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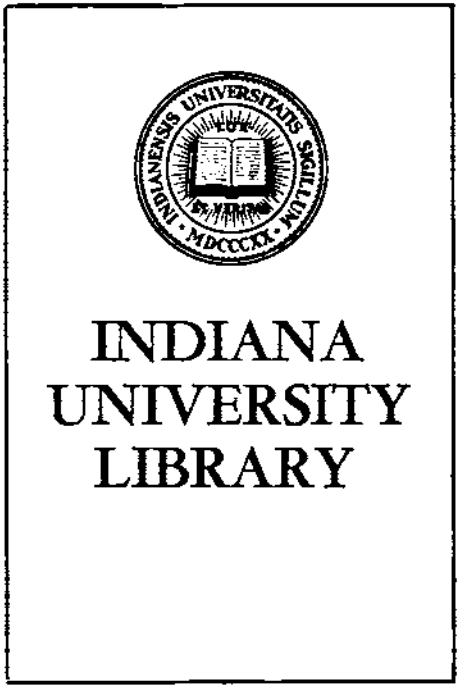




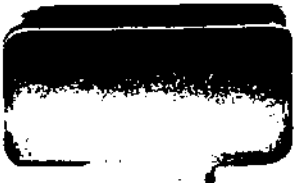
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GRAHAM'S

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

MAGAZINE.

(THE CASKET AND GENTLEMAN'S UNITED.)

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE:

EMBELLISHED WITH

ENGRAVINGS, FASHIONS, AND MUSIC,

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
1841.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE YOUNG RAMBLER.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

O'ER a landscape array'd in the verdure of June,
While the sky was serene, and the birds were in tune,
From his vine-cover'd home, with his dog and his toy,
Went the glad-hearted youth in the hey-day of joy.

He sauntered away in his quest of delight,
As heedless of rest as a bird in its flight,
Allur'd by the flowers, and sooth'd by the gale,
O'er the green-sloping hill and the fair sunny vale.

With a fondness to roam, and a wish to be free,
He bounded in triumph, or whistled in glee,
Now crushing a blossom, or plucking a bough,
Or climbing a tree by the cliff's rugged brow.

With his dog at his side, o'er the heather he flew,
Where the clover-bed bloom'd, or the strawberry grew,
And trampled the grass that encumber'd the plain,
While flutter'd the flock from the clustering grain.

He knew the lone spots of the forest and glen,
The rook of the crow, and the nest of the wren,
And hied as a forager there for his prey,
But left the wood-tenants unharm'd in their play.

By hedge-row, and brushwood, and briar, and brake,
To the pebble-shor'd brook, and the wild-wooded lake,
He ror'd, while the pathway was leafy and green,
Where bow'd the old oaks o'er the silvery scene.

And there by the brookside, when tir'd of play,
He gazed on the charms of the slow-dying day,
And thought, as it gave to some lovelier land,
The blaze of that light which the zenith had spann'd,

That a ray there must be to illumine the heart—
A guide and a goal for man's innermost part—
A Glory unknown, to be follow'd and bless'd,
That again would recall what it gave to its breast.

When Love can a lustre so beautiful shed,
It were sad if the soul could be lost or misled,
Or its flight to its source be less cheerful and bright,
Than the blaze of that sun 'neath the curtains of night.

With the lovely illusions of day's mellow'd scene,
All around him was radiant, and vocal, and green,
But now as he gaz'd on the sky and the air,
No melody rose, and no splendour was there.

"Oh! keep me," he said, "in the path where I stray,
Illum'd by the warmth of some soul-cheering ray—
That my glance may be clear thro' the cloud and the storm,
When the night of the grave has o'ershadow'd my form."

He look'd as a child, but he felt as a man,
And in Wisdom concluded what Folly began;
Then in silence his steps he was fain to resume,
Ere the shadowy fall of the thick-coming gloom.

Soon up from the shore, and away from the stream,
He wended as one that was wak'd from a dream,
For the voice of a thought had been heard in his heart,
And the lingering whisper was slow to depart.

His vine-cover'd home in the twilight was nigh,
And the whipporwill sending its plaint to the sky,
And the bark of his dog, and the voice at the door,
He welcom'd with joy when his ramble was o'er.

Though dear to his vision that forest-bound scene,
With its dwelling of peace on a carpet of green,
The wild spot his memory loves to restore,
Is the path to that stream, and the oak by its shore.

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THE LOST EVENING.

BY JESSE K. DOW.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"MAURICE stay and go with me to the ball at Mrs. Wilson's this evening," said a fairy formed creature with eyes that sparkled with anticipated delight, as she rested her hand upon a young naval officer's arm and gazed upon his manly features.

"Mary, dearest Mary," replied the young man in a hesitating manner. "The stage will leave here at eleven to-night, and if I miss it I shall lose my only chance of reaching my Frigate. She is under sailing orders—and will be off in the twinkling of a marline spike, and there 's glory to be won and——"

"A seaman's sepulchre—" said the lovely girl, as the tears started into her eyes and glittered like tiny pearls upon her long dark eye-lashes.

"But Maurice, you can go at eleven and accompany me to the ball beside. The last evening you spend at Belleview should be spent with your friends."

The young man hesitated no longer. "Mary," said he, "you have conquered, I will accompany you to Mrs. Wilson's and leave at eleven—I shall then bear with me your last impression; and when the tempest howls and the billows toss their snowy spray around me, when the never wearied Petril sings in the hollows of ocean astern, and the thunder awakes the echo of the deep—then while the good ship scuds along her lightning way, will I recall this evening of light and beauty, and with my dread-nought wrapped about me, keep my midnight watch, happier far, than the lazy commodore who snores in a velvet night-cap in his luxurious cabin."

"Well, Maurice, you have finished at last," said the laughing girl leaning upon his arm, "I never expected to hear the end of your raphsody when you commenced—but come let us go in for I have much to do and the evening approaches." The young man returned her animated glance with a gaze of deep devotion and following her, entered the house from the garden Verandah. There was no one in the drawing-room when Maurice Fitzgerald and Mary Howard entered.

"Maurice," said the young maiden as she pointed out upon the ocean, and then turned to a table of magazines and annuals, "Nature and art are placed before you, and I shall leave you to be amused by them until my father's return." Thus saying, the light hearted girl bounded away to dress for the coming rout. Fitzgerald answered with a smile and then turned to gaze upon the prospect that spread out before his uncle's mansion. The broad Atlantic was seen for several miles rolling in the crimson light of the setting sun, and the holl w roar of its distant breakers burst upon his ear. T sea-birds in forked trains were seen winging th garrolous flight toward the land, and the success fishermen were casting their scaly spoil upon t beach. It was a quiet evening, notwithstanding the wind in cat's paws ruffled the surface of the deep and wailed sadly amid the branches of the elm trees that lined the avenue in front of the mansion.

As Fitzgerald gazed upon the scene he thought of his lovely cousin and then of the glorious profession that he had chosen. The eye of the mariner loves the ocean. His ear delights in its hollow murmurs, its lashing surges, its misty shadows, and its constant motion. He feels that the land is not for him and that his home is on the deep, deep sea. He sickens in the forest. He grows weary upon the mountain side, the fairest valley smiles in vain for him, and the babbling river but carries him away to that mightier deep whose ebb and flood surrounds the world. The very air—the scent of the sea is far more pleasant to him than the spicy breezes that sigh o'er India's isles, and the stout ship with its tar and rope-yarn, its salt junk, call by seamen mahogany, and its duff puddings that defy the tooth of time, is far more agreeable to him than the altar'd palace of an eastern prince with tables crushing beneath the weight of costly viands and richest wines. No one can appreciate the beauty and majesty of the heavens but him who has been shut out from every other prospect for days and weeks together. How beautiful it is to lean upon the taffrail in a moonlight night upon the eastern sea while the sails of the gallant from sky to water are gently filled by the d Levanter, and watch the broad bright moon as travels up the high way of heaven and she a brighter lustre upon the stars. Then the eye penetrates, aye even into the deep blue space beyond and as when gazing upon the calm bosom of the middle ocean sees naught but mysterious shadowings—a waving curtain of eternal blue.

The topsails of a ship now flashed upon the verge of the horizon, the quick eye of Fitzgerald soon discovered her to be a vessel of war. He watched her with intense interest, and as she approached the land the sun went down to his rest in the deep.

As the last ray of the golden orb flashed upon the vessel, Fitzgerald saw plainly that the Cross of Saint George floated at her ensign peak and that she was an enemy of his country. The stranger

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having drawn in sufficiently near to the land, now ...ked, and in the uncertain haze of evening, faded ...ay.

"I will be the first to communicate the glad tid... to my commander," said the young officer, pro... ly; "and ere many days the haughty Briton ...ll humble himself to the stars of the republic."

"Well said, my gallant boy," cried Col. Howard, ... h hobbled up to his future son-in-law, who ...ed like one awakened from a glorious dream.

"Uncle," said Fitzgerald with a smile, "I did not ...ear you enter."

"No matter, boy," said the old soldier, as he ...ed his features into the proper expression for ...re twinge of the gout, and stood silent for a ...nt, and then as the pain *evaporated*, continued, "I ...ard you and am pleased with your thoughts; you ...ust leave this evening."

"Certainly," said Fitzgerald, smiling.

The tea urn was now brought in, and the family of Colonel Howard assembled around the well spread table. A short blessing interrupted by a few short pishes and pshaws! on account of the severe pains that constantly seized the old gentleman's leg, was now said by him; and then the evening meal was quietly and systematically dispatched. Sage surmises as to the course of the fair stranger, and eager speculations as to the result of her meeting with an American cruizer, occupied the thoughts and conversational powers of the little party; at length Colonel Howard began to grow drowsy. His arm chair was then wheeled to the right about—he gave his blessing to his nephew with a good will, grasped his hand with the frankness of a soldier, and bade him adieu; then bringing his crutch to the third position of the manual, he went to sleep. Soon the young men heard the old man muttering in his visions of the revolution, "on to Princeton—ha, there is Knox, I know his fire—onward my boys—they fly—the day is ours," and then a twinge of the gout played the deuce with his dream, and he fell fast away he slumbered as sweetly as a babe upon its mother's breast. Fitzgerald and Mary now departed for Mrs. Wilson's, the former having taken his baggage in the carriage, so as to be enabled to step from the ball room to the stage coach.

Mrs. Wilson was one of those comets of fashion which regularly appear with every cycle of time, and which after setting the cities in a blaze, retire to the inland towns to renew their fires, and shine forth as comets of the first magnitude amid inferior stars; believing it to be better to be the head of a village than the tail of a city. It was currently reported by scandalising spinsters that she had been a milliner in England, and having a handsome person was hired by the manager of a country theatre, there to act the *goddess* in the play of Cherry and Fair Star. Here she entrapped the affections of a young nobleman, who by a mock marriage became her reputed husband. The honey moon soon passed away, and with the realities of wedded life, came the astounding *denouement* that the nobleman's coachman had officiated as chaplain on the occasion, and that the marriage was a humbug. This was a downfall to Mrs. Wilson, but she had no help excepting to marry the butler of his lordship, a man of considerable wealth, and emigrate to America. His lordship was generous on the occasion: and the honest butler found himself with a wife, an estate, and an heir presumptive, all at the same moment. Having money and a handsome person, the beautiful and well dressed Mrs. Wilson soon imposed herself upon an aristocratic family in New York as a branch of a noble stock in England. Mr. Wilson, it may be proper to observe, died on his passage, and Mrs. Wilson was a widow when she made the highlands of Neversink.

There is over all those stale meat pies, ycleped large cities, a self-styled upper crust that rises in puffs above the solids. It rejects every thing that is not as light and as trifling as itself, and to say the least of it, has but little virtue or consistency. It covers the virtues and the vices of the social compact, and smothers in *flour* and *paste* the unhappy genius who endeavors to penetrate it. As nothing was made in vain, perhaps this self-important crust, like the web of the spider, was designed to catch the pointed and gilded drones, whose presence and senseless buzzing might otherwise have disturbed the working party of mankind at their labors, and have caused them to leave the world to starve. To this upper stratum of society in New York, Mrs. Wilson was introduced by her new made friends, and she continued in the ascendent for three months, but unfortunately for human greatness, one evening at a large and fashionable rout, a noble marquis was announced, who to the astonishment of every person present exclaimed, as he was presented to Mrs. Wilson, "Poll Johnson are you here, when did you leave the millinary line?" This was sufficient—the party broke up in confusion, as though a case of plague had occurred in the *circle*. Mrs. Wilson fainted, and was sent home in a hack as a bundle of soiled linen is sent to the washerwomen, duly marked and numbered upon the outside; and the aristocratic family who had been imposed upon by her, went through with a three weeks' purification at Saratoga Springs, whence they returned with a sin offering, in the shape of a real nobleman—a perfect simpleton of a count—whose soul lay in whiskers, and whose heart was in bottle green.

Mrs. Wilson, like the jack daw, stripped of borrowed plumes, left New York in great haste, and settled upon a country farm near Belleview, where at the opening of my sketch she reigned mistress of the ton.

As Mary Howard and Fitzgerald entered the saloon, a number of light footed creatures preceded by the super-human Mrs. W. came sailing across the room to meet them.

The ball had commenced, and numbers were daneing to a tune which was then in vogue, and which had been made for these words—

"Come list to me a minute,
A song I 'm going to begin it,
There 's something serious in it,
'T is all about the Law.
L!——A!——W!——law!
Has got a deuce of a claw."

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Here the ladies all curtesied to the gentlemen, and the gentlemen all bowed to the ladies, and all continued for five seconds looking in their partners faces with pendent arms, straight under-pinnings, body and breast bent into a half circle, and head erect—

Like some brass God of Heathen make
In shape unheard of——;

but as soon as the note expressive of the word *claw* was ended, which in the language of Milton, was like

"Linked sweetness long drawn out;"

every body like an unstrung bow, resumed its straight position, and then such a double shuffle commenced as bade defiance to the most agile of the monkeys of Paraguay, and would have caused a mutiny in the lodge of the Upper Mandans had the dance been introduced there by the incomparable Mrs. Wilson.

The ball went on in its vigor—small talk and sour lemonade, with some of the thinnest slices of smoked beef, between two equally thin slices of bread, oiled on one side, and patted down on the other, filled up the interstices of the evening, and the company were as amiable and as ceremonious as possible.

A young gentleman in checkered pantaloons, and a bottle green coat, with a spotted cravat, and a retiring dickey around his neck, now approached Miss Howard and her cousin, and was introduced by the presiding deity as Count Frederick Ampisand, of Hesse Cassel, Germany.

Fitzgerald did not like the appearance of the count; he gave him a formal return of civilities and retired to another corner of the room. Mary Howard who was a perfectly artless creature; but still perverse in her nature from the indulgence of an invalid mother, and proud of having her own way, became pleased with the foreigner as Fitzgerald became disgusted. She admired his pretty broken sentences; his captivating lisp, his manner of pulling up his dickey, and of raising his quizzing glass whenever a lady passed him. Forgetting all but her own gratification, and being desirous of giving Fitzgerald a commentary upon jealousy—that green-eyed jade—she neglected her lover, and hung upon the Count's aspirations as Eve did upon the devil's whisper in Eden's bower.

Fitzgerald was piqued. In fact he became angry, and joining the dance, which he had heretofore declined, became the gayest of the gay. He skipped through a cotillion like a reefer at a dignity ball in Barbadoes, and the light-footed Mrs. Wilson declared that she discovered new graces in Mr. Fitzgerald every time he jumped over the music-stool. Mary Howard now became piqued in turn, and she joined heartily in the laugh against her lover. A rude remark of the Count's, and a heartier laugh of his beloved, at his expense, now stung the young officer to the soul. He looked at the little knot of critics. The Count was gazing at him through an enormous quizzing glass, and a smile of scorn curled his moustached lip.

Fitzgerald was impetuous and brave. Nature had given him great strength, and a good share of modest assurance. He walked deliberately up to the party—"Miss Howard," said he, "I beg of you to excuse the Count for a moment. I have a laughable trick to show him in the hall." The Count did not relish the proposition to go into the dark entry with the officer. He had discovered a spice of devil lurking in his eye. But Mary, suspecting that her cousin was about to divert them with a sea trick that required the aid of a second person, insisted upon Count Ampisand's going with him to oblige her.

"Aye, ver well to oblige Miss 'Oward. I will go with Neptune," said the Count magnanimously.

"Get your hat," said Fitzgerald, as the Count left the saloon.

"I ave him in my pocket," said Ampisand, pulling from his coat an opera hat, that answered the double purpose of a "bustle" and a beaver, and clapping it upon his head. The two lovers now stood at the outside door from which several steps led to the muddy street.

"Count Ampisand," said Fitzgerald, "you are an imposter and a pitiful scoundrel. I have called you out to insult you. Now, sir, take that, and be off" So saying, before the thunder-stricken Ampisand could reply, Fitzgerald seized him by the nose, and, after giving it no infant's pull, presented his front to the street, and administered an impetus to his after body that carried him into a horse-pond in the middle of the road.

"I will ave the satisfacione, begar, Mr. Lieutenant to shoot you wid de small sword dis night," said the Count, gathering himself up, and retreating to the two Golden Eagles in no small haste. Fitzgerald laughed aloud, and closing the door behind him, walked lazily toward the shore of the ocean. After walking for half an hour upon the wild sea beach, Fitzgerald turned his steps toward Mrs. Wilson's for the purpose of bidding his cousin farewell.

Coming footsteps now aroused him from his reverie, and soon a young gentleman from the city, accompanied by a surgeon, and Count Ampisand, came up to him. A challenge was received and accepted, and Fitzgerald named the present as the only time. After much haggling about the unseasonableness of the hour, and the disturbance the duel might create in the vicinity of Mrs. Wilson's,—on the part of the challenging party—the count, who had been refreshing his courage with some old port, prepared to meet his antagonist on the spot.

Small swords had been brought by Ampisand's friend, and the surgeon, who was an acquaintance of Fitzgerald, undertook to act as his second. The gentle breeze was singing a lullaby to the ocean, and the sound of the distant viol broke upon their ears. The ground was now paced out—the principals were placed, and the words, one! two! three! guard! were given, and the duel commenced. For a few seconds the parties appeared to be equally matched, but at length the count, whose body seemed wonderfully to have increased in size since the insult, began to pant and blow like a porpoise

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out of water. Fitzgerald now caught the count's sword in the fleshy part of his arm, and ran him through the body. The wounded man dropped his weapon, and fell heavily upon the ground. Fitzgerald and the surgeon ran up to him,—"Forgive me," said the apparently dying man, whispering in Fitzgerald's ear, "I loved Mary Howard, and would have borne her away from you, but now, alas, my prospects are blighted, and I must pay for my folly with my blood."

"He does not bleed," said the surgeon, mournfully.

"Alas, my friend is mortally wounded," said the count's second, putting a bottle of Scotch snuff to his mouth, instead of a phial of brandy. The wounded man grated his teeth violently, and rejected all aid. Lights now came from Mrs. Wilson's toward them, notwithstanding the moon shone brightly to dim them.

"Is there no hope," said Fitzgerald to the surgeon. The medical man raised the body up—a cold sweat was upon the face—death seemed nigh at hand. He shook his head.

"Fly, sir," said Ampisand's second, "or you will be taken, the crowd are near at hand."

"Go to my lodgings," said the surgeon, "and I will meet you there in a few minutes."

Ampisand's friend and Fitzgerald now took the swords and ran across the churchyard, which made a short cut to the surgeon's. As they reached the street they heard a stage-coach rattling furiously down the main street. Fitzgerald stopped. He saw it was far ahead—he uttered a faint cry—his chance of reaching his frigate was past. The surgeon soon came. The wounded man was in the charge of a German doctor, at Mrs. Wilson's. The ladies had nearly all gone home in fainting fits, and Mary Howard had left in a flood of tears. This confirmed Fitzgerald's suspicions. "She loved him," said he "and, oh, what have I lost by this evening's devotion."

Fitzgerald's arm pained him considerably, and the surgeon dressed it. A carriage was then sent for, to bear the young officer to his post; and while it was being made ready, he threw himself upon the surgeon's truckle bed, and caught an unquiet nap. It was nearly 3 o'clock of a cold wet morning,—for a storm had ushered in the day,—when the unhappy Fitzgerald departed in a close carriage from Belleview.

For the first stage he had a hope of overtaking the post, but his horses began to lag with the advance of day, and it was three, P. M. before he arrived at the point of embarkation. As he drew up at the Bowery House, he watched eagerly for some one of his brother officers, but none appeared to greet him. He paid his coachman and bounded into the passage. The bar-keeper met him at the door.

"Where is the Frigate, Dennis," said he impatiently.

"She sailed at nine this morning," said the bar-keeper, "and is now out at sea."

Maurice Fitzgerald, I have said, was a brave man. He could have faced death upon the blood-stained deck, and gloriously braved the brunt of battle, but now he felt his strength depart, and retiring suddenly to his room, burst into a flood of tears. After a few moments, his moral courage returned. "I have merited this," said he, "by acceding to her girlish whims. I must now make the best of a bad matter, and trust to fortune for success." He now proceeded to act in a calm manner. He wrote a hasty note to Col. Howard, detailing the circumstances of the case as they occurred, and sending his formal respects to Mary. He wrote a line to his aged father, of the same character, and furthermore stated his intention of joining his vessel by the aid of a pilot boat. Having paid his bill, he sold a check upon his banker, purchased a sea-cloak and a brace of pistols, and with his valise in his hand, boarded a fast sailing pilot, at Beckman's Slip. A bargain was soon struck, and the light craft, with Fitzgerald at the helm, turned her head to the sea. On the way down, they met the pilot who had taken the frigate to sea, and ascertained her course. Trusting, then, to the swiftness of the boat, that had several days provision on board, the young officer boldly steered for the Atlantic, and when the sun set, the highlands of Neversink were astern.

During the night, which continued wet and gloomy, the wind, in fitful puffs, hurled them swiftly o'er the waves, and, when the morning came, the long, swelling billows of the ocean tumbled o'er them, and the sheer-water darted ahead along the thunder-chaunting waves. Nothing was to be seen but the clouds above, and the gloomy waves below, which came together at the edge of the horizon like the lid and bottom of a circular tobacco box, when closed. The old pilot was now confident that the frigate had changed her course during the evening preceding, and that all possibility of his overtaking her was gone. With a heavy heart, therefore, Fitzgerald put his helm down, the tacks and sheets were shifted, the snowy canvass felt again the side-long breath of the gale, and the little bark drew in toward the distant shore.

A suspicious looking schooner now hove in sight, and bore down upon them with the swiftness of the wind. The pilot, from the first, did not like her appearance, and Fitzgerald, although he said nothing to alarm his companion, felt confident that she was a pirate. In less than an hour, the warlike stranger shot across their bows, fired a gun, loaded with grape, at their sails, and hoisted the black flag of the Buccaniers.

All resistance to this antagonist would have been madness, and the pilot obeyed the hoarse hail, and ran alongside the pirate. Twenty rough looking rascals, each armed to the teeth, with a young man of higher rank at their head, sprang into the pilot boat, and after making sundry motions, which seemed to imply a speedy cutting of their throats, bound the pilot and his men. Fitzgerald, however, resisted the party that came upon him, and with his pistols soon wounded two of the pirates. A cutlass now flashed before his eyes, and sense and reason departed.

When Fitzgerald again became conscious of existence, he found himself in a cot, swinging in a beautiful cottage, in the vicinity of the sea, for he

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could hear the solemn roar of breakers, and the screams of the sea-birds, as they revelled amid the foam. A beautiful Creole maiden stood by his bed side, chaunting a low, mournful tune, while she brushed away the flies from his pillow with a long fan made of peacock's feathers.

He looked at her for some seconds, and then as the thought of his cousin past across his brain, a deep sigh burst from his lips. The maiden started—"hush," said she, putting her finger to her lips, and stepping to the side table, handed him a composing draught in a silver goblet. He drank the contents with gratitude, and soon fell into a sweet sleep.

It was nearly sunset when Fitzgerald awoke, completely invigorated in body and mind. He looked around him,—no one was to be seen. He called, but no one answered his summons. He now determined to find out where he was. His clothes were in a chair beside his cot, and his valise was upon the dressing table. He raised himself slowly upon his arm,—finding that he was not in want of strength, he sprang out of the cot and dressed himself. He now viewed his face in a huge Spanish mirror, that hung over a taper, with the holy letters I. H. S. below it. He started back in astonishment. A cruel cut had laid open his marble forehead to the scull, and a long, purple scar, scarcely healed, marked the track of the cutlass. Having brushed his long, black hair over the disfiguration, he went to the window and looked out upon the surrounding face of nature. He saw he was upon a small island, in the midst of a host of others, and that the narrow passes between them were filled with clippers and man-o'-war boats, apparently returning from cruizes upon the main. It was a romantic spot, unlike any other in the world. About sixty cottages, like the one he occupied, rose in the distance, each with its garden and verandah. Groves of orange and lemon trees, loaded with ripe fruit, waved their tops of eternal green around, and filled the atmosphere with a delicious odor.

The waves broke over the long, bold reefs that lined the islands, and the sky was dotted with flocks of sea-birds. Here and there a solitary pine tree sprung from a crevice in the rocks, where its cone had been thrown up by the dash of some sweeping wave whose crest had borne it across the sea. It was Noman's Group, and was not far from Cape Fiyaway.

Fitzgerald had hardly made the discoveries above related, when the lovely Creole, with an officer in a naval uniform, entered the chamber. They saluted Fitzgerald with kindness, and appeared to be astonished at his sudden improvement. He now found a ready market for the smattering of Spanish he had picked up among the Dagos of Mulion, and in half an hour his store was exhausted.

From them he learned that the pilot had been set adrift in his boat, after having furnished all the information desired; but that he, from his resistance, had been retained to be killed at leisure. Having, however, from a fever of the brain, continued insensible so long,—it being then the thirtieth day,—the pirates concluded to send him to the Hospital Island, to be restored to health. He was now with his surgeon and attentive nurse, and would be reported "*well*," on the coming Saturday. His attendants refused to tell him where he was. All distances and names of places were carefully concealed, and all that he could ascertain was, that a direct communication was kept up with the American Continent, and that newspapers were brought to the islands from the United States weekly, and would be furnished him if he desired them.

Fitzgerald was lavish of his thanks for such kindness, and begged that the latest newspapers from New York might be given him.

The Creole girl left the room immediately, and presently a boat was seen putting off to a brig in the pass, opposite the cottage.

The surgeon now drew his chair closer to that of his patient, and became less reserved. The latter soon understood that it had been decided by the pirates that upon his recovery he should join them or be shot upon the cliff. The blood of Fitzgerald boiled in his veins at the bare proposal of the Buccanier, but before he gave his anger words, his lovely Creole approached with a package of New York dailies, taken the week previous from an outward bound brig. Forgetting every thing else in his desire to hear from his native land, he opened the first paper that met his eye, and read the following:—"Arrived, the United States Frigate ——, with His Britannic Majesty's Ship —— of forty-four guns, in tow, as a prize. The action lasted thirty minutes, when the British frigate struck her flag. Capt. —— immediately left the frigate and proceeded to Washington with the enemy's flag. The official account of this gallant action will be given to-morrow. Suffice it to say that every officer and man did his duty, and that promotion, and the thanks of a grateful country await the victors." In another paper he read a list of promotions in the navy, and his own dismissal from the service. The marriage list now caught his eye, and he read,—"Married in Belleview, on the 1st instant, by the Reverend Mr. Snell Fungus, Count Frederick Ampisand, of Hesse Cassel, Germany, to Miss Mary Howard, the only daughter of Col. John Howard, of the revolutionary army.

"Love is the silken cord that binds
Two willing hearts together."

Every word of this paragraph remained like an impression from types of fire upon his melancholy brain.

"Doctor," said Fitzgerald, throwing down the paper, while the blood oozed from his scarcely-healed wound,—"tell your leaders that henceforth I am with them body and soul. The victim of circumstance—the sport of the world—a cork floating upon the stream of time.—I will be dreaded, if I cannot be loved."

The morning came, and Fitzgerald was introduced to the buccaniers in their strong hold. Bold and generous, two qualities that always sail in company, he became a universal favorite at the melee, and o'er the bowl; and in the course of a short time, he paced along the weather quarter of

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the gun brig, King Fisher,—"the monarch of her peopled deck."

It was a beautiful summer's night. The sun had sunk in a dense cloud bank behind the Bahamas; and the small red bow in the northwest, accompanied by a hollow sound, as though cannons had been fired far down beneath the surface of the ocean, gave evidence of the near approach of a norther.

The brig was soon prepared for the war of the elements, whose signal guns had been heard wakening the lowest echoes of the deep. Her head was brought so as to receive the first burst of the tempest's fury; conductors were rigged aloft, and their chains of steel rattled sharply as they descended into the sea along side. The light spars were sent down, her storm stay-sail was set, and she rode the heaving billows like a duck.

A tall merchantman, bound apparently to the Havana, now swept along to the windward of the islands under a press of canvass. Fitzgerald saw that she was crowded with passengers, and his soul sickened at the thought, that ere the morning dawned that gallant bark would be a wreck upon an iron-bound coast, and her host of human beings would be the play things of the shark, and the lifeless sport of the thunder-pealing waves. A sudden throb of sympathy moved his heart, a tear—the first he had shed for months—started to his eye. He grasped his trumpet—his topsails were unfurled and in less than an hour he occupied a station to the windward of THE DOOMED SHIP. His canvass was now reduced as before, and under the smallest possible sail, he stretched ahead of the merchantman.

The norther now came on in its fury—from the red bow that had reached the zenith, a bright flash of blinding lightning darted in a long bright stream and parted into a thousand forks, and then came a crash of thunder with the almost resistless wind. The King Fisher was borne down to her bearings, and then righted again, and gallantly faced the blast. Not so with the crank merchantman. Her tall masts were whipped out of her in a twinkling; the ocean surges swept her deck fore and aft: and she lay tossing in the trough of the sea a helpless wreck.

At midnight the fury of the blast died away, and the sea that had rolled in terrific waves began to go down. The brig under a reefed foresail and maintopsail now danced again from billow to tasseled-tipt billow, and gained rapidly upon the sea washed wreck. As the King Fisher drew near the once gallant vessel, Fitzgerald heard a voice crying in agony for help. He looked over the head and saw a female floating upon a spar, a short distance before him. To brace round his topsail-yard, lay to, and lower the life boat, was but the work of a moment, and with six trusty fellows he launched out upon the midnight deep.

In a few moments he caught the almost lifeless female by the hair, and wrapped her in his sea cloak—"To the wreck," said he, in a voice of thunder, as his starboard oars backed water to return to their craft. The crew gave way with a will, and immediately the life boat made fast to the loose rigging of the wreck. Preceded by Fitzgerald, two of his men mounted the vessel's side. Fitzgerald as he sprang upon the deck started back with astonishment. Colonel Howard stood before him in a long robe of white flannel, apparently as free from the gout as the youngest of the party.

"Uncle," said the young officer, with a cry of delight, "what a meeting!"

The old man looked up, "rash and impetuous boy," said he, with a voice trembling with joy and astonishment, "you have not lost all sympathy yet; I have been in search of you, but little did I expect such a meeting. Poor Mary, oh, that she had remained a few moments longer."

"Is Mary here?" said Fitzgerald, casting a troubled glance around the anxious crowd that had gathered around the speakers.

"No," said the old veteran, clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes streaming with tears—"She was swept out of my aged arms by the last sea, and is now in heaven."

"She is in my boat," said Fitzgerald, "I thought that voice was Mary's as it came from the deep, but come let us haste, the wreck may go down with us while we stand here."

"Are you all armed in the boat," hailed Fitzgerald, in a voice of thunder.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the gruff answer from the ones who remained in her.

