

LITERATURE.

AN EMIGRANT'S BLESSING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

Farewell, England! blessings on thee,
Stern and niggard as thou art;
Haughty, Mother thou hast used me,
And my bread thou hast refused me;
But 'tis agony to part.
'Twill pass over; for I would not
Bear again what I could tell—
Half the ills that I have suffer'd—
Though I loved thee twice as well.
So—my blessing on thee, England,
And a long and last farewell.

Other regions will provide me
Independence for my age;
Recompense for hard exertion—
For my children the reversion
Of a goodly heritage.

England—*this* thou couldst not give me;
England, pamperer of squires,
Landlord-ridden, pride-encumber'd,
Quencher of the poor man's fires!
But farewell. My blessing on thee;
Thou art country of my sires.

"Though I love, I'm glad to fly thee.
Who would live in hopeless toil,
Evil-steeped, and ill-exampled,
Press'd and jostled, crushed and trampled,
Interloper on the soil,
If there were *one* other country
Where an honest man might go?—
Winning corn-fields from the forest,
All his own, too—blow by blow.
Farewell, England—I regret thee,
But my tears refuse to flow.

"Haply, o'er the southern ocean
I shall do my part to rear
A new nation, Saxon blooded,
Which, with plenty crowned and studded,
To its happy children dear,
Shall eclipse thy fame, O England;
Taught and warned alike by thee;—
Mightier with unshackled commerce,
Mightier in her men more free,
Mightier in her virgin vigour,
And her just equality.

"But farewell. My blessing on thee!
Never, till my later day,
Shall my memory cease to ponder
On thy fate, where'er I wander.
Never shall I cease to pray
That thy poor may yet be happy;
That thy rich their pride may quell;
That thou may'st in peaceful progress
All thy misery dispel
Queen of nations—once their model—
God be with thee! Fare-thee-well!"

Whitehall, or the days of Charles I. An Historical Romance.
By the Author of "Whitefriars." In three vols. Mortimer.

THE high estimation in which "WHITEFRIARS" is held has naturally led the public to look with deep interest for the long-promised volumes now before them; and it is fair to say, that, high as expectation has been raised, it will not be disappointed in their perusal.

The period of the history which "WHITEHALL" embraces, is from 1645 to the death of Charles I., and almost all the celebrated men of the time are introduced into it, as well as the most remarkable event—the siege of York, the battles of Marston and Naseby;—the imprisonment, trial, and execution of the King. Added to all these sources of interest, and indeed, exceeding them, inasmuch as we are all-familiar with the details of historical records, are the hero and the adventures of the hero and his family, of which we shall give a brief sketch.

The plot, from the immense number of acting characters it contains, is somewhat intricate; and as the *dénouement* only takes place at the close of the third volume, the reader's interest is kept up throughout.

Ingulph Dethewarre, the hero of the tale, is the neglected, and supposed illegitimate son of Lord Montacute, who having attracted the notice of King Charles, when on a visit to De la Pole Castle, by his courage in extinguishing the flames which had caught the dress of the youthful Lady Mary Wentworth, the unfortunate Lord Strafford's daughter, at the ceremony of her betrothal to Lord Montacute's others on, De la Pole, is recognised by Charles, when reviewing the troops before York, who sends him to Oxford to study Divinity. Here he becomes the favourite Court poet, and all his sonnets are in praise of Lady Marie Wentworth, while the courtiers eagerly assured the Queen that the contemplation of *her* charms is the cause of his inspiration.

On the eve of a Court *fête*, at which a masque by the young poet is to be performed, his banished uncle, the Knight De la Pole, visits him, under the assumed name of Stonehenge, and invites him to London, after relating to him the fraud by which his mother had been betrayed, by a false marriage in masks, in the Fleet, and urging him to embrace the Republican cause, as the one by which he might avenge the wrong done to his mother. Ingulph, burning with wild desire of revenge on the destroyer of his mother, resolves to fly from Oxford, but is arrested the same evening, and thrown into Oxford Castle, from which he escapes, by a feat of the rashest daring, and joining the Parliamentary forces, takes his brother, Lord De la Pole, prisoner, and joins Stonehenge in London, after hearing various strange tales concerning the young and foreign wife whom Stonehenge has brought to London. But as she plays a conspicuous part in the history, we will extract a scene which introduces her:

After wandering for some time through this sylvania, they came to a winding path which conducted into what was once the orchard

and private garden of the palace. It was enclosed by a hedge formed of matted briars, vines, hops, and honeysuckles, twisted with extraordinary skill into a dense and almost impenetrable wall, over which waved the luxuriant verdure and odorous blossoms of unnumbered fruit-trees.

