"No: it is for myself. I shall want it as a remembrance when she is gone. Rachel will leave it with me on her marriage."

Clifton coloured deeply. The allusion appeared too explicit to be mistaken; and he was beginning to imagine of himself whether it might not be intended as a spur to his tardy explanation, when Mrs. De Bruyn calmly added, "Rachel's marriage takes place, you know in August."

"Her marriage!"

"I trust John has given you an invitation in form?"

Walter Clifton trembled from head to foot, as he inquired, with assumed composure, what happy man Miss De Bruyn was about to honour with her hand. The mother regarded him with unfeigned surprise."

"It is surely possible you can be unaware," said she, "that Rachel is about to marry her cousin John? The terms of the late Mr. De Bruyn's will (thanks to the officiousness of the newspapers) were made so very public, that I fancied all the world acquainted with my daughter's engagement, which has existed from her birth. It was, in fact, the only method by which poor Mr. De Bruyn could concentrate the affairs of his house. John will, henceforth, assume the sole control of the business. Among families of our persuasions such alliances are common."

"*Persuasion!—business!*"—Yes! Walter Clifton began to understand it all!—Rachel was doubtless the daughter of the great Jew banker, De Bruyn, defunct a few years before, the details of whose will had occupied three columns per day of the morning papers, for nearly a week. He ought to have remembered all this—he ought to have inquired—he ought to have known, or rather, people ought to have warned him! Yet why, or wherefore? Was it not tacitly understood that all London, from the Regent's Park to St. James's, was familiar with the fortunes of the great heiress, the only daughter of the most famous of Jewish bankers?

Luckily for Walter, the announcement of a visitor at that moment afforded him an opportunity of escape from the house; and his horse being in waiting at the door, he galloped many miles into the country, before the stunning effects of the blow he had received in the slightest degree subsided.

His first impulse was to quit London that very night; *not* for Fetlock—or only the preceding day he had despatched a letter to his mother explanatory of his happy expectations, and he had not courage enough to expose himself to the old lady's questions and condolence. No!—he would go abroad—to *Turkey*—to Egypt—the East; no matter where, so that he might escape all recurrence to the origin of his wretchedness. On Rachel De Bruyn he never wished to look again. One of the weaknesses of his moral nature was antipathy to Jews and all relating to them; and even were the prejudice surmounted, this member of the tribe—this one—*this Jewess*—had done him a deliberate injury—had trampled, for her wanton amusement, over his affections. No!—he never wished to look on Rachel De Bruyn again!

On his return towards London, however, calmer feelings ensued. Though still determined to fly from England, he resolved, ere his departure, to indulge in a last view of that which was so eminently lovely, as if for the purpose of engraving still more indelibly in his bosom the image of its false idol. He could trust himself to look upon her without self-betrayal. He possessed an all-potent antidote to the power of her charms—to the magic of her voice. *She was a Jewess!*

According to previous engagement, they were to meet and dance together that evening, at one of the finest fêtes of the season. He would go—he would confront her—he would fix his eyes for the last time upon the future Mrs. John De Bruyn.

From the smiling self-possession with which she accosted him, Clifton inferred with truth that his emotion of the morning had passed unnoticed by her mother. No suspicions were excited, they might part as calmly as they had met. Rachel should never know the anguish she had inflicted—never learn that he had quitted her with a breaking heart to bid an eternal farewell to the country wherein she abided. He began, therefore, to talk with indifference on indifferent subjects; and unsuspicious that any peculiar agitation was labouring in his breast, the lovely girl readily accepted his arm, to make the tour of the illuminated gardens of ——— House. At length they sat down together, still talking with levity, and smiling with unconcern; till, after gazing in silence a moment or two upon the beautiful contour of her half-averted face, Clifton suddenly gave way to an uncontrolled burst of passionate exclamation. "No!—it cannot have proceeded from inadvertence," cried he, "you *must* have been aware of the cruel injury you were inflicting!—you *must* have seen how blindly I fell into an error, the results of which are to cleave to me as a curse for evermore."

Believing her companion to be attacked by sudden frenzy, Rachel started up, and proposed returning to her mother. But Clifton did not stir; and the tears that were now slowly rolling down his face appeared so forcibly to her sympathy, that, without uttering a syllable, she sat down again by his side.

"You cannot have been insensible to your influence over me," he resumed, in a broken voice; "and knowing the insuperable obstacles between us, why—why encourage my attachment for the wanton indulgence of a vanity which has withered every prospect of my life!"