"Then shoot the first person who attempts to enter her without my orders," said Fitzgerald; the pirates cocked their pistols, and sat ready to execute his commands. The two men who had boarded the wreck with him were now ordered to make ropes fast to the ends of a hammock; one rope was then thrown to the boat's crew, while the other remained on board the wreck. The aged men and women, one by one, were now lowered by this simple contrivance to the boat; and when she was sufficiently loaded, Fitzgerald ordered one of his men on board to steer her, with orders to see that the passengers were not molested until he came on board. Seven times the life boat, filled with the passengers and crew of the Rosalie, whose captain had been washed away, made its voyage of mercy, and having cleared the wreck, the noble-hearted Fitzgerald—plunged into the waves and reached the boat in safety—this had been made necessary by the parting of the rigging that held the boat. The whole were saved, and as the life boat was run up to the davits, the wreck plunged heavily to leeward, a heavy wave rolled over her and she was seen no more.

It was a bright morning at the Bahamas when the King Fisher took her departure for the Florida reef. Fitzgerald now entered his cabin for the first time since the rescue, and the thousand thanks that were showered upon him by the aged and the young—by the strong man—the gentle woman—and the lisping child almost overpowered him.

He received their congratulations in a proper manner, and modestly informed them that he had but performed his duty. He bade them welcome to the best his poor brig afforded, and promised to land them at the nearest port. Mary Howard, pale and weak, now came out of her little state-

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room. She cast her round black eyes which beamed fearfully bright upon Fitzgerald. A crimson cloud past over her snowy face,—"It is he," she screamed, while the tears that had so long refused to flow from their sealed fountains filled her eyes; Fitzgerald sprang to meet her, and in a moment she fell lifeless into his open arms.

Colonel Howard now bade the young officer place his daughter upon the sofa in the after cabin: and having seen her revive, retired and left them alone.

The unfortunate Mary now became calm and collected, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and eyes suffused with tears, related to Fitzgerald the events that had transpired since his departure, and the cause of her present voyage amid the horrors and uncertainties of war.

It seems that Count Ampisand had stuffed his clothes with pillows, and that Fitzgerald's sword had barely grazed his noble body, having been warded off by the feathers that filled his stuffing. This accounted for the entire absence of blood. The count of course soon became convalescent.

Mary Howard ever generous, and feeling that she had been the unhappy cause of the duel, prevailed upon her father to take the wounded foreigner to his house on the night of the duel. Ampisand was delighted with this state of things, and he pressed his suit upon Mary Howard warmly: but she repelled his advances with scorn. Mrs. Wilson, however, and her scandalising circle, could not wait for Count Ampisand to get married in the regular way, and believing in the absence of Fitzgerald that Mary Howard could not refuse the amiable and accomplished count, they prevailed upon a travelling letter writer—one of those drag nets for second-handed news—to put a paragraph in his *master's* paper for the fun of it.

This was the notice that Fitzgerald saw, and which had caused him so much terrible agony of mind.

"It is too late to repair the evil," said Fitzgerald, as he paced the cabin with a countenance tortured by despair.

"It is never too late to do a good action," said Mary Howard, firmly—"Maurice Fitzgerald you are not the one to bring dishonor upon a patriot father's name: or to call down the curse of a sainted mother upon your head." The young man bowed his head upon the rudder case, and the fair girl resumed her narrative.

The arrival of the scandalous paragraph caused the speedy ejection of the count from Colonel Howard's domicil, in no ceremonious manner, and the instant departure of Mrs. Wilson, bag and baggage.

Colonel Howard raved like a madman for a week; threatened the editor of the offending paper with a prosecution; discovered the perpetrators of the scandal; placarded the whole party as retailers and manufacturers of falsehoods; and posted Count Ampisand as an imposter and a villain in every section of the Union.

The count was shortly afterward tried for stealing spoons and convicted. The next day he changed his lodgings, and occupied a room on the ground floor of the castellated building at Moyamensing, which had but one *grate*, and that was before the window, while Sanderson, the terror of the genteel sucker, had him served up in his amusing diary of a Philadelphia Landlord on the next Saturday.

The departure of Fitzgerald from New York was commended by his brother officers, but his long absence from the ship could not be satisfactorily accounted for, and he was dismissed by the navy department. Enquiries had been made in every section of the country for him by his almost distracted father; and at last a reward was offered in the newspapers for any information concerning him. The pilot who had left him wounded with the pirates, now came forward, and related the circumstances under which he and Fitzgerald had parted company. Fitzgerald's father, an aged man of great wealth, and who had no other child to attract his love, now insisted upon Colonel Howard's proceeding to ransom his son. Mary, whose health was rapidly declining, was directed by her physician to perform a sea voyage, and thus father and daughter were induced to brave the dangers of that sea, whose waves teemed with freebooters, and whose isles flashed with cutlasses and boarding pikes.

The Rosalie had agreed, for a great sum of money, to land the Howards at New Providence: and then proceed on to New Orleans, her port of final destination. Once landed, they were to trust to opportunity for the means of transportation to their native land.

The norther brought them together as before related; and the warring elements of nature produced a reconciliation between the lovers.

Fitzgerald, when Mary had ceased speaking, raised his head. He had been singularly agitated during her narrative; he now calmly opened his soul to her. He kept nothing back; the catalogue of offences detailed to her was an exact copy of the dark list that had been registered against his name above. Twice she started as though an adder had stung her; but when he informed her that his hand had never been stained with blood; and that he had never appropriated to himself a dollar of the ill-gotten wealth, she breathed freer, and as he concluded, a smile lit up her heavenly countenance.

"Maurice," said she, "I believe you—you have made a false move in life: and I have been the innocent cause of it. It is not too late to repair it—you must leave this bloody craft at the first port you make—the busy times—the deeds of blood—the privateering and the blustering of war will cover all, and in our little village we can peacefully linger out our lives, and rejoice that the day of our sorrow is over."

Colonel Howard now entered the cabin. He approved of the plan suggested, and Fitzgerald joyfully consented to its being carried into execution.

The next day the brig made the land. The passengers of the foundered ship were immediately sent on shore, with the exception of Colonel Howard and his daughter; and upon the return of the last boat a letter of thanks, signed by the passen-

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gers, with a draft for ten thousand dollars, was handed to Fitzgerald.

He immediately sent an officer in disguise to New Orleans to get the money; and at twelve o'clock, accompanied by the Howards, left the King Fisher. He had left a letter in his signal book to the next in command, surrendering up the brig, renouncing the service of the buccaniers, and giving his portion of the spoils to the crew. His necessary clothing he had packed with Colonel Howard's. Upon reaching the shore, he bade the officer of the boat to inform the second in command that he should be absent for a few days, and that if he found it necessary to move his berth he would find instructions for his guidance in his signal book. A house was near at hand, the little party soon changed their apparel, and procuring a conveyance, proceeded to a little village on the other side of the island, whence in a fast sailing clipper they stretched over to Pensacola. Having shaved off his ferocious whiskers and his long sand-locks, which gave him the appearance of a nondescript animal, somewhere between a man and a monkey, he dressed himself in the sober attire of a citizen of this glorious republic, and in company with his kind uncle and much loved cousin, proceeded by land to Belleview.

On the arrival of the party at the homestead, the fortunate Fitzgerald became the husband of the true-hearted Mary; and old Fitzgerald and Colonel Howard danced a hop waltz together, gout and all, on the occasion. The wedding broke up at a late hour, and old Fitzgerald went to bed tipsy, very much to the scandal of a total abstinence society, of which he was an honorary member.

Fitzgerald and his domestic wife settled down upon the homestead, and in a few months Colonel Howard and Major Fitzgerald were called to the dread muster of the dead.

The property of the old, now became the property of the young; and the broad lands and splendid mansion of Maurice Fitzgerald became the envy and the pride of the village.

Of the King Fisher nothing was heard until after the war, when she was found rotting upon a mud bank, near the place where her commander left her. Her crew had deserted her, and the gallant gun brig never ploughed the ocean furrow more.

Washington, November, 1840.

THE WATERS OF LETHE.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Written for one in dejection.

"Oh, for a cup of the Waters of Lethe." *Letter of a Friend.*

Come, Peri, from the well,
Where cooling waters steep
The soul that's bound by memory's spell
In soft oblivion's sleep.
The lethean power diffuse;
I could not wake again:
Pour o'er my heart its balmy dews,
And on my burning brain.

The plighted hopes of youth—
The perished joys of years—
Affections withered—slighted truth—
The sunlight dashed with tears—
The cloud, the storm, the strife,
I would recall no more,
And all the bitterness of life;
The lethean goblet pour!

Remembered tones of old—
Of friends in quiet sleep,
Make other eyes and tones seem cold,
And bid the lonely weep;
Come then, Oblivion, seal
All memory as I drink;
This tortured heart would cease to feel,
This fevered brain to think.

Baltimore, November, 1840.

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YOO-TI-HU.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

I. The Consultation.

Yoo-ti-hu, the handsomest and sprightliest Page in the suite of Pokatoka, King of Gazaret, imprudently fell in love with Omanea, the flower of the king's harem. Pokatoka, though sadly afflicted with rheumatism, was partial to the amusements of the harem. It happened that he had a slight suspicion of Yoo-ti-hu's integrity, and this rendered him perfectly miserable. Tally-yang-sang, Great Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Harem, was sent for.

"Mirror of Vigilance,—Quintessence of Piety,—and Disciple of Wisdom,"—such were the Grand Nazir's titles, and so the king addressed him.—"Well we know thy skill in affairs of the heart. Well we know thy penetration is never at fault. We have required thy presence to demand if thou hast noticed anything peculiar in the conduct of our peerless Omanea, since the addition of Yoo-ti-hu to our suite?"

"There is a lone dove," replied the Grand Nazir, in his own mysterious way, "whose nest is in the grove of love. Even as this emblem of tenderness awaits the coming of a prisoned mate, so pines in secret my lady Omanea."

"And by whom think you, wondrous Tally-yang-sang, is this change effected?"

"Your mightiness would scarcely thank me if I made known my suspicions, since they implicate your greatest favorite."

"Ha! 't is Yoo-ti-hu! I thought so! I knew it!—he shall die."

"God is great," muttered Tally-yang-sang.

"Let the page's head be brought to me," said the king, "as a token of my displeasure."

"With all my heart, sire. I dislike the youth, and your highness shall be obeyed." The Grand Nazir bowed very low, and left the audience chamber.

II. The Three Wishes.

Yoo-ti-hu, being accidentally near, heard what had passed. In the bitterness of despair, he rushed from the palace, and roamed to a solitary retreat in the gardens.

"How miserable am I," he cried, "to love so hopelessly and so madly. Grant, oh, inventive genius! that I may evade the vigilance and persecution of Tally-yang-sang. Grant that the fates may aid me in this dilemma."

"Yoo-ti-hu," said a voice from the shrubbery, "thou hast incurred my displeasure; but, nevertheless, since thou art in a dangerous situation, I promise three such things as thou shalt choose."

"Verily," quoth Yoo-ti-hu, "thou art a bountiful genius; and it is a sin to reject aid from so high a source. Know then, generous spirit, that I have peculiar occasion for a bow and a quiver of arrows."

"A modest request," observed the Genius, "and fortunately, I have by me such an one as no living archer ever shot with; for look you this way or that, such are its virtues, that it will hit the mark exactly in the centre."

"Bless thee a thousand times!" cried Yoo-ti-hu in an ecstacy of joy; "and since thou art so kind, I fancy I may crave a lute,—with which I shall be satisfied, were it never so small."

"Thou shalt have one, my son, of such exquisite tones, that when the same is played, all living things shall skip and dance,—so pleasant is the music."

"Delightful!—excellent!" cried Yoo-ti-hu.

"What next?" said the Genius.

"Indeed, thou art too good," replied Yoo-ti-hu; "I am going now to rove the world as a simple minstrel. I shall live on birds, and amuse myself with my lute,—so I need nothing more."

"But, son, I solemly swear thou shalt have three things, be they never so costly."

"Well, good Genius, since thou art so kindly disposed, I shall choose an inexhaustible purse,"

"The very thing I have in my pocket," quoth the Genius, and handing the inexhaustible purse to Yoo-ti-hu, he disappeared immediately.

III. Tally-yang-sang in a Plight.

Yoo-ti-hu seated himself on the steps of a fountain to admire his bow and his lute. Tally-yang-sang, chancing to roam in the vicinity, espied the page, whereupon he assumed a very severe countenance, and approaching the spot, spoke thus: "Yoo-ti-hu, thou art an unfaithful wretch! Thou hast betrayed the confidence of thy king. Thou hast entered his harem and stolen the heart of Omanea! Know, then, that I am commanded to carry him thy head, as a slight token of his displeasure."

"Verily, great and worthy nazir," quoth Yoo-ti-hu, "I can show thee pleasanter sport than that. Seest thou yon Bird of Paradise, with plumage more bright than the colors of Iris? Behold, your highness, how I shall shoot him!" Yoo-ti-hu drew his bow—shut his eyes—and let fly an arrow.

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The bird fell quivering among the bushes. Tally-yang-sang was no less pious than philosophical, and this feat surprised him exceedingly. With curiosity depicted in his countenance, he walked forward to where the bird had fallen.

"A little farther," said Yoo-ti-hu.

"Here?"

"Still farther."

"Here, then."

"On."

"Now?"

"Yes—there lies the bird. But tell me," said Yoo-ti-hu, with a boldness that surprised the Grand Nazir, "dost thou certainly mean to carry my head to the king?"

"God is great," quoth Tally-yang-sang.

"And Mahommed is his Prophet!" added Yoo-ti-hu; with which he started up such a tune on his lute, as caused the venerable chamberlain to skip and dance like one possessed of the devil.

"The spirit of Ebris seize thee!" roared Tally-yang-sang, capering about among the bushes, and leaving a strip of skin on every thorn, "the devil take thee for a musician!" and on he skipped and danced till the tears ran down his cheeks—the blood streamed from his jagged and scarified limbs—and his capacious breeches were completely torn from his legs. Yoo-ti-hu continued the music with unabated ardor. Tally-yang-sang forgot his orisons and paternosters; and up and down—left hand and right hand—ladies chain—balancee—reel—jig—and Spanish waltz, danced the bare-legged amateur, roaring with pain, and uttering horrible imprecations.

"God is great?" quoth Yoo-ti-hu.

"His curse be on thee!" roared Tally-yang-sang.

"Music hath charms," said Yoo-ti-hu.

"Exercise is the staff of life," philosophised Yoo-ti-hu.

"Blast it!" shrieked Tally-yang-sang.

"Piety is pleasant," moralised Yoo-ti-hu.

"Damnable!" roared Tally-yang-sang.

Yoo-ti-hu perceived the vigor departing from the limbs of the Great Nazir, whereupon he struck up a still livelier air. Tally-yang-sang curvetted and pranced—whirled hither and thither his bare spindles, and leaped madly among the thorns. In an agony of pain he cried, "Dear, gentle Yoo-ti-hu,—I beseech thee to stop!"

"Verily," quoth Yoo-ti-hu, "I value my head."

"I shall not harm a hair," groaned Tally-yang-sang.

"Words are cheap," said Yoo-ti-hu.

"But I swear—I solemnly swear!" piteously cried Tally-yang-sang.

"By what?"

"By the Prophet!"

"Nay."

"By God himself!"

"Swear by thy beard!"

"Never!"

"Then dance!"

Another good hour did Tally-yang-sang caper about, roar and blaspheme, till cruelly excoriated from head to foot.

"Do you swear?" asked Yoo-ti-hu.

"I do."

"By that which is sacred?"

"By my beard!"

In a truly pitiable condition the Grand Nazir limped toward the palace. Yoo-ti-hu followed—admiring the bandy and scarified legs of the great Tally-yang-sang, and muttering benedictions on the genius.

IV. Yoo-ti-hu in Danger.

The great rajas, moguls, and lords of Gazaret, belonging to the court of Pokatoka, had sallied out with the king, to take a stroll in the royal gardens.

"Ho!" cried Yptaleen, high master of the festivities, "what fantastic clown comes hither?"

"An Egyptian dancer," quoth the king.

"A self-punished Musselman," added a raja.

"True," said a grand mogul, "for behind him walks his koran bearer."

"Rather a shia with his talisman," observed a lord of Gazaret.

"Or a sooni," whispered a pious Mohammedan.

"A blood-stained spirit of Ebris," remarked a famous Astrologer.

"Hush!" exclaimed Yptaleen, "by all that is terrible!—by monkin and nakir! 'tis Tally-yang-sang, grand nazir of the harem!"

And Tally-yang-sang it was, whose woeful figure approached the pageant.

"Mirror of Piety!" cried the king, "what means this outlandish freak? Methinks it ill becomes thee to tramp about, bare-legged and bloody, after this fashion. Propriety of conduct, and delicacy, should distinguish a master of the harem; and I much regret that thou hast infringed, not only on these, but on the laws of decency."

"Sure, mighty monarch of Gazaret," replied Tally-yang-sang, wringing his hands and smiting his breast, "thy page deals with the devil; for, verily, he hath a late of such bewitching tones, that, when the same be played, I could not help skipping and dancing among the bushes till my bones creaked—my head whirled, and I was flayed and excoriated within an inch of my life—as your highness may see."

"Tally-yang-sang," said the king gravely, "thy character is impeached—thou hast spoken of impossibilities; in fact, thou hast lied."

"By all that is solemn, I have spoken the truth," cried the grand nazir.

"And nothing but the truth?"

"As I live!" protested Tally-yang-sang.

"Then Yoo-ti-hu shall lose his head."

"Nay,—I have sworn on my beard to save it."

"Generous Tally-yang-sang!" cried Pokatoka, "thou art too lenient of offence. Nevertheless, Yoo-ti-hu shall be punished."

"Certainly," said Tally-yang-sang, "it was my design to have him decently flayed to death."

"Which shall be done," quoth the king, "if thou provest the offence."

Without further delay the bare-legged and excoriated Tally-yang-sang led the way to the palace; and caliphs, rajas, moguls and lords of Gazaret, followed admiringly in the rear.

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V. The Trial and its Effects.

The grand council-chamber of the palace was presently crowded with courtiers, officers of the guard, sicaries, mandarins, and pashas,—at the head of whom, seated by his queen, and attended by a magnificient suite of pages sat Pokatoka, King of Gazaret. At a desk, immediately under the throne, sat a venerable Arabian writer, versed in hieroglyphics, and ready to take a minutes of the whole proceedings. Ranged around, stood a number of beautiful Circassians, Georgians, Nubians, and Abyssinians—slaves and witnesses from the king's harem; but the diamond of these gems was Omanea, arraigned on charge of having unlawfully bestowed her heart on Yoo-ti-hu. The fact is, Tally-yang-sang was determined that the lovers should both be condemned, and had thus prepared matters for the prosecution. In order to establish the truth of his charge, he remained—much to the edification of the young slaves by whom he was surrounded—in the same plight in which the king had met him.

"Quintessence of piety and disciple of wisdom," said the king, "proceed with thy charge."

"Know then, courtiers, rajas, mandarins and officers of the guard," quoth Tally-yang-sang, "that Yoo-ti-hu hath stolen the heart of Omanea, and that his highness, the king, commanded me to rid the offender of his head. This very evening I roamed in the royal gardens, meditating on the most agreeable plans of decapitation, when I espied the wicked Yoo-ti-hu. Having lured me into a horrid bush; he struck up a tune on his lute—the infernal strains of which caused me to dance till I was fairly torn to shreds—as you all may perceive. Then—"

"Stop there!" cried Pokatoka, "this story of the lute must be established ere you proceed farther."

"I solemnly beseech your mightiness to take my word," groaned Tally-yang-sang, eyeing the lute with horror,—"Do, Great King of Gazaret! and the blessings of heaven be on thee!"

"Nay," cried the king, "we must have a fair and impartial investigation. Yoo-ti-hu, thou art commanded on pain of loosing thy head to strike us a tune on thy lute!"

"For God's sake," implored the grand nazir, "since ye must hear it, I pray and beseech ye to bind me to a post."

Exactly in the middle of the court stood a post, ornamented with divers beautiful designs, carved in wood and in gold; and to this was the chamberlain firmly tied.

"Truth is mighty," quoth the king, "and will out. So proceed Yoo-ti-hu, in the name of God and Mahommed, his Prophet!"

Yoo-ti-hu forthwith struck up his liveliest air; and lords, rajas, and moguls; sages, philosophers and mamelukes; officers of the guard, secaries and mandarins; slaves, young and lovely, and old and ugly; disciples of Mahommed; priests, friars, saints and heretics; pages, trainbearers, and virgins of incense—sprang to their feet and danced hither and thither—hornpipe, jig and merry reel—in such glee and confusion as were never heard of before or since. The venerable writer had leaped from the desk—the decrepit Pokatoka from his throne; the sharp-featured old queen from her chair of dignity and joined in the general melee. But the groans of the gouty—the blasphemies of the pious—the laughter of the young—and the remonstrances of the sage, were all drowned in the lusty roars of Tally-yang-sang, who cruelly bruised his head against the post in trying to beat time—tore the live flesh from his back so eager was he to dance—and uttered a horrid imprecation at every ornament on the post.

"Yoo-ti-hu! Yoo-ti-hu!" cried the breathless Pokatoka.

"Yoo-ti-hu!" screamed the dancing queen.

"Yoo-ti-hu! Yoo-ti-hu!" was echoed and re-echoed around by the nobles and courtiers; and to and fro they skipped, as Yoo-ti-hu plied his merriest tunes—the floor groaning—the perspiration streaming from their cheeks; and their breath failing at every jump.

"Dear, pleasant, Yoo-ti-hu," cried the king, in the heat of a Spanish jig, "I do beseech thee to stop."

"A thousand seguins for silence!" groaned a gouty raja, prancing high and low in a German waltz.

"I am shamed—disgraced forever!" muttered an Arabian astrologer, in the middle of a Scotch reel.

"Yoo-ti-hu—the devil seize thee!" shouted a pious Musselman.

"Have mercy!" cried a blasphemous heretic.

"Mercy! mercy!" echoed the dancers one and all—"Do, gentle Yoo-ti-hu, have mercy, and cease thy accursed music!"

"Pardon him! pardon him!" roared the magnanimous Tally-yang-sang—his ribs rattling frightfully against the post; "in the name of the prophet pardon him ere I bruise myself into an Egyptian mummy!"

"Yoo-ti-hu cease! thou art pardoned!" cried the king, in a piteous tone, "my seal—my life on it thou shall not be harmed!"

"Very well," said Yoo-ti-hu, still striking his lute; "but I must have Omanea as a bride."

"Thou shalt have her!—take her!—she is thine!" shouted the rheumatic monarch.

"Thy oath on it," quoth Yoo-ti-hu.

"By all that's sacred—by my beard she is thine!"

Yoo-ti-hu ceased—the dancers, groaning and breathless, returned to their seats—the grand nazir was taken from the post in a pitiable plight—and the pious Musselman ejaculated—"God is great!"

An Arabian historian says that Yoo-ti-hu having, espoused Omanea, carried his bride to the kingdom of Bucharia, of which, in the course of time, he became the king; and with his inexhaustible purse built a palace of gold, wherein he reigned for half a century, the mirror of monarchy, and the admiration of mankind.

Louisville, Kentucky, December 14, 1840.

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LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

THE AVENGER.

"Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die." *Shakspeare.*

"I FEEL that I am dying," exclaimed the sick man, gazing wistfully toward the window, "and it seems good to me that it should be so. Lift me up a little that I may look upon this April morn, and throw back the curtains that I may feel the sweet breath of heaven once more upon my brow,—there, that will do, God bless you all."

The speaker was in the last stage of his disease. His eye was sunken, his voice was feeble, his lips were bloodless, his emaciated fingers looked like talons, and his originally handsome countenance, now hollow, pale, and ghastly, seemed already as the face of a corpse. At times his features would twitch convulsively. He breathed quick and heavily.

The balmy air of a spring morning stealing soothingly across his forehead, and tossing his long dark locks wantonly about, appeared for a while to kindle up the fading energies of the dying man, and turning with a faint smile toward me, he said,

"I promised you my history, did I not? Well, I will tell it now, for I feel my sands are running low, and the cistern will soon be broken at the fountain. I have no time to lose; move nigher, for my voice is weak. Put that glass of wine close at your elbow,—I shall want my lips moistened, for my tale is long.

"Do you know what it is to be young? Ah! who does not? Youth is the heaven of our existence. Every thing then is full of poetry. It is the time for love, and song, and more than all for hope. This glorious morning is a type of our youth. The birds sing sweeter than ever; the winds have a music as of heaven; the distant tinkle of the streams is like a fountain-fall in moonlight, and the whole earth seems as if it were one cloudless Eden, where life would pass like a dream of sinless childhood. Poetry! did I say? oh! what is like our youth for that? But more than all, aye! more than music, or beauty, or even those childish dreams, is the poetry of a first pure love! I see by your countenance that you have known what that is. God help me! it has been at once the bliss and the bane of my existence.

"I left the University rich, accomplished, and not without academic fame. My parents were dead, and I had but few relations. Life was before me where to choose. I had every thing to make me happy, but—will you believe me?—I was not so. There was a void within me. I longed for something, and scarcely knew what. It was not for fame, for I had tasted of that, and turned sickened away; it was not for wealth, for I enjoyed enough of that to teach me, it would not satisfy my craving; it was neither fashion nor ease, nor the popularity of a public man; no, from all these I turned away athirst for higher and loftier things. What could it be? At length I learned. My life is dated from that moment.

"It was about a year after I had graduated, when, sick of the world and its emptiness, I left the city, in early summer for a stroll through the mountains of the interior. You have often seen the hills of the Susquehanna: well, I cannot stop to describe them. I was enraptured with their beauty, and determined to loiter among them until September, and so dismissing my servant, I took lodgings in a quiet country inn, and assumed the character of a mountain sportsman. But I delay my story. Hand me the wine and water.

"It was on a sporting excursion that I first saw my Isabel! Oh! if ever the ideal beauty of the ancients, or the dreams we have in childhood of angels' faces, were realised in a human countenance, they were in that of Isabel. There was a sweetness about it I cannot describe; a purity in every line which breathed alone of heaven. Do you not believe that the face is the impress of the mind; that our prevailing thoughts gradually stamp themselves on our countenances, and that the sinless child and the haggard felon alike carry the mark of their characters written upon their brows? You do. Yes! God branded Cain as a murderer, but it was only the brand of his wild, terrible, agonising remorse.

"From the first moment of my seeing Isabel, I felt that I had met with that for which I had so long sought. The void in my bosom was satisfied. I had found something holier and brighter than I had deemed earth could give birth to, and I almost worshipped the ground where she trod. I loved her with all the poetry and fervor of a first love. She did not seem to me like others of her sex. There was a holiness cast around her like the mantle of a seraph, which awed the beholder into a reverential

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love. And oh! what bliss it was to gaze upon her face, to hear her lute-like voice, and to feel that I breathed the same air with herself.

"Isabel was the daughter of a village clergyman, who had been poor without being dependant. Her mother had been dead for many years; and her father had followed his wife but a few months before I first met Isabel.

"How could I help loving such a being? Wealth to me was no object: I looked not for it in a bride. I sought for one in whom I might confide every thought, and in finding Isabel my happiness was complete.

"Why should I delay telling the story of my love? Day after day found me at the cottage of Isabel, and day after day I grew more enraptured with her artlessness. Together we read in the mornings; and together we wandered out amidst the beautiful scenery around; and together we sat in the still evening twilight, when my greatest pleasure was to hear her sing some of those simple little lays of which her memory preserved such a store. Ah! those were happy hours,—hours, alas! which can never come again. From such meetings I would loiter home beneath the summer moon, with a thousand bright and joyous, yet undefined feelings, thrilling on every nerve of my frame. And often, as I turned to take a last look at the little white cottage, embowered in its trees, I thought I could detect the form of Isabel, standing where I left her as if she still followed me with her eye.

"It was not long before I declared my love to Isabel, and found that it was returned with all the fervor and purity of her guileless heart. Oh! with what rapturous emotions did I hear the first confession of her sentiments—with what delight did I clasp her hand in mine, as her head lay upon my bosom—what tumultuous feelings thrilled my soul, as her dark eyes looked up into my own, with all that purity and depth of affection which tell that the soul of the gazer is in the look.

"Well, we were married. It was that season of the year in which all nature puts on her autumn glory, and when hill and plain and valley are clothed with a garmenture as of a brighter world. The corn was yellowed for the harvest; the wild flowers were fading from the hill-sides; the grapes hung down in purple clusters from the old, twisted vines in the woods; and the birds, that had been used to sing for us, in every grove, were one by one disappearing, as they took flight for the sunny south. But could I miss their music while Isabel was by to whisper in her fairy voice, or cheer me with her low and witching minstrelsy? Was I not happy—wholly, supremely happy? It was as if I dwelt in an enchanted land. I forgot, almost, that I was a member of society; saw but little company; and spent the day with Isabel in rambling around the mountain, or when confined by the weather to the house, in a thousand little fireside amusements. We talked of the past, of our plans for the future, of the hollowness of the great world without, and of that mutual love for each other which we felt could not be eradicated by the power of a universe. Isabel was all I had imagined her in my fondest moments. Like myself, she turned away from the companionship of a selfish world, and sought only to spend life afar from human strife, secure in the possession of the one she loved. Alas! little did she think that the thunder-cloud was hanging, dark and lowering, above us, which would eventually burst, and bring ruin on our unsheltered heads.

"We saw but little company, I have remarked; but among that little was one with whom, as subsequent events developed, my destiny was inextricably woven. He was an old classmate in the University, whom I had casually met at the neighboring county-town; where he resided in the capacity of a medical man. Our former intimacy was revived; for Robert Conway was really a fascinating man. It was not long before he became intimate with our little family, and, seduced by his plausible demeanor, I not only engaged him as my family physician, but entrusted him with the nearest and dearest secrets of my heart. I felt the warmest friendship for him, and, next to Isabel, there was no one for whom I would have done so much. I have told you of the poetic nature of my character; you may have also noticed its warmth; and, in the present instance, believing I had found a really disinterested friend, I was hurried away into an infatuation from which I awoke only to find that I had clasped an adder to my bosom, and that—oh! my God—all my hopes of life were blasted forever.

"The winter had already set in, when I received a short letter from my town agent, requesting my immediate presence in the city on business of the last importance to my fortune. As Isabel was in a weak state of health, and would not be able to accompany me, I returned an answer, stating my inability to comply with the summons, and declaring my willingness to suffer even some pecuniary loss, rather than leave her at that time.

"In less than a fortnight, however, I received a still more pressing letter from my correspondent, declaring that my absence had already prejudiced my fortune, and that nothing but my personal presence could, in the then distracted state of monetary affairs, preserve myself from beggary. This was an appeal which, for Isabel's sake, I could not resist. That the being whom I loved above myself should be subjected to the miseries of poverty, was a supposition too harrowing to entertain.

"Never shall I forget the eve of the morning on which I departed. It was one of surpassing beauty. The landscape without was covered with a mantle of snow, and the trees were laden with icicles spangled in the star-light. The heavens were without a cloud, and the innumerable worlds above, glittered on the blue expanse like jewels on the mantle of a king. It was, in short, one of those clear, cold nights in early February, when the very ringing of a sleigh-bell can be heard for miles across the still expanse of the landscape.

"As Isabel and I stood looking through the casement at the brilliancy of the starry hosts on high, a melancholy foreboding suddenly shot across my mind that we were parting to meet no more. I know not how it was, but the same feeling pervaded the thoughts of Isabel; for as a meteor-star darted across the sky, and instantly disappeared, she

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heaved a sigh, and, turning toward me, said, as she leaned upon my arm, and gazed confidingly up into my face,—

"'Do you know, George, that, during all the evening I have been tortured with a foreboding that our happiness is destined, like yonder shooting-star, to last only for a while, and then pass away forever. It may be that this is our last evening. I cannot tell in what shape the impending evil will come,' she said, 'but this I know, that be it what it may, we shall always love each other, shall we not, George?'

"'Yes, dearest!' I replied, kissing her, 'but dismiss these gloomy thoughts; they arise only from your ill-health. Believe me, we shall continue for long, long years to enjoy our present felicity.' Ah! me, little did my own feelings coincide with what I said. 'Cheer up, dearest, I shall return in a fortnight or so, and by that time shall be able to assure you that I shall leave you no more.'