"Surely we are in the Hesperides—and hark, one of the charmed nymphs is singing under the mystic tree," said De la Pole, pausing.

"Pho! there's no such thing—there's nobody singing—I do marvel to hear that you believe in witches," said Bulstocke, with an appearance of alarm.

"Is it a fairy singing?—it must needs be Shakspeare's Ariel, or some more delicate sprite," said the cavalier. "I pray ye listen."

They listened. It was a warm glowing sunset, almost southern in its hushed effulgence. A female voice, incomparably sweet, was heard singing with the profusion and liquid sweetness of an Italian nightingale pouring its amorous fancies in fitful gushes of rapture and plaintiveness. The words were foreign, but the playful tenderness of the air seemed to speak some intelligible language which the soul understood without corporeal aid.

The song ceased, but the voice was still audible, prattling and chattering as if with some bird or other pet, and anon breaking off to indulge in a little flourish of melody.

"She's not far off—let us see what manner of bird hath so sweet a note," said De la Pole, pushing into a thick maze of wood which seemed to intervene between them and the songstress.

"My lord, remember! this is Stonehenge's private garden," said Bulstocke, with great horror; but the cavalier pushed resolutely on, and his companion had nothing for it but to follow him.

As we have said, the enclosure was partly garden and partly orchard, combining the beauties of both, in the number, variety, and stateliness of the fruit-trees which shaded it, and the parterres of flowers which bloomed wherever the sun poured fissures of light through the leafy vault. The emerald green of the grass, besprent with daisies and brilliant poppies; the murmur of the trees laden with blossoms, the melody of unnumbered birds which found shelter and safety in the surrounding thickets, combined the choicest pleasures of sight and sound.

At some distance, in a full ray of sunshine streaming through the flowery branches of a vast apple-tree, as if basking in its radiance, lolling on the grass, and caressing a richly plumaged bird, of a species but little known in England, the vague instincts of a passionate organization appearing in the tenderness with which she suffered it to nibble at her sweet mouth, or pressed it lovingly to her bosom, with wooing words and endearments, was a young girl. Her figure was hardly rounded to its full loveliness, but it was advantageously displayed by the rich foreign costume which she wore; a short petticoat of spangled lace over another of shimmering tissue, a bodice of scarlet velvet wrought with silver vine-leaves, her profuse, glossy, and raven black hair being partially confined in a silver net sparkling all over with diamonds. Silver filagree work, tassels, crosses, and innumerable gauds of colours and jewels, which delight the natives of hot climates, finished her toilet.

This pretty figure was well contrasted by another, at whose feet sat a tall elderly woman in a formal and sad-coloured costume, who was knitting; while a snowy kitten amused itself with raveling her ball of worsted, to the silent delight of the young girl. The older female's form, though somewhat too large to be elegant, had once been fine; and her countenance was still handsome, though crimped up with a harsh puritanical crossness, and knitted with a perpetual frown under which flashed a pair of grey vindictive eyes.

The cavalier pushed boldly on, and the crackling of the branches caused both the females to look up; the matron uttered a kind of stifled exclamation, while the young girl looked up with all the shy beauty of a startled antelope.

De la Pole advanced, removing his plumed hat, and fixing his eyes, which sparkled with something more than curiosity, on the younger lady, who gazed at him in mute alarm.

It was apparent that she was the syren whose voice had guided him, for a guitar hung by a scarlet riband to her neck; and her beauty fixed the bold gaze of the cavalier in undissembled admiration. It was evidently of a southern character; the rosy brownness of complexion kissed by the sun into a ripe glow on the cheeks, like the purple tints of the grape, in depth and downiness; the expression of mingled softness and vivacity, which in the southern women so easily kindles to flame or melts into the most voluptuous tenderness; the full bust, the lively gesture, the depth and yet playfulness of the smile, habitual to the small, ruddy, velvety mouth, the eyes, volcanic with passion, marked a daughter of the sun. But the air of purity and innocence which surrounded her, like the snowy atmosphere of an angel, was almost childishly lovely and confiding.

