



LITERATURE.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

I know thou hast gone to the house of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it has gathered in this;
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through the land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me
I have not yet learned to forget;
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revelations of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign.
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there—
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care;
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair;
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And hope like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born—like the rainbow—in tears.

THE BARONET'S DAUGHTER;
OR, THE HEIR AT LAW.

BY AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.

Very early one morning a note was brought to request my immediate attendance upon a well known Baronet, whose name I do not like to mention, although he has been dead many years, because an exemplary member of his family, whose feelings I greatly respect, is still living. He resided in a costly mansion in St. James's square, and the request for my attendance was so urgent, that I lost no time in complying with it. When I got to the house and gave my name, I was at once ushered into a spacious and handsome library, and I was scarcely in the room a minute when a young lady of, as I guessed, about sixteen years of age, came hurriedly into the apartment.

"You are Dr. —?" said she, in a nervous, agitated manner.

"I am," I replied.

"My father is very ill," she said, "and — and —"

"And what?" said I; "pray confide in me."

"You will be secret? That is, as yet; because right shall be done, if all is not a delusion."

I looked at the lady in momentary doubt as to her sanity; but the feeling was quickly dispelled, and I was certain that her incoherent speech arose from genuine, heart-felt emotion of some kind.

"Whatever you wish me to do or promise," I said, "I am willing —"

"I know it," she cried. "Physicians hear many family secrets."

"They do, indeed," I replied.

"It is for you, then, sir," she continued, "to see my poor father, and to judge of what he says. That is, should he make to you any strange communications, if they be really true, or merely the result of what I dread still more, a disordered mind."

"I will use my utmost skill," said I. "Does my patient expect me, or have you only sent for me?"

"I have persuaded him to see you," she replied.

I saw that she was struggling with some painful feelings which I could not assuage, because the whole affair was as yet, to me, enveloped in the greatest mystery.

"Will you be pleased to accompany me, sir?" said the young lady, "and I will take you to my father."

I followed her, and she tapped at the door of a room on the first floor; then, turning the handle, she said—

"Go in, sir; I—I will wait for you in the library."

I saw that her eyes were full of tears, and being anxious if possible, to unravel the mystery in which the whole affair appeared to be entangled, I at once entered the room.

Leaning back on an easy arm-chair was a gentleman, past the prime of life, but presenting the wreck of what had once been a remarkably fine frame. He looked at me very languidly as I approached him, and said—

"You are Doctor —?"

"I am," said I.

"Well," he said hurriedly, "you see I am ill, very ill; I wish for your opinion of me."

I looked at him, and by the peculiar appearance of his eyes, I fancied he must be suffering from the effect of some narcotic.

"What have you been taking?" I said.

"Taking?" he repeated, and I saw a flush of colour for one moment visit his pale face. "Shall—shall I die, do you think?"

"Sir," I said, "you have made an attempt to poison yourself."

He half rose from the chair, and catching me by the arm, said—

"Hush! hush! I had a dream, an awful dream. You fancy me Sir —, but I am not."

"Before you say any thing else," interrupted I, "tell me at once what you have taken?"

He glared at me for a few moments, and then, in a faint voice, said—

"Laudanum!"

"How much?" said I, quietly.

He did not answer me, and I saw that a frightful change was coming over his countenance, and he was settling into a lethargic state. I immediately rang the bell, and a servant appeared, closely followed by the young lady.

"He has taken poison," said I. "Run to the nearest Chemist's and get what I have written."

I wrote for the best antidote we have for narcotic poisons, namely, citric acid; and then I endeavoured to rouse my patient.

The moment the daughter heard me say that her father had poisoned himself, she clasped her hands and fainted away.

"Leave the young lady," I said to the servant, "and go on my errand at once."

The man looked bewildered, but he laid his young mistress on a couch, and scampered off. Again I rang the bell loudly, and I suppose the servant I had sent off had given the alarm, for the ring was answered by at least half a dozen members of the establishment.

"You females," I cried, "see to your young lady; and here, some of you men, raise up your master, and walk him up and down the room. Keep him in action whatever you do."

They did as I desired them, and the motion seemed to shake off the drowsiness that was before momentarily gaining strength upon him. The man soon returned with the antidote, and Sir — was just sensible enough to drink it copiously. Suffice it to say, that in the course of a couple of hours I was under no apprehension concerning the Laudanum, of which he could have taken but a small quantity; and although I was somewhat curious to know what he could have meant by not being Sir —, when it was perfectly well known that he was, I did not think myself authorised to ask any questions; so, after ordering him proper medicines, and hearing that the daughter was better, and in her own room, I left the house.

I had that day a great many professional calls to make, and I returned home later than usual, very much fatigued, and I was quite grateful that the whole evening passed over without my being called upon to go from home.

I went to bed early, and it might have been about one or half past one in the morning, that I was awakened by a violent ringing at my bell, and presently my servant rapped at my room door, and said,—"Sir, you are wanted at Sir —'s in Saint James's square, directly."

"There is something the matter with that crazy baronet again," said I to my wife, as I hurried on my clothes.

"I wish," said my wife, "people would sleep quietly at night, and only get ill in the day time."

I certainly agreed with the wish; but it was no use wishing, so I hurried off as quickly as I could, and soon reached St. James's square from my house, which was not then a quarter of a mile distant from it.

The hall porter was standing with the door in his hand to let me in the moment I appeared. He cried out in a voice of alarm—

"The drawing room; Sir — is in the drawing room."

"Very well," said I, as I ascended the staircase.

A door was half open, and upon entering the room, I saw that it was crowded with half-dressed domestics, carrying all sorts of lights, from an Argand lamp, to a rushlight.

