

Literature, &c.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE RIVALS:

BY MADELINE.

It was on a fine morning in spring, that a young girl might have been seen wandering in front of a magnificent villa in England! Fanny Milton, for such is our heroine's name, was very beautiful; there was something so winning in the glance of her soft blue eyes, an expression of such sweetness in her voice, that persons even on a first acquaintance, were always captivated. Her figure was slight and graceful, her golden hair fell in ringlets over her finely formed shoulders. She was generally a merry, mischief-loving fairy, but this morning a shadow of sadness was on her open brow; she was evidently expecting some one, from the manner in which she started when any voice reached her ear. Presently a step was heard, and a low voice whispered her name, she sprang forward and was clasped in the arms of her lover, for such was the young man who stood beside her, "Dearest Ramon," she exclaimed, "I thought you would never come, I have been so anxious. What has detained you?" "Emily, love, you must be prepared for the worst, this morning I have been with your Guardian; I told him of my love for you; I asked to be allowed at some future time, to call you mine;" what think you was his answer—Go! Sir, and never more darken my doors with your shadow, your father crossed me in love, and if I were only for that, you should not wed my ward, but you are poor, an artist; think you she shall starve to death, or perhaps have to support her worthless husband. Begone, upstart! oblige me not to use severe measures.

"Oh, Emily my blood boiled in my veins, I would have felled him to the ground, but a voice whispered in my ear—The time of vengeance is not yet! I swore you should be mine, and left him. Only keep true to me dearest, and I will yet return to claim my bride." "I am thine ever Ramon; but there is hope; in two years I will be of age, my own mistress, and then I will have no consent to gain." "And now Emily we part, I thank you for your kind promise, and I feel a presentiment, that when I again enter yonder mansion, I will be a fit guest for its haughty lord. I am going to Italy to pursue my art; you shall hear from me often, remember dear girl I expect the same favor in return." "Willingly Ramon, the happiest moments I spend will be in writing to and receiving letters from you." One fond embrace, one mutual look of love, and he was gone.

I must go back and give my readers a short account of Ramon's father. Charles Woodford had been educated for the Church, while a young man from College he had formed a friendship with Albert de Lisle, this had continued for years, they were as brothers, and although very different in character, loved each other with all the ardour of early youth, they were both very handsome. Albert was gay, witty, and talented, a delightful companion, "in fact" a real Frenchman. Charles was beloved by all, though quite as agreeable as his friend, and ready to participate in any amusement; there was a softened expression in his eyes that showed his thoughts were not all of this world; that already a brighter light had beamed upon him. One evening while sitting in their room enjoying the fragrance of an Havana, their conversation turned upon the beauty and fashion of the surrounding country. "But my dear Charles I have a surprise for you, come with me to-morrow, and I will introduce you to an angel, a perfect Venus, whom I am already half in love with, and so I warn you not to usurp me in her good graces." As he spoke he gave a very complacent glance at his face and figure, reflected in an opposite mirror. "But Albert you have not yet told me the name of your divinity, or from what bright planet she has made her appearance." "Ah, that is the cream of the joke, yesterday while passing the Waverley House, I beheld a carriage and pair drive up, out of it descended an old gentleman whom I immediately recognised as Mr Morrison, a former friend of my father's, I accosted him with warmth you may be sure, when there was such an attraction, and had the pleasure of being presented to Miss Eleanor Silveira. Mr Morrison invited me to remain the rest of the evening, with which request I was only too happy to comply. To my sorrow the beautiful signora soon retired, leaving me alone with her Guardian, from him I gleaned a slight sketch of her history. She is an orphan, and possessor of a large fortune, they have been travelling on the Continent, and intend spending some time here, as Mr Morrison has relations in the neighbourhood. In the course of conversation I happened to mention your name, he said he would be happy to see you to-morrow evening."

"Why Albert you have quite raised my curiosity, the time will seem interminable to-morrow, until I see this paragon of perfection, but I see by my watch it is one o'clock, so good night, I need not wish you pleasant dreams, how could they be otherwise, with such a subject."—With a merry laugh they parted.

