## Literature, &c.

From "The Recollections of a Gaol Chaptain." THE REVENGE OF AN UNRELENTING WOMAN.\*

"The opportunity of inflicting it at length was granted. It was autumn, and I had been to the adjoining county town to deliver in some fancy work to the proprietor of a fashionable shop, when the mistress called me aside, and said I have wished to see you for several days, in consequence of a letter which I have rec ved from a lady of rank newly come into this neighbourhood. In this she desires me to make inquiries for a person capable of superintending her nursery, and taking constant charge of her eldest son. There are many requisites named; eldest son. There are many red but I think you possess them all. In fact you

are the very person her ladyship wants.'
"'I have been, I fear, too long my own
mistress to submit with a good grace to the
will of another. Her ladyship must look else-

" Come to no hasty decision,' was the rejoinder; 'a situation like this rarely presents itself. " I am satisfied with my position,' was

the reply. My income is more than equal to my wants. And, as to the future—"
"" Would not a salary of fifty guineas be likely to improve it?' cried the needlewoman. 'This I am empowered to offer. Think twice before you say no.'

" I again expressed my disinclination to be domesticated in any family.

"Now!'criedshe 'I am really angry with you because you are purposely perverse. You posnames. You speak French; you are comple mistress of your needle; you are not,' and she smiled, 'very young; you have no low con-nexions; and you can sing. You are admirably fitted for the situation; and you refuse it! How can I tempt you! I wish I could show you the young St. Barbe.'
"' Who?' said I, starting.

" Lady Hunmanby's eldest son, the Hon. Ivan St. Barbe. Poor fellow! his intellects—but you are ill—faint? Ah! I see! The walk has been too much for you. You require rest and refreshment. Come into my private room. and refreshment. Come into my private room.
You will there find both. Now,' cried my
kind hostess, as soon as I had rallied from the
shock which her information caused me, 'now we must return to business, and transact it.
Where was I? Oh! as to Lady Hunmanby.
Listen. This geat lady has rather a difficult
card to play. She married late in life a gay card to play. She married late in life a gay husband. Mr St. Barbe's youth is said to have been strangely dissolute and perhaps she has discovered ere this the danger of acting on the proverb that 'a reformed rake makes the best husband.' Now, her ladyship is rather ordinhusband. Now, her ladyship is rainer ordinary in appearance; at least eighteen years older than her husband, and somewhat troubled with jealousy; thus, the atmosphere is not always serene a Jakover Hall. But there is another and a darker cloud which lours over that princely building,—the intellect of the elder son, the future Lord Hunmanby, are deplorably feeble. He is screely an idiot; but has no memory, and a most bewildered judgement. He is extremely restless; but very fond of music. In fact the only method of calming him is by singing to him. Lady Hunmanby requires a person of somewhat superior education to be continually with him; to sing to him; play with him; and, in fact, watch over him. 'Tis a thousand pittes that, with such a handsome face, he should have such unmeaning words and ways! Now, what say you, for I must write to morrow?"

"." That—that—' and my heart fluttered wildly while I spoke,—' if her ladyship is pleased to offer me the situation, I will accept

" Clear, and to the purpose. Very good!
you have shewn yourself the sensible person I

always believed you.'
"Her ladyship's reply arrived in due course. I) was extreemly prolix, and occupied three sheets of note paper. Her meaning might have been conveyed in a single sentence, -that she should be very minute in her inquiries, judge of me in a personal interview, and dismiss me at a moment's notice, on the occurrence of the ' slightest impropriety.

"The dreaded meeting was fixed for morning of that day se'night, and punctual to the minute, the baroness drove up. She was accompanied by an other lady, a 'confidential friend,' in whom she reposed all her matrimonial suspicious and complaints touching her inconstant lord, who, as a systematic eaves dropper, was hated by the whole establishment a most commendable unanimity, and rhom, as a sleepless spy on all his movements Mr. St. Barbe, used to curse every day of his life! The name of this lady was Cram. She had a suite of apartments at the hall; and when denounced by its lord, was wont to fly to Lady Hunmanby, who would weep over her, and style her 'a woman without guile.'

