, (said she;) but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed at the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bred me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city, induced him to consent: and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

“The next spring, when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation; for on that very day, we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage.

The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came into view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow passenger on the voyage.

“I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New Orleans, where he might hope to retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assured me of his unchanged affection; and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter from him dated at New Orleans; in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. I wrote again; but no answer was returned. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the mean time, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. L. wrote again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards.”

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to my vale of Seclusa. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. “Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?” “Yes, Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bensaddi.” “Judith Bensaddi! Judith Bensaddi!” said she, in a sort of amazement: “Is she the lady whom you loved?”

"Yes,—whom I loved and lost: did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music-teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune;—and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there." "Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard some years ago, that she was expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her: but although my father was so often at Mr. Bensaddi's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them: I do not think that I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; but I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my inquiries terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and to her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal;—but on the whole fair inferior, especially in the undesigning simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendent loveliness: not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings, was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

CHAPTER V.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal, if not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just but generous to my agents, tenants and dependants: and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when genteel friends or strangers should visit my

lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable for the style of my hospitality, as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its mazy rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant sward of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trouts seemed to find peculiar joy in the cool pellucid element. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure: but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf grazed by flocks and herds began to cover and adorn the ground. Lawns here and there permitted the eye to penetrate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led it gradually up to the top of Craggyhead. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggyhead, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,—such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America,—which if not very costly, were all that I desired—did I not feel happy? How many are there in this country, male and female, young and old, who fancy that the possessor of such abundant sources of enjoyment, must needs enjoy them and be satisfied. Or, if these alone could not satisfy; if the pleasures of society were wanting in my valley; still as I could easily allure what company I would into so charming a retreat—many perhaps among my readers will scarce believe me when I say, that after the excitement of unpacking, storing away and arranging my late acquisitions was over, and I had nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of Seclusaval and the goods that I had laid up for many years;—then did I begin to feel a degree of hopeless despondency, such as I had never felt since I came into the gold country. While I was laboring in my profession, and was full of duties and engagements, I was happy. The constant stimulus that kept

my faculties in a state of activity, left me no time to brood over real or imaginary evils. Now, when my work was done, my fortune made, and a home, lovelier than I had ever dreamed of in my most poetic moods, was mine, to have and to enjoy, according to my pleasure; I first began to feel a sense of weariness and satiety, then of loneliness; then, as the remembrance of one favorite object unattained, came up more frequently and took hold more deeply upon my mind, I became so sad and restless, that I saw no other means of alleviation, than to fly from my quiet paradise and mingle again with the turmoils of busy life. In fact, there was an aching void in my heart; I was alone, and it is not good for man to be alone.

Happily, there was one favorite enterprise of mine yet unaccomplished. The female academy was not yet supplied with teachers. A difficulty arose; and the trustees sent me a request to come down and aid them with my advice. The difficulty was this: The trustees had after much correspondence fixed their hearts on procuring the services of Mr. Danforth, who was teaching a female academy in New York, but thinking the climate too cold for his constitution, was desirous of obtaining a situation in the south. But as his qualifications were high, so, and justly so, were his terms. He required the guarantee of a specific sum for himself during one year, and for his music teacher during three years. He would not engage in a new institution and a strange country, without satisfactory evidence that a complete seminary under good management could be sustained, and this evidence was the guarantee. The trustees could obtain from the families of the country around sufficient engagements to guarantee Mr. Danforth's own salary, and that of his wife;—but the demand of one thousand dollars a year for the music teacher, seemed extravagant, and the patrons were not willing to join the trustees in securing it.

When I met with the trustees, I found them reluctantly brought to the conclusion, that they could not employ Mr. D., and must look out for another and probably an inferior teacher. When I read his letter prescribing the conditions, I noticed that he spoke in the highest terms of the lady who taught music in his school; he valued her services so highly, that he would not engage any where without her, nor without securing her an ample salary. He said that she was in no degree related to him or his family, and that she was a friendless and unfortunate lady, whom he would not forsake, and whose talents and accomplishments would adorn any station. I was struck with the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Danforth, and conceived such an esteem for his character, that I promptly resolved to make myself responsible for the music teacher's salary.

"Gentlemen, (said I,) Mr. Danforth speaks like a man conscious of his deserts; and what is more, like a generous friend to the unfortunate. The high terms which he demands so peremptorily for the accomplished and unfortunate lady whom he has taken under his protection, are to me the strongest reasons why we should accept them. I take upon myself the guarantee of a thousand dollars annually, for three years, to the unfortunate lady:—I will go a step further, and promise the same lady three elegant suits of apparel, yearly, if she will come three times each year and play upon the instrument that stands silent in my lonely parlor: and

by way of assurance that the promise shall be fulfilled, I will send to Philadelphia to-morrow for the first three suits. Mr. Lappet sets out to-morrow for that city, and he shall be my agent. So write immediately to Mr. D., and tell him that his terms are accepted: but I forbid any mention of my name in the letter. The music teacher might feel some scruple, if she knew that a young bachelor had bidden so high for her. She might suspect that I have some design upon her."

The letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D. and his teachers would set out in a few days for the academy.

This affair lightened the burden upon my heart for some days. I returned to Seclusaval, but soon began to droop again. I busied myself awhile in superintending some improvements, either not yet finished or newly undertaken. I visited all the new farms on my estate, especially the French colony in Soyevin, the name which I gave the valley devoted to vineyards and mulberry orchards. I found them doing well. Thus I made out to spend the month of April. But when May came, my melancholy increased. The opening charms of nature in Seclusaval served only to inspire melancholy thoughts. I was still alone; and it is not good for man to be alone. But what could I do? Though the Hours that adorn the fancied paradise of Mahomet had all smiled upon me, not one could have touched my heart, so long as the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bensaddi—ever to be loved, and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go. Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the evil in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and brought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotchman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a village seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerously attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in woful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the outskirts of the village. Hundreds of horses were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, and every seat and every aisle in the church were

thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table. Finding it nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scantily sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears. She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent; whether she mourned for parent, or brother; or, what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devotions as not to observe it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I knew not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side, involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I felt hers to be. I was no little gratified to perceive the soothing effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was into mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples;—the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

When we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from any others that I noticed. These were the only observations that I could make, before we parted in the crowd and I lost sight of her. I felt a natural curiosity to know who she was, but had no means of learning, as I could not describe her to another person with any distinctness.