"Do you come upon us as a thief in the night, or as a strong man to slay?" exclaimed the matron, starting up, and gazing with a fierce and singular intensity at the young cavalier.

"Nay, madam, but methought I heard an angel singing, and I was not mistaken," said De la Pole, in a tone of the profoundest respect. "'Tis by the merest accident, and I crave your pardon very humbly."

"Nay, Grizzle, 'tis the Lord De la Pole—the prisoner; we are going to Master Stonehenge," said Bulstocke, who, with Ingulph, had now arrived.

"Then, o' God's name, go on your way; what do you here, brother?" replied the matron, her pinched visage turning very pale, while a brilliant flush covered that of the young girl, beneath the cavalier's gaze, which heightened her beauty like a rose's beneath a sudden beam of sunshine.

"Body o' me, I thought you would like to see your nephew, for the first time, sister," said Bulstocke putting a bold face on the matter. "But an' you do not, say so at once, and we will not trouble you with our company."

An expression approaching to a spasm crossed the matron's features as she turned at this introduction to Ingulph, and welcomed him with and agitation which her natural strength of mind immediately overcame. "But," she added, after the usual formal greetings of the time, "thou knowest, brother, Master Stonehenge must not be kept waiting; we may see one another anon."

Bulstocke seemed cordially to agree, but at the moment the cavalier exclaimed, "Nay, gentlewoman, give me an instant's rest to the sole of my feet; I am spent with my wound," and staggering a few steps he sunk, and either feigned, with more than woman's skill, or actually swooned.

Bulstocke and Mistress Grizzle stared at one another in silent dismay, and Ingulph himself stood amazed. But in that instant of time, the younger woman was kneeling beside De la Pole, applying a nosegay, which she snatched from her bosom, to his nostrils, rubbing his temples, brushing back his thick curls, and uttering a thousand childish exclamations of pity and terror. Still he stirred not, and in her dismay and ignorance, the poor girl called out that he was dead, and a sparkling shower of tears from her eyes bedewed his pale cheeks.

By this time, Grizzle and the other two present recovered from

their surprise, and came to the rescue. Bulstocke tore open the young man's vest, Grizzle produced a smelling bottle, Ingulph fanned the air, and all the time the young girl chafed the cavalier's hand in both hers; and his first symptom of returning life, was to press her hand as it were convulsively to his breast.

"Oh, he is dying; the povrito is dying," she said, with passionate grief. "Ama mia! feel, his face is as cold as marble." And she put her lips to his white cheek, starting timorously at the warm rush of blood which instantly met the pressure.

"Ramona, retire; what will your husband say?" said Grizzle, somewhat roughly removing the young girl, and taking her place.

"Nay, ama, he has always bidden me be kind and gentle to those who needed help," replied Ramona beseechingly. "Dios! do not let him die."

"Nay, lady, he hopes to live to thank this generous compassion," said De la Pole, opening his eyes and fixing them languidly on the lady, but with an expression which deepened the warm tints of her complexion; and she cast her eyes down with a renewed gush of tears. "By what name, sweet lady, may I remember you, for ever?"

"Nay, my lord, throw not away your Court compliments on this young girl," said Grizzle, sternly. "'Tis Mistress Stonehenge, and she has been too carefully instructed in Christian sobriety to relish these gaudy phrases."

The cavalier seemed struck with this announcement, for he rose instantly, without much apparent difficulty, and without Bulstocke's volunteered assistance.

There was no longer any pretence to remain, and after the exchange of the usual civilities, the cavalier and his companions proceeded on their way, but not until De la Pole had snatched up the nosegay, and retired, pressing it to his heart with a mute but emphatic glance. Ramona seemed to watch his movements with curiosity and interest; and when he was fairly out of sight, she resumed her seat on the grass, touched her guitar with a few wild jangling notes, stirred her milk white kitten with her little foot, (not rat, Hopkins,) and fairly melted into tears.

Shielded by the triple armour of his devotion to Marie, Ingulph only regards Ramona in the light of a dear sister; not so De la Pole, who, though jealously watched by his brother, contrives to gain her love, and induce her to clope with him on the occasion of a popular outbreak, where she narrowly escapes with life. All the guilt of the seduction is, however, laid to Ingulph, and his life is about to be sacrificed for the supposed crime, on the accusation of the bereaved husband, when Cromwell, led to suppose the prisoner his son, interposes his power, releases and protects him. On the eve of the battle of Marston, a wandering minstrel enters the Parliamentary camp, who proves to be the long lost Ramona, who, burning with outraged love and maddening jealousy, informs Ingulph that De la Pole is to be married at Oxford in a fortnight, and resolves to convict him, at the very altar, of his perfidy. Wounded in the battle, Ingulph arrives at Oxford only to find

The ceremony was over; and there, kneeling on the steps of the altar, with her bridegroom, was Marie, in the act of receiving the nuptial benediction from Bishop Juxon.

