

of their acquaintance, when Lucy used sometimes to accompany them to the opera, exacted the most undivided attention to her fair self. Occasionally, indeed, when some charitable dowager had taken Lucy to a ball or party, and that little pale wistful face passed Lady Glenallan in the crowd, and gave one lingering look of fondness at the brother who was her natural protector, the heart of the admired Countess would smite her, and her arm would shrink from her companion, as she reflected that she did not even return the love she had taken so much pains to secure to herself; but for the most part she forgot all but her own interests or amusements. At length a new actor appeared in the scenes we have described. Claude Forester returned to England! Fitzroy Glenallan's eye rested on Bessie's face, when some careless tongue communicated the news to her. For one moment he looked round as if to assure himself there was no other obvious cause for the emotion which crimsoned the brow, cheek, and bosom, of the being before him. Lady Glenallan lifted her conscious eyes to his, and turned deadly pale—he looked at her a moment more—bit his lip till the blood started, and moved away. A moment's hesitation, and she followed with a light quick step into the adjoining room. 'Fitzroy,' gasped she, as she laid her hand on his arm, 'you know I knew him before I was married.' 'I did not know it,' replied he coldly, 'neither I believe does Glenallan.' For a moment Bessie shrank angrily from the insinuation, which the tone, rather than the words, implied. She dreaded she scarcely knew what, from the manner of her companion; and the consciousness that even that rapid moment, which had scarce allowed time for the crimson blood to rise and subside in her cheek, had sufficed to flash the thought through her mind of how and where and when Claude would meet her; and what would be the result of such a meeting, bewildered her, and increased her agitation, as, with a nervous laugh, she said, 'You will not jest before him about it—will you?' It was the first time she had so directly appealed to him—so directly endeavoured to propitiate him. A conscious and bitter smile of triumph played on his lip and lurked in his eye. 'You may depend on my never mentioning the past,' said he, 'but tell me—' what he desired to know was left unasked, for at that moment Claude Forester himself walked through the room. He saw Lady Glenallan—paused—hesitated for a few seconds—crossed the room and stood beside her. A few words he spoke, but what they were Bessie did not hear, though they were spoken in a clear firm tone. To her imagination it seemed as if there was contempt and reproach even in the sound of his voice—she murmured something inarticulate in return, and when she ventured to lift her eyes, Fitzroy Glenallan alone stood before her. Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview—overcome by previous agitation—and stung to the heart, Bessie Glenallan burst into tears. Fitzroy had taken her hand, and was endeavoring to soothe her, when Lord Glenallan and George Ashton entered at the same moment. 'Shall I call the carriage, Lady Glenallan? Are you ill?' asked the former, as he glanced with a surprised and discontented air from one to the other. 'If you please,' murmured Bessie, and he went, followed by his cousin. Not a word was spoken by the pair that remained; but once, when Lady Glenallan looked up, she caught George Ashton's eyes fixed on her with earnest pity; how different from Fitzroy's smile! thought she, and, as she stepped into the carriage, she asked him to call the next day and see her.

The morrow came, and with it came George Ashton. Dispirited and weary, Lady Glenallan complained of Claude Forester's coldness—of Fitzroy Glenallan's friendship—of Lord Linton's attentions—of her husband's inattention—of Lucy Linton's health—of the world's ill-nature—of every thing and every body including the person she addressed, and, having exhausted herself with passionate complaining, sank back to wait his answer. 'Bessie,' said he at length, 'I have known you from childhood, and (I may say so now that all is over,) I have loved you as well or better than any of your admirers; it is not, therefore, a harsh view of your character that prompts me to give the warning I beseech you to bear patiently. You are listless and weary of the life you are leading, and mortified at Claude Forester's neglect; but, gracious Heaven! what is it you wish? or when will the struggle for pernicious excitement cease in your mind and leave you free to exert your reason? Suppose Claude Forester to have returned with the same deep devoted love for you which filled his heart when he left England, and fled from a fascination which he was unable to resist. Suppose him to have urged that passion with all the vehemence of which his nature is capable—would you indeed as Lord Glenallan's wife, listen to the man for whom you would not sacrifice your vanity when both were free—or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you, that you would rather be miserable than you should not appear irresistible. Do you, Bessie, wish Claude were again your lover?' 'No,' sob-