During the short intermission that preceded the after-

noon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary, unconnected being. If I lacked one tie, of all earthly ties the closest and dearest—if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete—I now felt the drawing of other bonds which bound me to many hearts, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family:—I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down from heaven, into a peculiar brotherhood—a brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet effluences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should never seek these living waters. Alas! that so many should infuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the polluted mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chastely and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too uncultivated to relish such refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. "A stranger frae the north, (said he,) ganging awa' south." Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this presbyterial meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I pressed through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Awel now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud na mind that a bawbee. Ye'll agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is converted." "Why, yes, Mrs. McCracken, I grant ye, if she be truly and thoroughly regenerate: but that is nae easily done wi' ane o' them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCracken. And then I wud na mind her being a private christian, like, but I unnerstan that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,—ye know, Mrs. McCracken. Now just think—wud ye like to put your daughter unner a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCracken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a thunder-clap, not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCracken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCracken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCracken," said Mrs. McGraw: and ere I could address either Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in their neighborhood. But a few moments reflection

made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found half the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was about to ask her a question suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking, if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale,—and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Aweel now, she was;—but ye need na be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sic antipathy to ony christian, though she be o' Jewish bluid." "I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell me is very surprising. Does she reside in this country?" "Na, she is a stranger amang us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are ganging south, I hear, till teach a seminary." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Donfort, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps." "Aye, aye, Donfurth, preceesely." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white claes. They say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher—though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches—some o' their ungadly whuslin lills, I fear,—for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies, I unnerstan—the mair is the pity." "His music teacher! Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name? O aye, I heard ane tell it till anither: but it is sic a strange name—I canna remember—but it sounded like a Scriptur name too—Beersheba—or Belshazzar—Ach! na—it was na jist a Scriptur name:—Benhadad—it was amaist like Benhadad—but I canna forgather it." "Was it Bensaddi?" I asked with almost breathless anxiety. "Bainsawdi! A weel now I think that was it:—But I canna tell: I think now it was mair like Baalsamen." "Try to remember, Mrs. McTab—do remember, I beg you." "Ye seem to hae a curiosity about it, Mr. Garanie: Ah, here is Jenny:—Jenny, dear, did ye hear the Jewish laddy's name at the kirk yestr'een?" "Nae, mither; I only heard her called the Jewish music teacher."

This was all that I could learn of the family. Though unsatisfactory, it was sufficient to kindle again some trembling hope—at least it stirred up a thorny impatience to learn who this music teacher was. She was a Jewess; she was a mourner; I had caused her to come to our academy; and at the communion table, I had felt that there was a tender and mysterious sympathy between our souls. These alone were points of deep interest—and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was cautious, since Miss Bersati's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

Breakfast had been just finished, and the hostler was saddling my steed, when a two-horse barouche passed by towards the west. I stepped to the door and saw that the hind-seat was occupied by two ladies, one in white, the other in black, with the identical bonnet of the lady in whom I now felt so intense an interest. In

five minutes I was on my horse, and ere I was aware I found that I had urged him to a gallop. When I overtook them, a short turn in the road brought the side of the barouche into view. Mr. Danforth sat on the fore-seat as driver; but the lady in black was so closely veiled, and so covered from my sight by the other lady, that I could make no discovery. I could easily have passed and turned to look at the faces of the party, but I would not risk a recognition of such importance in such circumstances.

Supposing that they must have taken an early breakfast and would of course stop for dinner, I laid a scheme to gain my end at the house where they would stop. The only convenient house for the purpose, I remembered to be in a rocky vale, where a mill, a store and a smith shop, made a sort of village. When Mr. Danforth stopped the barouche at a brook to let the horses drink, I rode past, holding my umbrella so as to conceal my face from the ladies. I then dashed on, and arrived at the tavern nearly an hour earlier than the barouche.

Telling the landlady that I did not "feel well," (a true saying,) I called for a private room that I might lie down. She showed me first a back room, which I rejected; then she offered me a room up stairs, which I declined also. She looked with curiosity into my face, to see if my pericranium was sound. I asked if she had not a bed-room at the end of the front piazza. "Yes, (said she,) but the sun makes it too warm, at this time of day." "Give me that, madam, it suits me exactly." She gave me another scrutinizing glance, and then led the way. It was within thirty feet of the gate, and had a small window, opening towards the road. Requesting to have some toast and tea prepared, I lay down on the bed. But I seemed to lie on thorns. I got up and prepared the window, by having the sash up and the curtain down, so as to leave a small opening adapted to my scheme of peeping—for I desired to see before I was seen. Meditating on the possibility that this might be indeed my Judith, I considered what I should do in case that it was herself. She was probably a widow, as her deep mourning and sorrow indicated a bereavement more recent than the death of her father thirteen months before. I conceived the outlines of a plan of action; and was absorbed in the subject, when I heard the sound of wheels. My heart fluttered; in great trepidation I took my seat by the window, just as the vehicle stopped.

Mr. Danforth dismounted, and hearing that the party could have dinner, he handed out first the lady in white, who walked straightway into the house. Then he handed out the lady in black, who, as she entered the gate, partially drew aside her veil. A soft dark eye, and part of a lovely face, made me almost faint with fearful joy. Mr. Danforth spoke to her: "How do you feel now, Miss Judith?" "Better every way than I have felt these many days," was the answer; and as she spoke, she turned her face so that every feature was distinctly seen.

I heard—I saw—it was—it was beyond a doubt, my Judith Bensaddi! Her softly beaming eyes, her sweet countenance, somewhat pale and overcast with years of sorrow, but yet all sweet and lovely; the dulcet voice—the name—all agreed. I must have believed, though I had seen her laid in the grave. She lived—she looked—she spoke—she was *Miss Judith*, not Mrs. Brannigan.

Yesterday she sat by my side a devout christian. I then felt the sweet influence of her presence—as if Heaven designed that our reunion should commence at the holy place where we mingled pious vows, ate of the same consecrated bread, and drank of the same hallowed cup. Now, when all was evident, and my fearful hope was changed to certainty, I sank down upon the floor, smitten almost to death with excessive joy.

Soon after, a servant brought in my tea and toast. He found me apparently very ill,—really ill with joy. I had crawled into the bed; now I attempted to rise and go to the table, but stumbled and fell. I made out to get on a chair and drink a dish of tea, which revived me; but I told the servant to take out the things, as I had no appetite for food. The servant's report of my illness brought in the hostess, who asked if I would have a physician sent for. I told her that I was getting over the fit, and could do without medicine. "There is a strange gentleman here who knows something of physic," (said she,)—he desired me to ask if he could be of any service." "I shall be pleased to see him,"—was my reply. She left me; and the next moment Mr. Danforth entered the room. I told him that my illness was going off and needed no further treatment; but that I wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with him. He cheerfully assented. I locked the door, and after some introductory inquiries and remarks, requested him to tell me what he knew of the late history of his music teacher. "My reason for asking," (said I,) is, that I once knew the lady and was much attached to her; I recognised her as she came into the house, and was astonished to see her; because on a visit to London, nine months ago, I was informed that she and her father had died near the same time in France."