"With words like these I attempted to remove the forebodings of Isabel, but though she smiled faintly in return, I found that I could not wholly dispel the melancholy of her thoughts. I dreaded the parting on the morrow, and accordingly, having deceived her as to the hour of my setting forth, I rose at day-break, kissed her as she lay calmly sleeping, and, tearing myself from her, entered the mail-stage, and before the hour when we usually arose, was miles away from our habitation.

"I reached the city, and found my fortune, indeed, trembling on the verge of ruin. For some days its preservation engaged every faculty of my mind, and I found time for nothing else, unless it was to read and answer the letters I daily received from my sweet wife. The times were critical. Stocks of every kind—and nearly my whole fortune was vested in them—were undergoing a fearful depreciation; and one or two heavy loans which had been made out of my estate, and which completed the balance of my wealth, were in a most precarious situation. I soon found it would not only be impossible to settle my affairs so as to rejoin Isabel at the end of the fortnight, but that I must undertake a journey, personally, to a southern city, which would delay me at least a month more; and, accordingly, I penned a hasty note to her on the eve of my setting out, bidding her look forward, at the expiration of this new term, to a happy meeting, and informing her at what post-towns I should look for letters from her.

"I set forth on the ensuing day, but, though I enquired at the various post-offices along my route, where I expected letters, yet I did not receive a line from Isabel; and the first epistle which I obtained was a letter which I found lying for me, on my arrival at the port of my destination. It had come from P——, and was written prior, to Isabel's knowledge of my second journey. I have it still by me; every line of it is graven on my heart; my only prayer is that it may be buried with me, for alas!—it is the last letter I ever received from Isabel.

"As day after day rolled by without receiving any intelligence from her, I grew more and more uneasy, until, as the term of my absence drew toward a close, my sensations approached to agony. A few disappointments I had borne with fortitude, if not with calmness, for I knew that the mail was not always regular; but when days grew into weeks, and weeks had almost grown into months, without the arrival of a single line from Isabel, either directly from our residence, or indirectly by the way of P——, my fears grew insupportable. I was like Prometheus chained to a rock, and subject to a torture from which there was no escape. At length I could endure it no longer, but hastily bringing my business to a close, even at a considerable sacrifice, I set out by rapid journeys toward my home, without even passing by P——, such was my eagerness to know what could have been the cause of Isabel's silence.

"It was on an evening in the latter part of the month of March, when my jaded horses drew up before the gate of my dwelling. Hastily alighting, I entered the little lawn, and was soon at my long-sought-for threshold. But I started back at the sight that met my eyes. The windows were dark and cheerless; the grass was covered with leaves and broken twigs; the knobs upon the door were soiled for want of burnishing; and everything around wore that appearance of loneliness and desolation which marks an uninhabited house. With a fainting heart I lifted the knocker. The sounds echoed with hollow distinctness through the house; but no one replied to the summons. Again and again I repeated it; and again and again I was unsuccessful. With a heart wild with the most terrible fears I passed to the back part of the house; but there, too, I found the same silence and desolation. It was like the house of the dead. Unable longer to contain myself I rushed back to my carriage, and with an air that made the coachman believe me insane, ordered him to drive to a neighboring farm-house.

"'Who 's there?' asked a female voice from inside of the cottage, in answer to my impetuous knock.

"'I, madam, do you not know me? But where, in heaven's name, is Isabel? where is my wife?' I exclaimed, seeing by the astonished looks of the woman, that she, too, believed me out of my senses, 'what is the matter at my house, that I find it closed?'

"'Oh! la,' answered the woman, curtseying as she held the candle to my face, 'you are the gentleman that lived at the big house nigh to the stage-road, across the creek. Gracious me! how wild you look. But, sit down, sir; we ain't very nice just now, for baby 's sick, and we can 't afford help—'

"'Woman,' I exclaimed, vehemently interrupting her, and seizing her fiercely by the arm, 'in God's name tell me all. Answer me at once—is my wife dead?' and though my voice grew husky, it trembled not, as I put the fearful question.

"'Dead! why indeed I do 'nt know, sir,' she answered, tremblingly, awed by my wild demeanor, 'for it 's been nigh a month since she left here to join her husband.'

"'To join *me!*'

"'Yes, sir. Why did n't you,' she asked, per-

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ceiving surprise in every feature of my countenance, 'write for her? The neighbors all say so, and Dr. Conway went to see her safe to town; though it 's queer, now, since I think on 't, that he ain't got back agin by this time.'

"'My God,' I exclaimed, staggering back, as a fearful suspicion flashed across my mind, 'was I reserved for this? Oh! Isabel, Isabel—' But I could say no more. My brain reeled; my temples throbbed to bursting; a strange, swimming sensation was in my ears; every thing appeared to whirl around and around me; and, losing all consciousness, I fell back, senseless, on the floor.

"When I recovered my recollection, I was leaning against the bed, and a group, composed of the woman to whom I had been speaking, her husband, and a farm boy, stood around me. My cravat was untied, and my brow was wet with water.

"'My good woman,' I said faintly, 'I feel better now. Go on with your story; I can bear to hear the worst. God help me, though,' I continued, placing my hand upon my forehead, 'it has well nigh drove me mad.'

"She had, however, but little to tell, beyond what I knew already. But her husband added, that after my departure, he had noticed that not a day passed without his seeing the vehicle of Dr. Conway in front of my house; and that, too, long after the returning health of my wife rendered professional visits unnecessary. He had thought, he said, it singular, but, as he was not given to gossip, he had kept silence. About a month since, he added, the house had been shut up, and, under pretence of rejoining me, Isabel had set out, no one knew whither, with my old classmate.

"Oh! who can tell the feelings that, during this recital, and for days after, raged in my bosom? The evidence was unquestionable, irresistible, damning in its character. And yet I could not—though every one else did—believe Isabel to be guilty. She was too pure, too artless, too ardently attached to me. But, then, again, how could I resist the testimony staring me in the face? The visits of Conway; his fascinating manners; the false report of my having written for her; and her flight with the seducer, no one knew whither, were circumstances which my reason could not answer, whatever my assurance of her love might persuade me. Who knows not the pangs, the torments of uncertainty? And day after day, while my enquiries of the fugitives were being pushed in every quarter, did I fluctuate between a confidence in Isabel's purity, and the most fearful suspicions of her faith. It was a terrible struggle, that one in her favor. But at length, as every successive informant brought new proofs of her infidelity, I settled down into the agonising belief of her ruin.

"Yet I did not give up my pursuit of the fugitives. No—my God! how could I forget my shame? The dearest hopes of my heart had been overthrown, and she, in whom I had trusted as man never before trusted, had wantonly deserted me—aye! even while my own kisses were still, as it were, warm upon her cheek. I had sacrificed everything at the shrine of her love; was this the return my devotedness had met with? What! she whom I had pressed to my bosom as a wife,—she whom I had made the incarnation of all ideal loveliness, to be—oh! that I should have to speak the word—a mere wanton. God of my fathers! was this the destiny to which I was condemned?

"I am calmer now. I must hurry on, for my breath is rapidly failing me. My brow burns: bathe it—there, that will do. And open the window. There is something in this gentle, balmy breeze, fragrant with a thousand odors, which calls back the memory of happy days, and almost makes me weep. God grant that none of you may ever suffer as I have suffered.

"I pass by three months, three long and weary months, during which I received no tidings of the fugitives. They had never been in P——; even my epistle announcing my departure to the south had never been received by Isabel, but had been sent, with most of the ensuing ones, as a dead letter to Washington. I traced the fugitives only for a single stage; there every clue to them was lost. At length I was about giving over in despair, when chance revealed what I had so long sought for in vain.

"Did you ever visit an Insane Hospital? You start. Ah! you know nothing of its horrors unless you have seen your dearest friend writhing beneath the keeper's lash, or chained like a felon by his infernal fetters. Do you understand me? No! the truth is too horrible for you to suspect. Well, then, it was in visiting one of these loathsome prison-houses that I saw and recognised, in one of its miserable victims, my own, my lost, my now suffering Isabel.

"You need not think that I shall grow phrenzied by this harrowing recital. I have thought of it too often, and endured subsequent agonies too great, to suffer myself now to lose my reason in reciting it. But neither will I dwell upon that awful meeting. Suffice it to say that all my anger against Isabel departed when I saw her, who had once lain pure and trusting on my bosom, confined as a maniac, in a public hospital. Oh! I would give worlds could I shut out that horrid sight.

"I soon learnt all from the keeper. Isabel had been placed there nearly *four* months before, by a woman I instantly recognised from his description, to be the one I had procured at my marriage to wait upon Isabel. She had stated that the patient was a half sister, and had left an address where she might be found.

"As the rules of the establishment precluded all hope of my removing Isabel, in spite of my protestations that I was her husband, unless I brought her pretended relative, to corroborate my account, I was compelled to rest satisfied with the melancholy pleasure of knowing, that her disease should receive at my expense, the attention of the best physicians, and with the renewed hope of discovering her waiting woman, and thus removing my wife from what I felt was worse than death. Guilty as she was, she was still my wife, and I could not utterly desert her.

"I entertained little doubt of discovering this woman, although as might have been supposed, her address was fictitious. I had, in fact, a means of finding her out which I did not scruple to adopt. She had been an English woman, and had often boasted

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of rich relations across the Atlantic, to whom in her simple vanity, she one day expected to be heiress. As I knew that, at most, she could only have connived at my wife's disgrace, and as I knew also that money was the touch-stone of every avenue to her heart, I had no doubt whatever as to the success of the scheme I intended to put in execution. It was simply this: I caused an advertisement to be extensively circulated, describing her and her relationship to her English cousin, and informing her that if she would apply at a certain office in P——, she would hear of something to her advantage. The bait took. She came in person; I was instantly sent for, and confronted her. But to come at once to the conclusion of this part of my story; she owned, upon my threats, and promises of forgiveness with a large sum of money if she would confess all, that she could satisfy every particular as yet unknown to me, of this melancholy tragedy.

"She stated, in effect, that Conway, from the first moment he had beheld Isabel, had entertained a passion for her, which neither the favor he had received from me, nor her own purity, nor the impassable barriers against its gratification, had enabled him to conquer. Indeed it is questionable if he ever cared to do so. Wilful, headstrong, remorseless, and careless of every thing but the gratification of his desires, he was perhaps one of the most hardened villains that ever cursed mankind; a villain the more dangerous, because his fascinating manners enabled him to wear the guise of virtue, and perpetrate his infamous designs without suspicion. But in laying himself out to seduce Isabel, he capped the climax of his villainy. For a long time, however, he only attempted to gain the good will of Isabel, and to seduce by large presents, her waiting woman to his side. As yet he had not ventured to breathe a word of his unholy passion to its object. But my departure opened new hopes. Flattered and deceived by the attentions paid him by Isabel,—attentions which I now learned with the wildest joy, were only paid to him because he was my friend,—he now resolved to make a bold throw in his perilous game. He knew my writing well. In a word, he forged a letter purporting to be from me, to Isabel, requesting her to join me in P——, under his escort; and by these means he placed my unhappy wife wholly in his power. As she would not travel without her waiting woman, he was forced to make her his confidant, and purchase her secrecy by large sums of money. But why linger on this awful history? Demons themselves would shudder at its relation. I cannot—yes! I must tell it. Repulsed by Isabel with scorn, when, on the second day, he ventured to declare his passion, he told her, with the mockery of a fiend, as he pointed to the lonely inn where they then were, that resistance was useless. Yes!—here, hold down your ear, closer, let me whisper it only; he used force; God of heaven, there was none to save her from the monster's fangs!

"There—there—it is over: unhand me I say. But forgive me: I am well nigh crazed: I know not what I do. Some of that drink. Bless you for fanning my poor, aching brow; I believe sometimes that I am becoming a child again. Those tears have relieved me. I am so weak now that they come involuntarily into my eyes, but time was when it seemed as if they had been dried up forever at their fountain, and when, in my unutterable agony, I would have given worlds to weep.

"I forgot to tell you that I felled that hag to the ground like an ox, when she told me that fearful tale. I could not help it. A woman! and stand by merciless! Oh! my God it was too much.

"And Isabel then was innocent. Aye! it had driven her mad. Oh! I could have crept on my hands and knees to her feet, for a whole life-time, if by so doing I could only have won from her, forgiveness, for suspecting, for a single moment, her angel purity. But it was not so to be. It was my fitting punishment. In the inscrutible designs of that Providence, before whose bar I shall so soon appear, it was decreed that I should never more see Isabel in the possession of her reason. She died. I had only time to hurry from that strange recital to behold her last moments. Never, never shall I forget that sight.

"She was evidently in the last stage of her malady when I entered the chamber where she lay; and as she turned her wild, and wasted, but still beautiful countenance toward me as the door opened, I burst into a flood of tears, and could scarcely stagger to a seat at her bedside. I suffered more—will you believe it?—in that moment than I had ever done before. Our first meeting; our early love; our auspicious union; our days of after felicity; that long to be remembered night of our separation; and all the hideous succession of ensuing events whirled through my brain as if a wild, shadowy phantasmagoria was revolving, with the swiftness of thought, around me. But more than all my injustice toward her smote me to the heart. Could I look upon that emaciated face, in every line of which was stamped sufferings the most extreme, and not feel its silent though unconscious reproaches? I bent over and kissed her cheek. As I did so a hot tear-drop fell upon her face.

"'Who is it weeps?' faintly said my dying wife, looking vacantly into my face, 'ah! I know you not. You are not him. When will he come, when will he come?' she continued, in a plaintive tone, drawing tears from every eye. She was dreaming still that she awaited my return at our far-off home. Thank heaven! all else was forgot.

"At this moment one of the physicians entered the room. Noiseless as he was, her quick ear detected his footstep. She turned quickly around: a look of disappointment stole over her face. She shook her head mournfully.

"'Why don't he come?' she murmured, 'ah! he has forgotten Isabel. Well,' she continued, in a tone that almost broke my heart, 'he may desert me, but never can I desert him.'

"'Isabel—Isabel,' I ejaculated, unable longer to contain myself, 'for the love of heaven speak not so. Isabel, dear Isabel, do you know me? Oh! you do. Say, only say you do: one word. Oh! my God, she will never awake to reason.'

"'Did you talk of Isabel?' she said, looking inquiringly up into my face, and for an instant I fancied the light of intellect shone across those

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pale, wan features. But alas! if so, it faded like it came. In another moment her eyes assumed their former vacant, yet sorrowful and imploring expression, and turning away she began to sing a snatch of an old song I had taught her in the days of our courtship.

"It flashed across me that, by singing the following verse, I might possibly touch a link in her memory, and recall her to reason. I mentioned it to the physicians. They implored me to do so. I obeyed.

"'Who sang that?' suddenly exclaimed the sufferer, starting half up in bed, and looking eagerly around, 'it seems, I do believe, as if it was the voice of George,' and lifting up her hand to command silence, she bent her ear down to catch the sounds.

"There was not a dry eye in the room. My own tears came fast and thick; and my utterance became so choked that I could not proceed.

"The hopes we had again entertained by her sudden question, seemingly so rational, were the next instant dissipated, by her dropping her hand, and sinking back upon the pillows, in a state approaching to insensibility. Need I delay? From that stupor, gradually becoming deeper and more profound, she never awoke; or rather awoke only in that better world where she found relief from all her sorrows, and where, if earthly suffering, or earthly purity can avail aught, she is now one of the brightest of the redeemed.

"Ah! you may well shed tears. It were enough to make angels weep, that death-bed! Night and day, in illness or health, here or in another continent, that closing scene of her life has been present to me, urging me on to avenge her wrongs.

"We buried her. Far away from the spot where she died, amid the green old hills of her birth, and in the quiet, little church-yard where her father and mother slept, we laid her down to her rest; and my last prayer is that I too may be buried there, side and side with that sweet suffering angel.

"I was from that moment her AVENGER. I sought out her waiting woman again, and learning from her all the information she could give me respecting the retreat to which Conway had fled, I set out in his pursuit. But her information was too scanty to avail me aught. Conway had left her money enough to bear his victim to P——, and then, alarmed at the catastrophe, fled she knew not whither. Once or twice since, however, he had remitted her small sums of money by mail, enjoining on her continued secrecy. The letters were postmarked New York.

"Thither I went. But all my enquiries were useless. After a search of a month I was no nearer to the attainment of my object, than on the day when I first set forth in pursuit of Conway.

"But did my zeal abate? How could it when that death-bed scene was ringing its cry for vengeance night and day in my ears? No. I had stood beside the grave of Isabel, and vowed to be her AVENGER: I had repeated that vow, night and morning since; and I would spend the last cent of my fortune, and go to the uttermost end of the earth, but what I would yet fulfil the oath.

"At length I obtained a clue to Conway's retreat. He had sailed from New York five months before for London, under an assumed name. I now felt sure of my prey.

"On my arrival at that vast metropolis, I instituted a cautious enquiry after his present abode, which I felt certain would ultimately place him within my grasp. Meantime I began a course of daily practice at a neighboring pistol-gallery, and soon became so proficient that I could split a ball, at twelve paces, nine times out of ten, upon the edge of a knife. Nor did I neglect fencing. I became by constant attention an invincible swordsman.

"But months, aye! years elapsed, and still he evaded my grasp. He hurried from one land to another, under a dozen disguises, but though delayed by my anxiety to be perfectly certain of the road he had adopted, I was ever like the blood-hound on his path. Fly where he would, the AVENGER OF BLOOD was behind him. Thrice he flew to Paris, once he hurried to Rome, twice he hid himself in the Russian capital, four times he visited England under different names, two several times he crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic, and once for nearly a whole year, during which he went on a voyage to Calcutta, I almost lost sight of him. But I recovered the clue at his return. Years had only whetted my appetite for revenge. My determination was when I met him, to goad him by insult into an honorable encounter, and if this could not be done, to shoot him in the street like a dog.

"Fortune favored me at length. It was scarcely a month after his return from the East Indies, when I learned that three days before he had set out for Paris. Thither, like the angel of death, I pursued him.

"It was the second night of my arrival at Paris, when I stepped into a noted gambling-house in the Rue des ——. The apartment was brilliantly lighted, and in the ostentatious luxury of its furniture reminded one of a fairy palace. It was densely crowded. I sauntered up to a table where they were playing *vingt et un*, and carelessly threw down a guinea upon the chance. I won. I was about turning indifferently away, when an individual approached the table, whom, even under his disguise, I recognised, in a moment, to be Conway. He threw down his stake. At that instant his eye caught mine. Never had I seen human countenance change so fearfully as his did during the instant of recognition. It quivered in every nerve. He turned paler than ashes. I looked at him, for a moment, sternly and calmly. His eye fell before mine. In an instant, however, he recovered, in a measure, his equanimity, and turning away with an air of affected indifference, whistled a careless tune. I stepped up to him.

"'Dr. Conway,' said I, 'you are a scoundrel.'

"'Sir, sir,' stammered the abashed villain in French, affecting not to know me, 'you mistake your man. *I* am Monsieur De Rivers, at your service.'

"'Monsieur De Rivers then, if you please,' said I, tauntingly, 'I congratulate you on understanding a language which you affect not to be able to

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speak.' The villain crimsoned and was abashed. 'But think not you shall thus escape. *You are my man*; and without regard to the name under which at present you choose to go, I pronounce you again to be a scoundrel.'

"'I—I,' stammered Conway, 'know you not. The gentleman is mad,' he said, with a faint smile of contempt, turning to the crowd which had now gathered around us. A scornful look was the only reply. One of them even went so far as to say, shrugging his shoulders,

"'Sacre—why don't you fight? Can't you see the gentleman *means* to insult you.'

"'Crazy, did you say, villain?' I exclaimed, stepping up to Conway, 'I am sane enough to see that you are a coward as well as a scoundrel—do you understand me now?' and deliberately taking him by the nose, I spat in his face.

"'By God, sir,' said he, his face blanched with rage, making him, for one moment, forget his fears, 'this is too much. I am at your service. Here is my card. When shall it be?'

"'The sooner the better,' I hissed in his ear, as he turned to leave the room. 'Let it be to-night.'

"'Gentlemen,' interposed a French officer, whom I knew casually, approaching us at my beck, 'this matter had better be settled at once. Had it not?' he continued, turning to Conway, or rather to an acquaintance of his, whom my enemy had singled out from the crowd as we left the room.

"'Yes! let it be at once—here,' exclaimed Conway, almost foaming with rage.

"'At once then,' said the two seconds, simultaneously, 'step this way.'

"We followed as they lead; and passing up a staircase before us, we soon found ourselves in a small, dimly lighted room, about twelve feet square.

"'We shall be free from observation here,' said my second, as he closed and double-locked the door.

"During this brief remark the other officer had been engaged in an earnest conversation with his principal; and after a silence of some minutes on our part, he crossed the room, and addressed a few words to my second. After the other had ceased speaking, he continued silent for a few minutes. At length, however, he said,

"'Well, I will make your proposition;' and turning to me he continued, 'I suppose you are scarcely willing to apologise. The demand comes from your opponent.'

"'Never,' said I.

"'Then the affair must proceed.'

"'Gentlemen,' said Conway's second, 'how do you fight? As you are the challenged party the choice is with you?'

"'With pistols—at once—in this room,' answered my second.

"I observed the cheek of Conway blanch at these words, and his eye became wild and unsettled. He muttered something about the police, the possibility of an interruption, and the unseasonableness of the hour. Even his own second could not restrain an expression of disgust at his cowardice.

"'I can scarcely hold a pistol, much less hit a mark with one,' whispered Conway to his second; but in the death-like silence the remark was heard distinctly throughout the room.

"'Sacre,' muttered the officer addressed, but checking his anger, he turned around, and asked our party if we should be put up across the room.

"'No,' said I, 'Dr. Conway has declared he knows nothing of the use of the weapon I have chosen. Villain as he is, I do not wish to take advantage of him. Let us fire across this table,' said I, touching one about four feet wide with my foot, 'or if that will not suit him, we will cut for the highest card, and the loser shall bare his breast to the pistol of the other.'

"'My God! do you mean to murder me?' said Conway, trembling like an aspen, and scarcely able to articulate.

"'Murder you! No, miscreant, though you have murdered one dearer to me than life—one, whom friendship, if not gratitude should have preserved—one who now lies in her early grave; while you, for years since her death, have been insulting man and God by your continued existence.

"'What do you choose?' asked my second sternly, as soon as I had ceased, 'it were better for all that this matter should be closed at once.'

"'We cut for the chance,' said Conway's second.

"The cards were brought, shuffled, and placed upon the table. I signed to Conway to take one. He stepped hurriedly up, and with a trembling hand, drew. It was a king. A smile of sardonic triumph lighted up every feature of his countenance. My second looked aghast. Yet, in that moment, my confidence did not forsake me; not a nerve quivered, as I advanced proudly to the table and drew my card. *It was an ace.*

"'Oh! my God, it is all over,' almost shrieked the miserable Conway, flinging his card down in despair, 'is there no hope!' he said, turning wildly to his second, 'oh! shew me a chance,' he continued, addressing me, 'for my life. Do n't murder me in cold blood. Do n't—do n't—do n't,' and he fell on his knees before me, raising his hands imploringly to me, while the big drops of sweat rolled from his face.

"'Take your place across the table,' said I sternly to him, 'put a pistol into his hands. Villain as he is, he is too miserable a coward to be shot down unresisting—though he would have granted me no such favor had the chance been his.'

"They placed him in his position. No words were spoken. Not many seconds elapsed before the word was given, and we both fired simultaneously. I felt a slight, sharp puncture in my side; and I knew I was wounded. But as the smoke wreathed away from before me, I beheld Conway leap toward the ceiling convulsively, and fall, the next instant, dead across the table. He had been shot through the heart. Isabel was AVENGED.

"I fled from Paris. I reached here, saw you, have adjusted my affairs under your supervision, and am dying of that wound."

Reader, that night he expired. D.

Philadelphia, December, 1840.

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LANGUAGE OF THE WILD FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

I. Solanum Dulcamara. Deadly Nightshade.

DEATH.

I HEAR thy step afar—
I see the flashing of thy blade
Out-blazing like a meteor star,
Thine eyes are peering from the shade,
Burning with smouldering flame;
Thy voice is as a woman's wail,
Thy face is bloodless all and pale,
A mockery to fame.
Thou sportest thee a shad'wy robe—
Thy fingers grasp an air-built globe—
A mighty scorn is on thy lip,
Haught skeleton!
Thy wrath is straining on the slip
Unearthly one!
Fire leaves thy nostrils—plague thy breath;
Fear is thy handmaid—thou art Death!

Smile not so grimly—though an hour
May find me powerless in thy pow'r,
And subject me to thy control,—
'T will be my body—not my soul,
There victor, I defy thee.
For though thou mayest sieze my form,
Devote my body to the worm—
And all the grave's corruption—HE,
The maker both of thee and me,
Decreeth to deny thee
Presumptuous one! all power to inherit,
That portion of his breath which is my spirit.

II. Sambucus Canadensis. Elder.

BE COMPASSIONATE.

The wind blows cold—yon poor, old man
Seeks pity for his woe,
For naught hath he to bear him on,
Though a long, long way to go,
All houseless, homeless, weak and tired,
While friends are far away,
His clothes are tattered—locks are white—
Oh! pity him, I pray.

His wife is dead—his children gone,
He knoweth not where but far;
The sun's bright light he seeth not,
Nor light of moon nor star.
For God hath taken sight away,
Hath bent him as you see;
And made his limbs as thin and weak
As those of a withered tree.

A very little from your wealth,
Some copper's more or few'r—
Will get him a morsel of bread to eat,
And cannot make you poor.
Give alms! the memory will be
A balm unto thy heart,
A spring to thy limbs—a sight to thine eye—
And joy to ne'er depart.

Oh! curl not thy proud lip, nor turn
Thy form away in pride;
As *he* is, *you* may be e'er long,
When woes of life betide.
Then as a wearied, blasted man,
From door to door you go—
You 'll think with tears of when you scorned
The humble blind man's woe.

Philadelphia, December, 1840.

III. Juniperus Virginiana. Cedar.

WINTER.

The winter has come, and the skaters are here
With a falchion of steel
On each manly heel,
To strike the ice with a stroke of fear;
And to make the victim the story tell,
With a voice as clear as a tinkling bell.

The winter has come, and he howls at the door,
And puffing his cheeks,
He whistles and shrieks,—
A shriek of ill-will to the suffering poor,
That maketh the widow clasp her sons,
And huddle together her shiv'ring ones.

The winter has come, and the sorrow besides,
And the poor man's breast
Can know of no rest,
While his life's troubled torrent onward glides.
But when 't is exhausted, the poor will share
A place with the rich, and no winter is there.

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MY PROGENITORS.

BY S. W. WHELPLEY, A. M.

Mr. Lowman in his treatise on the civil government of the Hebrews, remarks, that their careful attention to genealogy was a distinguishing trait in their national policy. From considering the Hebrews who glory in their descent from the most renowned patriarchs, I was led to reflect on the probable influence which the same custom would have upon other nations. Indeed I have often admired the general indifference of mankind to the names and history of their ancestors; especially considering the veneration which all men feel for every thing that wears the marks of antiquity.

From a few obvious principles I shall endeavor to state the benefits which I consider would result to mankind from the universal prevalence of the custom of keeping an exact genealogy in families. It would be a perpetual source of entertainment and pleasure. Who would not feel gratified to look back upon the line of his ancestors, and see their names, characters, occupations, place of residence, and time when they lived? They would also open numerous and extensive sources of friendly attachment, by closing the ancient alliances of interest, honor, consanguinity and friendship, which subsisted between our forefathers, who perhaps fought side by side in battles, ploughed the seas together, or shared the common danger of exploring and settling new countries.

Genealogical study would operate as a stimulus to laudable ambition, and would enkindle a sense of honor. If a man's ancestors were mean and low, he would often be struck with the animating thought of raising the reputation of his race. If they were high and honorable, he would, at times, be jealous of their honor, and feel strongly prompted to emulate their virtues.

Could every man trace back his line, it would level many useless distinctions; for it would appear, that some who are ostentatious of their descent and blood, have beggars, bandits, and the humblest cottagers for whole series of links in their chain. That others who are now low and indigent, could look back to lords, princes, and monarchs, who dwelt in "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces." In fine, it would appear that the descending line of generations is ever wavering, now elevated, now depressed. The grandfathers and grandchildren of lords may have been porters, footpads, or slaves.

The other evening, while investigating a knotty point, I proced myself into a deep sleep, and dreamed out the sequel. It would be better for many metaphysicians, moral philosophers, and writers of all classes, if they did the same.

I thought I was still pondering on the subject of Genealogy, and considering with what curiosity and pleasure I could look back on the line of my ancestors to the grand progenitors of our race, when suddenly there appeared before me a winged fantastic figure, answering in some measure to the description of Iris. Her flowing robes were of various and varying colors; her eye was penetrating but never fixed; and her aspect might be compared to the shade and light wandering over the folds and margin of a summer cloud. I knew her instantly to be one of the airy powers that preside over dreams.

She informed me that she was empowered to give me a view of *my ancestors*, and bade me attend her. Not knowing whither she intended to conduct me, or in what form of vision I was to be enwrapt, a chill of terror and ineffable awe rivetted me to the spot. Turning eastward she beckoned me with her hand, and with easy volition, we rose to the region of the clouds. We continued to move with inconceivable speed, till the Atlantic rolled beneath our feet, and we directly alighted on Plinlimmon in Wales.

I was now a little recovered from my surprise, and was delighted to see *the venerable seat of my forefathers*. I could evidently discern the meanderings of the Severn and Dee, although by distance diminished to a thread. Numberless villages and flourishing farms lay extended in various directions, and I looked with great curiosity over the rocky hills and blue ridges, where a hardy race of men were once able to resist the impetuous armies of the Henrys and Edwards.

Here my conductress presented me with a perspective of most wonderful powers. It would not only magnify objects to their natural size, but this it would do even at any assignable distance. Within the external tube was a sliding barrel, graduated into sixty circles. My guide informed me that a circle denoted a century, and that when the barrel was drawn to the first circle, I might look back one century; and so of all the rest.

Upon this she drew the barrel to the second circle, and presented me the instrument, impatient to try its astonishing powers. Looking through it I saw a face of things entirely new. James the I. had just ascended the throne of the United Kingdoms. I was looking around to observe the ap-

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pearance of the country which had flourished long under the happy reign of Queen Elizabeth. My guide asked me if I could discern a cottage at the foot of the mountain. "That," said she, "is the dwelling of your ancestors in the male line." The moment I espied the cottage, which was low and poor, an aged man came out. His figure was tall and erect—his head quite gray—his look was grave, forbidding, and shaded with melancholy.

My conductress succinctly told me that he had long since buried his wife, and all his children, excepting one son, who was then at sea—that his father was killed in battle, and that his grandfather had emigrated when a youth from Germany. Without farther words she took from me the perspective, and the scene of modern times changed.

We immediately mounted on the wing, and again moved eastward. As we passed over London I was not a little gratified by a transient glance of that majestic city, the noblest in Europe, and most commercial in the world. The forest of towers, the waters, all white with sails, and the country all covered with villages, by turns caught my eye; but I travelled too much in the manner of young noblemen, who take the tour of Europe, to make very particular remarks; since our rout from Plinlimmon to the banks of the Danube took up but about five minutes. We now stood on a rising ground, having on our right the city of Presburgh, and on our left majestically rolled the Danube. The country appeared beautiful, but I noticed, with regret, various vestiges of tyranny and misery in the appearance of an abject multitude.

The fantastic power now drew out the third circle, and looking through the perspective I beheld a scene in the reign of Maximilhan the I. The comparison was truly at the expense of the present day: a bold and manly race appeared, in general of larger size and nobler form. Their thoughts seemed full of freedom, and their general air was martial and independent. With something that appeared like the first dawn of modern refinement, there was a strong tinge of unpolished and simple manners. While I stood in high expectation every moment of seeing another of my ancient fathers, there appeared a royal personage at the head of a splendid retinue of chariots and horsemen. It was the emperor Maximillian himself, who, at that time was at Presburgh, and was on a party of pleasure that morning on the banks of the Danube. I gazed at his majesty, who was a man of uncommonly fine presence, and said, how happy should I be should he prove to be the man I am in quest of.