"With a beating heart I entered the apartment. i cartysed No movement of head or hand was vouchafed as an acknowledgment Her formidable ladyship frowned, and then scrutinized me in silence. At the close of her inspection she turned to Mrs Cram, and remarked aside, in a cheerful tone, 'Not at all good looking! Come! that's an essential recommendation !

" And not very young,' responded Mrs Cram, with an approving air.

"And then they nodded gaily and cheerily

. Continued from the Gleaner of the 17th instant.

some grand exploit.

"Her ladyship now spoke. She desired me to sing, then heard me read aloud, then expres sed a wish to see my needle-work, and summed up with a series of questions about my family and relatives,—to which I answered,—truly enough,-that 'I had long lost sight of them The situation of her eldest son was then adver ted to. His restless and irascible moods were described, and due stress was laid on the mos successful mode of soothing him. 'Contradic tion and rebuke he was never to hear : they only served to irritate him. He was to be per-suaded, entreated, and led.

at each other, as if they were about to achieve

"I listened in silence. Lady Hunmanby rose to depart. 'In matters of this nature,' said she, coldly, 'I never give an immediate answer. You will hear from me-if favourable-within

twenty four hours.'

" Another look at me as she passed, as if to dispel at once and for ever,—in my case,—the atmosphere of suspicion in which she lived, again, and aside,—'Plain, certainly—most par-

ticularly plaia—ch, Mrs. Cram?'
"' Safe in that quarter, I think, my lady,'
replied the toadee, with an audible chuckle.

'I watched their departure with contending feelings. That the situation would be offered me I had little doubt; and, if so, to what con-clusion was I driven? This: many-so I ruminated-owe their rise to their personal attractions: I to my scarred and discoloured visage. To thousands beauty has been the magician's wand : to me in its deformity. My patron is that face whence beauty is for ever banished, and those features, which speak only of past sorrow, suffering, and care. The reflection wounded the vanity of the woman, but it nerved the purpose of the avenger! My sus-pense was brief. At noon a messenger arrived; he put into my hands a letter containing this single sentence : 'Teressa Gray' (such was my assumed name) 'is expected at Oakover Hall this evening' How did my heart beat, and my cheek flush, and my eyes glisten as I mused over these magic words! 'The hour of action,' I exclaimed, involuntarily, 'and of vengeance now approaches! Ivan! the poisoned chalic is about to be returned to Monster! you showed no mercy to others: none shall now be show to thee or thine. You have wrecked my peace; now look to your

"I laughed loudly, wildly, and repeatedly as I crushed that proud woman's permit in my grasp; my humble dwelling rang with my frantie merriment; it was the happiest moment had known for years! The day wore on, and calm, and soft, and son lit was the hour when reached the park. The deer browsed lazily beneath the trees, the tinkle of the sheep bel was heard from far ; here the hare started from her form, there the call of the ring dove was answered by its mate; while ever and anon the rush of the distant waterfall was borne by the breeze, softly and soothingly, upon the ear The repose of nature contrasted strangely with the tumult of my own feelings; them it to soothe Around me and about me, it is true all was calm and holy; within me raged a war of passions, which death alone can still. "Another moment, and I had passed HIS

threshold! " With all her wealth, Lady Hunmanby was an unhappy woman. That she was a peeress in her ewa right; that she had, by accepting Mr Ft. Barbe's hand, released him from a gaol, or rather prevented his going into one; she had a rent roll of nine thousand per an and settled upon herseli, and subject to her sole control; that her son would inherit from her peerage; that her hasband owed to her his station, influence, authority, liberty, all that renders life desirable, - were convictions perpe-tually present to her recollection. Morning, noon, and night they rose before her. Nor was she altogether sure that she possessed his affect tions. Doubts would occasionally present them-selves that he had married her rent roll, not berself; a conclusion which Mrs. Cram had long

since arrived at. " I had been some days at the hall before we And what a meeting! But how chang Years and self indulgence had done their The gay, and animated, and gentle manly St Barbe had become a coarse, bloated heavy looking sensualist. Passion had stoler from his face all its former winning and intellectual air: you turned from its expression with a sigh. The animal there grievously predomi-nated over the man Nor had I passed unob-The comment and the lecture, from served. my position and employment I could not but