"Of course (said Mr. D.) you were misinformed respecting her death. I presume that it was her sister, Mrs. Brannigan, whose death you heard of. I will relate to you how I came to be acquainted with her. Bad health led me and my wife to spend the winter before the last in the south of France. We resided some months at Clairfont, a pleasant healthy village near Bordeaux. We chose that village, because it was inhabited by protestants, and was a place of frequent resort for invalids, especially English invalids. Here we became acquainted with Miss Bensaddi, who was attending on her sick father and sister. An English family in the village had known the Bensaddis in their prosperous days. They spoke in such exalted terms of Miss Judith, and compassionated her afflictions to such a degree, that I resolved to seek her acquaintance. Her assiduous attendance on her father and sister confined her almost constantly to the house; but having gained an introduction, we assisted her in nursing the sick, and soon gained her warm friendship, and what is more, acquired such knowledge of her modest virtues and talents, that we felt loathe to part with her. After the death of her father and sister, which she deeply mourned, but bore with pious submission, we proposed that she should come with us to America. We knew that she had nobly surrendered her own large fortune to pay her father's debts,—that she was the only survivor of the family, and that she felt reluctant to go back to London, where nothing but melancholy reminiscences awaited her. I assured her, that in America her talents

and acquirements would gain her an ample support. She replied that her nearest and best friend resided in Boston, and that she would thankfully accept our kind protection, until she could meet with that friend. She declared her intention to devote herself to teaching, that she might gain an honest living, and be useful to her fellow creatures. We embarked at Bordeaux and landed in New York on the fifteenth of June."

"Did you? (said I;) then I was not mistaken, when I thought that I saw Miss Judith on the deck of a French ship, which our packet met in the narrows on that very day. I was then on my way to London." "You remind me, (said Mr. D.,) of a circumstance which then occurred. We observed that Judith looked intently at the passengers on a ship that we passed in the narrows; and at last burst into tears. When we asked what was the matter, she said that she recognised a dear friend on that ship, one whom she had never expected to see again, and probably had now seen for the last time. She was obviously reluctant to mention particulars; so we did not press her, and she never spoke of the circumstance again. You, I presume, are that friend."

"In New York, I again resumed the school which I had taught. Miss Bensaddi addressed a letter to her Boston friend, Mr. Von Caleb; after long delay, she received a letter from another gentleman there, a friend of his, saying that Mr. Von Caleb had gone, just a week before her letter arrived, to reside again in London: that being left in charge of his affairs at Boston, he had opened her letter. He apologised that pressing circumstances prevented him from affording her any aid, but that she could write to her cousin in London, if she would. She desired no aid except friendly advice; so she wrote no more; but accepted my offer of employment as music teacher in my female seminary."

"She lived very retired in my family,—seemed indisposed to mixed society;—but in private, with my family and a few friends, she was a delightful associate; while her extraordinary skill and assiduity as a teacher, were of great advantage to my school and to every pupil that she taught."

"But a confined city life did not suit her natural taste and constitution. Though as cheerful as such accumulated misfortunes would permit any one to be, she evidently drooped and pined away; until about the middle of autumn, when we made an excursion up the Hudson, visited West Point, the Katskills and Niagara. This tour had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits. She was inexpressibly delighted with the scenery on our route, and showed that a country life could alone give her continued health and pleasure. On her account, therefore, as much as my own, I was gratified with the prospect of a residence in upper Carolina, where the climate will doubtless suit me and my wife, and the vicinity of the mountains will suit the taste of Miss Bensaddi. I can see that her health and spirits are already improved by the mere expectation of living near the mountains."

"I hope that she will reside in the midst of them before long," said I, under a sudden impulse. Mr. D. looked surprised, and waited for an explanation. But as yet I gave him none.

"Do me the favor, (said I,) to keep this conversation a secret, for the present. I wish to remain unknown to

Miss Bensaddi for a short time. I reside but twenty miles from the academy, and will see you there in a few days. I must also at present withhold my name from you, until I can make it known with evidence of its respectability. After he had given me the promise of secrecy, I asked him if he had heard of Miss Judith's being engaged to marry a gentleman in England, about three years before. He had heard it from the English family in France, who could, however, give no other account of the matter than this, that the gentleman had died without consummating the marriage. Judith had never mentioned to them any thing respecting it. Though communicative on all other subjects, she had never alluded to any love affair in her past history.

Mr. Danforth being summoned to dinner, I took advantage of the opportunity to make my escape, unobserved by the party, and rode post-haste to the academy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUMMER FESTIVAL.

I arrived at the academy a day sooner than the party of teachers. I hastily visited the trustees,—told them that Mr. Danforth would arrive the next evening,—and after suggesting a few particulars of my former love affair with the music teacher, I begged them to avoid all mention of me or of Seclusaval, in the presence of the teachers, until I was prepared to make myself known. I besought them to humor my whim in this matter, and to prevent, if possible, all knowledge on the part of the music teacher, that such a person as myself existed in the country. In due time I would make myself known; and would soon communicate to them, privately, the scheme which I had in my head. They cheerfully pledged themselves to what I requested. To prevent untimely communications from reaching the ears of the teachers, Mr. Landon, one of the trustees, took his carriage in the morning to meet them on the way, and to conduct them by an unfrequented road to his house in a secluded valley of the neighborhood.

I hastened to Seclusaval and immediately set my steward and tenants to work in a multitude of preparations for a summer festival, which I told them we were to have on the first of June in Seclusaval. I astonished my people with the multitude of my orders, and the eagerness of all my words and actions. They saw that new life had somehow been infused into me, and wondered how I came to be so revived all of a sudden. I told Baylor to collect a dozen laborers at once, and go to smoothing off and beautifying Seclusaval to the utmost. "Make the valley shine," said I. "It shall be done, sir." "Get also some carpenters to make temporary buildings for the festival; keep the saw-mill going to furnish materials, and let us have a glorious festival." "Yes, sir, it shall be glorious; we are able to do it, and it shall be done, sir." That was enough; I knew that when Baylor undertook to do it, it would be done.

I next despatched letters and agents in various directions, in furtherance of my scheme; and having thus put things in motion at home, I returned to the neighborhood of the academy, and stopped at the house of

Mr. Wilson, pastor of the church. He was an old friend and college-mate, and had been lately settled in the neighborhood through my influence. I communicated my scheme to him. He was pleased with it, and offered me all the aid in his power. He despatched his barouche to Mr. Landon's to bring over Mr. Danforth. The distance was only two miles; Mr. D. soon arrived and was introduced to me; we smiled and shook hands cordially. I now unfolded my scheme of a summer festival, to which I designed to invite all the country round, and among the rest his music teacher. To carry out my views it was needful, on the one hand, that Judith should know nothing about them, until the proper moment, and should be for a while kept in ignorance of my being in the country; and on the other hand, that she should be prepared for the occasion, and that I should know her present feelings in regard to me; lest, after all, the scheme should turn out to be a painful surprise to her, and a grievous disappointment to me.