She was splendidly arrayed in white and silver lace, glistening with pearls; but the pale roses which they had wreathed upon her brow were not so pale as the tints of her once glorious complexion. Her eyes were cast on the ground, and so fixed and unchanging was the aspect of her sculptured features, that but for a slight quiver which at times passed over it, she might have been taken for a marble figure stepped from its pedestal. The very bride-maids looked pale and sorrowful, as if they were rather at a funeral than a festival, and forgot to strew the flowers, of which each carried a gilded basket. The bridegroom, arrayed in white velvet, wrought with a profusion of precious stones, looked beaming with gaiety and triumph.

The queen was on one side of the bridal pair, the king on the other. Charles's countenance was even unusually melancholy and stern, but Henriette-Marie was evidently in her element, in the enjoyment of the pomp and festivity of the scene.

It seemed to Ingulph as if the whole weight of the edifice were crushing in upon him, and the air seemed as hard to breathe as if it had been stone. Years of anguish were concentrated in that short space; and all the time the cathedral resounded with a triumphal burst of music and voices chanting an hosanna on the completion of the sacrifice. The gorgeous ocean-like melody still rolled through the edifice when the bridal party began to form in procession to leave it. The guards instantly cleared a way down the aisle, and among the rest, wandering in a waking dream, Ingulph went with the stream into the portal of the cathedral.

But he was suddenly awakened from this trance of anguish by a spectacle which awaited him there. Leaning against one of the carved projections of the vestibule, lost in a reverie so profound, that all the jostling and clamour seemed not to make the slightest impression on his senses, was the morisco.

The entrance of the guard seemed, however, to awaken the unfortunate Mexican from her dream. She started forward, with a wild gleam in the eye, and put her hand with a strange gesture on a poniard which hung at her girdle.

"Clear the way, their majesties are coming!" shouted an authoritative voice.

The morisco shrunk back, closed her eyes with a strong shudder, but still grasped the hilt of her poniard.

"Make way!" shouted voices again in the interior of the cathedral.

"Ramona!" said Ingulph in a low stifled whisper, but she started as if a pistol had been suddenly discharged at her ear, turned, and without uttering a word, nodded to him with a kind of mad gaiety.

"Wait my summons," he murmured, and instantly leaving her, crossed to the other side of the portal.

A flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the bridal procession. A guard cleared the way, and the sovereigns came first, followed at a very short distance by De la Pole and his bride. The latter came now with a firm but hurried step, covered by a long veil of silvery lace, and De la Pole was whispering to her with his face beaming over in triumph, and yet she seemed not to notice, or perhaps hear, what he was saying.

The king walked faster than his wont, but as he entered the portal—how or whence it was scarcely possible to discern—Ingulph had pushed his way through the guard, and knelt at the monarch's feet.

"O' God's name, what matter is this?" said Charles, starting back, and nearly a hundred swords were bared as he spoke.

"A humble petitioner to your Majesty," replied Ingulph, in a calm, resolved tone. "One whom perchance you may remember, but who trusts not the less to your royal justice."

De la Pole made a fierce movement forward, but Charles by a gesture restrained him.

"What is your business here, who we think are the traitor and homicide, Dethewarre?" said the king with sedate austerity.

"I am here sire, thus publicly, and in the presence of those by whom the calumny has been believed," said Ingulph, rising and gazing with flashing eyes around; "to give the lie to all my Lord De la Pole's assertions relating to Mistress Stonehenge, by proving that she is even now in his train, disguised as a morisco musician!"

De la Pole stared in wild amazement and alarm at these words, but the king exclaiming "Remove the madman, by force if not otherwise," the attendants made a movement to seize on Ingulph, but shaking off all their holds, he rushed towards the morisco, and dragged her forcibly to the presence of the amazed sovereigns.

"Do you not know her, Lady De la Pole?" said Ingulph, in a tone of indescribable bitterness, and removing Ramona's large hat, as she sunk on her knees seemingly in all the terrors of detection.