" . Hump! Lady Haumanby, that's a new

acquisition, I presume?'
"'That,' returned her ladyship, with consi derable dignity, that Mr. St. Barbe, is the party to whom I have carrusted my eldest

son.'
" No beauty, certainly!' " 'Her character,' continued the baroness,

interrupted the gentleman; 'but her counten-in most remarkable. Call you that 'the What her character may be I know not." ance is most remarkable. Call you that 'the human face divine?' Ugh! I've a mortal antipathy to ugly servants.'

"'Mr. St. Barbe, said the baroness, solemn ly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, a your time of life, to make any comments upor the personal features of my servants—my ra MALE servants. It is highly unbecoming! Con sider, sir, your age and station.

"'Pve liked a pretty face all my life. Lady Hunmanby,' cried St. Barbe; 'and, as " Ring the bell, Mrs. Cram, -ring the bell,

cried the baroness, hastily making a desperate effort to change the conversation.

" A servant entered.

" 'The carriage in half an hour. Mrs Cram, we shall have barely time to dress.' " And the ladies made a precipitate retreat

from the apartment.
"Nor was this the only occasion on which my miserable self became the subject of discussion between this ill assorted pair. It was summer, the day was oppressively hot, and my wayward charge had been visited during the morning by one of those restless, irritable, ungovernable paroxyms, which it was so difficult to calm. I was trying to soothe him, by singing over and over again a little French melody, linked to some simple and almost childish words, which the unhappy boy seemed to com-prehend, and tried to repeat. The nursery windows were open, and as he passed along the corridor into the hall, the air caught Mr. St Barbe's ear. He had heard it before!—he had listened to it often in former years and under happier circumstances. Its spell even then was not wholly broken. Agitated, and off his guard, he rushed into the breakfast room with the abrupt inquiry, 'Lady Hunmanby, who sings' I-I-that air-those days-and she-Who sings, I say?"
""One of my household, sir, and by my

order.'

" The voice is no common one-again !how soft and full !- Strange that it should so move me!'
"'I think so,' said her ladyship, in her cus-

tomary frigid tones.
"" It recalls—yes, it recalls thoughts, hopes, visions, beings, long since buried in the grave,' ... 'Indeed?' drawled the baroness without

the slightest apparent feeling.

""And it reminds me of one—"
""Of whom?" cried her ladyship, quickly, as a sudden pang of jenlossy smote her,—of whom sir, does it remind you?'
"' Of-of-cf a lady whom I once knew

"Another—another on the list of infidelities. Oh, Mrs. Cram!"—and the baroness held out her hands imploringly towards her confidant.

"A foreign lady! There never was such a graceless profligate! A foreign lady! Now I am surprised! was the response of this genuine

" The week following this conversation Ivan fell ill. Medical advice was called in, and his case pronounced one of considerable danger I heard this, and my course was taken. eleven days and nights I never lelt him. rallied, and at length mine was the delight of hearing the senior physician say, that good nursing alone had saved him. Was that my only source of satisfaction? No; a deeper and sterner feeling mingled with my joy: Mr. St. Barbe desired the idiot's death. His imbecility wearied him; the strong, yet painful, resemblance borne by Ivan to himself wounded him ; above all, he losthed the unconscious boy for the obstacle which his existence presented to the succession of his younger and more gifted brother, Cyril. The intensity of this feeling manifested itself again and again. The alacrity with which he listened to an unfavourable bulletin,-the moody silence in which he received tidings of unexpected amendment,—the relec-tance with which he credited the surgeon's announcement that all dangerous symptoms had subsided,—the glosm with which he scanned the invalid on his re appearance in the drawing room,-the harsh, bitter, and taunting tone in which he replied to the poor trembler's feeble and foolish questions,—all convinced me how cordially he would have welcomed the intelli-gence of Ivan's demise.