After detailing the history of my love affair with Judith, and explaining my object in getting up a summer festival, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Danforth readily undertook the office of preparing Judith for her part in the celebration, without letting her know any thing of the matter. Having visited other friends in the neighborhood, and imparted to them more or less of my scheme of a festival, I returned to Seclusaval, and was busy as a bee in preparations for the first of June.

In a few days I received the following letter from Mr. Wilson:

MAY 15TH, 1824.

My Dear G.—I now inform you how I have executed the office which you assigned to me. Two days after you left us, I went with my barouche to bring Miss Bensaddi to my house on a visit. While at Mr. Landon's, I took occasion to mention in her hearing, that I was a native of the great valley of Virginia, and that I had received my education at Washington college. I alluded to the fine scenery in Rockbridge, especially the Natural Bridge and the House Mountain, which I had visited with a party of fellow students, and had seen from its top the most splendid sun rise in the world. The moment when I touched on this theme, I saw that she was intensely interested. Her fine dark eyes brightened immediately, as she fixed them upon me with breathless attention. When I paused, she gave an involuntary sigh and gradually sinking her head to a meditative posture, seemed to be absorbed in thought. Finding her indisposed to ask questions, I inquired if she was fond of mountain scenery. She looked up with animation, and for a minute or two poured forth an eloquent expression of her delight in rural scenes, especially in mountainous regions, and how much better she loved to dwell in this land of valleys and mountains than in a city. "Perhaps, (said I,) you would like to read a description of the House Mountain, written by a dear friend of mine, a native of Rockbridge, who is as enthusiastic an admirer of mountain scenery as you are." "Yes, (said she,) I should be much gratified to read it." Her voice had a slight tremor as she spoke, and the color came and went upon her cheek. "Well, (said I,) I have a copy of it at home, that I will show you this evening."

On the way I alluded to you again without naming you. "This friend of mine, (said I,) settled in another

part of Carolina, two or three years ago, and soon acquired reputation at the bar. But his success has not made him happy. About four years ago he fixed his heart on a young lady, but by some unfortunate accident he lost her. The wound of that disappointment seems to be incurable, unless Divine Providence should by some extraordinary means restore him his lost bride."

When Judith heard these words, she trembled and turned deadly pale, but said nothing. She seemed afraid to trust herself to speak, lest she should betray herself.

In the evening, when I and Miss Bensaddi were alone, I handed her the manuscript. When she read the title, and saw your name annexed to it, she could refrain no longer, but started up to leave the room that she might conceal her agitation. Before reaching the door, her strength failed, and dropping on a chair, she began to sob and weep. "My dear Miss Bensaddi, (said I,) what is the matter?" "Oh, sir, I know not what to say; my feelings overcome me." "Did you see any thing in the manuscript to affect you so deeply?" "Oh yes—I cannot conceal it from you:—that name—is the name of a friend who was in the ship with me, when my dear brother was lost in the sea. May I rely on you not to tell how much I was affected on seeing that friend's name once more." "Miss Judith, that friend of yours and mine has told me the circumstances of that disastrous voyage. He told me also, that the young lady who was then so unfortunate, had won his heart wholly and forever. Pardon me, Miss B., for having taken this course designedly to bring about an explanation of your present feelings towards Mr. Garamé. I had no doubt that you were the long lost object of his affections. I desire to know whether your feelings are as unchanged as his. I will now inform you, that after your return to London, he wrote you two letters in succession, according to the agreement between you; and that he feared from your silence some change of affection towards him, or he would have gone himself to London. At last he received your letter, announcing your expected marriage. This gave him the first intimation that his letters had not reached you. For this he is a mourner still."

When I spoke of the letters, she seemed at first to be filled with astonishment, and then she broke out into sobs and exclamations. After a little, I said—"Now, Miss B., I think you must see the propriety of letting me open a communication between Mr. G. and yourself. You are both unmarried—your mutual affection is unchanged—or am I mistaken in supposing that your affection for him is unchanged?" After a violent struggle of a few moments, she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I know not what to say. I have betrayed my feelings too plainly. My heart is not changed towards Mr. G. But it becomes not me to profess love for a gentleman, to whose continued affection I have no claim nor right. I am unworthy of him, and I beg that you will not disturb him with any information concerning one who deserves no further notice from him."

"Miss Judith, you accuse yourself so bitterly, that I must claim the privilege of being your judge: if you will state the case to me, I promise to give an impartial opinion, according to the facts. If I think your self-accusation just, and that you deserve no further notice

from Mr. G., then I will let the matter drop where it is." She then gave me a full statement, of which I have room for a few particulars only.

The English gentleman whom she had consented to marry, after she despaired of hearing from you, was Mr. Wycherly, a pious and eloquent clergyman; who after he had overcome her remaining difficulties respecting the christian religion, accompanied her to London from the lakes of Cumberland, and greatly aided in persuading her father to consent to her baptism. She received this rite from his hands. In the warmth of her christian joy, and her gratitude to so worthy and amiable a gentleman, she listened to his proposals of marriage; and mistaking the real state of her heart, yielded her consent. When she sat down, a few days afterwards, to write you the letter, she began to discover what a deep hold you still had upon her affections. Though hopeless of ever seeing you again, she found that her feeling of love towards you, was of a different kind from that which she felt towards the good clergyman, who deserved her warmest gratitude and esteem, but who had not awakened in her the tender sentiment of personal attachment that she still felt for you.

A few days after she had sent you the letter, she frankly told Mr. Wycherly the state of her heart, and requested a postponement of the marriage. He assented, and returned to his residence in Cumberland. The state of his health was rather alarming, before this time. Symptoms of consumption had already made his marriage of doubtful expediency. The steady progress of the disease, soon put marriage out of the question. Learning the desperate state of his health, she went and did for him, as a tender and affectionate nurse, all that in any circumstances she could have done. She showed me, the next day, a letter of thanks written by Mr. Wycherly's mother after his decease, in which her assiduous attentions were warmly acknowledged.

"Now, (said Miss Bensaddi, when she had concluded her narrative,) you see that I was false to Mr. Garamé; because I despaired of his love and accepted another offer, when I ought to have trusted that he was only unfortunate, not changed. And I was false to Mr. Wycherly; because I made him a promise which I could not fulfil, without doing violence to my feelings."