My guide soon dashed my hopes, by desiring me to observe the coachman of the last carriage,—"That," said she, "is the man!" I began to fear that my blood

"Had crept thro' scoundrels
Since the flood."

I observed that I had always understood my ancestors where from Germany, but never knew till now that they were *coachmen*—she smiled and bade me not be disheartened. He was a perfect Scythian, and seemed to look like one of the vilest of the human race; there being not discernible in his features any sentiments of honor or humanity. "He is," continued my guide, "the son of a Tartar by a German mother. His father was one of the wandering tribes that dwelt, at times, near the Bosphorus in Circassia, and on the borders of the Caspian sea." I wanted no more, but, delivering her perspective, I stepped back into 1840, and was more than ever struck with the wide difference which the flight of three centuries had made in one of the most warlike nations of the world.

Germany! how art thou fallen? Thy councils are divided—thy heroic spirit fled—thy warriors are become women! I consoled myself, however, that my father was a German coachman in the fourteenth, and not in the nineteenth century.

We rose once more, and passed over rivers, solitudes, morasses, forests, lakes and mountains, and at length alighted on an eminence near the mouth of the river Wolga. My guide, not leaving it optional, drew the glass to the sixth circle. I shivered in every nerve to think that my forefathers for such a period of years, had lived in the dreary regions of mental darkness. But could they have been tossed less at random, or enjoyed a milder sky in any of those countries where Rome had once displayed her eagle?

The Wolga is one of the largest rivers in the world. It rises in the Russian empire, and receiving a multitude of tributary streams, it winds a course of three thousand miles, and pours an immense volume into the Caspian sea. Through its whole course, it is said, there is not a cataract. It rolls majestically, with gentle current, through extensive, rich and beautiful plains, diffusing every where luxuriant vegetation and exhaustless abundance. Near the sea, it branches and forms a number of pleasant and beautiful islands.

On one of these we stood, and, for a moment, surveyed the romantic scenery. Near us was a Russian castle and garrison, and the island, which had been used as a military station since the reign of Peter the Great, was guarded by strong fortifications, and enriched with an infinite number of boats and vessels, and defended by ships of war and gallies.

I now looked through the glass, which threw me back six hundred years. How surprising was the change! One half of the island was a forest. The other half was occupied by a spacious camp, containing innumerable wheel carriages of singular forms. Before me lay a great army marshalled for parade. I was struck with their uncommon dress and armor; and presently more so, by a sight of their council chief, who occupied an elevated platform, and seemed at that moment engaged in deep consultation.

At the head three seats were raised above the rest, on which sat three personages of the greatest dignity. The central one, said my guide, is none other than Genghis Khan, and in him you behold your ancestor. He is now holding a council of war, and deliberating on an invasion of China. But you have little reason to boast of your descent from one who has destroyed fifty thousand cities. His tyranny and the perfidy of his queen have

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roused a conspiracy, which, though it will not destroy him, will imbitter his future life. Beneath a dark brow his fierce and jealous eye seemed to dart the fires of glory and valor into every surrounding breast. Yet he looked like one on whose heart the worm of care unceasingly preys, and who is inwardly consumed by the fires of ambition.

Leaving him, however, to his fate, my guide gave the signal of departure. We crossed the Caspian sea, and the Circassian mountains. The dominions of the ancient Medes and now of the Persians, passed beneath us. In a few moments we alighted on a hill which commanded a view of the fair and delectable vales of Sheeraz, the most celebrated province in Persia. Sublime conceptions struck my fancy as we were travelling the region of the clouds, when I saw stretched out on one side the vast ridges of Mount Taurus, and far distant on the other, the plains where Darius and Alexander fought. A sigh rose at the remembrance of the great cities and powerful empires which once flourished there.

Before me was the vale of Sheeraz, for many miles in extent. The surrounding mountains were covered with vines, and widely extended prospects of rural felicity in that happy region. Innumerable flocks and herds were scattered over the hills, the shepherds and shepherdesses looked gay, all nature was blooming, and the Persians, brave, polite, and elegant in every age, seemed the happiest people upon the face of the earth. The sun shone with peculiar smiles from the cloudless azure, and far remote the calm billows of the Persian Gulf, drew a silver line on the horizon.

On this hill, said my conductress, once dwelt your ancient fathers. At this she drew the glass to the twelfth circle, making from the Wolga a transit of 600, and from this of 1200 years. I looked eagerly through the prospective, and there arose before me a scene of unspeakable horror and desolation. An immense horde of barbarians was ravaging and destroying the whole country. Their faces flushed with fury. They were swift and fierce as tigers. The villages and hamlets, as far as could be seen were in flames; heaven was obscured by smoke; age, infancy, innocence, and beauty, were mingled in indiscriminate slaughter; and blood poured in all directions.

They rushed into a house which stood near me, dragged forth its inhabitants, and cut them in pieces. The parents and the children were mangled and slain together. A little infant only was left, and that, to all appearance, by accident. It was flung upon the ground, and lay wallowing in the blood of its parents, weeping at its fall, although insensible to its deplorable condition. Behold, said my guide, *your ancient father*. The existence of numerous generations depends on his preservation, and from him multitudes shall descend. Astonished at man's inexplicable destiny, I gazed, admired, and wept.

At length a female barbarian came up. She was black, filthy, deformed, hideously savage, and resembled a harpy. She spied the weeping infant, and a sensation of humanity stole upon her heart. Kind nature, and compassion to man, has implanted those heavenly sensibilities in the rudest and most degenerate of her children. She took up the babe, and seemed to sooth it. She wiped away its tears and blood, laid it in her bosom and darted out of sight. The glass dropped from my hand, and I stood rivetted in silent astonishment.

That child, resumed my companion, is carried into the bosom of Scythia; there becomes first a robber, then a chieftain, afterward a sage. His descendants dwelt at times in India, in the islands, in Tonquin, in China, in Tartary; and a last issue, as you have seen, was the conqueror of Asia. O Providence! how unsearchable are thy ways! What beings of light, what fiends of darkness, are among thy children. O listen to the fervent aspirations of a worm, and if thine ear is not inexorable, smile on their destiny.

As the glass dropped, the modern vale of Sheeraz returned and as soon vanished. Passing over Palestine, the Levant, Archipelago, Greece and Italy, our next stand was on the banks of the Tiber, among ruined monuments of ancient Rome. The remains of arches, towers and temples, porticos and palaces, where the Cæsars and Scipios once lived, lay before me. A gloomy grandeur covered the scene with awful solemnity, and filled my soul with sensations equally sublime and melancholy.

> "There the vile foot of every clown,
> Tramples the sons of honor down,
> Beggars with awful ashes sport,
> And tread the Cæsars to the dirt."

My airy governess now drew the glass beyond the eighteenth circle. I looked through it and beheld Rome at the zenith of her ancient greatness. A forest of towers covered her seven hills. Never, even in imagination, had I beheld so grand a scene. Her temples, domes and structures, rose and expanded on my view, and at once displayed the glories of that queen of cities. Noble and beautiful villas covered as far as the eye could see, the banks of the Tyber: and the whole prospect appeared as though the wealth, the arts, sciences and elegance of the world, were collected to adorn and beautify the scene.

In the forum a vast assembly of people were listening to the address of an orator, who, from his dignified and commanding manner, I took to be Cicero. My guide assured me it was none else. His attitude, his gestures, his whole manner, were sublime. He was pleading for Milo. The occasion had drawn together an innumerable throng of spectators. I admired the elegance of the criminal: his appearance was firm, heroic, and great. Pompey was present at the head of a select body of troops.

I have seen no man in modern times who can bear a comparison with Pompey. He had the qualities of great men with a dignity peculiar to himself.

On high glittered the Roman eagle, and the whole group of objects appeared with a majesty and resplendence not to be described. The judges, the criminal, the orator, the general, the nobility of Rome, the army and the spectators, possessed a grandeur of countenance which might have induced one to imagine that all the fine and noble countenances in the world had been collected together.

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After indulging my curiosity for a moment, my guide showed me *my ancestor*. He was a common soldier, and stood near the general, appearing to belong to his life guard. He listened with deep attention to the orator; and at times, roused by the powerful flights of unrivalled eloquence, seemed to lay his hand upon his sword, ready to draw it in defence of innocence.

His descendants, continued my conductress, accompany Trajan in his expedition into Asia, where, after various turns of fortune, some of them, as you have seen, settled in the vale of Sheeraz. Here, I must remark, that I was more interested than I had been before, for, upon noticing him more particularly, I found him perfectly to resemble my father in stature, proportions, and countenance.

The next field of discovery carried me back to the Trojan war. The celebrated city of Troy, and the Phrygian shores, the fleet and army of Greece, now engaged my whole attention. I was not a little gratified to have a glance at a scene which has filled the world with noise, and been so famous in poetry. Yet I must confess my expectations were not fully answered. The Grecian chiefs appeared with far less splendor than they are made to exhibit under the glowing pen of Homer. I liked Ulysses the best of any of them. He was a sturdy old fellow, and although in appearance somewhat of a barbarian, yet he was strong, manly, and sagacious, equally able to ward off as to meet danger. I hoped now my ambition, would be crowned by finding Ulysses among my progenitors. My guide, however, directly pointed out to me *Thersites*, assuring me that he was the very man. To save time, I will give a description of him, as we find it in Pope's translation of Homer:

> Thersites clamored in the throng,
> Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue,
> Awed by no shame, by no respect controlled,
> In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
> His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
> One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame,
> His mounting shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
> Thin hair bestrewed his long mishapen head,
> Spleen to mankind his envious heart possessed,
> And much he hated *all* but *most* the *best*.

Ugly as Thersites was, I thought it, however, no small honor to be descended from one of the conquerors of Troy, and I intend at a convenient time, to consult the ancient critics, to see whether Homer has not been guilty of detraction in stating the character of Thersites.

From Troy the genii lead me directly to Mesopotamia, and we halted in the midst of an extensive morass, a wild and trackless wilderness, inhabited by noxious reptiles and wild beasts. Presenting me the glass, she told me to make the best of it as this would be the last opportunity. Under the eye of the perspective the scene presently kindled with glowing colors and magnificent prospects. In the midst wandered a spacious river, the circumjacent grounds, although reclaimed from their native state, afforded those rural wild and romantic scenes indicative of the *morning of improvement* and invention. Thousands of people appeared busy in building various structures. Many were leisurely roving in the gardens and groves along the river banks. Contentment and tranquility smiled, labor went on with cheerfulness, and the orders of superiors were obeyed with a rude but lofty air of conscious freedom.

My conductress asked me whether I had yet noticed the *Tower of Babel*? On which, turning to my right, I saw, not far off, that massive structure. Its elevated summit rising toward the clouds, seemed indeed to threaten heaven. I could not but remark how much I had the advantage of Herodotus and some of the other Greek Philosophers, who viewed that Tower in a state of decay, and yet gave a most wonderful account of its greatness. I was now fully sensible that this was the seat of the first of empires, and was beginning to observe more attentively several things, when the appearance of some personages, at the head of a troop of horse, attracted my notice. Two personages of majestic port, followed by a numerous train, now drew near. Before them the statue of Apollo Belvidere, would have appeared diminutive.

You see, said my guide, Nimrod and Ham. The former was in the bloom and vigor of manhood. In his eye the fire of ambition burned, and all his actions bespoke haughtiness, ostentation and authority. He was the true and original founder of the science of war and despotism.

In the appearance of Ham there was something almost more than mortal. His deportment was grave, thoughtful, and gloomy. His snowy locks fell over his shoulders which the flight of centuries had not bowed, and his venerable beard swept a breast where the secrets of wisdom seemed deposited. But yet his eye was fierce and cruel, and gave sign of his inward depravity.

Whilst I was scrutinising to discover marks of consanguinity, my guide pointed me to a little fellow just by me who was *making brick*. There, says he, is *your progenitor*. His face was an isosceles triangle; and a long sharp nose and chin gave him the air of complete originality. He is, continued she, a true and legitimate offspring of Japhet. And now, having favored you more than I ever did any other mortal, to give you complete satisfaction, know, that from Noah to yourself there have been one hundred generations; and in your line there have been one King, five Princes, seven Butchers, eight Sages, five Commanders, ten Magicians, six Pilgrims, fourteen Soldiers, twenty Husbandmen, seventeen Mechanics, fourteen Sailors, thirteen Shepherds, eleven Beggars, eight Philosophers, twelve Robbers, ten Hermits, nine Warriors, and one Author.

Moreover, some of this illustrious line were present at the confusion of Babel, at the sack of Troy, the battle of Pharsalia, the destruction of Palmyra, the burning of fifty thousand cities in India and China, the defeat of Bajaret, the assassination of Henry the Fourth of France, the Powder Plot, and many other great events. Here I awoke, and behold! it was a dream.

And now the information I would make of the knowledge derived from my dream, is to publish

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forthwith an address to all the sons of Adam, demonstrating the importance of keeping an exact genealogy. The plan of which address is developed in the following articles.

I.—The seven subsequent years must be employed in exploring the generations that are past; and as *I* should be obliged to go to Wales and Germany, most of us to Europe and perhaps some to Asia, if not to Africa, I believe there had better be an armistice; for this business cannot be accomplished without an universal peace.

II.—The scheme of Leibnitz of an universal language, might also in that time or a little more, be matured. For in order to know the fair Asiatics and Africans, we must certainly have a common language.

III.—When the scheme is effected, men will see more and more the importance of improving their race. Upon this discovery a Science will arise of infinitely greater glory and utility than that of War. Nations will cross their breed as much as possible; and a wife from India or the South Sea, will be prized more than a ship-load of silks.

IV.—Every man who dies without an issue is the *end of a line*. He is like a thread cut from a weaver's web, and never joined again, or like a river that perishes in the sands of Africa, and never reaches the ocean. The plan contemplated, therefore, will excite in men a universal desire to propagate their species. Every man will see the folly and criminality of remaining single, and the horrid impiety of exposing his life in war before he has tied himself to some future generations. He will view it as risking the extermination of an endless chain of beings equally important with himself. And when he has become a parent, he will view it still more impious to hazard his life in any way, now become necessary for the preservation and care of his children.

V.—Thus the *art of killing*, which has been the main business of nations, will be superceded by that of communicating, preserving and improving life. And in future generations the names of heroes and conquerors will be eternized only by their infamy, as crimes are recorded in law Books, preceded by prohibition and followed by penalty. The ages of war will be regarded as the period of universal destruction, or rather as the *period in which the human race had not yet acquired the use of reason*. Then Philosophers and Philanthropists will be celebrated, and a man will only be considered as great as he is known to be *good*.

December, 1840.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD FOR ME.

BY A. M'MAKIN.

THERE 's a charm in the fame
Of a soldier's name,
With his colors so gay, and his spirits so light;
At his bold command,
No lass in the land,
Can withhold from his prowess her smile so bright,—
With his nodding plume, and his manners so free,
A soldier—a soldier 's the lad for me.

At fete or at ball
He is courted by all;
His step is the lightest that trips in the dance,
With his sword on his thigh,
And a smile in his eye,
Each belle doth acknowledge his bow and his glance,
With his nodding plume, and his manners so free,
A soldier—a soldier 's the lad for me.

When there 's mischief to pay,
He is first in the fray,
Nor blanches when death-shots are falling around,
With a tear for the foe
In the battle laid low,
He sheds not till victory his valor hath crown'd;
With his nodding plume, and his manners so free,
A soldier—a soldier 's the lad for me.

In his wild bivouac,
With his cup and his sack,
His sweetheart remember'd with heart, and with soul;
To beauty a fill,
And a cheer with a will,
While each comrade to friendship is passing the bowl.
With his nodding plume, and his manners so free,
A soldier—a soldier 's the lad for me.

Philadelphia, December 20, 1840.

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THE BLIND GIRL.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

"CAN nothing induce you to give up the idea of going to the ball to-night, my dear Maria," said the anxious Mr. Worthington, "our dear little one seems quite unwell, and surely the loss, or rather the exchange of one pleasure for another, can not be so distressing, particularly when the one is of so evanescent a nature as a rout."

"What good could I possibly do the infant?" was the reply to this kind expostulation of her doting husband; "you know Sarah is quite accustomed to her, and really I think it ridiculous that you should wish me to stay home; but lately you seem to rack your brains to contrive what means you can devise to thwart my wishes: if I ask for anything that will cost the slightest extra expense, the reply is: 'we can 't afford it.' Pray how do other people afford to live in more style than we do, with less income than ours?"

"Unfortunately, they *cannot* afford it," said Mr. Worthington; "and we see the consequences daily. Many of the enormous failures that have lately occurred, might have been prevented, but for the spirit of rivalry that fashion has instilled into the families of many of our merchants and citizens."

"So," said Mrs. Worthington, "because people fail, I am to be deprived of everything I wish for, and kept at home to see whether the child is *going* to be sick. I am sure I have taken every precaution to prevent its crying after me, for I have carefully covered its eyes every time I have nursed it since its birth. Nay, I do not let it come into the room where I am without something thrown over its face, that it may not know me; so that if I was to remain home to watch it, it would neither be better nor wiser; nay, it might frighten her to see a strange face."

Mr. Worthington paused for some time, confounded by his wife's unnatural exultation, and want of affection for her infant, at last he exclaimed, with considerable sharpness,—"*Have you a heart?*"

"I *once* did, and *do still*, possess such an article, notwithstanding I presume you consider yourself the proprietor."

"It must be small indeed," said Mr. Worthington with a sigh.

"Large enough for it to admit the whole circle of my friends," added the lady.

"I fear it will soon be untenanted, then," uttered Mr. Worthington as he left the room, finding it was impossible to dissuade her from her purpose, and discovering, too late, the misery of being united to one whose education had unfitted her for a wife.

Maria Wilson was an only child. At an early age she was left to the direction of a mother, whose partiality for her daughter blinded her to all her errors. The best affections of her heart had been neglected, their place had been allowed to be usurped by pride, arrogance, and self-sufficiency. Their means were circumscribed and insufficient to enable her to shine in the gay world, although her beauty was well calculated to attract the admiration of those who moved in it, and her sole ambition seemed to be to gain pre-eminence there, so that when Mr. Worthington, young, handsome, and rich, offered his hand, it was not rejected:—he viewed her faults with the fondness of a lover, and deceived himself into the belief that, once his, he could mould her disposition to whatever he wished it to be; but, after marriage, she launched into the vortex of fashionable life with enthusiasm, regardless of consequences; she was courted and caressed; in vain he entreated, in vain he expostulated; the wish of her heart was gratified; the goblet of happiness, as she thought, was at her lips, and she was determined to quaff it to the dregs; misfortune had not yet taught him to despair, and hope still upheld him; he looked forward to the time when she would become a mother, when the bonds of nature would form a fresh tie with those of affection. But, alas! he was doomed to be disappointed; the little stranger was viewed as an intruder, whose smile was not allowed to meet the mother's eyes; she mourned that the *fashion was past* for children to be put out to nurse, and never suffered it to be brought *to her without its face being covered*, that it would not fret for her absence. Every request from her husband to avoid unnecessary expenses, were recorded as evidences of his want of love, or as proofs of a contracted and narrow disposition.

She went to the ball,—and, when she returned, her little infant, Adela, lay at the point of death. For the first time, a pang of regret and remorse stung her bosom; repentance caused her tears to flow, as she became a voluntary watcher of its sick bed. Oh! how anxiously did she endeavor to behold one look from those eyes she had so often concealed from hers; she feared they were closed never to be opened again. She sat in silence and despair, endeavoring to catch the sound of that voice whose plaintive wail she had so often des-

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pired, but for two days its heavy breathing alone reached her ear.

Providence ordained that it should recover. On the third day it opened its eyes, those eyes which, for the first time, met those of its mother, and as she beheld it smile, a beam of newly-kindled affection woke in her breast; she caressed her child, but it turned from her, and sought the face it had been accustomed to behold; she endeavored in vain to gain the affection of the slighted child; it clung to its nurse, Sarah, who loved her with a mother's fondness. After many fruitless efforts to regain the treasure she had lost in her infant's smiles and love, she abandoned the attempt, and with the child's return to health, she returned to her old routine of levity and frivolity. Unthinking woman! how little did she reflect what labor of mind, and sacrifice of personal comfort her husband daily endured. Of what utility was his splendidly furnished house to him? Surely he merited at least her gratitude, when it was for her gratification that his hours were passed in his homely counting-house, where dreariness was banished by the excitement of business. The wooden chairs, the maps on the wall, the perpetual almanac, table of interest and foreign exchange, pasted in formal array, formed a strong contrast to the splendid rooms where the draperied windows admitted the softened light, which reflected on gilded mirrors, and carpets, where mingled the colors of the rainbow, to blaze in beauty; while the rich vases, filled with flowers, rivalling in beauty the choicest exotics in their hues, would tempt the looker on to believe it was a paradise. And such it would have been to him in his hours of relaxation, could he but have secured the affections of his Maria there; but fashion was the forbidden fruit, and vanity the serpent; they both proved irresistible; her beauty was the theme of universal admiration; it was that which first attracted him, when he sought her heart and hand. But the movements of the heart are imperceptible, its pulsations are uncontrollable, and it will sometimes appear to vibrate on slight occasions. Alas! he too late discovered that with hers it was but the echo of ambition, pride, or vanity that had touched its chords; love had never been awakened in her bosom.

As Adela advanced in years, the subject of her education engrossed much of her father's thoughts; it was there he felt most severely his wife's deficiency of duty. A mother's watchful care is necessary for her daughter's welfare. No one but her can guard the mind, and guide it through that ideal world, which the youthful imagination creates, and wherein it wanders, bewildered by false hopes and illusive joys.

There is no country whose system of female education is free from error. The elite of England and America select the fashionable boarding schools for their daughters to finish their studies in; where, unfortunately, the adornment of the person, and flippancy of manner, often supercede the adornment of the mind. Can parents reflect that the conclusion of a female's education requires *their* care the most, and that the dashing boldness of manners, too often learned at a fashionable, school, is but the mask which covers ignorance, and bravados out the want of merit? How much less estimable is the character of such a female than the modest, timid, but firm being who has received and finished her education under the watchful guidance of that mother's eye, whose anxious glance searches unto the soul of her charge, guarding it from evils that threaten and too often besiege the senses, till confusion and desolation leave the fair fabric a monument of ruins for parental fondness to mourn over.

In France the convent is selected, in a measure secluded from the influence of fashion: there the mind is more unfettered by folly, and becomes prepared to receive necessary instruction. Hence they are more capable of encountering the vicissitudes of life, and prepared for that intercourse which French women are allowed in society. Thus their minds become strengthened; no nation has produced so many celebrated women as France.

An English husband condemned for treason will be allowed to linger in prison, unless the entreaties and petitions of his wife and friends have sufficient influence to procure his release; if they fail, she sinks beneath the weight of her misfortunes, and an early grave yields repose to the bruised spirit: not so with the French woman; it awakens all the energies of her soul; every effort is made; every stratagem is resorted to; the prison doors though barred, are still accessible to love, artifice, and ingenuity, these combined, generally contrive to elude the vigilance of the keepers; thus Madame Lavalette, Roland, and several others, have given bright examples of what fortitude, education, and energy may achieve; thus the Bastile's dungeons have been insufficient barriers to the influence of the French women.

As time passed on, the aspect of Mr. Worthington's affairs seemed to become less prosperous; day after day losses occurred, until at last his bankruptcy served to convince his wife that his admonitions had not been needless; remorse again visited the unhappy woman; she felt that her husband's forbearance had been great; and determined that the neglect of her first born infant should be amply atoned for, by double attention to the second, whose birth was now at hand.

After Mr. Worthington's bankruptcy, it became necessary that he should leave his native place, and enter into business where it might prove more successful; he settled his wife in a small house till he should be enabled to send for her, and for a short time enjoyed more comfort than when splendor shone around them; they looked forward with hope and joy to the time when they would behold a child that would be mutually attached to each.

The infant was born; a lovely girl, but alas! its eyes were denied to see the blessed light of heaven! *It was blind!*

The wretched, self-convicted, soul-struck woman dared not complain; conviction of her errors bowed her spirit to the earth; what would she not now have given to recall some years of her past life? But it was too late, and the only resource now left her, was to submit with resignation to her fate.

After Mr. Worthington had departed for the Island of Martinque, his wife had to struggle for

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the maintenance of her children till he should be enabled to establish himself in business; she proposed opening a seminary, and called on some of those friends whose presence had often enlivened her assemblies, and who had partaken of her hospitality. One had just sent her children to Mrs.——, who was all the ton. Another thought it would be better style to have a governess in the house; and if she thought she could take the entire charge of the children, she would have no objection to give her the preference, if she could make the terms very low; others were "not at home" when she called—while some more candid than the rest—at once informed her, that any other occupation would be more suitable to her as her former dislike to children could not be so easily overcome; among them were those, who with sneers, regretted the change in her circumstances.

Thus it is to live in the world without studying human nature. We will be sure to find nought but disappointments, if we trust to those we meet in the giddy throng of fashionable assemblies; they are like the fleecy vapors that float over the blue expanse, their brightness is only the reflection of the light by which they are surrounded, and their aspect is as changing. The human family taken in the mass collectively, are cold and senseless, the philanthropic sensations of the heart are extinct, and an apathetic illusion usurps the place of the genuine effusions of benevolence, with which the refined soul overflows when in its unsophisticated state; it is in the domestic circles that friendship is found, given, and reciprocated, it is there that the best human feelings reign monarchs; but in the busy scenes of life, coldness, and contempt are the answers to an appeal for compassion and humanity.

With a mind forlorn and desolate, Mrs. Worthington sought consolation from her children. The cherub smiles of one yielded it; but the early affections of the other had been blighted by its mother's neglect, and it sheltered itself among strangers. It was no longer swayed by the same gentle passions, but fierce and uncontrolled, they became an ocean of contending emotions.

Adela, at the age of sixteen, eloped with a young man, whose worthless character precluded any chance of felicity for the unhappy girl, and added to the tortures of the miserable parents: but the winning softness, and amiable disposition of the sightless Isabella, made ample amendment for all her mother's misfortunes. With calmness and cheerfulness she bore her calamity: "What," said she, "though darkness is over those veiled orbs; my *mind's* vision sees beyond this world, the mental light that flashes through the long vista of existence, gleams with brilliance to direct my course. Why should I sigh to *behold* this world? Do I not enjoy the delightful fragrance of the earth's flowers, and am I not nourished by its fruits? Do I not possess the affections of those I love, and has not the philanthropy of man instructed (as children whose existence is one still night of calm,) in reading, working, and employing ourselves usefully, so that we feel not that the light of day is darkened from our view?"

And truly might it be called useful, for by her efforts she had supported her mother during a long sickness. The physician, Dr. Morris, that attended Mrs. Worthington, beheld the beauty of Isabella; respect and humanity first guided him to the assistance of a lovely, interesting creature, who deprived of one of the most essential faculties of our nature, exerted those she still possessed for the support of her mother. Her progress in music had been so rapid that before she had been two years under the instruction of one of the directors of the institution for the Relief of the Blind, she was even enabled to fill the situation of principal chorister in a church. *That* respect soon ripened into love, and she only waited the return of Mr. Worthington to bestow her hand on one altogether worthy of the amiable girl.

The many years that passed with Mr. Worthington, wherein all his efforts proved unsuccessful, finally broke his spirits. Every prospect of raising his family to their former splendor proved unavailing; the separation from his wife had not been felt by him as severely as it would have been, had not her conduct, during the early period of their marriage, alienated his affections; thus those disappointments, which at the time he deplored, proved to be mercies, that in the end were as beneficient as the morning and evening dew which temporises the soil for the fruits it is hereafter to produce.

The final blow was yet to come. He had determined on returning to his native land, and settling in some humble manner of life—when a letter arrived, informing him that his daughter Adela was not expected to live. He immediately arranged his affairs, and departed for those shores which blighted hopes had driven him from in despair.

The sun was about to set, as Dr. Morris sat by the bedside of the dying Mrs. Worthington. Isabella knelt by the side of her mother, and breathed a secret prayer, that the spirit of her parent might be permitted to remain on this earth till the return of her father. Every knock at the door for the last three weeks, had awakened in her bosom a throb of expectation, hoping it might be him. An awful pause ensued, as her last wish and prayer ascended to heaven; it was interrupted by the heavy breathing of the sufferer; when a step was heard approaching the door, it opened, and her father stood there. A shriek from her mother acquainted her, whose eyes were denied the sight of him, that it was him to whom she owed her being, that had come.

"My prayer is heard," said she, "father let your daughter receive a second blessing, He who is in heaven, 'the Father of all,' has already blessed me, by your presence. Mother rejoice, our prayers are heard; and if it is His will that you should soon return to your heavenly home, you can bear with you the last embrace of him you so wished to see, to be assured you die with his blessing on your head."

"Bless you, my child! bless you, my wife! but there is *one* that craves *your* blessing, Maria, if you have yet the strength: it is indeed, needed." He waited not for a reply, but left the room, to which

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in a few moments he returned, bearing in his arms the wasted and almost inanimate form of Adela; the last effort of nature gave almost supernatural strength to the mother; she caught her child in her arms, they were folded in one long embrace: the spirits of both departed together. Heaven! in mercy, veiled the sight of so much misery from Isabella; she felt that a solemn scene had passed in her presence, but she knew not the full extent of its horrors.

It was the last trial Mr. Worthington had to endure. The union of Isabella with Dr. Morris banished every solicitude; and taught him that the goodness of God is shown most conspicuous, when by granting those wishes that seem opposed to *His*, our *folly*, and His *wisdom* is manifested.

December, 1840.

TO THE PINE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Thou giant Pine of patriarchal years,
O'er the rock helm of the stern mountain bending,
As watching yon glad river, which appears
Like a bright dream through bowers of beauty wending.
Mocking thy bleak and solitary pride
With warm and flowery scenes, and soft wings gleaming.
Bright fountains laughing on the mountain's side,
'Neath bow'rs of blossom'd vines, profusely streaming.
And sigh'st thou o'er those visions of delight,
As my lone bosom o'er the glowing treasures
Which live in fancy's realm before my sight,
Mocking my spirit with ideal pleasures!
Or art thou holding converse with the wind,
Waving majestic assent to some story
Of mournful interest, how thy stately kind
Have perish'd from the places of their glory?
Or are ye talking of the noble race
Stately as thou, with the wind's freedom roaming;
Who o'er these mountains once pursued the chace,
Or stem'd the river at its spring tide foaming?
Oh knew I all the legends of the past!
With life and love, and death and sorrow teeming,
On which thou hast looked down, since first the blast
Play'd with thy plumes, in morning sunlight gleaming.
Thou 'st seen the free born hunters of the wild,
Chasing the fleet deer in his antler'd glory;
Or with his chosen maid, rich nature's child,
Breathing in whispers love's ungarnish'd story.
And thou hast seen him on the mountain path,
Victor and vanquish'd, fleeing and pursuing,
Conquer'd and writhing with vindictive wrath,
Or agonising o'er his nation's ruin.
While the fierce conqueror gaz'd with gloating eye
On mangled forms, in mortal anguish lying;
Or where the wigwam's flame was wreathing high,
Showing its inmates, wild with terror flying.
Seemed he not king-like, with his plumy crown,
And like a tiger, streak'd with hideous painting!
With hand that sought no treasure but renown,
And heart that knew no fear, and felt no fainting.
Full many a time, perchance beneath thy shade,
The youthful sachem stood with pride surveying
His wide domains, and the soft valley's shade,
Where through the bowers his dark-eyed love was straying.
Yet sometimes still there comes a wasted form,
With locks like thine, by many winters faded;
Well has he brav'd the battle, and the storm,
The sachem whom thy youthful branches shaded.
Ye are a noble pair, ye stand the last,
Each of a noble race; and ye are staying
Magnificent mementoes of the past,
Glorious and wonderful in your decaying.
And thou dost toss thy branches to the wind,
And sigh sad dirges of thy perished glory;
And he is brooding, with a saddened mind,
Over a perish'd nation's wrongful story.
A few more years, and the wild eagle's wing
Shall seek his long-lov'd rest with mournful screaming;
A few more years, and no dark form shall cling
To this stern height of perish'd glory dreaming.
And who will mourn when thou art lying low,
And o'er thy shattered limbs green mosses creeping;
What noble heart will melt with generous woe,
When the last warrior of his race is sleeping?