bed Lady Glenallan, 'but I wish him not to think ill of me.' 'And if you could prove that you had no fault towards him, would it not seem hard that he had ever left you? would not explanations lead to regrets, and regrets to—', Bessie, struggle against this strange infatuation—this envious thirst for power over the hearts of men. Already you are entangled—already you shrink from the tyranny of Fitzroy Glenallan, and dread the approaches of the cruelly deceived Linton,—already you have begun to alienate the affections of a kind and generous heart for the miserable shadows of worldly admiration. O! where is the pleasure—where the triumph—of conquests such as yours? What avails it to your comfort of home, or your respectability abroad, that you are satisfied to believe yourself virtuous, because you disappoint even the fools whose notice you attract? Is it indeed so gratifying to see Fitzroy bow to his thousand previous deities and coldly pass them to place himself by you? Is it indeed so gratifying to see that little pale deserted girl struggling for a smile, while you parade her infatuated brother through the rooms at Ashton-house? or to sit in an attitude in your opera-box as a point towards which all the glances in the pit should turn? Warning is given you—retreat in time—have courage to do right. Think of your home, your husband, and leave Claude Forester to his destiny. 'Dear me, Lady Glenallan,' exclaimed a female friend, who entered half an hour afterwards; 'I can't conceive what you can find to fret about?' 'Can't you,' responded the young Countess, dipping her handkerchief in some Eau de Cologne, and applying it to her forehead. 'No, indeed, I can't; all the men run after you, all the women are jealous of you, you've no children, no lapdogs, no sisters-in-law, none of the torments of married life. You are as rich as Croesus, and—', Bessie Glenallan looked from the window and sighed. 'Yes, it's a very empty park; very dull, been so wet all the morning, but I should think you would be at no loss for amusements, got your harp and all the new books, I see. Are you going to Lady Maskingham's to-night?' 'Yes—no—why?' 'Why! really, my dear Lady Glenallan, something must have happened; you're quite absent; you know every one will be there.' 'True; yes—oh! I shall go certainly.' He shall not fancy that I am sad for his sake, thought Bessie, and she sighed again.

Full of excellent resolutions, Lady Glenallan ordered her carriage, bathed her eyes, and drove to South Audley-street. She found Lucy alone, and proposed to her to drive out, which was gladly assented to. As they returned, Bessie said to her little companion, 'I shall call in the evening to see if you will go to the ball—do go; I never saw you look better. And then,' thought she, as the carriage drove off, 'I will have a few words of explanation with poor dear Linton, and after that I will play the Coquette no longer, for it is all very true—'. And again Lady Glenallan sighed. Lady Glenallan and Lucy were late at the ball, owing to the difficulty the former had found in persuading Miss Linton to go at all. But Bessie, like most selfish people trying to do a good-natured thing, would take no denial, and though Lucy persisted that she was more weak and weary than usual, her chaperone waited till she was dressed, and carried her off in triumph. The ball room opened on an illuminated garden, and Lady Glenallan was standing on the stone steps which led to the principal walks, when Lord Linton hastily addressed her, 'Let me speak three words to you; pray pray, hear me dearest.' Startled and confounded, Lady Glenallan neither spoke nor moved, while with a rapid and confused manner, he explained that he had heard a story of her attachment to Claude Forester, of their parting, of her agitation in seeing him the night before; and he conjured her by all that was holy, not to trifle with him, but at once to confess, either her love for Claude or her willingness to fly with himself to the uttermost parts of the earth. 'May I dance? Do you think it will be safe for me to dance, Linton?' asked the gentle voice of his sister. 'Yes, yes, love; no, I mean; yes, dance by all means; dance.' 'I have really your leave?' she continued with a smile; 'I believe you scarcely heard my question.' 'Yes, yes, my dear Lucy; you wish to dance—go now, go, I am quite willing you should dance to night. Oh! Lady Glenallan, oh! Bessie! answer me, speak to me!' But another voice was in Bessie's ear. As they stood in the shadow of the portico, unseen by those who were walking in the garden, Claude Forester and a young lady passed close to them. 'Do not deceive me,' said Claude, 'I have been deceived once, and I tell you fairly, that my contempt and disgust for the most wretched profligate of her sex, is weak to what I feel towards the coquette, who, with no temptation but vanity, trifles with—' the words were lost in the distance. Yet, as the speaker returned, Bessie thought she distinguished her own name in the murmuring protestations of Claude's companion. 'He scorns me, he holds me up as a warning, as an example; he, Claude, the only being whom I ever really loved!' and Lady Glenallan leaned her head against the portico, too faint even for tears. 'Speak