"Miss Judith, (said I,) neither you nor Mr. Garamé were false, but providentially hindered from knowing each other's fidelity. Your promise to Mr. Wycherly was made in sincerity, but under an erroneous impression respecting the state of your heart, and you did your duty honestly in confessing the truth to him when you discovered it. And now, since the design of Providence, is manifest, in ordering that you and Mr. Garamé should once more be brought together, with hearts devoted to each other, I put it to your conscience to say, whether you can rightfully refuse to let me inform Mr. G. of the exact state of the case. Can you thus make an over-scrupulous delicacy forever separate two devoted hearts, and can you run counter to the evident leadings of Divine Providence?" "That (said she) is a strong view of the case; I feel that it ought to be seriously considered." "The hand of God is more evident in this matter (said I) than you are yet aware of. This academy owes its erection to Mr. Garamé's exertions; and then without his zealous efforts, Mr. Danforth's terms could not have been complied

with, especially in relation to the music teacher; so that he was undesignedly the cause of your coming here, where, through an extraordinary combination of events, you may again meet and renew the tender relations which were so unfortunately broken off."

She was greatly surprised and affected with this information, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is the hand of God. I dare not now refuse your request. But I beseech you to communicate only so much to Mr. G., as will leave him perfectly free to act as his present inclination may prompt. Do not, I beseech you, expose every thing that I have confessed to you. Let him not think that I consider myself worthy of his love, or that I have any sort of claim or expectation, that should induce him to do any thing not perfectly agreeable to his wish, and likely to promote his happiness. I trust to your kindness and discretion, to manage the matter so as not to involve either of us in a disagreeable predicament." I promised to act with a single regard to the honor and happiness of both parties, and finally got her persuaded to leave the whole affair to the unlimited discretion of myself and Mr. Danforth, without whose consent I promised to do nothing. I have conferred with him on the subject, and we agree that you ought to know the whole truth, as I have stated it.

Now your way is clear to prosecute your scheme, and I trust that God will bring it to a happy issue.

Yours, &c.

If ever a man was delirious with joy, then was I, when I read this letter in my library; I danced over the floor like one intoxicated. My final arrangements were put in train immediately. I made a stealthy visit to my friends below, and settled with them the scheme and order of proceedings at the summer festival. I enjoined upon them to keep the whole affair, and even the existence of Seclusaval and my presence in the country, still profoundly secret from Judith. My design was by all possible means to make it a happy day of surprises to that dear child of sorrow. On the 30th day of May, the preparations were complete at Seclusaval, and a letter from my managers below, informed me that all was right in that quarter.

On the last of May, Mr. Landon, who had heretofore kept Judith very much secluded, took her in his carriage with his wife and daughter and Miss Claymore, to visit the mountains; he and the brother of Miss Claymore being on horseback. The weather was fine, and the whole party in good spirits. Judith had gone through such dark years of affliction, that sober cheerfulness was all that she could usually enjoy. The prospect of a trip to the wild mountains, had raised her a degree above her usual cheerfulness, and her mind was prepared to derive pleasure from a ramble so congenial with her taste.

They pursued the valley that leads to Seclusaval; but when they came to the ravine, they turned off to the right, and ascended the vale at the north-eastern side of Craggyhead. At a new farm in this valley, they began to ascend the mountain by a winding road, not good but practicable; a little before sunset they reached a farm house, romantically situated high up on the side of Craggyhead, where a broad terrace of the mountain spread out from the base of the cliffs which supported the castle-shaped summit. Here they found the new white cottage all swept and garnished for their

reception. There was a stir of cookery in the kitchen, and a tidiness of apparel among the cottager's household, as if they expected company. When the party stopped at the gate, they were received in the most friendly manner. On alighting and looking round from beneath some tall trees in the yard, they were detained for some time by the magnificent scenery before them. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the mountain tops, while the deep vales were reposeing in the gathering shades of twilight. They contemplated the wild and rugged mountains on the north of Craggyhead, and the less rude features of the eastern landscape; they looked down into the half seen vales and glens about this side of the mountain, until they were called to partake of an excellent supper. After supper they went out to enjoy the soft evening air; they found the moon up in the east, shedding her silver radiance upon the green woods and the gray rocks; diffusing over the vast landscape the dreamy softness of hue, which made Judith in her enthusiasm call the scene before her "the land of the shadow of life." When they had feasted their imaginations awhile on the nocturnal glories of the landscape, they went to bed in small but neat apartments, which seemed to have been furnished specially for the accommodation of such a party.

They rose an hour before the dawn, and now saw the moonlight thrown back from the west upon the opposite sides of the mountains, and shining into a ravine near the house. Through this ravine they were to ascend to the top of Craggyhead by a rough road, but still a safe one for a carriage, to a little fountain at the head of the ravine. From the fountain they made their way on foot, and stood on the table rock of the summit, just as the eastern horizon began to glimmer with the first hues of Aurora, and the moon as she went down was peeping back through the pines of the Blue Ridge. Every valley around Craggyhead was buried deeply in fog, and every high mountain stood forth, dusky and desolate, above the misty sea. It was the House Mountain scene varied. Judith recognised the resemblance, and seemed entranced. "On a rock, whose haughty brow frowned," not "o'er old Conway's foaming flood," but over the lovely vale of Seclusa, was Judith stationed. Her soul of liveliest sensibility kindled and glowed with ethereal animation as she looked, first this way, then that way, generally with silent admiration. Now and then her feelings broke forth in expressions such as these, "What a glorious vision!" "Down there! See how softly and silently the mist reposes in yon valley; 'tis like the sea of oblivion." "Oh, the sun! Now the mountain tops begin to glow! How splendid are the green forests newly gilt with morning rays!" "How beautifully yon cliff of rocks over the valley appears with its crown of dark green pines." "Behold, Mrs. Landon, the valley down here begins to show itself! That hill top down yonder—see how its beautiful trees stand out over the mist! How green and fresh the ground looks under the trees. Yonder too is a white cottage, in a nook under the rocks, with a little field and fruit trees about it. Oh! look down this glen under our feet, how wild and thickly set with trees!—and yon hill at the mouth of the glen—what a beautiful park, and a handsome house at the brow of the hill! Lend me your telescope, Mr. Landon—I want to see that beautiful garden on the hill

side;—I see roses blooming in the garden; and walks and shrubberies, and every thing beautiful. There is a green meadow too, just unveiled, ornamented with trees. Let me see! The meadow is almost covered with bloom. How lovely! Miss Claymore, what is that spreading out so smoothly by the meadow side? It looks like water. It is water—a fine lake! with a boat moving over it!" Thus she noticed one object after another, as each was exposed to view. Finally, after the fog had disappeared, and the whole valley presented its enchanting landscapes, she surveyed it a while in silence, and then asked in a sort of ecstasy, if this were a real scene in the mountains, or only a dream. Being presently assured that all was real, she declared it to be the most delightful place in the world, and congratulated herself that it was sufficiently near the academy to admit of her coming to look at it, once or twice a year.