Liberty, December, 1840.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE RESCUE.

"God bless you!" said my old schoolmate, Harry St. Clair, to me, on a bright morning in April, 1776, as I shook his hand for the last time, and leaping into the stern-sheets of the boat, waved my hand in adieu, and bade the crew, with a husky voice, give way. I could scarcely trust myself to look again at the group of old classmates crowding the battery, for a thousand memories of the past came crowding on me as I gazed. The tears, despite myself, welled into my eyes. Determined that no one should witness my emotions, I turned my face away from the crew, affecting to be engaged in scanning the appearance of the brigantine destined to be my future home, the FIRE-FLY.

She was as beautiful a craft as ever sat the water. Her hull was long and low, of a mould then but lately introduced. There was no poop upon her quarter deck, nor was she disfigured by the unsightly forecastle then in use. Never had I seen a more exquisite run than that which her glossy hull developed; while her tall, rakish spars, tapering away into needles, and surrounded by their cobweb tracery of ropes, finished the picture. She was, indeed, all a sailor's heart could desire. When I stepped upon her decks my admiration increased to a tenfold degree. She had seemed from the water to be a craft of not more than a hundred tons burthen; but the illusion vanished on ascending her side, when you found yourself on board of a brigantine of not less than thrice that size. Her well-scraped decks; her bright burnished binnacle; the boarding-pikes lashed to the main-boom; the muskets placed in stands abaft the main-mast; the nicety with which even the smallest rope was coiled down in its place; the guns ranged along on either side under her bulwarks, and especially the air of neatness, finish, and high discipline perceptible about her, convinced me that I was embarking on board a man-of-war of the highest professional character. In fact I knew Captain Stuart's reputation to be that of a rigid disciplinarian.

"Mr. Parker—glad to see you," said my superior, as I touched the deck and raised my hat, "you are punctual, but allow me," said he, turning to an officer on his right hand, whom I knew to be his lieutenant, "to present you to Mr. Lennox—Mr. Lennox, Mr. Parker."

The usual salutations were exchanged; the boat was hoisted in; and I dove down into the mess-room to stow away my traps. It was full of officers. The second lieutenant, the purser, and my three fellow reefers greeted me heartily, as they rose from a long, narrow table, on which was a formidable display of salt junk and old Jamaica.

"Just in time, Parker," sang out my old crony, Westbrook, "we 're stiffening ourselves to keep up against the fog outside. Push the bottle, Jack—a cut of the junk for Parker—and as there 's nothing like beginning right, here 's a jolly voyage to us."

The toast had just been drank, amid a whirlwind of huzzas, when the shrill whistle of the boatswain shrieked through the ship, followed by the hoarse cry, "all hands on deck, ahoy!"

In an instant the gun-room was deserted, and we were at our several posts; while the gallant brigantine echoed with the tramp of the crew, the orders of the first lieutenant, and the monotonous creaking of the windlass, as the anchor was being hove up to the bows.

By the time the anchor was catted the morning sun was just beginning to struggle over the heights of Long Island; and as the mists upon the water curled upward in fantastic wreaths beneath his rays, the head of our brigantine began slowly to incline from the breeze. In another instant, as her sails filled, the water could be heard rippling under the cutwater. Then as a sudden puff of wind pressed her down toward her bearings, and we shot rapidly ahead, the bubbles went whizzing along her sides, and eddying around her rudder, swept away astern in a long and glittering wake.

I stood, after the bustle of making sail was over, gazing on the scenery around me, with feelings such as I had never experienced before. It was to be my first voyage in a man-of-war: I would soon, doubtless, imbrue my hands in the blood of my fellow men; and I myself might never return alive from my cruize. I could not help, therefore, being filled with strange and new emotions, as I leaned over the taffrail, gazing on the now fast-receding town, and recurring, again and again, to the many happy days I had spent in my native city, and to the dear faces there which I might never see again. But gradually these feelings were lost in the admi-

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ration enkindled in my bosom by the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

It was indeed a glorious sight which opened around me. Right in the wake of the brigantine lay the city, still partly shrouded in the morning mists; while the back-ground was filled up by a range of uplands, through which a narrow opening disclosed where the Hudson rolled his arrowy course. To the right lay Governor's Island, the East River, with its shipping, and the verdant shores of Long Island; while on the left rose up the bluff highlands of Staten Island, emerging, as it were, from a cloud of mist, and crowned with antique farm-houses, rich fields of verdant grass, and here and there a strip of woodland, as yet sparsely decked with its new-found leaves. Directly ahead were the Narrows, with the frowning heights on either hand; while a white, glittering line on the horizon without, and the long, undulating swell, heaving in through the streight, betokened our near approach to the ocean. A few sails flashed in the distance. All was still, beautiful, and serene. Occasionally, however, the measured sound of oars would give token of a passing fishing boat, or a snatch of a drinking song would float from some craft idly anchored in the stream. A few gulls screamed overhead. A flock of smaller water-fowl wheeled and settled on a strip of white, sandy beach just outside the Narrows. The surf broke with a hollow roar, in a long line of foam, along the neighboring coast; while out on the sea-board hung a dim haze, undulating slowly beneath the sun's rays as he rose, blood-red, in the eastern horizon.

"A fine breeze for our first day's cruize," said Westbrook, "and, faith, a deuce of a one it will be, if we should happen to be caught by one of King George's frigates, and either be strung up for rebels at the yard arm, or stifled to death in one of his cursed prison hulks. What think you of the prospect, comrades, is n't it pleasant?"

"Pleasant do ye call it?" said Patrick O'Shaughnessy, a reefer of about my own age, who was a dangerously late emigrant to the colony, "shure, and it is raythor at my father's hearth I would be, in dear, ould Ireland, afther all, if we 're to be thraud as rebels the day."

"Your father's hearth, Pat," said Westbrook, "and do you really mean to say that they have such things in Galway, or wherever else it was that you were suffered to eat potatoes in ignorance, until your guardians brought you out here on a speculation."

"By St. Patrick, your head must be hard;" said the irritated reefer, "and it 's well that my shillelah is n't on the wrist—"

"Pshaw! now you 're not angry, comrade mine," said Westbrook, laughing good-humoredly, but repenting already of his reckless speech, "come, we 've got a long cruize before us, and we shall have enough of quarrels with those rascally British, without getting up any among ourselves," and he frankly extended his hand.

"Shure, and it 's a gentleman ye are, Misther Westbrook, and I 'd like to see the spalpeen that says ye nay," said O'Shaughnessy, grasping the proffered hand, and shaking it heartily.

"Yonder are the white caps of the Atlantic, rolling ahead," said I, as we stretched past Sandy Hook, and beheld the broad ocean opening in all its vastness and sublimity before us.

We were now fairly afloat. At that time the enterprise in which we had embarked was one of the greatest danger, for not only were we liable to the usual dangers of nautical warfare, but we were, as yet, uncertain in what manner we should be treated in case of a capture. But we were all confident in the justness of our country's cause, and being such, we were prepared for either fortune.

Nearly a week elapsed without anything occurring to dissipate the monotony of our voyage, excepting a momentary alarm at the appearance of a frigate, which we at first took to be an English one, but which subsequently turned out to be a Frenchman. Meanwhile, we were not without many a merry bout in the gun room, and over our salt junk and Jamaica, we enjoyed ourselves as hilariously as many an epicure would over his Burgandy and turtle-soup. The jest went round; the song was gaily trolled; many a merry story was rehearsed, and anticipations of a successful cruize were mingled with determinations to bear the worst, if fortune should so will it. Under the broad flag of New York, we were resolved "to do or die," against the prouder ensign of an unjust, and tyrannical king.

We had run down well nigh to the Windward islands, and were beating up against a head wind, when we spoke a French merchantman, who informed us that he had passed a rich Indiaman, but the day before, bound from London to Jamaica. After enquiring the course of the Englishman, our skipper hauled his wind, and bidding the friendly Gaul, "*un bon voyage*," we steered away in pursuit of our prize. Night settled down upon us before we caught sight of her; but still crowding on all said we kept on in our way.

It was about eight bells in the middle watch, and I was on the point of preparing to go below, after the relief should have been called, when I thought I heard a rattling of cordage down in the thick bank of fog to leeward. I listened attentively, and again heard the sound distinctly, but this time it was like the rollicking of oars.

"Hist! Benson," said I to the boatswain, who was standing near me at the moment, "hist! lay your ear close to the water here, and listen if you do not hear the sound of oars."

The old fellow got into the main chains, and holding on with one hand to them, cautiously leaned over and listened for several minutes.

"I hear nothing, sir," said he in a whisper, "it 's as still as death down in yonder fog-bank. But I 'll keep a sharp look-out, for it may be there 's a sail close on to us, without our knowing it, in this mist."

The night had been intensely dark, but was now breaking away overhead, where a few stars could be seen twinkling on the patches of half-hid azure sky. All round the horizon, however, but especially to leeward, hung a dark, massy curtain of mist, shrouding everything on the seaboard in impenetrable obscurity, and, like piled up fleeces, laying thick

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and palpable upon the immediate surface of the ocean, but gradually becoming thinner and lighter as it ascended upwards, until it finally terminated in a thin, gauze-like haze, almost obscuring the stars on the mid heaven above. So dense was the mist in our immediate vicinity, that the man at the helm could not discern the end of the bowsprit; while the upper yards of the brigantine looked like shadowy lines in the gloom. Occasionally, the light breeze would undulate the fog, lifting it for a moment from the water, and disclosing to our sight a few fathoms of the unruffled sea around us; but before a minute had passed the vapors would again settle in fantastic wreaths upon the face of the deep, wrapping us once more in the profoundest obscurity. Not a sound was heard except the occasional rubbing of the boom, the sullen flap of a sail, or the low ripple of the swell under our cut-water, as we stole noiselessly along in the impenetrable gloom. The tread of one of the watch, or the sudden thrashing of a reef-point against the sail, broke on the ear with startling distinctness. Suddenly I heard a noise as of a stifled cry coming up out of the thick fog to leeward, from a spot apparently a few points more on our quarter than the last sound. The boatswain heard it also, and turning quickly to me, he said—

"There 's something wrong there, Mr. Parker, or my name is n't Jack Benson. And look—do n't you see a ship's royal through the fog there—just over that gun—that shadowy object, like a whiff of tobacco-smoke, down here to the right, is what I mean."

"By heavens! you are right—and—see!—yonder comes her fore-top-mast, rising above the undulating mist."

"Ship ahoy!" hailed the second lieutenant, at that moment appearing on deck, and listening to my report, "what craft is that?"

The hoarse summons sailed down to leeward, like the wailing of some melancholy spirit, but no answer was returned. A couple of minutes elapsed.

"Ship ah—o—o—y!" sung out the officer again, "answer, or I 'll fire into you—this is the Fire-Fly, an armed vessel of the free state of New York."

"We are a merchantman, belonging to Philadelphia," answered a gruff voice in reply.

"Send your boat on board."

"We can 't," answered the same voice, "for one of them was washed overboard, three days ago, in a gale, and the other one was swamped."

At this instant, one of those sudden puffs of wind, to which I have already alluded, momentarily swept away the fog from around the approaching ship, and we beheld, to our astonishment, that her sails had been backed, and that she was slowly falling astern of us, as if with the intention of slipping across our wake, and going off to windward.

"Fill away again, there," thundered the lieutenant, perceiving their manœuvre, "or I 'll fire on you—fill away, I say."

"By the holy apostles," said O'Shaughnessy at this moment, "is n't there a schooner's mast, on the lee-quarter of the fellow—yes—there it is—see?"

Every eye was instantly turned in the direction to which he had pointed. A single glance established the keenness of his vision. Right under the weather quarter of the merchantman, might be seen the mast of apparently a small schooner. The sails were down, and only the bare stick could be discerned; but the whole truth flashed upon us as if with the rapidity of lightning.

"The ship is in the hands of pirates," I exclaimed involuntarily, "God help the poor wretches who compose her crew."

"Boarders ahoy!" sung out the voice of the captain, breaking, like a trumpet-call, upon the momentary silence of the horror-struck crew, "muster on the forecastle, all—up with the helm, quartermaster—ready to grapple there—heave," and the huge irons, as we bore down upon the ship, went crashing among her hamper.

The instant that discovered the true nature of our position, worked a change in the whole appearance of the merchantman. Her deserted decks swarmed with men; her silence gave place to shouts, oaths, and the clashing of arms; and after a momentary confusion, we saw, in the obscurity, a dark group of ruffians clustered on the forecastle, awaiting our attack.

"Boarders ahoy!" again shouted Captain Stuart, brandishing his sword on high, "follow me," and springing into the fore-rigging of the merchantman, he levelled a pistol at the first pirate attempting to oppose him, and followed by a score, and more, of hardy tars, rushed, the next instant, down upon her decks.

"Stand to your posts, my men," thundered the pirate captain, as he stood by the main-mast, surrounded by his swarthy followers, "stand to your posts, and remember, you fight for your lives—come on," and drawing a pistol from his belt, he levelled it at the first lieutenant, who, pressing on, aside of Captain Stuart, received the ball in his side, and fell, apparently, lifeless on the deck.

"Revenge! Revenge!" thundered the Captain, turning to cheer on his men, "sweep the miscreants from the deck, on—on," and waving his sword aloft, he dashed into the fray. The men answered by a cheer, and bore down upon the pirates with an impetuosity, doubly more vehement from their desire to avenge the fallen lieutenant.

For full five minutes the contest was terrific. Desperation lent additional vigor to the freebooters' muscles, while our own men were inflamed to madness by the fall of Lennox. I had never been in a conflict of any kind whatever before, and for the first few moments—I will not hesitate to own it—a strange whirling sensation, akin to fear, swept through my brain. But a half a minute had not passed before it had vanished; and I felt a wild tumultuous excitement which seemed to endow me with the strength of a Hercules. I lost all sight of the turmoil around me. I could only see that it had become a general *melée*, in which personal prowess was of more importance than discipline. I heard a wild mingling of oaths, shouts, cries for mercy, the clashing of arms, the explosion of pistols,

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the shrieks of the wounded, and the fierce tramping of men struggling together in the last stage of mortal combat. But I had no time for more detailed observations. A giant ruffian singling me out from the crowd, rushed upon me with uplified cutlass, and the next instant I would have been clove in twain, had I not caught the blow upon my blade. But so tremendous was its force that it splintered my trusty steel to fragments, and sent a shock through every nerve of my system. I staggered. But not a moment was to be lost. Already the gigantic arm of the pirate was raised on high. Happily my pistols were both as yet untouched. Springing back a step or two I jerked one from my belt, levelled it at his brain, and fired. He whirled around as if intoxicated, staggered, would have caught at the mast for support, and fell over dead upon the deck.

But I had no leisure to regard my fallen foe. The contest still raged around me fiercer than ever. On our side of the ship, however, the pirates had broken, and were retreating slowly and doggedly toward the stern. We pressed on hotly in pursuit, while shouts, curses, and huzzas, the groans of the dying, and the fierce rattling of cutlasses, formed a tumult around us of stirring excitement; but just as I rushed past the gangway, followed by a few of the bravest of our crew, a wild, long, thrilling scream from the cabin below, rose up over all the uproar of the conflict. It could come from no one but a woman—that prolonged cry of mortal agony! In an instant the retreating pirates were forgotten; I thought only of the danger of the sufferer below. Dashing aside, with the power of a giant, a brawny ruffian who would have impeded my progress, I sprang, at one leap, half way down the gangway, and with another stride found myself in the cabin of the ship.

Never shall I forget the scene that there met my eyes.

The apartment in which I stood was elegantly, even luxuriously furnished, presenting the appearance rather of a sumptuous drawing room, than of a merchantman's cabin. The state-rooms were of mahogany, elegantly inlaid with ebony. A service of silver and rich cut glass was ranged in the beaufet around the mast. Silken ottomans stretched along the sides of the room; a silver lamp of exquisite workmanship, depended from the ceiling; and a carpet of gorgeous pattern, and of the finest quality, covered the floor. But not a solitary individual was to be seen. A lady's guitar, however, lay carelessly on one of the ottomans, and a few books were scattered around it in easy negligence. Could I be deceived with this corroborative testimony? Yet where was the owner of these little trifles? These reflections did not, however, occupy an instant; for I had scarcely finished a rapid survey of the cabin before another, and another shriek, ringing out just before me, roused every emotion of my heart to an uncontrollable fury. Catching sight of an undulating curtain at the farther end of the apartment, which I had imagined was only the drapery of the windows, I darted forward, and lifting up the damask, started back in horror at the sight that met my eyes.

This after cabin was smaller, and even more luxuriously fitted up than the other. But I did not remark this, at the time, for such a scene as I then witnessed, God grant I may never be called to look upon again.

As I pushed aside the curtain, three swarthy, olive-complexioned ruffians, dressed with more elaboration than any of their comrades I had yet seen, turned hastily around as if interrupted in some infamous deed, scowling upon me with the looks of demons. It needed but a glance to detect their fiendish work. A well-dressed elderly man was extended at their feet, weltering in his blood. On an ottoman before them half lying, half sitting, was one of the fairest beings I had ever seen, her night dress disordered, her frame trembling, and her hair, wild and dishevelled, hanging in loose tresses from her shoulders. Her hands were covered in one or two places with blood; her eyes were wild; her face was flushed; and she panted as one does whose strength has been nearly overtasked in a desperate struggle. Never shall I forget the unutterable agony depicted on that countenance when I first entered; never shall I forget the lightning-like change which came over it as her eye fell upon me. Rushing frantically forward, while joy beamed in every feature of her face, she flung herself into my arms, shrieking hysterically,

"Oh! save me—save me—for the love of your mother, save me."

My sudden appearance had startled the three ruffians, and for a moment they stood idle, suffering her to dart between them; but at the sound of her voice, they rushed as one man upon me. The odds were fearful, but I felt, at that instant, as if I could have dared heaven and earth in behalf of that suffering maiden. Clasping my arm around her waist, and retreating hastily into the other cabin, I shouted aloud for aid, parrying, with a cutlass I picked up at random, the attack of the miscreants. But the attempt was desperation itself. Already I had received two cuts across my arm, and I could scarcely hold my weapon in it, when the foremost ruffian, leaving my death, as he thought, to his comrades, laid his unholy hand once more upon the maiden. Good God! I thought my heart would have burst at this new insult. My determination was quicker than the electric spark of heaven. Hastily releasing the lovely burden from my hold, I seized my remaining pistol with the disengaged hand, and before the villain could perceive my purpose planted it against his face and fired. The brains spattered the ceiling, and even fell upon my own face and arm. But the miscreant was dead. Oh, the joy, the rapture of that moment! I heard, too, as the report subsided, the death-groan of another of the ruffians falling beneath the avenging cutlass of our men, who now, victorious on deck, came pouring down the hatchway. In another instant, as a shout of victory rang through the cabin, I had raised the almost senseless girl from the floor. She looked eagerly into my face, gazed wildly around, uttered a cry of joy, and convulsively clinging to me, as if for shelter, buried her head upon my bosom, and burst into a passion of hysteric tears.

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The emotions of that moment were such as I had never deemed mortal being capable of experiencing. Feelings I cannot even now describe whirled through me, until my brain seemed almost to spin around in a delirium of joy. Yet there was a holiness in my emotions, far, far different from the common sensations of pleasure. I felt—I knew not how—a sudden interest in the fair being, sobbing convulsively upon my shoulder, which made her already seem dearer to me than life itself. I pressed her involuntarily to me; but a mother could not have done so with more purity to a new-born infant. Her sobs melted me so that I could scarcely keep my own eyes dry.

"God bless you, my poor, sweet girl," I said in a husky voice, "you are among friends now."

The tone, the words went to her very heart; she clasped me convulsively again, and burst into a fresh flood of tears. Poor dove! she had just escaped from the hands of the spoiler, and fluttered, as yet, involuntarily on her rescuer's bosom.

"God—in—hea—ven—bless you," she murmured, betwixt her sobs, after a while, raising her tearful countenance from my shoulder, and looking upon me with eyes, whose depth, and whose gratitude I had never seen equalled—"God—bless—you, sir, for this act. Oh! if a life of prayers for your welfare can repay you," she continued, with uplifted hands, and a countenance, which, in despite of its earnestness, was crimsoned with blushes, "it shall be freely given by me. But my uncle! my poor uncle! alas! they have murdered him," and she covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the fearful sight.

"Say nothing, my dear girl," said I, the tears standing in my own eyes, "all are friends around you now. The ship has been rescued—the pirates are no more. Compose yourself—none here will harm you—your slightest wish shall be attended to, and you shall be served with the purity with which we serve a saint. Do not thus give way to grief—let me insist on your returning—here is your maid," said I, as the trembling creature emerged from a state-room, in which she had locked herself when her mistress was in danger, a little rest will compose you."

"Oh! my uncle, my more than parent—heaven bless you," sobbed the beautiful, but still agitated girl, as she suffered herself to be led away by her little less agitated maid.

The prize turned out to be the British West-Indiaman, which had been surprised by pirates about a quarter of an hour before we hailed her. The beautiful being and her uncle were the only passengers. It is needless to say that very few of the ruffians survived the conflict, and that those who did were tried summarily by a court-martial the next day, and hung at the ship's yard-arm. Their little schooner, or rather oyster-boat, was scuttled and sunk.

The wounds in my arm proved serious, though not dangerous, but they did not disable me from continuing on duty. I would willingly have lost the limb in such a holy cause.

The first appearance on deck of Beatrice Derwent—for such was the name of her I rescued—was at the burial of her uncle on the evening succeeding the re-capture of the ship. She appeared, leaning on the arm of her maid, and as her eye, just lifted for one moment from the deck, happened to catch mine, her face became suffused with crimson, and such a look of gratitude toward the living, combined with grief for the dead, flashed over her countenance as I never saw equalled. But in another moment her eyes dropped once more on the corpse, and I saw, by the convulsive heaving of her bosom, how fearful was her grief. When the corpse was launched into the deep, her sorrow broke all the restraint of custom, and she sobbed aloud. Directly, however, they subsided partially; and as she turned to re-enter the cabin, the last rays of the setting sun, gilding the mast-head with a crown of glory, and glittering along the surface of the deep, lingered a moment on her sunny hair, like the smile of the departed spirit.

The prize meantime, proving to be richly laden, was allotted to me to conduct into port, as the first lieutenant's wound prevented him from assuming the command, and the second lieutenant chose rather to remain with the brigantine. Beatrice Derwent was, as a matter of course, to continue on board the merchantman. Thus did destiny again link my fate with this lovely creature, and by one of those simple accidents which so often occur, open for me a train of events, whose transaction it is my purpose to detail in the following crude autobiography.

The sensations with which I watched the receding brigantine, after assuming my new command, and hauling up on our course, may well be imagined. Scarcely a fortnight elapsed since I first launched on the deep, a nameless, unknown, irresponsible midshipman; and now, by one of fortune's wildest freaks, I was commanding a prize of untold value, and become the protector of the loveliest of her sex.

"There 's a divinity that shapes our fortunes,
Rough hew them as we will."

It was not till the third day after parting company with the brigantine, that Miss Derwent, with her maid, appeared once more upon the deck. The shock of her uncle's death had brought on an illness, which confined her during that time to the cabin; and even now, there was a languor in her fine countenance, and a melancholy in her dark eye, which, though they added to the interest of her appearance, betokened the acuteness of her grief. She was attired in a dark silken dress; her hair was plainly braided back, and she wore no ornaments of any kind whatever. Rarely had I beheld a vision of such surpassing loveliness. I stepped forward to assist her to a seat. She smiled faintly, her eyes sparkled a moment, and then a deep blush shot across her saddened features. But I will not detail the scene that ensued. Suffice it to say that, from that moment I loved Beatrice; and that though she had not bid me hope, there was nothing in her conduct to bid me despair.

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SABBATH BELLS.—IMPROMPTU.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Sweet Sabbath! to my ear,
Thy bells, with mingling tone,
Tell of the distant and the dear
In yon far blue unknown.

Of happier days they tell,
When o'er the vernal ground,
Fairer than Ocean's richest shell,
Young Nature breathed around:

When Hope, as at a shrine,
To Fancy poured her lay,
And hues, inspiring and divine,
Painted the live-long day.

Sweet bells! They have a voice,
Lost to the usual air,
Which bids the sorrowing heart rejoice,
Though life no more be fair.

Though dust to dust has gone,
They speak of brighter hours,
When Memory, as from a throne,
Surveyed her paths of flowers.

Of sunny spots, where Love
Unfurled his purple wings,
And filled the spirit and the grove
With glorious offerings!

A SEA SCENE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

The world is hushed and still, save where the sea
Against the rock-bound shore, in monster glee
Rushes and roars, and far along the coast,
In solemn thunders o'er the loved and lost
A constant requiem pours. Above—beyond—
No glimmering light is seen! No cheerful sound
Steals from the distance. Not a lonely star
Gleams from the dim, mysterious depths afar,
To win the eye, and, like a spirit chart,
To chase the sadness from the sea-boy's heart.
His craft is small and frail—the waves are high—
And fresh and chill the wild breeze whistles by!
On, madly, blindly, rushes his slight sail,
An arrow winged before the maddened gale.
His heart is stout and firm; his messmates true,
Will, at his call, their hopeless toil renew!
But hark! that peal! Old ocean reels and rings,
While wilder still, the poor craft bends and springs;
And see yon flash—like lava from the sky
Poured rashly out by some dread hand on High,
And dealing death to those unfit to die!
Again—again! And mingling with the sea
The frail thing sinks and mounts. Eternity
Now yawns at every plunge, and each strong wave
Seems hurrying on to some cold ocean grave!
Now lost to view—now soaring with the swell—
Ah! who the thoughts of that pale crew may tell!
How radiant, Home, must seem thy beauties now!
How far thy low roof from that vessel's prow!
How angel-like fond features, sunny eyes,
Rise o'er the waves in memory's paradise!
Sweet gentle words are heard amid the storm,
And hands are clasped, whose blood flows fast and warm.
The future breaks upon the mental sight,
And Hope's eternal watch-fire gives it light!
The soul again is nerved—the storm rolls on—
Morn breaks, and with it comes the welcome sun,
And though, as yet, no land salutes the eye,
Some tropic bird comes wheeling gaily by;
The air seems sweeter, and the ocean's foam
Looks fresher, brighter, and reminds of home!
Oh! who may paint the rapture of that hour—
The peril past, the breeze, with freshening power,
Filling the out-spread canvass! Who may tell
The wild emotions that each bosom swell,
As the glad morrow dawns upon the soul;
And feeling's fountain bursts beyond control—
As welcome voices greet, or lip to lip,
In speechless joy, the heart's companionship—
Is mutely told—or, as in some fair face
A gentler, deeper, thought of love we trace,
And mark with joy the chosen one's embrace!

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THE SYRIAN LETTERS.

WRITTEN FROM DAMASCUS, BY SERVILIUS PRISCUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TO HIS KINSMAN, CORNELIUS DRUSUS, RESIDING AT ATHENS, AND BUT NOW TRANSLATED.

LETTER I.

Damascus.

SERVILIUS TO CORNELIUS—GREETING:

How cheering it is, my dear Cornelius, after a long and perilous voyage, and the fearful pitchings of a frail vessel, to feel your accustomed security of footstep, and trace in the wide plains and lofty mountains the varying forms of nature's loveliness, doubly enchanting after a temporary separation. Such were my emotions after landing on the shore of Berytus, heightened by the delightful and unexpected surprise of meeting an old friend in a strange land.

Sulpicius behaved toward us in the most elegant and hospitable manner, and so swiftly did the interval between arrival and departure fly, that the scene of parting salutation was in sad contrast with the joy of our first greeting. But as I have revived these recollections, let me give a hasty sketch of what passed on the second evening of our landing. Having gathered around the tables to the evening repast, cheerfulness reigned triumphant. Tossed for days upon the whirling waters, we were now in conscious security gaily, assembled in the harmonious circle, with not a care to distract, and every reasonable pleasure to elevate. The music ceasing, Lactantius observed he was sure he had heard that strain before, he thought, when off the coast of Cyprus.

"Yes," I replied, with a smile, "Lactantius you are right, I also heard it."

"Ah!" said he, "I believed every eye had been closed in sleep. It was my custom at the dead hour of night, that time so fruitful of meditation and of better thoughts—when silence reigns and unarmed repose throws her soft mantle over every living thing; and the air robbed of its noon day heat grows cool and balmy, to order before me the events of the day, and mark wherein I had done amiss. Pardon me, Lactantius, this was not all, have I not heard you, on more than one occasion, breathe passages not of poetry only, but of bright description and solid thought? Come, I call upon you, in the name of those around, should you approve, to narrate the story of our voyage."

"Yes! a good thought," they cried. "And interweave," says Marcus, "as much poetry in the narration as you are wont."

"Stay," cries Sulpicius, "if you mean by poetry, play of fancy, at the expense of geography, I should heartily prefer the unpainted narrative, for how is it that travellers love the wonderful so much, and delight to make the storms more dangerous, the mountains higher, and the valleys greener than nature ever made them?"

"Such Sulpicius, is not my meaning," rejoined Marcus, "but only that one so competent to color nature as she should be colored, should perform the task, and who, if he but wave the gay wand of fancy, may bring before you every hill in its greenness, and temple in its sculptured whiteness, so that you might almost believe you saw them on the painter's easel, or starting up in beautiful reality at your feet."

"Stop Marcus, the subject of this undeserved eulogy is present, and if you say another word I shall hesitate whether to begin, since our friends may form expectations which cannot be realised."

With this he described the whole course of our voyage, from our embarcation at Constantinople to our landing at Berytus, its perils and its pleasures: the countries we saw, the cities we visited, in that full and flowing style for which he is so celebrated. At one moment he would bring so faithfully to our eye, the terrors of that night on which we were so near engulphed, that the shudder of fancied danger shot through our veins, and the billows almost seemed to toss us, so vividly can a master's hand summon up an image of those horrors one has but lately passed through. Indeed at one part of the recital, Fortunatus who was present, uttered a smothered cry to the sailors, as if he was again acting the part of a commander upon his ship. At this strange ejaculation, notwithstanding the exciting story, we could not repress our laughter; Lactantius himself joining in the general merriment. When he began to describe the different cities we had entered, he used considerable action, and so clearly did he bring the representation to our view that in pointing, as if to the real object, we instinctively followed with our eyes the motion of his fingers, as it were, in expectation that the rising walls of some palace, or the rich scenery of some

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wooded valley, would meet our gaze. Such is that silent homage which we unknowingly pay to eloquent genius.

When he had finished, some expression of pleasure or admiration burst from every tongue, and Sulpicius ordered us to fill our glasses to Lactantius, accompanying this token of friendship with other marks of high wrought satisfaction, such as he displays only on those occasions, when his feelings are strongly enlisted in the object of them.

"Lactantius," he remarked, "having always at my elbow a ready scribe, who, committing to parchment with the most wonderful facility all that falls from the lips of those distinguished men from Rome, Constantinople, or other great cities, who in their travels may chance to honor me with a visit, I have been enabled to accumulate a rich collection, over which, whether as memorials of genius or of friendship, I linger, whenever I peruse them, with fresh delight. This day's conversation, as it fell from your lips, is already deposited on the precious pile."

Here I perceived an uneasy play upon the features of my friend; as I quickly traced the cause, for it was none other than his retiring diffidence, I felt anxious to change the topic of our conversation. The announcement of a stranger's name, repeated, however, in so low a tone that I did not hear it, diverted the attention of the company. Entering, he walked toward the couch of Sulpicius, and we were all struck, at the first glance, with his commanding air and dignified deportment. An ample forehead, dark and piercing eye, and venerable beard, that sported with by a passing wind, carelessly floated about the graceful folds of his tunic, elicited instantaneous respect.