The next evening they proceeded to the hotel where they were received with great kindness, Eleanor looked truly dazzling, she was superb,

no other word would be applicable; her features were perfect, talent was written on her high and polished brow; intellect sparkled in the depths of her magnificent eyes. Her luxuriant and glossy black hair was simply knotted at the back of her classically formed head; a white camellia, the only ornament. Her dress was of black velvet, which set off a figure that might have formed a model for a sculptor. Charles was too sensible to be captivated by beauty alone, when day after day he listened to the conversation of that gifted woman, he acknowledged the power of love. Albert knew his sentiments, but without concern, thinking himself the favoured one, but when Eleanor avowed her preference for Charles, when she consented to bestow her hand on a poor Clergyman, his rage knew no bounds, he upbraided his friend with ingratitude and deceit. In vain Charles remonstrated with him, he would not hear reason; from that time Albert was his most bitter enemy, although Charles frequently desired to be reconciled to him. Eleanor never repented her choice, provided with ample means of doing good, they lived beloved by all. No sorrow passed over their dwelling until Ramon was eighteen, when he had the misfortune to lose his beloved Father. He had been visiting one of his parishioners on a very stormy day in winter; returning in the evening he caught a severe cold which settled on his lungs, and in a few weeks he fell a victim to that insidious disease, consumption. This was the first sorrow Ramon had ever experienced, but he had been early taught to say "Thy will be done," and now that he prayed for strength God did not forsake him. He was not only enabled to bear the shock, but also to support his mother under it.

He devoted himself wholly to her amusement, from a child he had been passionately fond of drawing, even at the early age of eleven years his paintings were not unworthy of admiration. He improved rapidly, and at the time of his father's death was an artist of no common merit. After time had somewhat softened the poignancy of his mother's grief, he proposed going to Italy to continue his studies, she consented, but a week before the time appointed, while they were out driving, the horses took fright at some object, and dashed forward. In vain Ramon endeavoured to restrain their speed, he and his mother were thrown out, Ramon escaped with a few bruises, but Mrs Woodford received such severe injuries, that a few weeks terminated her existence.

The second blow was too much for Ramon, he sank into such an alarming state of ill health, that he was ordered by the Doctors to try change of scene. "Alas!" he despondingly said, to his friend, Doctor Rae, "it is of no use, I feel that I shall soon follow my dear parents." "I am truly sorry for you Ramon, but you must not repine, it is the will of the Lord and remember he only sends affliction for our good; do not weep for your parents with a selfish grief, they are doubtless happy, and in God's own good time you will see them again." "Thank you Doctor Rae for your kind comfort I will try to submit." "Yes, Ramon, and pray to your Heavenly Father for strength. And now farewell—may God bless you." For two years Ramon travelled throughout Europe, visiting all the principal cities, sometimes staying for weeks in one place. His artist soul was fascinated by the various beauties of art and nature, of which he had hitherto only dreamed, meanwhile he was rapidly improving, and, being now of age he determined to return to his birthplace.

It was then that he first thought of selecting a companion who "should cheer him on his way," one to whom he would confide every feeling of his heart, who would love him for himself alone.

On his return he mixed in society, and was everywhere received as the petted favourite—the lion of the beau monde. He was a "dear creature" with manœuvring mama's, and with the daughters he was a "perfect angel," and such a "sweet moustache."

They were all so amiable, he was at a loss whom to choose, until a bright idea presented itself which he immediately put in execution.—He caused it to be proclaimed that he had lost all his fortune, and that only a small pittance remained to him. When he thought the report had sufficient time to circulate, he attended a party given in his honour, to which he had been previously invited. Mount Blanc, (if I may be allowed such a simile) could not have presented a more chilling aspect than did the guests, when our hero entered the room. They who had before treated him with the greatest suavity now turned their heads from him with the most perfect indifference, as from a stranger. Only "one" in all that gay assembly received him in the usual manner. She is the Heroine of our tale—sweet Fanny Milton. Ramon had always given her the preference, but now that he saw his poverty made no difference in her regard, he proposed, and had the pleasure of hearing that she loved him.