About sunrise the party had been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, and two or three other friends. At seven o'clock, they were all invited to come down to the spring at the foot of the precipice, and take breakfast. They found hot coffee and all the requisites of a good morning's repast. At eight o'clock they mounted their vehicles, and began to descend by the road which leads down into the upper glen of Seclusaval. They frequently stopped by the way to enjoy the new views which successively presented themselves. When they reached the bottom of the glen, they found themselves so enveloped with the shade of trees and rocks, that they seemed to be cut off from all that they had seen, and indeed from all the visible and the living world of sunshine. They stopped awhile at the Dusky Cascade, and admired its romantic wildness. Pursuing their way, they wound along the southern border of the valley, till they suddenly emerged from dense shades and thickets in all the disorderly luxuriance of nature, into a grassy lawn, from which they caught glimpses here and there of wider lawns, and of hills and mountains—but only glimpses enough to excite curiosity, until they suddenly reached the brow of a turfy hill, crowned with a tall open grove. Here a general view of the more improved parts of the valley suddenly burst upon the sight, and drew an exclamation of delight from Judith and several of her companions. The garden and hill of Glenview were seen to great advantage across the low grounds; on the right were the lake and meadow; above was the deep glen of Craggyhead leading the eye up to the towering summit, from which they had looked down upon the valley. Descending the hill, they passed over by the head of the lake, and wound up by the western side of Glenview, into its beautiful park, through which they came forward again to the house on its brow, and here again they stopped and contemplated with admiration the best of all the views of Seclusaval, now shining in its glory, as Baylor said it should.

Here some new appearances began to attract attention. In the mouth of the glen below the garden, half concealed by a grove of tall trees, were two large structures newly erected to accommodate the numerous company invited to the festival. The one was a large shed supported by framed pillars, and set round closely with green boughs to exclude the sun and wind. This was furnished with two tables, each a hundred feet long;

and in the rear, the smoke and the bustle of cookery showed that the tables were to be used. The other building, though a temporary structure, was formed with more regard to beauty of appearance; it was designed for such in-door exercises and amusements, as might be adapted to the occasion. I shall notice this building again. It was called the Summer Hall.

Already had several parties of guests arrived, and others were seen coming up by the lake side, in carriages, on horses, and on foot, all in gay attire, and with a hilarity of movement indicating that they were pleased and seeking pleasure. When Judith observed these appearances, she inquired whether Mr. Baylor (whom alone she had heard spoken of as residing here,) had invited company to Seclusaval.

"Miss Judith, pardon us (said Mr. Landon,) for not having told you, that there is to be a summer festival here to-day. We were invited to partake of it, and the rest of us agreed not to tell you, until you saw the valley, because we wished to give you an agreeable surprise." "All that I have seen to-day, (said she,) has been so delightfully surprising, that half the time I can scarcely believe my own senses, but suspect that I am dreaming; every thing bears so much the appearance of enchantment." "There is a sort of enchantment going on here, (said Mr. L.) The worthy proprietor of this valley, has converted it into an enchanting place; and I should not be surprised if some of us should undergo strange transformations to-day. I think that you are already so much under the magic influence, that you may ere night be converted into something that you think not of." "If the transformation you speak of, (said Judith playfully,) do not dissolve the sweet visions of this valley, I shall not suffer much." "No fear, Miss Judith, (said Mr. L., in the same sportive strain,) I think the enchanter is a benevolent one, and means only to give us pleasure; and if you should undergo a change, the new form of your being will doubtless be a happy one."

Now Mr. Baylor came out to the great tulip tree under which they stood, and invited them into the house. He acted the landlord on this occasion with a hearty blunt sincerity, which made up for a little want of refinement in the manner of his kindness. His wife and daughter did the honors of the house. The parlor and library had been fitted up handsomely with my holiday furniture.

When the party entered the parlor, they found several acquaintances already there. Judith was asked to play on the piano. She played and sang three pieces of a cheerful character, and in the best style of her unrivalled execution. She pronounced the instrument to be one of the most sweetly-toned that she had ever played upon. I owed her a dress for playing in my house—and I did not forget to pay it in due time.

The company were now joined by Mr. Wilson, the pastor, who whispered a word in Judith's ear, and then took her through the hall into the library, where he handed her a letter which will explain itself. She began to tremble as soon as she looked at the inside. She read as follows:

"My beloved Judith,—Words cannot express my joy to know that you are in Carolina—unmarried—and, as my friend thinks, with a heart unchanged towards me. He informed me by what means he had extracted

the dear confession from you. He has also given me the outlines of your late history. Oh how my heart bled to think of the sorrows of my long lost Judith! But you were not to blame for despairing of my love, when I was so unfortunate in the transmission of my letters. But thrice happy shall I now be, if you will permit me to see you, to renew my suit in person, to press my long-wept-for bride to my panting bosom once more, and to solicit a speedy consummation of my ardent wish to call you mine by every holy tie, and then to do what man can do to secure us from future separation and change for life. I am present at this summer festival, and wait your permission for an interview.

W. G.

Here was a new surprise—she had not suspected that I was in the neighborhood. She was affected to tears by the intelligence; but they were not tears of grief. She handed the letter to Mr. Wilson. "Shall I read it, Miss Bensaddi?" "If you please; I am so bewildered with surprises and unexpected delights to-day, that I cannot trust my own judgment. Advise me, my friend, respecting the subject of that letter." Giving the letter a hasty glance, he said, "Miss Judith, you now have from himself the ardent avowal of unchanged affection. You see the impatience of his feelings, and the fear that delay may interpose some obstacle to his wishes. But before I advise you what to answer him, I must know the exact state of your heart. Answer me unreservedly, my dear friend. Do you love Mr. G. with such affection as would, in ordinary circumstances, make you freely consent to marry him?" "I must in candor confess that I do—my affection for Mr. G. is entire—he still possesses all my heart." "Well, then, as the mutual friend and confidant of both parties, I give you this advice: That you tempt not, by needless delay, the Benign Providence which now smiles upon your destiny. Open your heart at once to Mr. G., as he has done to you; and when he pleads for a speedy consummation of your union, yield, my friend—make no delay beyond what duty and necessity may seem to require. Thwart not the ardent wish of one who is worthy of you and seeks only your happiness; and be not inattentive to the hand of God so manifestly pointing out the way to this happy marriage." "Yes, (said she, with deep emotion,) I see more and more the evident tokens of God's will in the present extraordinary crisis. I would be blind to my own good, and most wickedly ungrateful to my Divine Benefactor, if I could yield now to a prudish delicacy, rather than to the force of such extraordinary and Divinely ordered circumstances. Oh, my friend, how grateful should I be to the kind Parent of all—how much do I need, at this critical moment, His good spirit to guide my actions. Pray and give thanks for me, my dear friend." She fell instantly upon her knees. Mr. D. also prostrated himself, and performed in a low voice the devotional exercise that she requested.