"I come," he said, addressing himself to Sulpicius, "to seek the great Lactantius, and understanding he was present, took the liberty of entering without ceremony." Sulpicius with this, rose, kindly welcomed and invited him to join us at the tables, but politely refusing, he continued,—"I come to consult him upon a subject which I hold to be entitled to the friendly countenance of every lover of generosity and toleration, be he of whatever faith."

With this Lactantius arose and joined him, and as he clasped his hand, there seemed so much Christian sincerity in his manner, that a tear sparkled in the eye of the stranger, but it passsed away, and his settled demeanor was resumed. When they had left, a hundred conjectures sprang up, as to what might be the object of this interview. But Sulpicius informed us he was an eminent citizen of Berytus, that he had held a responsible office under one of the last Emperors, embracing, however, the creed of that new sect called Christians, he fell into disgrace, and stood in jeopardy of his life, but was saved through the earnest intercession of an influential friend residing at Baalbec, and a solemn promise to retire into distant and perpetual banishment. Upon the death of the Emperor he returned from exile, and would have been re-instated in all his former dignities, but tiring of the turmoil of public life he preferred the quiet of retirement, and the peaceful enjoyment of domestic bliss. But you have not given us, observed Valerius, your conjecture of the object of his visit, nor the name of that worthy citizen whose intervention was so happy in its results. The object of the interview is doubtless to arouse the feelings, or invoke the powerful aid of Lactantius in the establishment of a Christian Colony, or perhaps in the building of some Christian temple, since Constantine has proved so munificent in the erection of the most gorgeous edifices to the Christian's God. The name of the citizen whose good offices were so fortunate, was Æmelianus of Heliopolis. When this name was mentioned, I noticed that the countenance of Lucretia became pale, and her lip was compressed, as if in the suppression of some hidden emotion, but its cause I was not able to divine.

The sun upon the following day shining through the windows' tapestry, awoke me by his reddening beams, and warned me to rise and behold the grandeur at my feet. Throwing the lattice open, I beheld a panorama unequalled in sublimity and beauty by any thing I had ever seen. Berytus stretched away below me, sparkling with shining domes, glistening house tops, and here and there arose some marble monumental pillar, or an obelisk, commemorative of some signal event, which, peeping from their encircling grove, appeared to rest upon its summit like flakes of freshly fallen snow. Beyond the city lay the ocean, with many a sail, but dimly visible upon its heaving bosom; behind me rose, towering and precipitous, eternal Lebanon, bathed in a flood of various lights, like a vestment died with many colors, and the pines which crown its heights, spreading their fringy leaves against the clouds, borrowed all their hues.

With nature clothed in gladness, and the scented freshness of the morning air, filled with the warbling of birds, you may entertain surprise when I tell you, that my feelings were those of sadness, for I reflected that this great city must, in its turn, as other cities have, either sink into insignificance, or become much diminished in splendor, and its thousands of busy people, with the unerring certainty of the rising sun, be gathered generation after generation, to their fathers, while the hoary mountain at whose base it lay, would through all time raise its head in haughty glory. How vain to boast of immortality, how vain to live solely for ambition's sake, when the fame of the hero rests upon the mercy of a parchment, or the treacherous reliance of tradition. A convulsion of the earth may overthrow a temple, the pride of centuries, the boast of a nation—a spark consume a city, and time's wasting finger in the interval of but a few years, destroy the golden record of genius, however perpetuated, so that the celebrity of the orator, and the works of the poet, shall have but a flickering existence, and finally shall perish from the recollection of their countrymen.

The morning of our departure being now at hand, we began our journey from Berytus, through Baalbec to Damascus, and as it lay through a rocky region, we knew it would be rough and wearisome, but when we remembered the grandeur of nature, the mountains, valleys, forests, temples, palaces, we should behold, we trusted we would be able to drive away fatigue.

Among those who performed the journey with us, were Lactantius, Marcus, and Valerius; also Corne-

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lia, and Placidia, the daughter of Lucius Sergius, and their kinswoman Lucretia.

Lucius having purchased a chariot, the ladies accompanied him by another route, the rest of us having bought chargers at the market place of Berytus, well accustomed to the rocky pathway, determined to travel by the *via Antoniana*, cut at some spots into the solid rock, through the liberality of Antoninus, who has left in this country endless works of art, which I hope may remain imperishable monuments to his genius, generosity, and enterprise. The journey from Berytus to Baalbec by this route is of more than a day—arduous and perilous—but as I said, the traveller finds an ample return for all his toil, in the awful sublimity of countless rocky peaks, which cap these hoary mountains with an imperishable crown. Rising into the clouds, they seem to bear the fleecy vapors upon their broad summits, while their terrible height obscures the morning sun, and for the while hides their base in impenetrable darkness, and even throws a gloom upon the troubled bosom of the ocean, which occasionally lashes their everlasting foundations in its fury. Ocean always in motion, mountains ever at rest, both as thou wert a thousand years ago—unchangeable! what a fruitful comment upon the perishable creations of man's feeble arm.

Crossing the river Lycus, which having its birth among the purest fountains, and finding its channel in the hollow of a deep cleft of the mountains, shoots beneath your feet with impetuous dashings, we after a space arrived at the banks of the purple Adonis. You may remember it was near this river, that he, from whom it derives its name, came to his end. Many temples have been dedicated in these wild regions to the memory of Adonis, and to her who the poets tell us mourned so bitterly for his loss. Having passed over Lebanon, we fell upon luxuriant gardens; endless groves of olive trees; purpled vineyards; hill sides clad with trees laden with ripe fruit, that shining from their dark surrounding foliage, were bright with every tint of heaven, from the richest golden to the deeply blushing red. Such was this enchanting prospect, heightening in its beauty at each succeeding step, and when at last we came in full view of the great Baalbec, or as some call Heliopolis of Phenicia or of Assyria, built upon the level of a broad and verdant plain, and starting from among deep embosoming thickets, our admiration was irrepressible. High and conspicuous above the city walls rose that greatest temple of the world, the Temple of the Sun, now lit with his departing beams; and we could plainly trace its portico, its courts, and surrounding temples. In one spot a monument or an obelisk upreared itself, or the gilded dome of some Palace, shining like a Pharos above the dark enshrouding groves.

Having approached the northern gate of the city, we were obliged to pass through established ceremonies ere we secured an entrance. This enabled me to examine the beautiful architecture of this noble portal. Four Corinthian pillars upon an elevated basement, supported a heavy architrave, with niches between their intercolumniations, filled with two statues, one representing the founder of the city, King Solomon in royal robes, the other Sheba. In the centre hung a lofty brazen gate, covered with massive mouldings cast in brass, one I recollect much resembling that upon the great shield in the temple of Mars at Constantinople. So weighty was this structure, that it must have proved a labor of years to construct it, as it surely would one almost of months to batter it down. It looked impenetrable. On beholding this gate, I could not but fancy it opened into some new region, that when drawn aside, I should be presented with a scene novel and wonderful. Directly the immense mass began to yield, and the harsh rattling of its bars and chains, and the low rumbling of its enormous hinges, reminded me of distant, deep mouthed thunder. Its ponderous folds were now fully opened to admit us, and the issue realised what fancy had portrayed, for an exhibition of the gayest kind was passing before us. Young and ardent charioteers in streaming and many colored robes, and mounted upon chariots, richly inlaid with sparkling gems and gold, were driving their highly mettled coursers in various directions, through the broad and noble avenues, some of which seemed to terminate at this northern gate. So rapid and complicated were the movements of these young voiteres, that it was matter of wonder to me they did not come in dreadful conflict. Others on prancing steeds were displaying their gallant horsemanship. Here you saw a gathering group of youthful citizens at some athletic sport, and there a little knot of philosophers, who may be readily distinguished by their long mantles, grave countenances, and earnest conversation, as if in the hot discussion of some exciting topic. You may have noticed after an attendance at the theatre for hours, with nothing to fix your wandering gaze, except the curtain of the Proscenium, how gladly you have hailed the lifting of it, revealing the actors in full dress, and all the dazzling arrangements of the Drama. Such were my sensations at this moment. Asking for the house of a kinsman of Sergius, some friendly citizen informed us he had just left him at the baths, but that he had perhaps returned, and he would conduct us to his mansion. Arriving there, we found the owner at his hall of entrance, when instantly recognising Sergius, he pressed us immediately to dismount, else, as he alleged, we would violate the customs of Heliopolis. Not choosing at the very first, to violate so hospitable a custom, we cheerfully entered the splendid mansion, and as gladly were we received. Having assembled in the Hall, after the freshening influences of the bath, we were greeted by a number of distinguished citizens, who, were invited to meet us, as eminent Romans upon our journey through Syria. Under such *favorable auspices* though wholly undeserved as they respect your friend Servilius, it was not long ere we cemented a friendship. "Highly welcome" exclaimed Mobilius, (for this was his title,) upon his first acquaintance, for on such good terms did he seem to be with himself and those around him. "Highly welcome to Baalbec, but this you will not find a very Christian spot, while these priests of Heliopolitan Jove are so numerous: "Is it true," he continued in the same breath, "and you must bring the latest news, that Constantine intends to close our temples, and convert them into others, for the observance of the rites of this new sect called Christians?"

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"There was such a rumor my friend," replied Lactantius, "but of its truth I cannot speak, would it were correct."

At this, his eye flashed and I plainly saw, he was a true convert to the worship of the sun.

"You would not speak thus," he said, "had you ever witnessed the splendid ceremonies of our religion;" and whispering to him as if bestowing a peculiar mark of confidence, "you shall if you wish from a secret undiscoverable nook, see all," and darting a quick enquiring glance, he added in the same low whisper, though distinct enough to be heard by me, "you may be a convert."

"I will behold the spectacle," was Lactantius' brief reply. I doubted not but that this great warrior in a self denying cause, had in this ready compliance, some wise purpose, possibly, to persuade this youthful votary of the danger of his faith, or to convert him to his own: and such I believed was partly Mobilius' design, so I felt there would be no difficulty in securing a share of this undiscoverable nook, for I was eager to witness these strange ceremonies. But I have exhausted my parchment, and I fear your patience, so I shall reserve my account until the next epistle, which I hope may find you as I trust this does in continued prosperity and health. Farewell.

* * *

Philadelphia, December, 1840.

THINE—ONLY THINE.

BY MRS. CATHARINE M. W. ESLING.

THINE—only thine,
The bland winds whisper it at every breath,
And thou art mine—
Mine thro' all changes—mine alone till death.

Years will pass by,
And write their records upon either's brow,
Will dim the eye,
But alter not one heart pulse beating now.

Changes will come,
And the light foot, less lightly tread the ground,
The gentle hum
Of voices, will have lost their softest sound.

And clinging ties
Will be dissever'd—from the household band
Some may arise
To the bright mansions in the "Happy Land."

In all their youth,
The sunny gladness of their early years,
To realms of truth
Their spotless souls soar from "the vale of tears."

Strong links may break,
Links that are twined around the inmost heart,
And dreamers, wake
To see their sand-built fabrics slowly part.

But thou wilt be,
Even as the oak, in all thy strength and pride,
An unscath'd tree,
While I, the Ivy, cling thy form beside.

And when we leave
The sunny paths of youth, where flowers grew bright
We will not grieve
That our brief morning hid its beams in night.

Edging each cloud,
Hope's silver ray shall light us near and far,
No darken'd shroud
Can hide from us love's ever-burning star.

Like noon's sweet close
Before the shades of eve grow dim and dark,
When flowers repose,
And angels' eyes day's slow departure mark.

Like that, shall seem
Our parting from this world of earthly bloom,
And life's calm stream,
Shall gently lave us as we near the tomb.

Thine—only thine,
The bland winds whisper it at every breath,
And thou art mine—
Mine thro' all changes—mine alone till death

Philadelphia, December, 1840.

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CLARA FLETCHER.

OR, FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

"What a beautiful creature Clara Fletcher is!" exclaimed Mr. Tressayle.

"Beautiful!" replied the lady by whom he stood, tossing her head disdainfully, "why la!" and she raised her glass to her eye, "*I* think she 's positively plain looking."

"Beautiful indeed!" echoed her mamma, a fat, vulgar looking woman, the flaunting colors of whose dress, betrayed her character at once, "why now, I do say, Mr. Tressayle, its astonishing—it is—how a gentleman of such *tone* as you, should think that pert Miss Fletcher any thing but common-like. Why do look at her hair now, I 'd be bound she done it up herself—and then her dress, why that stuff," said she, with a contemptuous curl of her lip, "could n't have cost a dollar a yard. Do you think it could, Araminta, my dear?"

Mr. Tressayle was decidedly the most fashionable man at Saratoga. With a fine person, a handsome countenance, the most courtly manners, and more than all supposed to be possessed of a fortune as extensive as his establishment was fashionable, he was looked up to by all as *the* match of the season. The Belvilles, therefore, with whom he was now conversing, were not a little flattered by the attentions which he paid them. True they were the wealthiest family at the Springs; but then Mr. Belville had made his princely fortune as a distiller. Originally the keeper of a green-grocer's shop, he had risen afterward into an obscure tavern-keeper, and from thence by slow gradations, he had become a wine-merchant, a distiller, a usurer, and a millionaire. Latterly, his lady, discarding the shop, and affecting to despise tradesmen's wives, had set up for a woman of fashion, and nothing gave her, in her eyes, more importance than the attentions obviously paid by Mr. Tressayle to her only child, Araminta Melvina Belville, a long, scraggy young lady of about two-and-twenty, but who affected the manners of "sweet sixteen." The devotion of Tressayle to such a being was indeed surprising to all who did not know how involved was his fortune.

What reply might have been made by Tressayle to this remark we know not, for his answer was cut short by the appearancce of no less a personage than Mr. Belville.

"How are you, Tressayle, fine girls here, eh!" said this gentleman, slapping the young man somewhat familiarly on the shoulder, "deuced handsome gal that, just come in, and has fell heiress to a cool three hundred thousand. By Jove she 's a lucky thing to get the hunk of money old Snarler made in the East India trade."

"Clara Fletcher heiress to Mr. Snarler!—you surprise me," said Tressayle, "I thought he had sworn to cut off her mother, who was his sister, you know, and all her family with a shilling, merely for marrying Mr. Fletcher, who, though poor, was in every respect a gentleman."

"Ay, so he did—so he did, but he died at last—d' ye see?—without a will,—and so Clara Fletcher, the only daughter of his only sister, cuts into his fortune fat."

"It 's singular I never heard of this before," said Tressayle, half musingly.

"Mamma, la! if I don't think Mr. Tressayle has seen Miss Fletcher before," whispered the daughter behind her fan; and then raising her voice and simpering and blushing as Tressayle looked down on overhearing her, she continued, "dear me, you have n't been listening all the while, have you? But do tell, Mr. Tressayle, who is that young man talking with her?"

"I believe it is Mr. Rowley."

"Gad is *he* the feller," broke in Mr. Belville, "that published the poems so many people are cracking up. Why he is n't much after all I guess. For my part I do n't see why some people get praised for writing poetry—its nothing—I could do it myself if I 'd try," said he, with a sneer. "I don't think this Mr. Rowley a man of talent; no poet is." And finishing his sentence with a supercilious look at the subject of his remarks, the ci-devant green-grocer, inflated with the consciousness of his wealth, thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, and marched off to join another group.

"Why, my dear Miss Fletcher, how d' ye do?" said the shrill voice of Mrs. Belville, at this moment, as Mr. Rowley led his beautiful partner to a seat near the pretender to ton, "how *have* you been this age? Why how well you are looking. Laws me, and so you know Mr. Tressayle. Well now I do say how quiet you 've all kept it."

It was as Mrs. Belville said. Clara Fletcher had scarcely replied to the vulgar address of her neighbor by a distant though polite inclination of her head, before she caught the eyes of Tressayle fixed upon her with a look of mingled inquiry and delight, and as he bowed and stepped forward a slight blush passed over her beautiful cheek, and a scarcely perceptible tremor of the voice might have been detected in replying to his salutation.

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That night mother and daughter held a long consultation, the result of which was, that Miss Fletcher might prove a formidable rival, and that therefore no arts were to be omitted to detach the fashionable and wealthy Mr. Tressayle from her suite.

Meanwhile, Tressayle reached his room, and throwing himself abstractedly into a large *fauteuil*, sat for nearly an hour, with his face leaning on his hand. At length he started up, and pacing the room rapidly, exclaimed, as if continuing a train of thought,

"It is no use denying it, Clara Fletcher is far more beautiful than I ever dreamed she could be. Yes! and I once loved her,—at least I told her so. I wonder if she would refuse me now," and he paused before the glass. "Pshaw! it is idle to think so. True, she is not more than half as wealthy as this inanimate little fool, Miss Belville; but, then, there is the vulgar mother, and coarse father of the latter. Clara has none of these. I never saw their vulgarity so plainly as I did to-night. Ah! I forgot, there is that coldness I showed to Clara when her other uncle disappointed every one's expectations in omitting her in his will. I 'm cursedly afraid she 's not forgotten it. But, then, how could one know she would ever become an heiress? It 's deucedly unlucky, now I think of it, that I never called on her in New York, after my return from Europe. But 'faint heart never won fair lady;' and, besides, if Clara ever loved me, as I really think she once did, it 's not so difficult a matter for Henry Tressayle to re-kindle that affection in her bosom. Besides, I 'm really making a heroic sacrifice in giving up a fortune twice as large for my old flame."

From that time Tressayle was almost ever at the side of the beautiful Clara Fletcher. He rode with her, sang with her, danced with her, promenaded with her, and did this too, without a rival, for her former suitor, Mr. Rowley had been compelled to return to New York by business, and few cared to enter the lists against so resistless a beau as Tressayle. Every body declared that they were already affianced lovers, or they soon would be so, except the Belvilles, whose chagrin could not be concealed, and who sneered even at the probability of such a thing.

Tressayle, however, was not so well satisfied with his progress as was the world at large. His knowledge of the sex told him that the conduct of Clara toward him, was not exactly that of one whose affections he had anew engaged. She was too easy, too composed, possessed of too much quiet calmness at all times, not to awaken uneasy suspicions, lest her love was not yet gained. Still, however, she did nothing to shew any distaste for Tressayle's society, and his own vanity led him on in the pursuit.

Nor was his love any longer a mere matter of calculation to Tressayle. It had become a necessity —it had grown into a passion. If ever he loved a woman, that woman had been Clara Fletcher, and when it had become known that she was not her uncle's heiress, it was not without a struggle that Tressayle left her. But supremely selfish, and with a fortune impaired by extravagance, he looked at it as an impossibility that he should marry except to an heiress. Now, however, all his old feelings toward Clara were revived, and revived too in ten-fold force Her fortune was no longer an obstacle. Yes, Tressalye loved; loved for the first time; loved with more than the fervor of which such a man might be thought capable. He could endure his suspense no longer, and determining to propose at once for Clara, he chose for his purpose, an afternoon when they rode out unaccompanied together.

Words cannot describe the eloquence with which the lover—for Tressayle's talented, though selfish mind, was capable of the highest eloquence—poured forth his passion in the ear of his mistress. But it drew no answering emotion from Clara. A slight blush perhaps tinged her cheek a moment, but her eye calmly looked into his own, and her voice was firm and clear, as she replied,

"Listen to me, Tressayle," she said "I am young still, but I was once younger. You remember it well. Then I met you, and—need I disguise it?—you spake to me of love. I know it was but once you said so, but it was after you had paid attention to me which *you* knew, as well as I, was more eloquent than words. I had never seen one whom I thought your equal, and I loved you. Stay—hear me out. I loved you with all the ardor of a girl's first love. But how was it returned? While I thought only of you,—while a word from you was my law—while the day seemed gloomy without your presence—while, in short, I gave to you freely every emotion of my heart, *you* were coolly calculating how much my fortune would be, and preparing, as you subsequently did, to discard me altogether in case I was not my uncle's heiress—"

"Oh, Clara, Clara, hear me."

"Yes, Tressalye, but listen first, and then I will hear you. You left me without cause when my uncle's will was opened and I was found to have been overlooked. I need not tell you the agony of my heart on discovering your character. Let that pass. Reason conquered at last. They say a first love," continued the beautiful girl, looking at her companion until his eye quailed before the calm dignity of her own "can never be conquered; but believe me it is a mistake. When the object of that love is unworthy, it is not impossible. And now, Tressayle, you understand me. You are to me as a stranger. Never can I love you again. I am, moreover, the affianced bride of Mr. Rowley."

Tressayle could not answer a word. Mortification and shame overpowered him, and he was glad when he saw that they were near the termination of their ride.

The first person they met on alighting was Mr. Belville. Ashamed of himself and stung to the very quick, Tressayle took advantage to propose to the millionaire for his daughter.

"Gad, and are you the only ignorant man here of your loss of fortune?" said Mr. Belville, superciliously. "But I forgot the mail came in while you were riding with Miss Fletcher. Good morning, sir."

Tressayle hurried to his room, opened his letters, and found that the Bank in which he was a large stockholder was broken. In two hours he had left Saratoga. H. J. V.

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THE INDIAN MAID.

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MRS. WATSON,

THE MUSIC ARRANGED BY S. NELSON.

Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. No. 184 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.



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2

Fairest flow'r 'neath eastern skies,
Stor'd in thy peaceful mind
More of wealth for me there lies
Than in the gems of Ind.
Never from thy trusting heart,
Ne'er from thy smiling brow
May the hopes, the peace depart
Which beam upon them now.

3

Hours and days will wing their flight,
Still never day shall fade;
But I 'll share some new delight
With thee, my Indian maid.
In the passing hour of gloom
Rest thou thy cares on me;
To restore thy pleasure's bloom,
Will my best guerdon be.

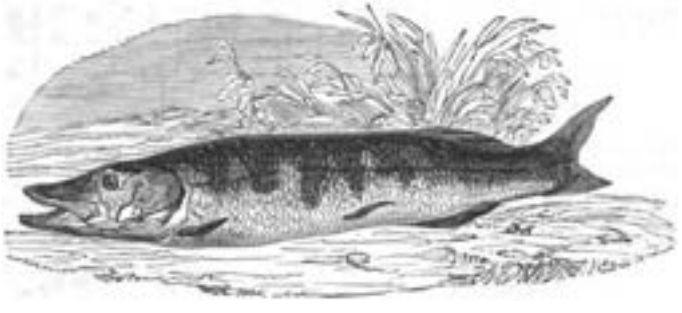
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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

We have been favored with the Edinburg copy of "The Rod and Gun," an excellent work, from the pen of the author of the celebrated "Oakleigh Shooting Code." The most important parts of the essay are expanded in this volume, and many valuable hints to sportsmen, gathered from all parts of the world, and from the experience of the author, are thrown in. With this work, the ablest decidedly that has of late years been given to the sporting world—we propose this month to make somewhat free, and intend hereafter to push the acquaintance to the utmost verge of familiarity, and shall present the writer to our readers each month in form. He will be found to improve, "like good wine upon acquaintance," and we feel assured that no good gentleman "and true," will fail to appreciate the honor, or to derive valuable and instructive hints relative to manly exercises, from his conversation. He makes his own introduction:

"The wand with which we now desire to charm an enlightened and discerning public, was first waved some seasons back. We think the butt end is not much the worse for wear—we have strengthened the mid-pieces, repaired the top, and given the whole a coat of varnish, hoping that in the hands of others now more fit for the practice of the gentle art than we ourselves, it may prove a steady friend and true, whether in still or troubled waters."

ANGLING.



THE PIKE.

The pike is in season from May to February, and is most frequently angled for by trolling with a strong topped rod. The hooks are generally fastened to a bit of brass wire for a few inches from the shaft, to prevent the line from being snapped. Different methods are used in angling for pike. *Trolling*, in the more limited sense of the word, signifies catching fish with the gorge-hook, which is composed of two, or what is called a double eel-hook; *live bait fishing* is practised with the aid of a floated line; and *snap fishing* consists in the use of large hooks, so baited as to enable the angler to strike the fish the moment he feels it bite, immediately after which he drags it *nolens volens* ashore.

Trolling for pike may be practised during the winter months, when trout fishing has ceased; and the colder season of the year is in fact more convenient for the sport, owing to the decay or diminution of the weeds which usually surround their favorite haunts. With the exception of chub and dace, which bite pretty freely at the bottom all winter, scarcely any other fish can be relied upon for sport during the more inclement portion of the year. To bait a gorge hook, take a baiting-needle, and hook the curved end to the loop of the gimp, to which the hook is tied. Then introduce the point of the needle into a dead bait's mouth, and bring it out at the middle of the fork of the tail, by which means the piece of lead which covers the shank of the hook, and part of the connecting wire, will lie concealed in the interior of the bait: the shank will be in the inside of its mouth, and the barbs on the outside, turning upward. To keep the bait steady on the hook, fasten the tail part just above the fork to the gimp, with a silk or cotton

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thread; or a neater method is, to pass the needle and thread through the side of the bait, about half an inch above the tail, so as encircle the gimp in the interior. The baits used vary in weight from one to four ounces, and the hooks must be proportioned to the size of the fish with which they are baited. The barbs of the hook ought not to project much beyond the sides of the mouth, because as the pike generally seizes his prey cross-wise, and turns it before it is pouched or swallowed, if he feels the points of the hook he may cast it out entirely.



In trolling for pike, it is advised to keep as far from the water as possible, and to commence casting close by the near shore, with the wind blowing from behind. When the water is clear and the weather bright, some prefer to fish against the wind. "After trying closely," says Mr. Salter, "make your next throw farther in the water, and draw and sink the baited hook, drawing it straight upward near to the surface of the water, and also to right and left, searching carefully every foot of water; and draw your bait with the stream, because you must know that jack and pike lay in wait for food with their heads and eyes pointing up the stream, to catch what may be coming down; therefore experienced trollers fish a river or stream down, or obliquely across; but the inconsiderate as frequently troll against the stream, which is improper, because they then draw their baited hook behind either jack or pike when they are stationary, instead of bringing it before his eyes and mouth to tempt him. *Note.*—Be particularly careful, in drawing up or taking the baited hook out of the water, not to do it too hastily, because you will find by experience that the jack and pike strike or seize your bait more frequently when you are drawing it upward than when it is sinking. And also farther observe, that when drawing your bait upward, if you occasionally shake the rod, it will cause the bait to spin and twist about, which is very likely to attract either jack or pike."

These fish are partial to the bends of rivers and the bays of lakes, where the water is shallow, and abounding in weeds, reeds, water lilies, &c. In fishing with the gorge-hook, when the angler feels a run, he ought not to strike for several minutes after the fish has become stationary, lest he pull the bait away before it is fairly pouched. If a pike makes a very short run, then remains stationary for about a minute, and again makes one or two short runs, he is probably merely retiring to some quiet haunt before he swallows the bait; but if, after remaining still for three or four minutes, he begins to shake the line and move about, the inference is that he has pouched the bait, and feels some annoyance from the hook within, then such part of the line as has been slackened may be wound up, and the fish struck. It is an unsafe practice to lay down the rod during the interval between a run and the supposed pouching of the bait, because it not unfrequently happens that a heavy fish, when he first feels the hooks in his interior, will make a sudden and most violent rush up the river or along the lake, and the line is either instantly broken, or is carried, together with both the rod and reel, for ever beyond the angler's reach. "When the pike cometh," says Colonel Venables, "you may see the water move, at least you may feel him; then slack your line and give him length enough to run away to his hold, whither he will go directly, and there pouch it, ever beginning (as you may observe) with the head, swallowing that first. Thus let him lye until you see the line move in the water, and then you may certainly conclude he hath pouched your bait, and rangeth about for more; then with your trowl wind up your line till you think you have it almost streight, then with a smart jerk hook him, and make your pleasure to your content."

The fresher and cleaner the bait is kept, whether for trolling, live-bait, or snap-fishing, the greater is the chance of success.

As pike, notwithstanding their usual voracity, are sometimes, as the anglers phrase it, more on the play than the feed, they will occasionally seize the bait across the body, and, instead of swallowing it, blow it from them repeatedly and then take no farther notice of it. The skilful and wily angler must instantly convert his gorge into a snap, and strike him in the lips or jaws when he next attempts such dangerous amusement. The dead snap may be made either with two or four hooks. Take about twelve inches of stout gimp, make a loop at one end, at the other tie a hook (size No. 2,) and about an inch farther up the gimp tie another hook of the same dimensions; then pass the loop of the gimp into the gill of a dead bait-fish, and out at its mouth, and draw the gimp till the hook at the bottom comes just behind the back fin of the bait, and the point and barb are made to pierce slightly through its skin, which keeps the whole steady: now pass the ring of a drop-bead lead over the loop of the gimp, fix the lead inside the bait's mouth, and sew the mouth up. This will suffice for the snap with a couple of hooks. If the four-hooked snap is desired (and it is very killing,) take a piece of stout gimp about four inches long, and making a loop at one end, tie a couple of hooks of the same size, and in the same manner as



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those before described. After the first two and the lead are in their places, and previous to the sewing up of the mouth, pass the loop of the shorter gimp through the opposite gill, and out at the mouth of the bait; then draw up the hooks till they occupy a position corresponding to those of the other side: next pass the loop of the longer piece of gimp through that of the shorter, and pull all straight: finally, tie the two pieces of gimp together close to the fish's mouth, and sew the latter up.

Some anglers prefer fishing for pike with a floated line and a live bait. When a single hook is used for this purpose, it is baited in one or other of the two following ways: Either pass the point and barb of the hook through the lips of the bait, toward the side of the mouth, or through beneath the base of the anterior portion of the dorsal fin. When a double hook is used, take a baiting-needle, hook its curved end into the loop of the gimp, and pass its point beneath the skin of the bait from behind the gills upward in a sloping direction, bringing it out behind the extremity of the dorsal fin; then draw the gimp till the bend of the hooks are brought to the place where the needle entered, and attach the loop to the trolling line. Unless a kind of snap-fishing is intended, the hooks for the above purpose should be of such a size as that neither the points nor the barbs project beyond either the shoulder or the belly of the bait.

Snap-fishing is certainly a less scientific method of angling for pike than that with the gorge or live-bait; for when the hooks are baited, the angler casts in search, draws, raises, and sinks his bait, until he feels a bite. He then strikes strongly and drags or throws his victim on shore; for there is little fear of his tackle giving way, as that used in snap-fishing is of the largest and stoutest kind. "This hurried and unsportsman-like way of taking fish," it is observed in the *Troller's Guide*, "can only please those who value the game more than the sport afforded by killing a jack or pike with tackle, which gives the fish a chance of escaping, and excites the angler's skill and patience, mixed with a certain pleasing anxiety, and the reward of his hopes. Neither has the snap-fisher so good a chance of success, unless he angles in a pond or piece of water where the jack or pike are very numerous or half starved, and will hazard their lives for almost any thing that comes in their way. But in rivers where they are well fed, worth killing, and rather scarce, the coarse snap-tackle, large hooks, &c. generally alarm them. On the whole, I think it is two to one against the snap in most rivers; and if there are many weeds in the water, the large hooks of the snap, by standing rank, are continually getting foul, damaging the bait, and causing much trouble and loss of time."

Pike sometimes rise at an artificial fly, especially in dark, windy days. The fly ought to be dressed upon a double hook, and composed of very gaudy materials. The head is formed of a little fur, some gold twist, and (if the angler's taste inclines that way, for it is probably a matter of indifference to the fish) two small black or blue beads for eyes. The body is framed rough, full, and round, the wings not parted, but made to stand upright on the back, with some small feathers continued down the back to the end of the tail, so that when finished they may exceed the length of the hook. The whole should be about the bulk of a wren.

During clear and calm weather in summer and autumn, pike take most freely about three in the afternoon: in winter they may be angled for with equal chances of success during the whole day: early in the morning, and late in the evening are the periods best adapted for the spring.

This fish is also angled for in a variety of ways by fixed or set lines, and also by trimmers, or liggers, as they are provincially called in some parts of England. Horsea Mere and Heigham Sound are two large pieces of water in the county of Norfolk, not far from Yarmouth, noted for their pike, as partly immortalised in old Camden's famous lines of lengthened sweetness long drawn out,—

"Horsey Pike,
None like."