The bride started and looked at her with a strangely bewildered expression; but De la Pole, exasperated and alarmed to the highest degree, rushed forward, and exclaiming, "It is a false conspiracy!" dashed the morisco aside with such violence, that with the emotion she had doubtless suffered she lay senseless on the pavement.

De la Pole then endeavoured to drag his bride on, but she drew back, and with a mingled shriek and laugh, turned to the sovereigns, and gasped, "'Tis true, 'tis true! Did I not ever dream so? The wife of Stonehenge is here!"

"And now plunge all your swords into me at once!" said Ingulph, folding his arms composedly.

The confusion and uproar was extreme; the king alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind.

"Remove the boy, and take Master Dethewarre to custody in the castle," he said with outward calmness. "I will myself make such examination as is necessary, for unless he hath a very plain passport, I know of no rule of war to protect a traitor and a spy in my garrisons."

"The presence of so insolent a rebel is surely condemnation enough!" said the queen, taking her husband's arm with an air of once of confidence and fear.

"Away with him!" said Charles, much irritated, and Ingulph was grasped in almost every tangible part of his vestments.

"Lead on, if it is to death, I care not," said he with a bitter laugh. "Farewell, Marie—farewell, my Lady De la Pole. Yours is an adultery of the soul, for your heart is mine—mine, and you have sworn it! Farewell, for ever."

The white-lips of the bride moved as if attempting to speak, but whatever she said was inaudible, and the guards, obeying the king's gesture, hurried their prisoner away. But as they crossed the quadrangle, the full tide of the "Te Deum" rolled past in its ocean-like melody, and the procession appeared pouring from the cathedral, in bright and splendid masses.

Ramona, restored to the care of her husband, is tried by two pretended witchfinders, under the sanction of Stonehenge, for witchcraft. The scene is one of revolting barbarity, and ends in the intellect of the poor girl being almost as much injured as that of Stonehenge already is by the long series of afflictions to which he has been exposed. Revenge on De la Pole is now his whole object, and, aided by the passion with which his wife is still inspired, he thus accomplishes it:—

It was, as Taylor reported, nearly nightfall, when Lord De la Pole sallied forth on his ill-omened visit. Hastening to the hermitage in the now utterly desolate gardens of Whitehall, the mulatto suddenly met him—apparently by agreement.

"All is well—Master Stonehenge is at the council of officers," said the black, whose teeth chattered with terror. "But hasten, my senior—for he is a magician, and may discover us!"

Smiling scornfully, the young cavalier followed his timorous guide to the old palace, and ascended the tower, in an apartment of which, to escape the observation of her attendants, he was taught that Mistress Stonehenge awaited him. Despite of all the injuries he had inflicted on her, and the exceeding cruelty of the manner in which he had given her up to the vengeance of her husband, De la Pole never doubted for an instant that he should readily cajole her into his present purposes. He had learned the nature of woman—inexhaustible in love and forgiveness—as children do that of a watch by destroying it:—

Yet it was not without a moment's hesitation that he reached the little flight of steps which led to the laboratory of the betrayed astrologer. But while he paused as if in doubt, the mulatto ran up to announce his approach; and shortly after a voice, gay, tender, and vivacious, as in its day of happiness—the voice of Ramona, was heard, singing apparently like the nightingale to lure its mate:

Oh break not yet, my heart, she said,
Oh break not yet awhile;
Thy late-t tears are surely shed,
Live on, live on, to smile!
How can I live, the heart replied,
When every throb is pain?
Why should I live if tears nor smiles
Bring back my love again?

"I am here—my own dearest love—after all!" said De la Pole, with a degree of vehemence akin to his ancient passion, and springing up two or three stairs at once, he rushed into the laboratory.

It was now night, and from the narrowness of the window, it was usually dark in this chamber long ere, from its height, one would have thought it probable. But a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and the glare of the mystic fires burning on the pillars, amply lighted up the scene. Considerably to De la Pole's surprise, the table was covered with preparations for a rich banquet, with fruits, with flowers, with wine, and the most delicate confections; and reclining on a couch, dressed with all her characteristic splendour and glitter, lay Ramona. But how changed! Hearing his step, she raised herself on her arm, and seemed gazing and watching the effect of her song with the wild, lurid, deceitful expression of the female hyena, which the poets fable lures travellers to its den with moans and cries like a woman in distress or danger. Even De la Pole's heart was touched to its core by the wo-begone, scarcely living ghastliness of her complexion and look, while his usually iron nerves quivered at the terrific meaning of her attitude and eyes.