"Obstacles!—attachment!" exclaimed Rachel, in grief and surprise, overpowered by the fervour of his address. "Dear Mr. Clifton, with what have you to reproach me? From the moment of your considerate kindness to us at Ashbrook you have been welcomed with warm friendship to our house—you must have seen how much we preferred your society—how truly flattered we were by your preference of ours."

"Then why not explain at once the impossibility of the expectations I was forming?"

"Expectations!"

"Of making you my wife—my own—my beloved and loving household companion."

Rachel grew pale as she listened to this earnest apostrophe.

"You cannot have meditated this," said she, at length, in a tremulous voice. "The difference of religion———"

"I knew it not—I guessed it not."

"Yet our name—our well known connexions ——"

"I saw nothing but your beauty—your excellence. I asked nothing—I cared for nothing but to be near you, still and ever near you—near you as now, when, gazing for the last time upon your face, I feel that my earthly happiness is crushed for ever. Rachel! you *must* have seen that I loved you!"

"You did but offer me, in a more marked degree, the attention I have been in the habit of receiving from others; who, aware of my faith, my family, my betrothment to my cousin, show me the attentions due to my age, sex, and position in society."

"And has there been *nothing* then in your own feelings towards me, to war against your happiness in the state into which you are about to enter? You have a cold, cold heart then I imagined!" cried Walter Clifton.

"My cousin is no less partial to you than my mother and myself; I have always hoped our friendship would continue after my marriage," pleaded Miss De Bruyn, accustomed from childhood to regard the tie of wedlock as part of the ceremony of social life.

"Your cousin!" exclaimed Clifton, "Could you imagine that your *husband* would remain equally insensible to my passionate fondness?"

"I never thought!—I never considered. I have lived with John De Bruyn on the happiest terms so long as I can remember," faltered Rachel. "Why should he begin to thwart me and interfere with my preferences, on the eternal union of our destinies.

"Rachel! Rachel! you will drive me mad!" cried Clifton, perceiving how closely unfolded was her soul in the web of early associations and religious influence. "What is the meaning of this strange combination of simplicity and intelligence? of feeling and insensibility? Are you about to bestow yourself as a mere endowment—to give up your youth, your beauty, to one you regard only as a partner in your father's bank? Or do you—(tell me truly, I can bear it, Rachel, answer me for once honestly)—*do* you—*can* you love this man?"

"Of course I do! My cousin has never breathed a harsh word to me, or been guilty of an unkind action."

"But is that enough for the intimate—the exquisite tenderness of wedded life? Is it to *his* eyes your own heart turns in unspeakable sympathy with all that is bright, and noble, and glorious? It is from *him* you will seek encouragement in your aspirations after knowledge—after truth? Is it towards him you will be conscious of that intense and fervent passion, which finds eternity itself insufficient for its prospects of happiness."

Miss De Bruyn had no reply for language so new, so startling. It was not thus she had been accustomed to contemplate her union with her impassive cousin. It was a family arrangement, unmixed as that which made her the child of her mother, or the daughter of her tribe; but it was nothing more.

"I must not listen to all this," said she, becoming conscious of the delicacy of her situation, and making a movement to rise.

"You will not have to listen to it long," was Clifton's calm rejoinder, resuming some control over his feelings. "I am here but to bid you farewell for ever. After this night, I shall behold your face no more. Be happy, Rachel, since you can content yourself with the monotonous calm of an existence unbrightened by tenderness—unendeared by the ties of spontaneous, fervent, passionate attachment."

"But you are a Christian," interrupted Miss De Bruyn. "Even had not my destiny been sealed by an eternal compact, I never could have been your wife."

It was now Walter's turn to remain silent; and Rachel mildly pursued her advantage.

"If, as you say," continued she in a faltering tone, "I am to blame in not having discovered your attachment and appri[illegible] you of the obstacles to our union why did not *you* who were satisfied of my affection, acquaint *me* with the objections that were to prevent my being honoured with your hand?"

"On my life—my soul—I new not of their existence!" cried Walter. What was there in your position in the world, or your establishment at home, to induce suspicion that you were otherwise than the society in which I found you? But even had I known it," cried he, struggling with contending emotions, "nay, deeply as I am imbued by birth and education with prejudices against your faith and its professors, I would have waived all objections—forgotten all scruples—for the rich compensation of calling you mine for ever!"

Rachel was silent. A deep impression had been made upon her feelings.

"By my father's will," said she at last in a low voice, "I forfeit my whole fortune by nonfulfilment of my contract with my cousin."

"Are you then so dearly attached to the things of this world?" exclaimed Clifton, with bitter contempt.