When this was concluded, Judith appeared calmer, and consented to let Mr. D. inform me that she was prepared for the interview. He came out, and locking after him the door that opened into the hall, he gave me the signal, and I passed into the library through another room. I had denied myself an interview with Judith, during three weeks, that I might now enjoy it, and make her enjoy it the more. How I trembled with

excessive emotion, when I opened the door of my bed chamber behind the library, and saw her sitting with her side towards me, and her head reclining on the back of the chair. I could see a tremor agitating her frame also. When she was aware of my approach, she looked up with a look of indescribable feeling—then she started up with an inarticulate cry of joy. We met. Let silence cover what no language can express. Reader, thy lot hath been a rare one, if ever thou did'st feel in one hour's concentrated delight, a full equivalent for years of dreary absence and of hopeless sorrow.

How long it was ere we could speak, I cannot tell; perhaps fifteen minutes. My first words were, "Oh, my long-lost—my recovered—my dearest Judith—will you now be mine?" She struggled for utterance a moment, and replied, "My heart was yours long ago, and is, and will be, while I live. But my beloved friend, if I be a bride, I must now be a dowerless bride." "None the less precious for that, my dear Judith—if any thing, more precious to my heart on that very account. We shall not be destitute of the comforts of life. God has blessed my exertions, and we can trust Him for the future. So my love, do not refuse me because you have embraced a noble poverty from the best of motives. Oh, let me call you mine without delay—mine by the holiest ties." "I will, my friend, without unnecessary delay." "Thank God for that answer. Let it be this day then, my Judith—this blessed day, while heaven and earth are smiling upon us." "This day, my friend! We are not prepared." "Better prepared in respect to external circumstances than you are aware of. I have been preparing these three weeks, and all is ready, if my Judith's heart is ready." "My heart is always ready—but we are here as Mr. Baylor's guests, upon a very different occasion, and I never saw him till this day." "My Judith, Mr. Baylor has been preparing for our marriage to-day, on the condition that I could gain your consent. Yes, my love, I confess that I meant to take you by surprise, and if I could, to woo and win you to my arms this sweet festal day, while life is young and our joy is fresh—while woods are green, while roses bloom, and every star of Heaven shines auspiciously upon us. Forgive me, dear Judith, for intending to surprise you thus—I meant to give pleasure—I trust that I am not giving pain." "No, my beloved friend—I seem all this day to be in a delirious ecstasy—to meet with you, to find you as I do, with all the freshness and the warmth of the affection that once gave me such delight—alas! so fleeting, and so soon followed by years of affliction, that left me a poor orphan remnant of my family. But this hour has made me compensation." "Then crown my happiness, dear Judith, by permitting me to lead you to the altar." "I refuse nothing, my dear friend, that I am at liberty to grant; but my services as a teacher are engaged to Mr. Danforth." "That too is provided for, my dear Judith. Mr. D. was consulted about my schemes to win you to-day; he would have released you at all events, if you had consented; but I sent to Columbia, and have engaged him a teacher there; so that all is ready." "The occasion is very sudden; I am in a mourner's garb." "Is that the only remaining difficulty, my love?" "I do not now think of any other; and I am not disposed to multiply difficulties. If you can remove this, or if you think it of

no importance, then I yield to your desire." "Heaven bless my dear bride—now I am happy. Walk with me, my love."

So saying I took her arm, and led her through my bed chamber to a large closet at the end of it. There I opened a wardrobe and discovered to her three complete dresses, made secretly after her measure, fine and chastely elegant, with every appendage needful to fit her out completely. "Here are the wedding garments, my sweet bride; take your choice; I will send Miss Baylor to your assistance. I give you—let me see—it is now half-past eleven. I give you an hour to meet me with your bridesmaids down at the Summer Hall, where Mr. Wilson will be prepared to receive our hymenial vows. Now, love, 'One kind kiss before we part' for an hour." With a blush and a smile, she gave what I asked—then dropping on a chair, her face all covered with blushes, she hid her modest confusion with her handkerchief, as I left the room. Immediately I sent Miss Baylor and a servant to the closet, and hastened up stairs to equip myself for the happy occasion.

I was ready in half the time allotted to my bride, and went with my attendants down to the Summer Hall, to see the sports of the company. Some were walking through the garden; some were sailing on the lake in pretty boats; some fishing on the bank; some strolling among the lawns and groves, and others listening in the Summer Hall to a band of musicians, and preluding for the expected dance. The Hall had a plank floor and seats rising behind each other on three sides, leaving the middle space unoccupied. The vault of the roof, and the walls were literally covered with branches of evergreens, wreathed and festooned, and adorned with flowers, especially roses, which were beautiful to the eye, and diffused sweet odors through the surrounding air. Pots with living shrubs and plants of various bloom, were set round on shelves within, and outside at the broad entrance to the Hall, where a verdant bower served as a rustic vestibule to the Hall.

Fifteen minutes after twelve, the sound of a bugle called in the scattered parties. At half past twelve the bugle sounded again, and immediately a company of young ladies in white robes left the house on the hill, and winding down through the garden, approached the Hall. When they entered the flowery vestibule, they furled their parasols, opened their thick array, and discovered in their midst my lovely bride, blushing through her lace veil, and radiant with all the charms of her extraordinary beauty. When I saw her now in her bridal habit, every feature expressive of the high-toned emotions of this to her surprising day, I vowed in my heart that she never had looked so transcendently sweet and interesting.

I took her hand, as she stole a furtive glance at me, and led her to the middle of the floor, where Mr. Wilson in five minutes received our solemn vows, and pronounced the nuptial benediction.

Instantly a joyful shout rang through the assembly; the band struck up hymenial airs; and when I had seated my bride on a chair in the midst of the floor, our joyful friends pressed forward to congratulate us. No sooner was this customary token of good will given us, than a trained band of singers from the village below, headed as usual by their music master, Phil Glea-

son, rose from their seats, and sang with great spirit the following stanzas:

Human life is like the year,
Sometimes cold and dreary,
Forcing many a bitter tear
From the sad and weary;
But the storm will overblow—
Blossoms follow clouds of snow.
Sore, O bride, thy trials past,
Long and deep thy mourning,
Brighter days have come at last,
Summer is returning:
Rosy Summer bids thee hail,
Welcome to her lovely vale.
Smiling see the breezy lake,
Smiling see the meadows,
Wood and lawn and tangled brake
Smile with twinkling shadows:
E'en old Craggyhead above
Smiles upon thy wedded love.
Now attend, ye festive throng,
Join the coronation,
Join the chorus of the song,
Shout with gratulation:
Bring the wreath, the bride instal
Queen of fair Seclusaval.
Bring the wreath, &c.