Mr. Yarrell received the following returns from a sporting gentleman, of four days' fishing with trimmers in these waters, in the month of March, 1834: viz. on the 11th at Heigham Sounds, 60 pike, weighing 280 pounds; on the 13th at Horsea Mere, 89 pike, weighing 379 pounds; on the 18th, again at Horsea Mere, 49 pike, weighing 213 pounds; on the 19th, at Heigham Sounds, 58 pike, weighing 263 pounds: the four days sport producing 256 fish, weighing together 1135 pounds.

As the mode of using trimmers in these extensive *broads* affords great diversion, and is rather peculiar, we shall here quote Mr. Yarrell's account of it. "I may state that the ligger or trimmer is a long cylindrical float, made of wood or cork, or rushes tied together at each end; to the middle of this float a string is fixed, in length from eight to fifteen feet; this string is wound round the float except two or three feet, when the trimmer is to be put into the water, and slightly fixed by a notch in the wood or cork, or by putting it between the ends of the rushes. The bait is fixed on the hook, and the hook fastened to the end of the pendent string, and the whole then dropped into the water. By this arrangement the bait floats at any required depth, which should have some reference to the temperature of the season,—pike swimming near the surface in fine warm weather, and deeper when it is colder, but generally keeping near its peculiar haunts. When the bait is seized by a pike, the jerk looses the fastening, and the whole string unwinds,—the wood, cork, or rushes, floating at the top, indicating what has occurred. Floats of wood or cork are generally painted, to render them more distinctly visible on the water to the fishers, who pursue their amusement and the liggers in boats. Floats of rushes are preferred to others, as least calculated to excite suspicion in the fish."

Pike are occasionally taken in the English lakes above 30 pounds in weight, and Dr. Grierson mentions one killed in Loch Ken, in Galloway, which weighed 61 pounds. The color of the young fish is of a greenish hue, but it afterward becomes rather of a dusky olive brown upon the upper parts, marked on the sides with mottled green and yellow, and silvery white on the abdomen. We do not think highly of its flesh, although by many it is held in some esteem.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"Mercedes of Castile," a Romance, by J. Fennimore Cooper. 2 *vols. Lea & Blanchard*, 1840.

As a history, this work is invaluable: as a novel, it is well nigh worthless. The author deserves credit for presenting to the public, in a readable form, so much historical information, with which, otherwise, the great mass of the community would have never become acquainted; and he ought, also, to receive proper commendation for having woven that information in any way whatever, into the narrative of a novel; but at the same time, if called upon to speak of his work as a romance, and not as a history, we can neither disguise from ourselves, nor from our readers, that it is, if possible, the worst *novel* ever penned by Mr. Cooper. A hasty sketch of the plot will fully sustain our assertion.

The work opens with the marriage of Isabella of Castile, and Ferdinand of Arragon, after which a *hiatus* occurs of more than twenty-two years. This, in the first place, is a grand error in the novelist. Had he commenced his narrative at the siege of Granada at once, we should have been spared an ungainly excrescence on the very front of the story. We shall, therefore, consider the novel as beginning properly at an ensuing chapter.

The scene opens on the day when the city of Granada is taken possession of by the Moors; and when Columbus, as a suitor for vessels to carry on his contemplated discoveries, is almost worn out with seven years of delay and disappointment. A young Spanish Grandee, called Luis Bobadilla, wild, adventurous, and fond of roving at sea, happening to be introduced to him in the crowd, is half persuaded to embark with the navigator on his dangerous voyage; an inclination which is strengthened to a firm resolve by his mistress, who, forbidden by Queen Isabella to marry so roving a nobleman, and thinking that such a voyage would be taken as a sort of expiation by her sovereign, advises, nay! commands him to embark with Columbus. The difficulties; the hopes; the final disappointment, and solitary departure of Columbus, are then faithfully described, as well as his sudden recall by order of the queen, and her determination to fit out the expedition from her own purse. This, however, we pass over, only remarking in passing, that the fiery pursuit of the young grandee through the Vega after the departing Columbus, and the scene where he overtakes the dejected navigator, are worthy of the best passages of the Pioneers, the Water-Witch, or the Last of the Mohicians.

The young nobleman, consequently, disguised as a sailor, sails with Columbus out into the, as then thought, shoreless Atlantic. To describe this voyage was manifestly the sole object of the author in writing the work. Availing himself of the journal of the admiral, and mingling just enough of fiction with the incidents recorded there, to make it generally readable, Mr. Cooper has succeeded in producing the most popular, detailed, readable history of that voyage which has yet seen the light; and for this, we again repeat, he deserves much credit. But the very preponderance given to the narration of this part of the story, injures the work, *as a novel*, irremediably. It makes it, in short, "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring."

There is, indeed, an attempt to redeem the interest of the story by the introduction of an Indian princess, who, of course, falls in love with Bobadillo, and whom, of course, he does not marry. She, however, accompanies Luis home to Spain, and is the cause of much jealousy on the part of his mistress, of much anger on the part of the queen, and of just sufficient clap-trap in the last few chapters, to satisfy the conscience of your inveterate novel readers,—a class who think no novel is good unless it has a pretty strong dose of jealousy, reconcilement, and marriage, as a *finale*, much as Tony Lumpkin thought "that the inside of a letter was the cream of the correspondence."

In one thing we are disappointed in this novel. We did not look for character in it, for that is not Cooper's *forte:* nor did we expect that his heroine would be aught better than the inanimate thing she is,—but we did expect he would have given us another of those magnificent sea-pictures for which, in all their sternness and sublimity, he is so justly celebrated. We were mistaken. Excepting a storm, which overtakes the Nina, we have nothing even approaching to the grandeur of the Pilot and the Red Rover. If Columbus did not figure in the romance,—and what, after all, has he to do personally with the denouement?—Mercedes of Castile would be the most tame of romances. Cut out the historical account of the voyage to San Salvador, by merely stating in one, instead of a score of chapters, that the hero performed his penance, and—we stake our grey goose-quill against the copy-right on it—that not two out of every dozen, who read the novel, will pronounce it even interesting.

It is but justice to the author to say that the necessity of adhering closely to fact in his romance, is the true secret of its want of interest; for how could any hero, no matter whom, awaken our sympathy strongly, so long as Columbus figured in the same narrative?

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Besides, the voyage which the hero undertakes to win his mistress, being a matter of history, we are from the first without any curiosity as to its result—we want, indeed, all that exciting suspense, without which a novel is worthless. Our author appears to have been aware of this, and therefore introduces Omenes, and makes Mercedes jealous, and the queen suspicious, in order to create this suspense. For all the purposes of a love-story, therefore, the novel might as well have begun toward the close of the second volume, an introductory chapter merely being affixed, narrating rapidly the events which, in the present work, are diluted into a volume and a half. The interest of a romance should continue, let it be remembered, throughout the whole story; but in Mercedes of Castile it does not begin until we are about to close the book.

"*American Melodies.*" *Containing a single selection from the production of two hundred writers. Compiled by George P. Morris. For sale by Henry Perkins, Philadelphia.*

This is one of the prettiest little gift books of the season. The typography is good as well as the binding. The title of the work has been the subject of much captious criticism by the herd who are constantly detecting spots in the sun, and who lack the calibre of intellect necessary to a manly and liberal criticism of a literary performance. The selections were originally made of *songs* set to music, but as this was found to narrow down, rather much, the limits assigned for the work, the compiler took a wider range, and included in the volume pieces *adapted* to music also. He has been candid enough to say in the dedication, that in making these selections he has not been guided so much by the literary worth of the articles, as by their admission into the musical world. A second volume is already under way, in which many names of note, necessarily omitted in the first, will be included.

The compiler has every reason to congratulate himself upon the happy performance of his task. A more interesting or valuable little volume has not been given to the public for many-a-day. If the second is like unto it, General Morris will have added another to the long list of obligations which the public owes him, in creating a taste for national melody.

"*French Writers of Eminence.*" *By Mrs. Shelley, and others. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard.*

This compilation, for it is nothing more—has the merit of presenting well-known Encyclopedia biographies of French authors, to the general public, in a cheap and portable form,—thus bringing down much valuable information within the means of those who could not afford to purchase the larger and more comprehensive work. The design is praiseworthy.

The sketches of Rabelais, Racine, Corneille, Moliere, Voltaire, Rochefoucald, and others, will prove highly interesting to those who have not perused them before. A more valuable work, when considered solely as an introduction to French literature, has not, for some time, been issued from the American press. We would guard our readers, however, from fancying that Mrs. Shelley was the principal author of these sketches, as it would neither be truth, nor, in fact, add to her reputation.

"*Poems.*" *By J. N. McJilton. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co.*

This volume is a compilation of pieces, most of which have appeared in the prominent American Magazines. Many of them were written at the time the author was connected, as editor, with the Baltimore Literary Monument. Several pieces in this volume may take a high rank in American poetry, and all of them do credit to the writer. The work is beautifully printed.

"*The Literary Amaranth of Prose and Poetry.*" *By N. C. Brooks. Author of Scripture Anthology. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother.*

This is chiefly a collection of the fugitive pieces of Mr. Brooks, with some emendation. Of the talents of the author we have had occasion before to speak, both in the Magazine and elsewhere. His Scripture Anthology established his claims as a writer. The work is beautifully got up, in the annual style, and is worthy of a conspicuous place upon the centre-table, among the presents of the season.

Reviews of the Third Volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, of Mrs. Gore's volume of Tales, and of several of the Annuals, have been crowded out by our press of matter. We shall, perhaps, be able to notice Bulwer's last novel,—Morning and Night,—in our next.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1841. No. 2.

THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII.

WHO that has read the "Last Days of Pompeii" can forget Nydia, the blind flower-girl? So sweet, and pure, and gentle, and devoted in her unrequited love, she steals insensibly upon the heart, and wins a place therein, which even the brilliant Ione fails to obtain! Poor, artless innocent, her life, alas! was one of disappointment from its birth.

We cannot better portray the character of this guileless being than by copying the exquisite description of Bulwer. The scene opens with a company of gay, young Pompeiians—among whom is Glaucus, the hero of the story—taking a morning stroll through the town. We let the story speak for itself.

"Thus conversing, their steps were arrested by a crowd gathered round an open space where three streets met; and just where the porticoes of a light and graceful temple threw their shade, there stood a young girl, with a flower-basket on her right arm, and a small three-stringed instrument of music in the left hand, to whose low and soft tones she was modulating a wild and half-barbaric air. At every pause in the music she gracefully waved her flower basket round, inviting the loiterers to buy; and many a sesterce was showered into the basket, either in compliment to the music, or in compassion to the songstress—for she was blind.

"'It is my poor Thessalian,' said Glaucus, stopping; 'I have not seen her since my return to Pompeii. Hush! her voice is sweet; let us listen.'

THE BLIND FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

Buy my Flowers—O buy—I pray,
The Blind Girl comes from afar:
If the Earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These Flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!—

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet,
For she weeps,—that gentle mother weeps
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care,)
To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps—
And the dews are the tears she weeps
From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the lov'd rejoices;
But the Blind Girl's home is the House of Night,
And its Beings are empty voices.

As one in the Realm below,
I stand by the streams of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the lov'd forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the Living are Ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy!—
Hark! how the sweet things sigh
(For they have a voice like ours,)
"The breath of the Blind Girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses—
We are tender, we sons of Light,
We shrink from this child of Night;
From the grasp of the Blind Girl free us,
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for Night too gay,
In our eyes we behold the day—
O buy—O buy the Flowers!"

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"'I must have yon bunch of violets, sweet Nydia,' said Glaucus, pressing through the crowd, and dropping a handful of small coins into the basket; 'your voice is more charming than ever.'

"The blind girl started forward as she heard the Athenian's voice—then as suddenly paused, while the blood rushed violently over neck, cheek, and temples.

"'So you are returned!' said she in a low voice; and then repeated, half to herself, 'Glaucus is returned!'

"'Yes, child, I have not been at Pompeii above a few days. My garden wants your care as before, you will visit it, I trust, to-morrow. And mind, no garlands at my house shall be woven by any hands but those of the pretty Nydia.'

"Nydia smiled joyously, but did not answer; and Glaucus, placing the violets he had selected in his breast, turned gayly and carelessly from the crowd.

"'So, she is a sort of client of yours, this child?' said Clodius.

"'Ay—does she not sing prettily? She interests me, the poor slave!—besides, she is from the land of the Gods' hill—Olympus frowned upon her cradle—she is of Thessaly.'"

How exquisitely is the love of Nydia told in her joy at the return of Glaucus! Only a master-hand could have described it in that blush, and start, and the glad exclamation, "Glaucus is returned!"

The revellers meanwhile pass on their way, and it is not till the following morning that the flower-girl appears again upon the scene. But though she comes even while the Athenian is musing on his mistress Ione, there is a beauty around Nydia's every movement which makes us hail her with delight. It is her appearance at this visit which the artist has transferred to the canvass. Lo! are not the limner and the author equally inimitable?

"Longer, perhaps, had been the enamored soliloquy of Glaucus, but at that moment a shadow darkened the threshold of the chamber, and a young female, still half a child in years, broke upon his solitude. She was dressed simply in a white tunic, which reached from the neck to the ankles; under her arm she bore a basket of flowers, and in the other hand she held a bronze water vase; her features were more formed than exactly became her years, yet they were soft and feminine in their outline, and without being beautiful in themselves they were almost made so by their beauty of expression; there was something ineffably gentle, and you would say patient, in her aspect—a look of resigned sorrow, of tranquil endurance, had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips; something timid and cautious in her step—something wandering in her eyes, led you to suspect the affliction which she had suffered from her birth—she was blind; but in the orbs themselves there was no visible defect, their melancholy and subdued light was clear, cloudless, and serene. 'They tell me that Glaucus is here,' said she; 'may I come in?'

"'Ah, my Nydia,' said the Greek, 'is that you? I knew you would not neglect my invitation.'

"'Glaucus did but justice to himself,' answered Nydia, with a blush, 'for he has always been kind to the poor blind girl.'

"'Who could be otherwise?' said Glaucus, tenderly, and in the voice of a compassionate brother.

"Nydia sighed and paused before she resumed, without replying to his remark. 'You have but lately returned? This is the sixth sun that hath shone upon me at Pompeii. And you are well? Ah, I need not ask—for who that sees the earth which they tell me is so beautiful can be ill?'

"'I am well—and you, Nydia?—how you have grown! next year you will be thinking of what answer we shall make your lovers.'

"A second blush passed over the cheek of Nydia, but this time she frowned as she blushed. 'I have brought you some flowers,' said she, without replying to a remark she seemed to resent, and feeling about the room till she found the table that stood by Glaucus, she laid the basket upon it: 'they are poor, but they are fresh gathered.'

"'They might come from Flora herself,' said he, kindly; 'and I renew again my vow to the Graces that I will wear no other garlands while thy hands can weave me such as these.'

"'And how find you the flowers in your viridarium? are they thriving?'

"'Wonderfully so—the Lares themselves must have tended them.'

"'Ah, now you give me pleasure; for I came, as often as I could steal the leisure, to water and tend them in your absence.'

"'How shall I thank thee, fair Nydia?' said the Greek. 'Glaucus little dreamed that he left one memory so watchful over his favorites at Pompeii.'

"The hand of the child trembled, and her breast heaved beneath her tunic. She turned around in embarrassment. 'The sun is hot for the poor flowers,' said she, 'to-day, and they will miss me, for I have been ill lately, and it is nine days since I visited them.'

"'Ill, Nydia! yet your cheek has more color than it had last year.'

"'I am often ailing,' said the blind girl, touchingly, 'and as I grow up I grieve more that I am blind. But now to the flowers!' So saying, she made a slight reverence with her head, and passing into the viridarium, busied herself with watering the flowers.

"'Poor Nydia,' thought Glaucus, gazing on her, 'thine is a hard doom. Thou seest not the earth—nor the sun—nor the ocean—nor the stars—above all, thou canst not behold Ione.'

Nydia, too, is a slave, and to a course inn-keeper, who would make a profit by her beauty and her singing. How her heart breaks daily at the brutal treatment of her master, and the still more cruel language of his patrons! But at length Glaucus purchases her, and she is comparatively happy. And through all her melancholy history how does her hopeless love shine out, beautifying and making more sweet than ever, her guileless character! It is a long and mournful tale. Glaucus at length succeeds in winning Ione; they escape fortunately from the destruction of Pompeii; but Nydia, uncomplaining, yet broken-hearted, disappears mysteriously from the deck of their vessel at night. Need we tell her probable fate?

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

FORT MOULTRIE.

How often has the story of the heart been told! The history of the love of one bosom is that of the millions who have alternated between hope and fear since first the human heart began to throb. The gradual awakening of our affection; the first consciousness we have of our own feelings; the tumultuous emotions of doubt and certainty we experience, and the wild rapture of the moment, when, for the first time, we learn that our love is requited, have all been told by pens more graphic than mine, and in language as nervous as that of Fielding, or as moving as that of Richardson.

The daily companionship into which I was now thrown with Beatrice was, of all things, the most dangerous to my peace. From the first moment when I beheld her she had occupied a place in my thoughts; and the footing of acquaintanceship, not to say intimacy, on which we now lived, was little calculated to banish her from my mind. Oh! how I loved to linger by her side during the moonlight evenings of that balmy latitude, talking of a thousand things which, at other times, would have been void of interest, or gazing silently upon the peaceful scene around, with a hush upon our hearts it seemed almost sacrilege to break. And at such times how the merest trifle would afford us food for conversation, or how eloquent would be the quiet of that holy silence! Yes! the ripple of a wave, or the glimmer of the spray, or the twinkling of a star, or the voice of the night-wind sighing low, or the deep, mysterious language of the unquiet ocean, had, at such moments, a beauty in them, stirring every chord in our hearts, and filling us, as it were, with sympathy not only for each other, but for every thing in Nature. And when we would part for the night, I would pace for hours, my solitary watch, thinking of Beatrice, with all the rapt devotion of a first, pure love.

But this could not last. The dream was pleasant, yet it might not lead me to dishonor. Beatrice was under my protection, and was it right to avail myself of that advantage to win her heart, when I knew from the difference of our stations in life, that it was madness to think that she could ever be mine. What? the heiress of one of the richest Jamaica residents, the grand-daughter of a baron, and the near connexion of some of the wealthiest tory families of the south, to be wooed as an equal by one who not only had no fortune but his sword, but was the advocate, in the eyes of her advisers, of a rebellious cause! Nor did the service I had rendered her lessen the difficulty of my position.

These feelings, however, had rendered me more guarded, perhaps more cold, in the presence of Beatrice, for a day or two preceding our arrival in port. I felt my case hopeless: and I wished, by gradually avoiding the danger, to lessen the agony of the final separation. Besides, I knew nothing as yet of the sentiments of Beatrice toward myself. I was a novice in love; and the silent abstraction of her manner, together with the gradually increasing avoidance of my presence, filled me with uneasiness, despite the conviction of the hopelessness of my suit. But what was it to me, I would say, even if Beatrice loved me not? Was it not better that it should be so? Alas! reason and love are two very different things, and though I was better satisfied with myself when we made the lights of Charleston harbor, yet the almost total separation which had thus for nearly two days existed between Beatrice and myself, left my heart tormented with all a lover's fears.

It was the last evening we would spend together, perhaps for years. The wind had died away, and we slowly floated upward with the tide, the shores of James Island hanging like a dark cloud on the larboard beam, and the lights of the distant city, glimmering along the horizon inboard; while no sound broke the stillness of the hour, except the occasional wash of a ripple, or the song of some negro fishermen floating across the water. As I stood by the starboard railing, gazing on this scenery, I could not help contrasting my present situation with what it had been but a few short weeks before, when I left the harbor of New York. So intensely was I wrapt in these thoughts, that I did not notice the appearance of Beatrice on deck, until the question of the helmsman, dissolving my reverie, caused me to look around me. For a moment I hesitated whether I should join her or not. My feelings at length, however, prevailed; and crossing the deck, I soon stood at her side. She did not appear to notice my presence, but with her elbow resting on the railing, and her head buried in her hand, was pensively looking down upon the tide.

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"Miss Derwent!" said I, with a voice that I was conscious trembled, though I scarce knew why it did.

"Mr. Parker!" she ejaculated in a tone of surprise, her eyes sparkling, as starting suddenly around she blushed over neck and brow, and then as suddenly dropped her eyes to the deck, and began playing with her fan. For a moment we were both mutually embarrassed. A woman is, at such times, the first to speak.

"Shall we be able to land to-night?" said Beatrice.

"Not unless a breeze springs up—"

"Oh! then I hope we shall not have one," ejaculated the guileless girl; but instantly becoming aware of the interpretation which might be put upon her remark, she blushed again, and cast her eyes anew upon the deck. A strange, joyous hope shot through my bosom; but I made a strong effort and checked my feelings. Another silence ensued, which every moment became more oppressive.

"You join, I presume, your cousin's family on landing," said I at length, "I will, as soon as we come to anchor, send a messenger ashore, apprising him of your presence on board."

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently," said Beatrice, raising her dark eyes frankly to mine, "for your kindness? Never—never," she continued more warmly, "shall I forget it."

My soul thrilled to its deepest fibre at the words, and more than all, at the tone of the speaker; and it was with some difficulty that I could answer calmly,—

"The consciousness of having ever merited Miss Derwent's thanks, is a sufficient reward for all I have done. That she will not wholly forget me is more than I could ask; but believe me, Beatrice," said I, unable to restrain my feelings, and venturing, for the first time, to call her by that name, "though we shall soon part forever, never, never can I forget these few happy days."

"Why—do you leave Charlestown instantly?" said she, with emotion, "shall I not see you again after my landing?"

I know not how it is, but there are moments when our best resolutions vanish as though they had never been made; and now, as I looked upon the earnest countenance of Beatrice, and felt the full meaning of the words so innocently said, a wild hope once more shot across my bosom, and I said softly,—

"Why, Beatrice, would it be aught to you whether we ever met again?"

She lifted her eyes up to mine, and gazed for an instant almost reproachfully upon me, but she did not answer. There was something, however, in the look encouraging me to go on. I took her hand: she did not withdraw it: and, in a few hurried, but burning words, I poured forth my love.

"Say, Beatrice?" I said, "can you, do you love me?"

She raised her dark eyes in answer up to mine, with an expression I shall never forget, and murmured, half inaudibly,—

"You know—you know I do," and then overcame by the consciousness of all she had done, she burst into tears.

Can words describe my feelings? Oh! if I had the eloquence of a Rosseau I could not portray the emotions of that moment. They were wild; they were almost uncontrollable. The tone, the words, everything convinced me that I was beloved; and all my well-formed resolutions were dissipated in a moment. Had we been alone I would have caught Beatrice to my bosom; but as it was, I could only press her hand in silence. I needed not to be assured, in more direct terms, of her affection. Henceforth she was to me my all. She was the star of my destiny!

The first dawn of morning beheld us abreast of the town, and at an early hour the equipage of Mr. Rochester, the relative of Beatrice, and whose guest she was now to be, was in waiting on the quay for my beautiful charge.

"You will come to-night, will you not?" said she, as I pressed her hand, on conducting her to the carriage.

I bowed affirmatively, the door was closed, and the sumptuous equipage, with its servants in livery, moved rapidly away.

It was now that I had parted with Beatrice, that the conviction of the almost utter hopelessness of my suit forced itself upon my mind. Mr. Rochester was the nearest male relative of Beatrice, being her maternal uncle. Her parents were both deceased, and the uncle, whose death I have related, together with the Carolinian nabob, were, by her father's will, her guardians. Mr. Rochester was, therefore, her natural protector. Her fortune, though large, was fettered with a condition that she should not marry without her guardian's consent, and I soon learned that a union had long been projected between her and the eldest son of her surviving guardian. How little hope I had before, the reader knows, but that little was now fearfully diminished. It is true Beatrice had owned that she loved me, but how could I ask her to sacrifice the comforts as well as the elegancies of life, to share her lot with a poor unfriended midshipman? I could not endure the thought. What! should I take advantage of the gratitude of a pure young being—a being, too, who had always been nourished in the lap of luxury—to subject her to privation, and perhaps to beggary? No rather would I have lived wholly absent from her presence. I could almost have consented to lose her love, sooner than be the instrument of inflicting on her miseries so crushing. My only hope was in winning a name that would yet entitle me to ask her hand as an equal: my only fear was, lest the length of time I should be absent from her side, would gradually lose me her affection. Such is the jealous fear of a lover's heart.

Meanwhile, however, the whole city resounded with the din of war. A despatch from the Secretary of State, to Gov. Eden, of Maryland, had been intercepted by Com. Barron, of the Virginia service, in the Chesapeake. From this missive, intelligence was gleaned that the capital of South Carolina was to be attacked; and on my arrival I found every exertion being made to place it in a posture of

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defence. I instantly volunteered, and the duties thus assumed, engrossing a large part of my time, left me little leisure, even for my suit. Still, however, I occasionally saw Beatrice, though the cold hauteur with which my visits were received by her uncle's family, much diminished their frequency.

As the time rolled on, however, and the British fleet did not make its appearance, there were not wanting many who believed that the contemplated attack had been given up. But I was not of the number. So firm, indeed, was my conviction of the truth of the intelligence that I ran out to sea every day or two, in a smart-sailing pilot-boat, in order, if possible, to gain the first positive knowledge of the approach of our foes.

"A sail," shouted our look-out one day, after we had been standing off and on for several hours, "a sail, broad on the weather-beam!"

Every eye was instantly turned toward the quarter indicated; spy-glasses were brought into requisition; and in a few minutes we made out distinctly nearly a dozen sail, on the larboard tack, looming up on the northern sea-board. We counted no less than six men-of-war, besides several transports. Every thing was instantly wet down to the trucks, and heading at once for Charleston harbor, we soon bore the alarming intelligence to the inhabitants of the town.

That night all was terror and bustle in the tumultuous capital. The peaceful citizens, unused to bloodshed, gazed upon the approaching conflict with mingled resolution and terror, now determining to die rather than to be conquered, and now trembling for the safety of their wives and little ones. Crowds swarmed the wharves, and even put out into the bay to catch a sight of the approaching squadron. At length it appeared off the bar, and we soon saw by their buoying out the channel, that an immediate attack was to take place by sea,—while expresses brought us hasty intelligence of the progress made by the royal troops in landing on Long Island. But want of water among our foes, and the indecision of their General, protracted the attack for more than three weeks, a delay which we eagerly improved.

At length, on the morning of the 28th of June, it became evident that our assailants were preparing to commence the attack. Eager to begin my career of fame, I sought a post under Col. Moultrie, satisfied that the fort on Sullivan's Island would have to maintain the brunt of the conflict.

Never shall I forget the sight which presented itself to me on reaching our position. The fort we were expected to maintain, was a low building of palmetto logs, situated on a tongue of the island, and protected in the rear from the royalist troops, on Long Island, by a narrow channel, usually fordable, but now, owing to the late prevalence of easterly winds, providentially filled to a depth of some fathoms. In front of us lay the mouth of the harbor, commanded on the opposite shore, at the distance of about thirty-five hundred yards, by another fort in our possession, where Col. Gadsen, with a respectable body of troops was posted. To the right opened the bay, sweeping almost a quarter of the compass around the horizon, toward the north,—and on its extreme verge, to the north west, rose up Haddrell's point, where General Lee, our commander-in-chief, had taken up a position. About half way around, and due west from us, lay the city, at the distance of nearly four miles, the view being partly intercepted by the low, marshy island, called Shute's Folly, between us and the town.

"We have but twenty-eight pounds of powder, Mr. Parker, a fact I should not like generally known," said Col. Moultrie to me, "but as you have been in action before—more than I can say of a dozen of my men—I know you may be trusted with the information."

"Never doubt the brave continentals here, colonel," I replied, "they are only four hundred, but we shall teach yon braggarts a lesson, before to-day is over, which they shall not soon forget."

"Bravo, my gallant young friend! With my twenty-six eighteen and twenty four pounders, plenty of powder, and a few hundred fire-eaters like yourself, I would blow the whole fleet out of water. But after all," said he with good-humored raillery, "though you 'll not glory in rescuing Miss Derwent to-day, you 'll fight not a whit the worse for knowing that she is in Charleston, eh! But, come, don't blush—you must be my aid—I shall want you, depend upon it, before the day is over. If those red-coats here, behind us, attempt to take us in the rear, we shall have hot work,—for by my hopes of eternal salvation, I 'll drive them back, man and officer, in spite of Gen. Lee's fears that I cannot. But ha! there comes the first bomb."

Looking upward as he spoke, I beheld a large, dark body flying through the air; and in the next instant, amidst a cheer from our men, it splashed into the morass behind us, simmered, and went out.

"Well sent, old Thunderer," ejaculated the imperturbable colonel, "but, faith, many another good bomb will you throw away on the swamps and palmetto logs you sneer at. Open upon them, my brave fellows, as they come around, and teach them what Carolinians can do. Remember you fight, to-day, for your wives, your children, and your liberties. The Continental Congress forever against the minions of a tyrannical court."

The battle was now begun. One by one the British men-of-war, coming gallantly into their respective stations, and dropping their anchors with masterly coolness, opened their batteries upon us, firing with a rapidity and precision that displayed their skill. The odds against which we had to contend were indeed formidable. Directly in front of us, with springs on their cables, and supported by two frigates, were anchored a couple of two-deckers; while the three other men-of-war were working up to starboard, and endeavoring to get a position between us and the town, so as to cut off our communications with Haddrell's Point.

"Keep it up—run her out again," shouted the captain of a gun beside me, who was firing deliberately, but with murderous precision, every shot of his piece telling on the hull of one of the British cruizers, "huzza for Carolina!"

"Here comes the broadside of Sir Peter's two-decker," shouted another one, "make way for the British iron among the palmetto logs. Ha! old yellow breeches how d' ye like that?" he continued,

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as the shot from his piece, struck the quarter of the flag-ship, knocking the splinters high into the air, and cutting transversely through and through her crowded decks.

Meanwhile the three men-of-war attempting to cut off our communications, had got entangled among the shoals to our right, and now lay utterly helpless, engaged in attempting to get afloat, and unable to fire a gun. Directly two of them ran afoul, carrying away the bowsprit of the smaller one.

"Huzza!" shouted the old bruiser again, squinting a moment in that direction, "they 're smashing each other to pieces there without our help, and so here goes at smashing their messmates in front here—what the devil," he continued, turning smartly around to cuff a powder boy, "what are you gaping up stream for, when you should be waiting on me—take that you varmint, and see if you can do as neat a thing as this when you 're old enough to point a gun. By the Lord Harry I 've cut away that fore-top-mast as clean as a whistle."

Meantime the conflict waxed hotter and hotter, and through the long summer afternoon, except during an interval when we slackened it for want of powder, our brave fellows, with the coolness of veterans, and the enthusiasm of youth, kept up their fire. A patriotic ardor burned along our lines, which only became more resistless, as the wounded were carried past in the arms of their comrades. The contest was at its height when General Lee arrived from the mainland to offer to remove us if we wished to abandon our perilous position.

"Abandon our position, General!" said Colonel Moultrie, "will your excellency but visit the guns, and ask the men whether they will give up the fort? No, we will die or conquer here."

The eye of the Commander-in-Chief flashed proudly at this reply, and stepping out upon the plain, he approached a party who were firing with terrible precision upon the British fleet. This fearless exposure of his person called forth a cheer from the men; but without giving him time to remain long in so dangerous a position, Colonel Moultrie exclaimed,

"My brave fellows, the general has come off to offer to remove you to the main if you are tired of your post. Shall it be?"

There was a universal negative, every man declaring he would sooner die at his gun. It was a noble sight. Their eyes flashing; their chests dilated; their brawny arms bared and covered with smoke, they stood there, determined, to a man, to save their native soil at every cost, from invasion. At this moment a group appeared, carrying a poor fellow, whom it could be seen at a glance was mortally wounded. His lips were blue; his countenance ghastly; and his dim eye rolled uneasily about. He breathed heavily. But as he approached us, the shouts of his fellow soldiers falling on his ear, aroused his dying faculties, and lifting himself heavily up, his eye, after wandering inquiringly about, caught the sight of his general.