"Here's Dr. —," they all cried, as they made way for me, and, advancing to the middle of the throng, I saw the baronet himself, seated in a chair, with nothing on but his night-clothes and a dressing-gown, shaking so violently that it was painful to see him.

"Oh! doctor," cried the daughter, springing to me, "what is the matter with my poor father? This is too horrible—too dreadful!"

"My dear young lady," I said, "don't alarm yourself. You would be much better in bed. Get some brandy directly some of you."

The baronet looked at me, but he did not speak. There was great anxiety in his countenance, and his eye was continually roving all over the apartment; added to which symptoms, he shook in every limb, and his teeth chattered against each other.

The brandy was brought, and, without asking any more questions till I had done something for my patient, I got him to take some, as well as sipping his temples and the palms of his hands with it. The trembling soon partially subsided, and I turned to the servants saying—

"Can any of you tell me how and when your master was taken this way?"

"I—I will tell you," he gasped. "Go—go, all of you—go. Light the lamps first."

"My dear sir," I said, "you had much better go to bed."

"No, no," he cried, "never again—never again!—No rest,—no rest for me!"

He said this in a tone of such bitter anguish, that my curiosity was more than ever awakened, and I turned to the servants, saying—

"Do as you are bid; but be within call."

They then lighted several lamps that were in the room, and left me alone with the baronet.

"I will tell,—I will tell all," muttered the baronet.—"Perhaps, oh, God! perhaps I may then have ease."

The lamplight shed a brilliant colour upon his ghastly face, and the gilding and rich ornaments of that luxurious apartment were sadly at variance with the expression of anguish in the face of the master of so much wealth and refinement.

My curiosity was strongly excited, and I prepared myself either to listen to the ravings of a madman, or some tale of iniquity, which thus late in life had jarred strangely on the nerves of the rich and prosperous man.

"I do not know," he commenced, "even now if we are alone. The thought is horrible; but I will not anticipate. Some powerful feeling urges me to tell you what I have hitherto concealed in the inmost recesses of my heart.—I have now enjoyed the title and estates of the family from which I spring for nearly eighteen years. The— the young creature whom you saw here is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter, sir?" said I.

"Hush!" he cried, "let me finish my story. I wish to do tardy justice. You may have heard that I am the second son of the late baronet, my father; and you may likewise be aware of the mode and manner of my eldest brother's death?"

"He was killed from a fall in riding, I think I heard," said I.

"He was," continued the baronet. "He was in good health, under thirty years of age, and I had then about as much prospect of succeeding to the title and estates I now enjoy, as—as you have."

He here paused, and an universal tremour shook his frame. Deep sighs rose from his breast.

"Enjoy!" he repeated; "alas! have ever I enjoyed or known one moment's peace since I stepped into this lordly mansion as its owner?"

"Calm yourself, sir," I said; "any thing that you wish me to do, either professional or otherwise, to give you ease of mind, I am willing to perform. I do not ask your confidence, but I am ready to listen to all you are willing to impart."

"Yes," he faltered, "I will tell all, and then—then I will try to sleep. My father, doctor, was a proud, stern man, and I and my elder brother well knew that he would never forgive either of us if we contracted any matrimonial alliance beneath what he called our *caste*, in his life. This was a truth in connexion with my father's character which we were made aware of in so many ways from early life, that we never could forget it. Well, sir, it happened that during a temporary visit that my brother and I paid to Vienna, my brother became very passionately enamoured of a young orphan girl of that city, who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and amiability of mind, which I never saw equalled. The passion grew to such a height in my brother's heart, that he declared to me that his future happiness in life all depended upon making the young and beautiful Genevieve his wife. In vain I pointed to him the injury he would do himself with his father; in vain I conjured him to try and smother a passion which, must in the end, I thought, produce misery to all parties. He would not, or could not, control his heart, and he was married to Genevieve, in the Roman Catholic faith, at Vienna."

"The day after the ceremony he told me of it, and as the mischief was done, I seriously set myself about repairing it, as much as possible, and advised that he should bring his wife immediately to London, and there solemnize his nuptials in the Protestant faith. This plan was adopted, and we all three came to London together."

"The first news that met us was the serious indisposition of my father, and the declaration of my brother's love for the fair orphan, and its result, was kept secret between us three until my father's health should be restored. At an obscure country church my brother again went through the marriage ceremony with his matchless wife. I was the only person present at the ceremony, and at its termination my brother handed me the certificate of the marriage, with these words:—

"Brother, I confide this to you; it will be the proof of the legitimacy of my children, should I be blessed with any."

"He and his wife then lived together in a cottage, some distance from town, and were happy in each other's society. Their only pain was the necessity of carefully concealing their union, lest it should come to the ears of my father, and from any other source than themselves, and they feared, in his state of precarious health, the effect which such a communication might have upon him."

"Thus a year passed away, and my brother's wife gave birth to a boy. This was a death blow to my hopes of ever succeeding to the title and estates, and I banished the idea from my thoughts of ever being other than I then was—a younger son, with eight hundred a year."

"Well, doctor, my brother was carried off in the prime of life by the accident you have mentioned. He was riding a high-spirited horse in Hyde Park; he was thrown, and never spoke again. I was likewise in the Park, and seeing a crowd collecting, I rode to the spot, when the first object that presented itself to me was the lifeless body of my brother."

"My first thought was of his wife and child, and, after giving proper directions with regard to his remains, I clapped spurs to my horse, and galloped to the cottage, where was the gentle and affectionate Genevieve awaiting his return."

"Her situation was at once calculated to inspire any one with the tenderest sympathy. Her boy was only 13