De la Pole slowly approached the couch, and she watched him coming with a strange mixture of triumph and unutterable anguish. He stood beside her, and she extended to him her thin white hand with a glance which spoke all the despair, and grief, and rage, and vengeance, accumulated in her long brooding over her unspeakable wrongs and woes.

"You are ill—alas, my sweet Ramona, the old monster's breath must needs be as the fable of the spider's" he said, with a somewhat staggering manner—and broke off, at the low, deep, miserable laugh which the victim uttered.

"I am—what you have made me!" she said, more calmly.

"Nay, my Ramona!—remember, what could I do, accused as I was—overwhelmed?" replied De la Pole. "But God is my witness! I never dreamed the accursed old man would treat you as he has done; and but that he is mad—but you shall have vengeance, vengeance!—ample vengeance."

"Yes, I shall have vengeance—vengeance—ample vengeance!" repeated Ramona, in a dreamy tone. "I wished to bid you a last farewell—my strength fades fast—I am going home to my land again, I mean—I know not what I mean—but you—I did not know that you had yet that love for me to desire to see me once again—ever again—yet you are here!"

"My own sweet Ramona! I have never loved but you; my accursed fate has indeed separated us, but—all may yet be well again!" he replied, tenderly. "This monstrous madman, who would have murdered you under such foul pretences—if you will assist me—we will yet baffle him—we will yet be all to one another!"

Ramona listened with an incredulous but softened look, and encouraged by the change, De la Pole hinted so much of the plot he had formed for the king's liberation as was necessary, he thought, to convince her of the necessity of obtaining possession of the tower, as a place in which to conceal the royal person. To effect this, the capture of Stonehenge would be advisable; and he proposed that Ramona should in some manner contrive, with the assistance of the mulatto, to lock him up in his laboratory.

"Yes, he has brought me to the arms of death—and yet he loves me as well—perhaps better than thou dost, or ever did!" she said, mournfully; and kindling up with a wilder expression, she added, "But let me hear what I must do, or ought—raise me—we will eat together—drink together a parting draught once more."

She made a feeble effort to rise on her couch, failed, and sank down exhaustedly; and De la Pole tenderly raised her with his arm round her waist, taking a seat beside her. She fainted, or at least became in a degree insensible, and De la Pole supported her head on his shoulder, gently chiding and caressing her. She revived, and in a low tremulous tone desired him to pledge her in a goblet of the rare wine, which at the same time she motioned to the mulatto to fill. He hastened to obey, but De la Pole prevented him by gaily filling the golden stoup himself; and kissing the edge, he handed it smilingly to her lips.

"Drink first, drink first!—you remember you were wont to say—love sweetened even wine!" she said, wildly pushing it back, and De la Pole was about to drink, when suddenly, with a wild shriek, she tore it away from him, and dashed it on the ground.

"No, no, I cannot—I cannot!—do not drink, it is poisoned!" she said, laughing in a distracted manner; "I cannot kill thee, De la Pole!" and she sunk upon his breast in an agony of mingled tears and laughter.

"Poisoned!" repeated De la Pole aghast.

"And every thing on the table—the very flowers are dusted with poison!" she exclaimed. "'Tis Stonehenge's plan—he is mad—but—I cannot do it—fly, fly, let him not find you here, or all is lost!"

"If Stonehenge plotted this—let the old murderer come, and meet me for death or life!" said De la Pole, with extreme fierceness.

"Nay, for he is mad—and you are mad—surely all men are mad!" exclaimed Ramona, physical weakness yielding to mental excitement. "What, if he should be even now at hand!—Hush, do you hear a step?"

"You shall not stay with this atrocious madman, Ramona!" said De la Pole, after listening for an instant, not without alarm. "Come with me—to love, to liberty!"

"To liberty!" she repeated, with a shudder. "Yes, for I shall soon become a part of the universal nothingness which Stonehenge says is death!—Hark, he is there!"

"Yes, it is he!" replied the cavalier, and starting round, and laying his hand on his sword, he perceived Stonehenge standing as if listening at the door.

There was a long pause of mutual and profound silence.