"But that gratification was denied him.
"I redeubled my vigilance. Every movement of the young heir was watched, every symptom tending towards relapse counteracted, and every appliance that could speed the progress of returning strength afforded. Success crowned my cares, the impactor was crowned my cares; the imbecile was pronoun-ced more likely to live than ever.

"Lady Hunmanby seemed sensible of my xertions. Thanks from a being so inflexible exertions Thanks from a being so inflaxible and austere were not to be expected; yet once she did express her marked approbation, and she did express her marked approsection, and tendered megold. Profound observer! she was a believer in the omnipotence of money, and persuaded herself that it would recompense persuaded herself that it every service, atone for every insolt, and heal every lacerated feeling. When therefore, I every service, atone for every insolt, and heal every lacerated feeling. When therefore, I refused her largeness, assuring her that I had acted from a sense of duty, and had been governed by motives which would be their own reward, she turned from me with ill-concealed disclassing accounts. cealed displeasure, avowing her ignorance, how to treat me, or in what way to under-

Not so her lord; he detested me. The devotion with which I watched over the interests of my young charge was one ground of offence, the affection with which the hapless boy repaid it was another; but both yielded in enormity to this, -that to my nursing the recovery of his imbecile hear might principally be attributed. My dismissal was on his part resolved on, and daily did he ask her ladyship, "How much longer do you intend to disgus every visitor that approaches you with the visage of that hideous woman ?

" My position, it was clear, had become uncertain; I foresaw that, ere long, Lady Hun-manby would yield to her husband a ceaseless invective; and I hastened to execute that master-stroke of revenge which I planned on entering Oakover Hall, and-never abandon-

ed!
"I had not long to watch my opportunity. I have mentioned, and but slightly, the youngest son of my mistress, Cyril. I can but imperfectly describe him. He was a gentle, fair-baired have glaver quick singularly decile. haired boy,—clever, quick, singularly docile, and St. Barbe's idol. If there was an object upon earth to which the heart of that selfish being turned, it ws his lively and guileless

It was determined to celebrate his child. fourth birthday and his elder brother's recovery by a fete to the tenantry. This was a style of entertainment in which the baroness delighted. It enabled her to play the hostess on an posing scale; it brought visibly before her her own stake in society.

" Exemplary lady! she never put off the trappings of her pride, till those who were about her put around her her winding sheet! But I wander. I may well shriek from approaching this portion of my tale. The dely was fine, the park crowded and the tenantif sufficiently happy and hilarious. Lady Hus-manby, accompanied by her husband, and a small party of private friends, stood watching the scene from the flight of steps which led to the western portico. Her ladyship, by way of marking her precedence, had taken station a few steps in advance. There she remained, issuing every now and then some in comprehensible order, and enjoying the acclamations with which her name and that of Ivan was received. Such was the group below. Above the children and myself occupied a lofy balcony, situated directly over the portice, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the whole park. It was conjectured that the health of Cyril, accompanied by some kind wishes, would be given; and, if so, it was arranged that I should then hold him up in my arms while he bowed and waved his little hands to the assemblage, in acknowledgment of the compliment. I had not, nor did I desire it, much interval for reflection. 'Ere long an elderly yeoman proposed, and three hundred manly voices repeated, 'Health and happiness' the Hangstone Carille E. P. hangstone Carille E. P. hangstone to the Honorable Cyril St. Barbe, and may each return of this day prove more joyous that the last " I tr-mbled with emotion, for now the dreaded moment had arrived. I bent over, and kissed him fondly, -yes, fondly, for it was a final farewell!

" Lift me higher-higher-higher still cried the courageous boy, evidently enjoying

the excitement of the scene.