"As little as any human being," replied Rachel, unmoved by his sarcasm. "But how do I know that others—that *you*—might be equally indifferent?"

"Great God! can you be so little acquainted with human nature as to suppose that the man who would sacrifice the deepest prejudice of his soul for your sake, would not also resign the paltry temptation of a little miserable gross?"

Again Rachel was silent. But the impression upon her feelings was feebly profound.

"You would make me your wife then—poor, penniless—renounced by my family—abhorred by my people———"

Clifton's reply burst forth at once from the impetuosity of a generous heart.

"You are excited by the passion of the moment," said Rachel, a bright expression of newborn love and happiness beaming from her eyes. "Think calmly of it, Clifton. I give you till to-morrow for consideration."

"You mean that *you* desire to deliberate on such a sacrifice!"—*Littell's Museum*

[*To be Continued.*]

A Chinese Map of the World.—In knowledge of geography the Chinese have been till recently sadly deficient. Malcom describes a map of the world which he obtained there, as follows:—

"It is two feet wide by three and a half high, and is almost covered with China! In the left-hand corner, at the top, is a sea, in which are delineated, as small islands, Europe, England, France, Holland, Portugal, and Africa. Holland is as large as all the rest, and Africa is not so large as the end of one's little finger! The Northern frontier is Russia, very large. The left corner at the bottom is occupied by 'the western ocean,' as it is called, containing the Malay peninsula, pretty well defined. Along the bottom are Camboja, Cochin-China, and, represented as moderate sized islands; and on the right is Formosa, larger than all the rest put together. Various other countries are shown, as small islands. I should have given an engraving of this curious map, but that a true reduction to the size of a page would have left out most of these countries altogether. The surrounding ocean is represented in huge waves, with smooth passages, or highways, branching off to different countries, or islands, as they represent them. They suppose that ships that keep along the highways go safely, but if they, through ignorance, or stress of weather, diverge, they soon get among these awful billows, and are lost."

On Mysterious Interpositions of Providence.

It may be presumed that all wise and religious men have come to the settled conclusion, that, in regard to supposed remarkable providential interpostions, we ought neither to believe lightly, nor to reject skeptically;—neither to admit unproved tales, nor to fight against well-supported facts. The general doctrine, that the all-powerful and all-wise Creator can and may afford extraordinary manifestations, is not doubted by any Christian; and that he occasionally does so, even in modern times, is both consistent with reason, and proveable by evidence. Such facts when fully substantiated, are too valuable to be overlooked; they form a link between the visible and the unseen world; and I am induced, therefore, to bring before your readers a remarkable narrative, which is seriously vouched for by "the author of Tremaine," and which, if true, must be capable of corroboration from other sources. I cannot suppose that the writer though anonymous, has fabricated the story, as Defoe did that of Mrs. Veal's ghost to recommend Drelincourt's work on death; but in so serious a matter I should wish for direct and well-authenticated testimony. The surviving friends of Sir Evan Nepean, or some gentleman in the public offices, must surely be able to vouch for the facts, if they really occurred. The narrative is as follows:

"At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrew's which I have mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others of the same kind; and one valuable gentleman, who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when under-secretary of state, had been warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons, who, but for this appearance, would all of them have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

"You may well suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan very well, I informed him of what he was charged with, and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. 'The gentleman,' said he, good humoredly, romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me.'

"He went on to tell me that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven to two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the Park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Horse-guards several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his passkey. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him. 'A reprieve to be sent to York for the convicts ordered for execution the next day.' It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. 'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan: 'collect yourself; it must have been sent.' The chief clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. 'Good,' said Sir E., 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?' 'No!' 'Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early.' It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday; he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under-secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, 'The reprieve is locked up in my desk.' It was brought: Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart."

The above facts are so extraordinary that they require ample verification. The narrative may have been incorrectly transmitted; and if Sir Evan Nepean cannot be proved to have related it circumstantially as it is given above, it might be resolved into the mere simple statement, that, not having received a return to his order to send the reprieve, he was uneasy, and went out in the night to his office to satisfy his mind. This takes away the most wonderful portion of the story, though it still leaves several remarkable circumstances which may be justly termed "providential," particularly the finding the crown clerk precisely as he was setting off for the country at four o'clock in the morning, so as just to allow time for the express to arrive at York before the execution.

But if Sir E. Nepean really asserted the facts to have been as above narrated, there is no just cause for setting them aside upon the allegation that they are contrary to reason, or Scripture, or experience. They are not contrary to reason; for what is there unreasonable in supposing that Divine Providence might specially interfere to save the life of these persons,

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