We have heard the answer of her Guardian, when Ramon requested his sanction to their marriage. We will now leave him to pursue his travels, and return to Fanny. A few minutes after Ramon's departure, and while the tears were still wet on her cheeks, she received a summons to appear in Mr. De Lisle's study. She found him pacing the room with anger on his brow; his lips were firmly set together, as

if striving to repress his passion. Who would have recognised in him now the merry youth of former times? Having motioned Fanny to a seat he commenced—"Miss Milton, I have this morning received a proposal for your hand which I thought proper to refuse. Such presumption, the idea of Ramon Woodford aspiring to wed you. I do not know if you have preference for him, but if so, it is my desire, nay my express command, that you meet no more, never with my sanction shall you be his bride." "Really Mr. De Lisle, I know not what you mean by presumption, his family is quite as good, if not better than mine, and his fortune until within the last few weeks, was immense." "It is not what he was, Miss Milton, but what he is. Besides, that I have other reasons which to me are of greater importance—his father was false and ungrateful to me, his dearest friend, then how can you expect to find good qualities in the son." "Ramon is worthy in every respect, Mr. De Lisle, until this cruel reverse, he stood high in the opinion of every one, but now they turn coldly from him, think you Sir I will follow their base examples? No! never. I love Ramon, and I am resolved to marry him."—"Then remember Miss Milton that if you marry without my sanction you forfeit every penny of your fortune; how will you bear to live in poverty, perhaps craving for a crust of bread, accustomed as you have been to every luxury; how will you be able to bear this change?"—"For his sake privation would be a pleasure, but that will not be necessary. Ramon intends to reside in Italy for two years. I will then be of age, my own mistress, and free to marry when and whom I please." "Very well Miss Milton, I see you are fully bent on pursuing your own rash course. Believe me you will soon repent." "Of that I will myself be the best judge, mean while I request that this sub-never more be mentioned between us. Good morning Sir." As she said these words, she arose, and with a graceful dignity which well became her, left the room.

Ramon proceeded to Italy, determined without the aid of friends or fortune, to win a name for himself. He had not been long there before he attracted the notice of an eccentric old nobleman, last scion of a princely race, who taking a fancy to the poor artist, determined to patronise him. Ramon was employed by all the first families; his paintings were universally admired, and he was again as he had been in former times, quite the rage. At the head of his profession, all readily yielded to him the palm; they saw that he was without dispute the first artist in Italy.

And now the time draws rapidly near for his return. He has accumulated quite a fortune. The last letter had been written to Fanny, when his kind benefactor was taken ill, and of course it was impossible to leave him. Ramon nursed him as if he had been his own father, attended him with the most devoted love.—The poor old man became so much attached to him that he would have no one else near. If for one moment he moved from his sight, his voice was heard calling Ramon do not leave me.

In the height of his fever, when no one could approach him, Ramon could soothe him, and he would fall asleep as placid as an infant. He lived but a few days, his last words were addressed to Ramon, thanking him for all his kindness. When his will was opened it was found, that, with the exception of a few legacies, he had left to Ramon Woodford the whole of his immense possessions.

"Behold him now a millionaire."

Though all this time, he has been surrounded by the dark eyed daughters of Italy, he has never for a moment forgotten his first love, his sweet English girl, and she was not unworthy. Many suitors had knelt at her feet, but regardless of the entreaties of Mr de Lisle, she had rejected them all. This devotion to the absent one, touched the stony heart of her Guardian: he became the same in nature as he had been in his boyish years, the happy days he had enjoyed with Charles Woodford, and many little acts of kindness which before he would not remember, now rushed upon his mind, and he resolved if ever again called upon by Ramon, to give him a more favourable answer. One evening, while conversing with his ward and enjoying the summer breeze, he beheld a carriage drawn by splendid bay horses drive to the door. While wondering who it could be, a ring was heard, and immediately a servant entered saying that a gentleman requested to see Mr de Lisle.

"Who is it Johnson?"

"He did not give his name sir, but he looks like some one I have seen before."

When Mr de Lisle entered the room, the stranger advanced to meet him. At first he was not recognised, but when he said I see you do not remember me Sir, doubt yielded to reality, and joyfully Mr de Lisle greeted him, "Woodford, is it indeed you, I am truly glad to see you. Ramon was astonished, he knew not to what happy circumstance to ascribe this sudden change, contrasting so strongly with the heartless reception he had met on a former occasion. However, he veiled his feelings, and gave Mr de Lisle an account of his history from the time of his departure, and then said, "You remember our conversation two years ago, and your answer. I again ask the same question, will you give your consent to my marrying your ward, Miss Milton?" "Willingly—I have long

ago repented of my conduct to the son of my old friend. I would have written to you, but waited to see if time would make any difference in your regard. I see you both the same, and I assure you I feel happier now than I have been for many years."