" I raised him as he desired. He bent for ward eagerly, smiled, and gaily and gracefully kissed his hands to the applauding throng cheering was redoubled. At its height I will drew the support of my arm, -it was the act of an instant, -and he fell a mangled corpse at his

"I never shall forget the shrick which ro from St. Barbe's lips when he tried to raise his child, and found him lifeless. He knelt beside bim, kissed his fair brow, parted the clustering locks, and, in a tone hoarse with agony, exclaimed

"Cyril! Cyril! speak to me!—say but one word!—speak to me dearest!—for God's sake,

speak!' "But there was no voice, nor any that as

swered, or regarded

"Oh! I was avesged! I was deeply and defearfully avenged.—True, I was a lost and defearfully avenged.—True, I was a lost an true, graded being, an outcast and an alien, true, my seducer had triumphed,—that his scheme my seducer had triumphed my seducer had triump executed; but little dreamt he, while plenning my destruction, that he was all the while collecting materials—fuel to feed the flame which was to space he in the state of the was to scorch his very brain. Again I looked at him as he writhed in agony over his distingured idel, and exulted in the thought the: I had wrong his dearth, over wrong his deart's core "

"Thave little more to add. I will not wear, you, sir, with details of the examination, and cross examination and re examination to which I was subjected before the I was subjected before the coroner, or of dry routine of a tedious inquest. My tale dry routine of a tedious inquest. My tale was dry routine of a tedious inquest. My tale was clear. Cyril's last request, heard by many by standers. "Lift me higher—higher—higher still,' bore out my assertion that he overbalanced himself, and fell by his own act and impulse himself, and again was this point adverted to; Again and again was this point adverted but nothing was clicited to contradict my state but nothing was clicited to contradict my state. ment. Who, in fact, could invalidate it?
own heart was my sole confident?

fiendlike exultation with which this was uttered no combination of words can post

"Lady Hunmanby declined seeing me again. and I was commanded to quit Oakover immediately on the conclusion of the inquest. Its action is a verdict of "Accidental death." I was prohibited from taking my leave of lyan, and forhidaen for taking my leave of lyan. and forbidden to form one in the funeral procession; but I witnessed it, disguised and un-suspected. The morning was dark and chilly; heavy rain fell at intervals, and at mid-day the wind results. wind rose, and swept down the avenue with a keenness and bitterness I could ill-endure. To support my disguise, I was thinly and mise rably clad, and more than once I feared I must have abandoned representations. have abandoned my purpose. But at last the procession was formed, and I was rewarded. It was a striking spectacle; and one incident, sufficiently memorable, chilled the heart of all who witnessed it.

"By the baroness's express instruction, Ivas was chief mouraer. In vain Mr St. Barbe researched to her the boy's unfitness for the effice, and his own desire to fill it; but her ladyship was peremptory, and carried her point. Howas attired in a long mensage cloak, and established. was attired in a long mourning cloak, and corted with due solemuity to the main entrance.
When there When there, his eye caught the waving plumes and the white hatbands, and clapping his bands together, he hatbands, and clapping his bands. together, he burst into a ringing peal of laughter. Then pausing for an instant, he exclaimed, in clear, shrill tones, "Oh! how droll, how yery deal," ed, in clear, shrill tones, "Oh! how very droll!"—and again he laughed long very droll!"—and again he laughed onwards merrily! The procession moved onwards, the last melancholy obsequies were paid, and the joyous and light-hearted Cyril left to the stead custody of the stead of custody of the grave. As the cavalcade neared the mansion, the idiot's merriment jarred fright. fully with the scene. Again the loud and look continued laugh was heard; and as the shuddering St. Berling St. dering St. Barbe assisted him to alight from the carriage, he exclaimed, in tones could hear, "Capital!—when shell we have another f "I gaz nessed th iny son, being on and deer he!" "I tu heart. lained. " Suc of passio

sun is r faint but

ing on ridge a melts ti we are meate. Let end ee nights here mand it have s stands lis. S begans begun weeds hemlo

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