"Hush!—I think he is in one of his frequent fits of absence when he remembers nothing—shade your face!" whispered Ramona, absolutely rising without any assistance, and continuing to gaze intently in her husband's calm countenance.

"Let me not keep you standing, sir," said Stonehenge, with an urbane and smiling air. "Wife, will you not do me the honour to introduce me to the gentleman?"

"It is the Lord De la Pole—but he hath not yet tasted the viands!" said Ramona, in a firm tone, and with a slight but intelligible shake of the head to Stonehenge.

"'Tis strange lack of civility, then!" said Stonehenge, suddenly assuming the air of a ceremonious host.

"Surely the mulatto—I will call for assistance!" murmured De la Pole.

"It will but anger him—we are as far from earth as heaven!" replied Ramona, in the same tone. "Perchance I may humour him—deceive him, if it must be—into patience; be calm and silent."

"Be seated, my lord, be seated!" said Stonehenge, with a ghastly smile. "No one shall break my bread, nor drain my cup, standing. I am not the king, and no royal honours shall be paid to my wife, who is only a countess, I tell you."

At a signal from Ramona, the cavalier complied, and seated himself, keeping, however, a watchful eye on the astrologer.

"Enjoy yourselves, there is plenty!" said Stonehenge, apparently pleased with this submission. "Do not think I grudge you anything—the feast spread here is broad and ample; all the nations of the earth have eaten it, or shall, and yet enough remain, pray you eat—meantime I will to my devotions."

And he knelt down for an instant before one of the flaming pillars.

"He is adoring the demon now that hath maddened him—whose servants thou and I are, De la Pole!" said Ramona, wanderingly. "But he will leave us now—the paroxysm ever drives him to solitude."

Accordingly, Stonehenge almost immediately sprang up, and with a peculiarly strange and very terrible smile, desired Ramona to make her guest welcome, and moved to the door.

"They say I am jealous—you will pardon, I am an old man, an old man, very old in sorrows," he said, shoving the mulatto out before him. "Yet you see—though the cavaliero is young—dare leave you together for all eternity!"

And with one long, earnest, and indelibly mournful gaze at Ramona, he crossed the threshold, and closed the door.

"Wait but an instant till he is out of hearing, and then—fly, fly!" exclaimed Ramona.

They stood together for an instant in perfect silence.

"I will not fly, Ramona, unless you accompany me!" said De la Pole, with a return of all his ancient fondness. "Come with me, my sweetest love; I dare not leave you in the power of this barbarous madman!"

"You will betray me again!" sighed the unhappy girl, sinking on his neck; and with a smile of mingled triumph and scorn the cavalier half carried and half led her to the door. He listened for an instant, and hearing no sound without, raised the latch of the door—but it would not open.

"What is the matter! What means this?" he exclaimed, with a slight start. A loud peal of laughter resounded on the exterior.

"It means, treacherous villain! that thou and thy paramour shall never again be put to the bitterness of parting!" cried the

voice of Stonehenge from the exterior. "Betrayer of my innocent wife! son of the betrayer of my broken-hearted sister!—this door is barred and could resist ordnance!—the windows are beyond the ken of hearing, almost out of sight!—the viands are poisoned!—I am going to lock up every entrance to the tower—farewell for ever!"

"Oh, De la Pole! De la Pole! burst the door—I see all now—he intends to famish thee! shrieked Ramona.

"Traitor!" you have betrayed me into this horrible den!" exclaimed the cavalier, turning with frantic violence and fury on Ramona; but as his fierce glare fell on her, he saw that her whole countenance whitened—she gave him one last look of sorrow and reproach and he held in his arms only the corpse of the betrayed and most miserable Mexican!

Ingulph, meanwhile, has been taught to believe that the King is his real father, he having seduced the Lady Editha de la Pole, the only sister of Stonehenge, or rather Earl de la Pole; and so believing, he makes arrangements for the King's escape, which are frustrated by Stonehenge, who, implacable in his resentment against the supposed seducer of his sister, not only informs Cromwell of the plot, but performs the office of executioner. The fate of Ramona and Lord de la Pole being still a secret, Lord Montacute, after the execution, caused inquiry to be made. We give the result in the author's own words:—

It was drawing to night, and as thy passed the cross-bow slits in the walls, the dreary winter sun might be seen setting over the melancholy waves of the river, with a dun and sanguinary glow, suiting the close of such a day. Ascending the stairs, the sudden gleam of a torch on their faces made all start back, and not without reason, for Stonehenge appeared, still in the garb he had worn at the execution, still with the bloody axe in his hand, and followed by the mulatto.