Summoning a servant, he desired him to say to Miss Milton that her presence was requested in the study. When she entered he led her up to Ramon, and joining their hands said—"God bless you both my children," and left the room. Joy had kept Fanny speechless, but when she found herself alone with her long absent lover, she threw herself into his arms, and burst into tears. Ramon soothed her with kind words and caresses, and soon had the pleasure of seeing her sweet face lit up with smiles; an expression of such love on her beautiful features, that he was already repaid for the pang of parting from one so dear. Fanny rejoiced in his prosperity, and was proud indeed to call one so gifted her own. Balls, dinner-parties, and all the fashionable etc's of the gay world, were given in honour of his return; but Ramon knew by experience, the value of these attentions. Mr de Lisle was determined that the wedding should be celebrated with the utmost splendour. He threw open his house to visitors from all parts of the country, and a month after Ramon's return, he had the pleasure of giving away the bride.

After the ceremony, Fanny left with her husband for Italy, to take up their residence in a Castle among the property left to him. On their arrival many of his old friends hastened to receive them. Among them was a Mr and Mrs Beauchans. Fanny and she became intimate. The latter had an only son Frank, at that time three years of age. As time rolled on Fanny had the pleasure of clasping in her arms her first born child, a daughter. Who that witnessed the happiness of the young people would not have envied them. It was amusing to see the way in which Frank tended his little playmate Elena; they were to each other as brothers and sisters, but as time passed by a deeper feeling took possession of their hearts, and their parents looked forward to a nearer relation ship by the union of their beloved children. Fanny's Guardian is long since dead but he has not been forgotten. His name is remembered as a public benefactor, and a "Father of the Poor."

NEW WORKS.

From Russia on the Black Sea. By H. D. Seymour.

SEBASTOPOL.

I was shown over Sebastopol by Colonel Upton and his sons, who received me very kindly, and showed me everything I wished to see.—They had found things in a very barbarous state when they arrived—had great difficulty to break in their Russian workmen to European habits of industry and carefulness, and they found that the Russian system, by which, like our own in India, so much writing is required, greatly impeded the prompt execution of work, and justified the observation of the French traveller, Jacquemont, about the latter country, that a government of stationery is in most things a stationary government. The absence of common mechanical contrivances was so great among the Russians, that almost up to the period of my visit wheelbarrows were unknown, and the troops and serfs employed in the great public works, used to pick up the earth with their hands and carry it in bags upon their shoulders, so that, particularly in wet weather, vast numbers were always laid up in the hospital with sore backs, and the works progressed very slowly. The serfs were said to do so little work, that Colonel Upton, as well as all other Englishmen that I have known employed by the Russian government, were of opinion that it would be far more economical to pay free labourers than to feed and keep the serfs for their gratuitous services. The Russian workmen quickly catch an imperfect way of doing what they are told, but, like children, want constant watching, and never can be taught the value of accuracy. They execute their tasks because they are ordered to do so, and never reason on the object to which their work is to be applied. As an instance of this, Colonel Upton said, while he was building the dock-gates at Sebastopol, when the stone work was prepared for the wood, he found to his astonishment that the parts did not fit, although he was certain that his calculations were right, and the work apparently correctly executed.—At length he thought of measuring his gauge, and then he found that his Russian workmen, having done their work wrong, cut his gauge to make it appear right, and never thought that there were other parts of the work which must fit in with theirs, and consequently made their error appear.

PATIENCE OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

The people take no pleasure in the fighting of beasts or birds, as in bull-fights, ram-fights, or cock-fights, which are common amusements among some eastern as well as European nations; and when the Russian is drunk, which often happens, he is never quarrelsome, but on the contrary, caressing, and given to tears. But on being roasted, he exhibits a degree of patient endurance which is astonishing, and a steady enthusiasm which shows great power of