While the singers repeated the last couplet, Miss Landon, with the other fair attendants of the bride, came forward with something concealed in a basket. She first stooped and whispered a word to Judith; then opening the basket, she took out a beautifully twined chaplet of roses and evergreens, and put it on her head. This action was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the whole assembly. Judith, with her usual grace and dignity, but with tears of sensibility in her eyes, now rose and made her acknowledgments to the company: she thanked them most feelingly for the ardent welcome they gave her, and for the sympathy which they manifested in her most unexpected but nevertheless, as she said most happy marriage. "I thank my dear young friends too, for the complimentary coronation with which they have honored me. Though it be but a fading crown of roses, it is so much the more appropriate to one, whose royal dignity on this festive occasion, will so soon pass away. But oh! how shall I express the emotions which the surprising and delightful occurrences of this day have raised within me! I can only say, dear friends and strangers, may God give you all a crown that will never fade away." She then resumed her seat, scarcely able to keep her feelings from overcoming her.

Now, I must inform the reader, that I was myself taken by surprise, when this coronation scene was acted. It was no part of my plot, but an underplot contrived by Gleason and other friends, in order, as they said, to express their good will, and to give me a taste of the surprise that I was so liberally dealing out to my bride. I thanked them for their good intention; but was afraid that it was carrying the matter a little too far. However, it went off very happily.

Soon after this, the bugle sounded to dinner. Mr. Danforth conducted the bride to the dining arbor,

where two long tables were filled with guests. The dinner, though not sumptuous, was excellent, as the company seemed to think; for they complimented their entertainer by partaking plentifully of his fare. When nothing remained to be done but to drink wine and other mild beverages, (for no ardent spirit was used,) Mr. Landon, who presided at the first table, called out in a loud voice, "Attention, gentlemen and ladies! I have a toast to propose; after I have repeated it, let all who join in the sentiment drink standing:—'Long life and happiness to the bridegroom and the bride of Seclusaval.'" Instantly the whole company rose, and after they had drank, spontaneously gave three cheers. I rose and made a short speech, and gave my own toast in compliment to the company; but neither the speech nor the toast are here recorded.

Now Baylor, who presided at the other table, sprang up in a fit of enthusiasm, and shouted, "Drink to my toast: 'The sweet rose of Seclusaval! long may she bloom and flourish here.' Nine cheers, my friends." And nine cheers made the valley ring again. After some less particular toasts were given, the company rose from the table and returned to the Summer Hall, where music and dancing began to delight those who were fond of the amusement, whilst others betook themselves to whatsoever they liked best. A party of us embarked on the lake and made a visit to the Echoing Glen, where we seemed at once to have got into another sort of region—a region of the shadow of death. When we sounded the bugle in this dark, cool recess, it seemed as if ten thousand shrill-mouthed demons had set up a yell. This romantic spot drew several exclamations of delight from Judith. When we returned to the head of the lake, we saw all manner of sports going on, and every one appearing to be delighted with the festival. About twenty of my friends now occupied the parlor of my house, where music on the piano and pleasant conversation beguiled the time.

After awhile we began to disperse ourselves in little parties over the adjacent grounds, as choice or accident directed. Some strolled through the parks and lawns; some into the wild glen under Craggyhead; some into the garden below the house; while others found their way into the labyrinthine walks of the wilderness, on the brow of the hill by the house. Here densely matted shrubs, vines and trees, were penetrated by shady avenues, leading irregularly, sometimes to little plots of open ground, from which glimpses could be caught of mountain, hill, and lake; sometimes to wide lofty arcades of tall acacia or magnolia trees, festooned and canopied with luxuriant vines. Of all the spots in this romantic wilderness, the most charming was a knoll on the hill side near the garden. The margin of this knoll was overgrown with an impenetrable thicket of hawthorns, pyracanthas, eglantines, and rose-bushes. Within this thorny cincture was a labyrinth of Paphian bowers, formed of every beautiful and blooming species of vines and trees. In the centre was a small wooden temple, circular in shape, open at the sides, but covered with a dome. In the centre of the temple, a fountain spouted its tiny jet so high, that the water fell back in a fine white spray into a gravelly basin, and ran off by a winding channel into the garden.

To this charming retreat I finally led my sweet wife

alone, through an entrance so covered with foliage and pendent vine branches, as to be invisible to one not acquainted with it. I first conducted her round the sylvan bowers, all verdant, blooming and fragrant. We then entered the little temple, and having seated ourselves at one side, among wreaths of clematis and china roses; we looked awhile in silence at the fountain, which would shoot up its foaming jet for a minute, and then cease for an equal space of time.

"Well, my dear wife, (said I at last,) you have now seen enough of Seclusaval to express your opinion of it. How do you like it?" "Like it! why my dear husband, it is the most charming place in the world: such a sweet image of paradise! such a nurse of pure and holy feelings! None but the virtuous and devout should ever dwell amidst such delightful tokens of Divine beauty and goodness. To have spent one day—my happy wedding day—in so sweet a place, will be a pleasure to me whilst I live: and to visit this charming Seclusaval, even once a year, will add to my enjoyment of a residence in this beautiful country."

"Once a year, my love, do you say?—Is that all? Do you not remember the toasts at dinner, and the coronation in the Summer Hall?—Are you not installed queen of this valley?"

"Yes, my husband, (said she, looking up in my face,) I remember the complimentary toasts and coronation: I felt ashamed on my own account, that I so little deserved the compliments bestowed on me: but when I remembered that you were the real object of them all, I rejoiced at such striking proofs of the enthusiastic devotion of your friends: and especially of Mr. Baylor, who is evidently delighted with his own generosity in giving you a wedding feast amidst the thousand beauties of his valley. He must be a devoted friend of yours."

"He is, my dear; but he ought to be my friend; for I have now to inform you, my sweet wife, that Mr. Baylor is my steward."

She gave me a sudden look of surprise and doubt: "What did you say, my husband? Mr. Baylor your steward? Are you serious?" "Yes, love, I have reserved this surprise for the last. I have now to tell you, that among all the delightful events of this day, I deem it not the least that you are so well pleased with your home; for the compliments paid you to-day were all true and appropriate: you are the bride and the mistress of Seclusaval." As I spoke, her eyes, which were still fixed on mine, began to moisten; the tide of emotion rose and colored her cheek: the fulness of her heart was such that for some time she could not utter a word: she fell on my breast, and presently sobbed out, "I have suffered many afflictions, and deserved them all; but now kind Heaven has overpowered my heart with blessings."

INCIDENTS.

Trivial incidents in early life give a turn to character. We sometimes see a noble oak bent and distorted, from a twist given to the twig. So, in human life, many a little unheeded incident will tell in future years.

c. c.