"Who, who is this?" cried Montacute, aghast.

"My name is—Vengeance!" replied the madman, with an air of supernatural dignity. "From the beginning of time I was commissioned to my task; it is over now, and eternal rest is my reward! Be not afraid! This is a king's blood; none meaner shall stain it. I have slaughtered the friend of my youth—the son of mine enemy I have not—touched." And he laughed till all the chambers of the lofty tower re-echoed.

"Monster! and a monstrous deed have you done!" said Montacute. "Know this to thy perdition: 'twas I that deceived thee both—deceived thy sister in that fatal marriage which drove her to despair—but the friend of thy youth was wholly innocent!"

Stonehenge gazed at him for an instant with evident flashes of sanity lighting up his benighted intellect. The axe fell from his hand.

"Ashtaroth! liar! thou hast deceived me!" he yelled aloud. "Power of evil, where is my rest? Well, let the sacrifice be completed; seek your son, Montacute, he is a prisoner above."

He threw a bunch of keys, as he spoke to the Marquis, and as they hastened past him he bowed courteously to each with a distracted smile, which seemed as if reason was at last utterly extinguished.

The explorers hastened on; they reached the laboratory. In the madness of his hurry Montacute broke the key in the door. He shouted his son's name—a deep prolonged silence answered, and then they all applied their strength together, and the door was forced open with such violence, that it fell down all of a piece.

They rushed in—and what a sight was there! Seated in the iron chair in which Ingulph had formerly been secured, was the corpse of De la Pole—the handsome, the witty, the daring, the licentious, De la Pole—a corpse! There was no wound upon him, nor other mark of violence; it seemed that he had perished of famine; and close beside him, as if she had sunk down in death from a last embrace, lay the dead, but still beautiful, form of Ramona!

While Montacute shrieked aloud, and the rest stood gazing in mute horror, a dense volume of smoke suddenly filled the chamber, and the mulatto burst wildly in, distractedly exclaiming, that Stonehenge had set the building on fire—that he had driven him up stairs to perish with them in the flames.

Axel and his soldiers ran out pell-mell, only Ingulph and Montacute remained; the latter distractedly endeavouring to remove his son's body from the fatal chair. Bright tongues of flame darted in at the door, and Stonehenge appeared approaching amidst the flames, and flourishing his bright axe. Not a moment was to be lost. Remembering the exit by means of the ruins, Ingulph tore the Marquis away with him, and rushed thither, passing Stonehenge. But he offered no obstruction, uttering a loud frantic laugh, for he probably imagined he had destroyed all means of escape in that direction; but a body of soldiers with ladders had been despatched by the lieutenant to obtain an entry in that way, if the attempt on the opposite failed. Ingulph and the Marquis were rescued at imminent peril from a narrow fragment of masonry, and but just in time, for although the massive stonework of walls resisted the flames, within they raged fiercely as a furnace among the ancient chambers, which were chiefly of wood.

We anticipate for this work the sterling popularity of Scott and James rather than the ephemeral fame of an ordinary modern novel. It displays great and accurate historical information, a fertile genius, and a remarkable power of placing their results in a pleasing manner before the public.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

(J. R. CORBALLIS, Esq., Q. C., at the half-yearly examination of the Teachers trained at the establishment of the National Board of Education, Dublin.)

If I am asked by the enemies of the National System of Education what it has done for Ireland, I will give these tabular returns as my reply. I will simply enunciate the fact, that since the year 1833, the schools under our care, are nearly five times as numerous as they were—that we shall soon have half a million of children receiving the blessings of education therein—that our office is crowded with applications for assistance, and that we only require a still further increase of aid from Government, which I confidently expect we shall get, to render our system still more efficient, and to extend it to every poor district in the land. I have detained your national teachers much longer than is customary on such occasions as the present, but I cannot conclude my address without adverting, though not in so effective a manner as I could wish, to the great public duties you will henceforward have to perform. You are, in reality, the national teachers of Ireland. You are, as such, the founders of a new race of beings in your respective localities. Your labours confer a benefit on society at large, which does not perish with those who have produced it. But, recollect, if you honestly discharge your duties mere book instruction will not suffice. You are to form the plastic