to me, speak to me, answer me, beloved Bessie!' She had forgotten him. Shuddering, she attempted to withdraw her hand from the death-like grasp of his, while she exclaimed in agony, 'Oh! well might he scorn me! Let me go infatuated boy! you know not what you love—Oh! let me depart and die, I am sick, sick at heart! I have not heard you; I know not what you have said, or what I have answered; I am a fool, a miserable, vain, accursed fool. I am; Oh! God forgive me!' 'Lord Linton! Lord Linton! Lord Linton!' cried several voices, in a tone of alarm, and horror. 'Lord Linton! your sister!' said Lord Glenallan, as he made his way through the crowd, and seized the arm of the unhappy young man. Instantly he darted forward, and Bessie followed; drawn by that fearful impulse which prompts us to leap the precipice we shudder to gaze from. A silent circle was formed where the dance had been; the music had only ceased that moment, there was but one sound through the wide room where hundreds were collected; and that sound was the gasping breath of him who knelt with the slight form of Lucy Linton supported in his arms. All that yet deceitfully told of life was the shivering communicated by his trembling grasp. He laid her down and felt that he gazed on a corpse. Peals of laughter, and merry voices, came faintly from the garden, where the event was yet unknown. 'Oh, stop them! stop them!' exclaimed Lord Linton, as he gazed towards the portico. 'Oh! madman! fool! to let her dance!' And as he uttered these words in a tone of agony, his eyes fell on Lady Glenallan, with an expression which froze her very soul. A terrible dream seemed to haunt her; a dream from which she could not wake. Slowly and with effort she withdrew her eyes, and gazed round the circle, all were gazing spellbound and horror-struck, on that awful sight; all but one. Claude Forester supported the girl with whom he had been walking, and whose gaze was riveted on that mournful group of the young brother and his dead sister. His eye alone sought another face; Bessie Glenallan met it—and fainted.

Many years have passed away since that night of sudden horror. They have danced in that same ball room, to the self-same tunes: and the name of Lucy Linton is a sound forgotten even by those who knew her best. But Lady Glenallan yet remembers in her prayers that fearful evening, and smiles tearfully in her husband's face, as, for the thousandth time, he repeats to comfort her, the certainty that poor Lucy would have died in a few days at all events; and pressing his little daughter's silken curls against her mother's cheek, bids her guide and guard her well, lest she too should be a Coquette.

## USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

Joseph Haydn. The recent celebration of the centenary of the birth of this extraordinary man may make a few particulars of his life and labours acceptable at the present moment. And well may the term 'extraordinary' be applied to Joseph Haydn—a man who shone, if not unmatched for musical genius, at least without an equal for industry and fecundity of imagination. His life was extended to the age of three score and seventeen, from which the immaturity of childhood and the waning years of his later existence must be thrown off. In fact, the period of his musical career was comprised between the age of eighteen, when he ventured before the public with his first quartett, and of seventy-three, when his powers began to wane under the infirmity of advancing years. He left behind him an autograph, though incomplete, detail of his rare, unwearied, and successful diligence; and by this it appears, that between the years 1760 and 1805 (for in the former his symphony first appeared), he had composed 118 symphonies, 83 quartets (the last of which came out in an unfinished state in 1806, and was rendered mournfully interesting by the device on its title page, 'Alas! mine every power is withered!') 24 trios, 19 operas, 5 oratorios, 163 pieces of the tenor, 24 concertos for various instruments, 15 masses, 10 smaller pieces of church music, amongst others, the 'Stabat Mater,' and 'Salve Regina,' 44 sonatas for the piano, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 13 vocal pieces for more than one voice, 365 Scottish melodies, and a host of miscellaneous compositions. In no one individual were there perhaps ever combined more fertility of invention, more mastery of science, more playfulness of humour, or a greater originality of easy and graceful imagination. After the twelve symphonies, which Haydn wrote for Solomon's Concerts, followed the Creation, that splendid achievement, which encircled the evening of his days with an immortality of glory. He composed it at the advanced age of sixty-five, evidently in the enjoyment of unimpaired freshness and vigour of mind; and it was first performed at Vienna. Even Wieland caught the enthusiasm, which Haydn's master-piece had kindled under every European sky, nor did he rest until he had sung the praises of the Creation. The writer recollects, as it were but