"God bless you! my poor fellow," said Lee, compassionately, "you are, I fear, seriously hurt."

The dying man looked at him as if not comprehending his remark, and then fixing his eye upon his general, said faintly,

"Did not some one talk of abandoning the fort?"

"Yes," answered Lee, "I offered to remove you or let you fight it out—but I see you brave fellows would rather die than retreat."

"Die!" said the wounded man, raising himself half upright, with sudden strength, while his eye gleamed with a brighter lustre than even in health. "I thank my God that I am dying, if we can only beat the British back. Die! I have no family, and my life is well given for the freedom of my country. No, my men, never retreat," he continued, turning to his fellow soldiers, and waving his arm around his head, "huzza for li—i—ber—ty—huz—za—a—a," and as the word died away, quivering in his throat, he fell back, a twitch passed over his face, and he was dead.

Need I detail the rest of that bloody day? For nine hours, without intermission, the cannonade was continued with a rapidity on the part of our foes, and a murderous precision on that of ourselves, such as I have never since seen equalled. Night did not terminate the conflict. The long afternoon wore away; the sun went down; the twilight came and vanished; darkness reigned over the distant shores around us, yet the flash of the guns, and the roar of the explosions did not cease. As the evening grew more obscure the whole horizon became illuminated by the fire of our batteries, and the long, meteor-like tracks of the shells through the sky. The crash of spars; the shouts of the men; and the thunder of the cannonade formed meanwhile a discord as terrible as it was exciting; while the lights flashing along the bay, and twinkling from our encampment at Haddrell's Point, made the scene even picturesque.

Long was the conflict, and desperately did our enemies struggle to maintain their posts. Even when the cable of the flag-ship had been cut away, and swinging around with her stern toward us, every shot from our battery was enabled to traverse the whole length of her decks, amid terrific slaughter, she did not display a sign of fear, but doggedly maintained her position, keeping up a straggling fire upon us, for some time, from such of her guns as could be brought to bear. At length, however, a new cable was rigged upon her, and swinging around broadside on, she resumed her fire. But it was in vain. Had they fought till doomsday they could not have overcome the indomitable courage of men warring for their lives and liberties; and finding that our fire only grew more deadly at every discharge, Sir Peter Parker at length made the signal to retire. One of the frigates farther in the bay had grounded, however, so firmly on the shoals that she could not be got off; and when she was abandoned and fired next morning, our brave fellows, despite the flames wreathing already around her, boarded her, and fired at the retreating squadron until it was out of range. They had not finally deserted her more than a quarter of an hour before she blew up with a stunning shock.

The rejoicing among the inhabitants after this signal victory were long and joyous. We were

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thanked; feted; and became *lions* at once. The tory families, among which was that of Mr. Rochester, maintained, however, a sullen silence. The suspicion which such conduct created made it scarcely advisable that I should become a constant visitor at his mansion, even if the cold civility of his family had not, as I have stated before, furnished other obstacles to my seeing Beatrice. Mr. Rochester, it is true, had thanked me for the services I had rendered his ward, but he had done so in a manner frigid and reserved to the last degree, closing his expression of gratitude with an offer of pecuniary recompense, which not only made the blood tingle in my veins, but detracted from the value of what little he had said.

A fortnight had now elapsed since I had seen Beatrice, and I was still delayed at Charleston, waiting for a passage to the north, and arranging the proceeds of our prize, when I received an invitation to a ball at the house of one of the leaders of ton, who affecting a neutrality in politics, issued cards indiscriminately to both parties. Feeling a presentiment that Beatrice would be there, and doubtless unaccompanied by her uncle or cousin, I determined to go, and seek an opportunity to bid her farewell, unobserved, before my departure.

The rooms were crowded to excess. All that taste could suggest, or wealth afford, had been called into requisition to increase the splendor of the *fete*. Rich chandeliers; sumptuous ottomans; flowers of every hue; and an array of loveliness such as I have rarely seen equalled, made the lofty apartments almost a fairy palace. But amid that throng of beauty there was but one form which attracted my eye. It was that of Beatrice. She was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and I felt a pang of almost jealousy, when I saw her, as I thought, smiling as gaily as the most thoughtless beauty present. But as I drew nearer I noticed that, amid all her affected gaiety, a sadness would momentarily steal over her fine countenance, like a cloud flitting over a sunny summer landscape. As I edged toward her through the crowd, her eye caught mine, and in an instant lighted up with a joyousness that was no longer assumed. I felt repaid, amply repaid by that one glance, for all the doubts I had suffered during the past fortnight; but the formalities of etiquette prevented me from doing aught except to return an answering glance, and solicit the hand of Beatrice.

"Oh! why have you been absent so long?" said the dear girl, after the dance had been concluded, and we had sauntered together, as if involuntarily, into a conservatory behind the ball room, "every one is talking of your conduct at the fort—do you know I too am a rebel—and *do* you then sail for the north?"

"Yes, dearest," I replied, "and I have sought you to-night to bid you adieu for months—it may be for years. God only knows, Beatrice," and I pressed her hand against my heart, "when we shall meet again. Perhaps you may not even hear from me; the war will doubtless cut off the communications; and sweet one, say will you still love me, though others may be willing to say that I have forgotten you?"

"Oh! how can you ask me? But you—will—write—won't you?" and she lifted those deep, dark, liquid eyes to mine, gazing confidingly upon me, until my soul swam in ecstacy. My best answer was a renewed pressure of that small, fair hand.

"And Beatrice," said I, venturing upon a topic, to which I had never yet alluded, "if they seek to wed you to another will you—you still be mine only?"

"How can you ask so cruel a question?" was the answer, in a tone so low and sweet, yet half reproachful, that no ear but that of a lover could have heard it. "Oh! you know better—you know," she added, with energy, "that they have already planned a marriage between me and my cousin; but never, never can I consent to wed where my heart goes not with my hand. And now you know all," she said tearfully, "and though they may forbid me to think of you, yet I can never forget the past. No, believe me, Beatrice Derwent where once she has plighted her faith, will never afterward betray it," and overcome by her emotions, the fair girl leaned upon my shoulder and wept long and freely.

But I will not protract the scene. Anew we exchanged our protestations of love, and after waiting until Beatrice had grown composed we returned to the ball room. Under the plea of illness I saw her soon depart, nor was I long in following. No one, however, had noticed our absence. Her haughty uncle, in his luxurious library, little suspected the scene that had that night occurred. But his conduct, I felt, had exonerated me from every obligation to him, and I determined to win his ward, if fortune favored me, in despite of his opposition. My honor was no longer concerned against me: I felt free to act as I chose.

The British fleet meanwhile, having been seen no more upon the coast, the communication with the north, by sea, became easy again. New York, however, was in the possession of the enemy, and a squadron was daily expected at the mouth of Delaware Bay. To neither of these ports, consequently, could I obtain a passage. Nor indeed did I wish it. There was no possibility that the FIRE-FLY would enter either to re-victual, and as I was anxious to join her, it was useless to waste time in a port where she could not enter. Newport held out the only chance to me for rejoining my vessel. It was but a day's travel from thence to Boston, and at one or the other of these places I felt confident the FIRE-FLY would appear before winter.

The very day, however, after seeing Beatrice, I obtained a passage in a brig, which had been bound to another port, but whose destination the owners had changed to Newport, almost on the eve of sailing. I instantly made arrangements for embarking in her, having already disposed of our prize, and invested the money in a manner which I knew would allow it to be distributed among the crew of the FIRE-FLY at the earliest opportunity. My parting with Col. Moultrie was like parting from a father. He gave me his blessing; I carried my kit on board; and before forty-eight hours I was once more at sea.

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THE DREAM OF THE DELAWARE.

"Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy."

On Alligewi's* mountain height
An Indian hunter lay reclining,
Gazing upon the sunset light
In all its loveliest grace declining.
Onward the chase he had since dawn
Pursued, with swift-winged step, o'er lawn,
And pine-clad steep, and winding dell,
And deep ravine, and covert nook
Wherein the red-deer loves to dwell,
And silent cove, and brawling brook;
Yet not till twilight's mists descending,
Had dimmed the wooded vales below,
Did he, his homeward pathway wending,
Droop 'neath his spoil, with footsteps slow.
Then, as he breathless paused, and faint,
The shout of joy that pealed on high
As broke that landscape on his eye,
Imaginings alone can paint.

Down on the granite brow, his prey,
In all its antlered glory lay.
His plumage flowed above the spoil—
His quiver, and the slackened bow,
Companions of his ceaseless toil,
Lay careless at its side below.

Oh! who might gaze, and not grow brighter,
More pure, more holy, and serene;
Who might not feel existence lighter
Beneath the power of such a scene!
Marking the blush of light ascending
From where the sun had set afar,
Tinting each fleecy cloud, and blending
With the pale azure; while each star
Came smiling forth 'mid roseate hue,
And deepened into brighter lustre
As Night, with shadowy fingers threw
Her dusky mantle round each cluster.
Purple, and floods of gold, were streaming
Around the sunset's crimson way,
And all the impassioned west was gleaming
With the rich flush of dying day.
Far, far below the wandering sight,
Seen through the gath'ring gloom of night,
A mighty river rushing on,
Seemed dwindled to a fairy's zone.
No bark upon its wave was seen,
Or if 't was there, it glided by
As viewless forms, that once have been,
Will flit, half-seen, before the eye.

Long gazed the hunter on that sight,
'Till twilight darkened into night,
Dim and more dim the landscape grew,
And duskier was the empyrean blue;
Glittered a thousand stars on high,
And wailed the night-wind sadly by;
And slowly fading, one by one,
Cliff, cloud, ravine, and mountain pass
Grew darker still, and yet more dun,
'Till deep'ning to a shadowy mass,
They seemed to mingle, earth and sky,
In one wild, weird-like canopy.

Yet lo! that hunter starts, and one
Whom it were heaven to gaze upon,
A beauteous girl,—as 't were a fawn,
So playful, wild, and gentle too,—
Came bounding o'er the shadowy lawn,
With step as light, and love as true.
It was Echucha! she, his bride,
Dearer than all of earth beside,—
For she had left her sire's far home,
The woodland depths with him to roam
Who was that sire's embittered foe!
And there, in loveliness alone,
With him her opening beauty shone.
But even while he gazed, that form,
As fades the lightning in the storm,
Passed quickly from his sight.
He looked again, no one was there,
No voice was on the stilly air,
No step upon the greensward fair,
But all around was night.

She past, but thro' that hunter's mind,
What wild'ring memories are rushing,
As harps, beneath a summer wind,
With wild, mysterious lays are gushing.

* The Alleghany.

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Fast came rememb'rance of that eve,
Whose first wild throb of earthly bliss
Was but to gaze, and to receive
The boon of hope so vast as this—
To clasp that being as his own,
To win her from her native bowers;
And form a spirit-land, alone
With her amid perennial flowers.
And as he thought, that dark, deep eye,
Seemed hovering as 't was wont to bless,
When the soft hand would on him lie,
And sooth his soul to happiness.

Like the far-off stream, in its murmurings low,
Like the first warm breath of spring,
Like the Wickolis in its plaintive flow,
Or the ring-dove's fluttering wing,
Came swelling along the balmy air,
As if a spirit itself was there,
So sweet, so soft, so rich a strain,
It might not bless the ear again,
Now breathed afar, now swelling near,
It gushed on the enraptured ear;—
And hark! was it her well-known tone?
No—naught is heard but the voice alone.

"Warrior of the Lenape race,
Thou of the oak that cannot bend,
Of noble brow and stately grace,
And agile step, of the Tamenend,
Arise—come thou with me!

Echucha waits in silent glade,
Her eyes the eagle's gaze assume,
As daylight's golden glories fade,
To catch afar her hunter's plume,—
But naught, naught can she see.

Her hair is decked with ocean shell,
The vermiel bright is on her brow,
The peag zone enclasps her well,
Her heart is sad beneath it now,
She weeps, and weeps for thee.

With early dawn thou hiedst away,
In reckless sports the hours to while,
Oh! sweet as flowers, in moonlit ray,
Shall be thy look, thy voice, thy smile,
When again she looks on thee!
Oh! come, come then with me."

Scarce ceased the strain, when silence deep,
As broods o'er an unbroken sleep,
Seemed hovering round; then slowly came
A glow athwart the darkling night,
Bursting at length to mid-day flame,
And bathing hill and vale in light.
While suddenly a form flits by
With step as fleet, as through the sky
The morning songster skims along
Preceded by his matchless song.
So glided she; yet not unseen
Her graceful gait, her brow serene,
Her finely modelled limbs so round,
Her raven tresses all unbound,
That flashing out, and hidden now,
Waved darkly on each snowy shoulder,—
As springing from the mountain's brow,
Eager and wild that one to know,
The hunter hurried to behold her.

On, on the beauteous phantom glides
Beneath the sombre, giant pines
That stud the steep and rugged sides
Of pendant cliffs, and deep ravines;
Down many a wild descent and dell
O'ergrown with twisted lichens rude;
Yet where she passed a halo fell
To guide the footsteps that pursued,—
Like that fell wonder of the sky
That flashes o'er the starry space,
And leaves its glitt'ring wake on high,
For man portentous truths to trace.
And onward, onward still that light
Was all which beamed upon the sight.
Of figure he could naught descry,
Invisible it seemed to fly;
Alluring on with magic art
That half disclosing, hid in part.

Bright, beautiful, resistless Fate!
Oh! what is like thy magic will,
Which men in blind obedience wait,
Yet deem themselves unfettered still!
By thee impelled that hunter sped
Through shadowy wood, o'er flowery bed;
When angels else, beneath his eye,
Had passed unseen, unnoticed by.

The Indian brave! that stoic wild,
Philosophy's untutored child,
A being, such as wisdom's torch
Enkindled 'neath the attic porch,
Where the Phoenician stern and eld,
His wise man* to the world revealing,
Divined not western wildness held
Untutored ones less swayed by feeling;
Whose firm endurance fire nor stake
Nor torture's fiercest pangs might shake.
Yes! matter, mind, the eternal whole,
In apprehension revelling free,
Evolved that fearlessness of soul
Which Greece† saw but in theory.

Still on that beauteous phantom fled,
And still behind the hunter sped.
Nor turned she 'till where many a rock
Lay rent as by an earthquake's shock,
And through the midst a stream its way
Held on 'mid showers of falling spray.
Marking by one long line of foam
Its passage from its mountain home.

* Zeno imagined his wise man, not only free from all sense of pleasure, but void of all passions, and emotions capable of being happy in the midst of torture.

† The stoics were philosophers, rather in words than in deeds.

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But now, amid the light mist glancing
Like elf or water-nymph, the maid
With ravishment of form entrancing
The spell-bound gazer, stood displayed.
So looked that Grecian maiden's face,
So every grace and movement shone,
When 'neath the sculptor's wild embrace,
Life, love, and rapture flushed from stone.
She paused, as if her path to trace
Through the thick mist that boiled on high,
Then turning full her unseen face,
There, there, the same, that lustrous eye,
So fawn-like in its glance and hue
As when he first had met its ray,
Echucha's self, revealed to view—
She smiled, and shadowy sank away.

Again 't was dawn: that hunter's gaze
Was wand'ring o'er a wide expanse
Of inland lake, half hid in haze
That waved beneath the morning's glance.
The circling wood, so still and deep
Its sombre hush, seemed yet asleep;
Save when at intervals from tree
A lone bird woke its minstrelsy,
Or flitting off from spray to spray
Mid glittering dew pursued its way.
When lo! upon the list'ning ear
The rustling of a distant tread,
That pausing oft drew ever near
A causeless apprehension spread.
And from a nook, a snow-white Hind
Came bounding—beauteous of its kind!—
Seeking the silver pebbled strand
Within the tide her feet to lave,
Er'e noonday's sun should wave his wand
Of fire across the burnished wave.

Never hath mortal eye e'er seen
Such fair proportion blent with grace;
A creature with so sweet a mien
Might only find its flitting place
In that bright land far, far away
Where Indian hunters, legends say,
Pursue the all-enduring chase.
The beautifully tapered head,
The slender ear, the eye so bright,
The curving neck, the agile tread,
The strength, the eloquence, the flight
Of limbs tenuitively small,
Seemed imaged forth, a thing of light
Springing at Nature's magic call.

The sparkling surge broke at her feet,
Rippling upon the pebbly brink,
As gracefully its waters sweet
She curved her glossy neck to drink.
Yet scarce she tasted, ere she gazed
Wildly around like one amazed,
With head erect, and eye of fear,
And trembling, quick-extended ear.

Still as the serpent's hushed advance,
The hunter, with unmoving glance,
Wound on to where a beech-tree lay
Half buried in the snowy sand:
He crouches 'neath its sapless spray
To nerve his never-failing hand.
A whiz—a start—her rolling eye
Hath caught the danger lurking nigh.
She flies, but only for a space;
Then turns with sad reproachful face;
Then rallying forth her wonted strength,
She backward threw her matchless head,
Flung on the wind her tap'ring length,
And onward swift and swifter sped,—
O'er sward, and plain, and snowy strand,
By mossy rocks, through forests grand,
Which there for centuries had stood
Rustling in their wild solitude.

On, on, in that unwearied chase
With tireless speed imbued,
Went sweeping with an eldrich pace
Pursuing and pursued!
'Till, as the sinking orb of day,
Glowed brighter with each dying ray,
The fleetness of that form was lost,
Dark drops of blood her pathway crost,
And faint and fainter drooped that head,—
She falters—sinks—one effort more—
'T is vain—her noontide strength has fled—
She falls upon the shore.

One eager bound—the Hunter's knife
Sank deep to end her struggling life;
Yet, e'en as flashed the murd'rous blade,
There came a shrill and plaintive cry:
The Hind was not—a beauteous maid
Lay gasping with upbraiding eye.
The glossy head and neck were gone,
The snowy furs that clasped her round;
And in their place the peag zone,
And raven hair that all unbound
Upon her heaving bosom lies
And mingles with the rushing gore,
The sandled foot, the fawn-like eyes;
All, all are there—he needs no more—
"Echucha—ha!" The dream hath passed;
Cold clammy drops were thick and fast
Upon the awakened warrior's brow,
And the wild eye that flashed around
To penetrate the dark profound,
Seemed fired with Frenzy's glow.
Yet all was still, while far above,
Nestling in calm and holy love,
The watchful stars intensely bright
Gleamed meekly through the moonless night.

The Hunter gazed,—and from his brow
Passed slowly off that fevered glow,
For what the troubled soul can bless
Like such a scene of loveliness?
He raised his quiver from his side,
And downward with his antlered prey,
To meet his lone Ojibway bride,
He gaily took his joyous way. A. F. H.

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MY GRANDMOTHER'S TANKARD.

BY JESSE K. DOW.

My grandmother was one of the old school. She was a fine, portly built old lady, with a smart laced cap. She hated snuff and spectacles, and never lost her scissors, because she always kept them fastened to her side by a silver chain. As for scandal she never indulged in its use, believing, as she said, that truth was stranger than fiction and twice as cutting.

My grandmother had a penchant for old times and old things, she delighted to dwell upon the history of the past, and once a year on the day of thanksgiving and prayer, she appeared in all the glories of a departed age. Her head bore an enormous cushion—her waist was doubly fortified with a stomacher of whale-bone and brocade. Her skirt spread out its ample folds of brocade and embroidery below, flanked by two enormous pockets. Her well-turned ankles were covered with blue worsted stockings, with scarlet clocks, and her underpinning was completed by a pair of high quartered russet shoes mounted upon a couple of extravagant red heels. When the hour for service drew near, she added a high bonnet of antique form, made of black satin, and a long red cloak of narrow dimensions. Thus clothed, as she ascended the long slope that led to the old Presbyterian meeting house, she appeared like a British grenadier with his arms shot off, going to the pay office for his pension.

Her memory improved by age, for she doubtless recollected some things which never happened, and her powers of description were equal to those of Sir Walter Scott's old crone, whose wild legends awoke the master's mind to a sense of its own high powers.

My grandmother came through the revolution a buxom dame, and her legends of cow boys and tories, of white washed chimnies and tar and feathering, of battles by sea, and of "skrimmages," as she termed them, by land, would have filled a volume as large as Fox's book of the Martyrs, and made in the language of the day a far more *readable work*.

I was her pet—her auditor: I knew when to smile, and when to look grave—when to approach her, and when to retire from her presence; her pocket was my paradise, and her old cup-board my seventh heaven.

Many a red streaked apple and twisted doughnut have I munched from the former,—and many a Pisgah glimpse have I had of the bright pewter and brighter silver that garnished the latter. Among the old lady's silver was a venerable massive tankard that had come down from the early settlers of Quinapiack, and she prized it far above many weightier and more useful vessels. This relic always attracted my notice—a coat of arms was pictured upon one side of it, and underneath it the family name in old English letters, stood out like letters upon an iron sign. It was of London manufacture, and must have been in use long before the Pilgrims sailed for Plymouth. It had, doubtless, been drained by cavaliers and roundheads in the sea girt isle,

> "Ere the May flower lay
> In the stormy bay,
> And rocked by a barren shore."

The history of this venerable relic was my grandmother's hobby, and as she is no longer with us to relate the story herself, I will hand it down in print, that posterity, if so disposed, may know something also of

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TANKARD.

In the year 1636, a company of fighting men from the Massachusetts colony, pursued a party of Pequots to the borders of a swamp in the present county of Fairfield, in Connecticut, and destroyed them by fire.

The soldiers on their return to the colony spoke in rapture of a goodly land through which they passed in the south country, bordering upon a river and bay, called by the Indians Quinapiack, and by the Dutch the Vale of the Red Rocks.

In the year 1637, the New Haven company, beaten out by the toils and privations of a long and boisterous voyage across the Atlantic, landed at the mouth of the Charles River, and continued for a season inactive in the pleasant tabernacles of the early pilgrims. Hearing of the fair and goodly land beyond the Connectiquet, or Long River, and disliking the sterile shores of Massachusetts bay, the newly arrived company sent spies into the land to view the second Canaan, and bring them a true report.

In 1638, having received a favorable account from the pioneers, the company embarked, and sailed for that fair land, and at the close of the tenth day the Red Rocks appeared frowning grimly against the western horizon, and the Quinapiack spread out its silver bosom to receive them. The

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vessel that brought the colony, landed them on the eastern shore of a little creek now filled up and called the meadows, about twenty rods from the corner of College and George streets, in New Haven, and directly opposite to the famous old oak, under whose broad branches Mr. Davenport preached his first sermon to the settlers, "Upon the Temptations of the Wilderness." Time, that rude old gentleman, has wrought many changes in the harbor of Quinapiack since the days of the pilgrims; and a regiment of purple cabbages are now growing where the adventurers' bark rested her wave-worn keel.

In 1638, having laid out a city of nine squares, the company met in Newman's barn, and formed their constitution. At this meeting it was ordered that the laws of Moses should govern the colony until the elders had time to make better ones.

Theophilus Eaton, Esq. was chosen the first governor: and the whole power of the people was vested in the governor, Mr. Davenport, the minister, his deacon, and the seven pillars of the church of Quinapiack. Here was church and state with a vengeance, and the pilgrims who sought freedom to worship God found freedom to worship him as they pleased, provided they worshipped him *as Mr. Davenport* directed.

The seven pillars of the church were wealthy laymen, and were its principal support; among the number I find the names of those staunch old colonists, Matthew Gilbert and John Panderson.

Governor Eaton was an eminent merchant in London, and when he arrived at Quinapiack, his ledger was transformed into a book of records for the colony. It is now to be seen with his accounts in one end of it, and the records in the other. The principal settlers of New Haven were rich London merchants. They brought with them great wealth, and calculated in the new world to engage in commerce, free from the trammels that clogged them in England. They could not be contented with the old colony location. They now found a beautiful harbor—a fine country—and a broad river: but no trade. Where all were sellers there could be no buyers. They had stores but no customers: ships but no Wapping: and they soon began to sigh for merry England, and the wharves of crowded marts. In three years after landing at New Haven, a large number of these settlers determined to return to their native land.

Accordingly a vessel was purchased in Rhode Island, a crazy old tub of a thing that bade fair to sail as fast broadside on as any way, whose sails were rotten with age, and whose timbers were pierced by the worms of years. Having brought the vessel round to New Haven, the colonists, under the direction of the old ship master Lamberton, repaired and fitted her for sea.

The day before Captain Lamberton intended to sail, Eugene Foster, the son of a wealthy merchant in London, and Grace Gilman, the daughter of one of the wealthy worthies of Quinapiack, wandered out of the settlement and ascended the East Rock.

Grace Gilman was the niece of my great, great grandmother. Possessing a brilliant mind, a lovely countenance, and a form of perfect symmetry, she occupied no small share of every single gentleman's mind asleep or awake, in the colony. Her dark hair hung in ringlets about a neck of alabaster, and sheltered with smaller curls a cheek where the lily and the rose held sweet communion together.

Foster had followed the object of his love to her western home, and having gained Elder Gilman's consent to his union with the flower of Quinapiack, he was now ready to return in the vessel to his native land, for the purpose of preparing for a speedy settlement in the colony.

Eugene Foster was a noble, spirited youth, of high literary attainments. Besides his frequent excursions with the scouts, had made him an experienced woodman and hunter. His countenance was pleasant; his eye possessed the fire of genius; and his form was tall and commanding.

It was a glorious morning in autumn. The whole space around the settlement was one vast forest, and the frost had tipped the leaves of the trees with russet crimson and gold. The bare sumac lifted its red core on high, and the crab apple hung its bright fruit over every crag. The maple shook its blood-colored leaves around, and the chesnut and walnut came pattering down from their lofty heights, like hail from a summer cloud. The heath hens sate drumming the morning away upon the mouldering trunks, whose tops had waved above the giants of the forest in former ages. The grey squirrel sprang from limb to limb. The flying squirrel sailed from tree to tree in his downward flight; and the growling wild cat glided swiftly down the vistas of the wood with her shrieking prey.

The blue jay piped all hands from the deep woods—and the hawk, as he sailed over the partridge's brood, shrieked the wild death cry of the air. A haze rested upon the distant heights, and a cloud of mellow light rolled over the little settlement, and faded into silver upon the broad sound that stretched out before it.

It was nearly noon when the lovers—whose conversation on such an occasion I must leave the reader to imagine—turned from the enchanting prospect, which at this day exceeds any thing in America—to return to the settlement. Two Indians, of the Narraganset tribe, now bounded from the thicket, and before Foster could bring his musketoon to its rest—for he always went armed—they levelled him to the earth. A green withe was speedily twined around his arms, and he was apperently as powerless as a child. Grace sprang to a little path that led to the parapet of the bluff and screamed for help; that scream was her salvation, for the Indian who was binding Foster's hands, left the withe loose, and sprang toward her. In a moment the rude hand of the red-man rested heavily upon her shoulder, and his grim look sent the blood tingling from her cheeks. Another withe was speedily passed around her arms, and then the two Narragansetts seated themselves to make a hurdle to bear the pale faced maiden away. As they were busily engaged Grace heard a whisper behind her. She turned her head half round—Foster, by great exertions, had got loose from his withe, and was crawling slowly toward his musketoon.

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The Narragansetts, suspecting nothing, were sitting behind a little clump of sassafras, and nothing but their brawny chests could be seen through a small bend in the trunks of the trees that composed the thicket.

Stealthily crept the experienced Foster to the tree where his musketoon rested. Not a crackling twig, nor rustling leaf, gave the slightest evidence of his movements. The Indians spoke in their own wild gutterals of the beauty of the pale-faced squaw, and chuckled with delight at the speedy prospect of roasting the young long knife by Philip's council fire.

The musketoon was just as he had left it: not a grain of powder had left the pan,—the match burned brightly at the butt, and every thing seemed to be as effective as possible. Foster seized it and motioned to Grace to stoop her head, so as to give him a chance to bring the red men in a range through the opening in the thicket.

Grace bent her head to the ground, while her heart beat with fearful anticipation. The young pilgrim aimed his deadly weapon, as a fine opportunity presented itself. The two savages were sitting cross-legged, side by side, and their brawny breasts were seen, one bending slightly before the other. Foster aimed so as to give each a fair proportion of slugs—for he had a charge for a panther in his barrel—and fired. A loud report rang down the aisles of the forest, and rattled in echoes over the settlement, while the two Indians bounded up with a fearful yell, and fell dead upon the half-made hurdle. Foster sprang to the side of Grace, and casting loose the withe that confined her swollen arms, bore her over the bodies of the Narragansetts, whose horrid scowls never were forgotten by the affrighted maid.

A war-whoop now rung in the usual pathway to the settlement, and Foster saw that he must take a shorter cut or die. Grace had fainted, and every thing depended upon his manliness and strength. He therefore approached the brink of the precipice. A wild grape vine, that had grown there since the morning of time, for aught he knew, extended far up the perpendicular rock, from a crag below. He bound the fair girl to his breast with his neckcloth and shot-belt, and grasping the stem of the vine, descended. As he slipped down, the vine began to yield, and just as his foot touched the narrow crag, the whole vine, with a mass of loose earth and stones, gave way with a tremendous crash, and hung, from the crevice where he stood, like a feather quivering beneath his feet. Foster was for a moment dizzy, but he cast his eyes upward, and beheld the eyes of an Indian glaring upon him from the top of the rock. He was nerved in a moment: and seeing a ledge a foot and a half broad, beyond a fissure, about eight feet over, and very deep, he determined to spring for it. Grace Gilman, however, was a dead weight to the young man, and he feared the result. The ledge seemed to run at an angle of forty-five degrees along the front of the rock, to a side hill, formed by fallen rocks and earth. A wild vine hung down over the fissure, covered with tempting fruit. He reached out his hand and grasped the main stem as it waved in the breeze,—it was strong, and its roots seemed firmly imbedded in a crevice above him. Commending himself to that Creator whose tireless eye takes in at a glance his creatures, he made his leap! The damp wind from the fissure rushed by his ears; the vine cracked and rustled above him; rich clusters of luscious fruit came tumbling upon his head; and the birds of night came shrieking out from their dark shelters in the fissure as he swung past. Foster, however, did not waver, his foot struck the ledge and he leaned forward; the vine flew back like a pendulem as he let it go, and he slid down the smooth ridge of the ledge in safety. In a short time he brought up against a heap of earth that had fallen from the mountain top, and springing up, bounded like the chamois hunter from crag to crag, until he stood upon the broad bottom, without a bruise or a scratch upon himself or his fair charge. In twenty minutes the young pilgrim entered the settlement by the forest way, with the almost lifeless form of his beloved buckled to his breast, while savage yells of disappointment came down from the summit of the East Rock, and caused the young mothers of Quinopinck to press their startled babes closer to their trembling hearts.

None had dared to follow the adventurous pilgrim's course down the mountain's perpendicular side: and the ledges that jut out like faint shadows from the bluff, are called Foster's Stepping Stone by those who know the incident to this day.

The report of the musketoon was heard in the settlement. The soldiers of the colony stood to their arms, and when Foster had made his report, several strong parties went out upon a scout; but it was of no use; drops of blood only were discovered sprinkled upon the sassafras-leaves, and a heavy trail leading toward the Long River. The fighting men of Quinapiack, after a weary march, gave up the pursuit of the Narragansetts, and returned leisurely to the settlement. Night now settled like a raven upon the land—the drums beat to prayers—one by one the lights went out in the cottages of the pilgrims; and as the watch-fire sent forth its ruddy blaze from the common—now the college green—the colony slumbered in sweet forgetfulness, or wandered in visions amid the scenes of their childhood by the broad Shannon or the silver Ayr.

Who can tell the strange thoughts that agitated the sleepers' souls? The old men, had they no pleasures of memory? The young men and the maidens, had they no dreams of joy—no bright pictures of trysting trees and lovely glens where the white lady moved in her noiseless path, or the fairies danced on the moonlight sward? Had the politician no dream of departed power? No sigh for his rapid fall? Had the soldier no dream of glory—no sound of stirring bugles melting upon his ear? Had the minister of God no dream of greatness—when before the kings and princes of the world he stood? and like Nathan of old said in Christ-like majesty to the offending monarch—

"Thou art the man."

It was sunrise at Quinapiack, and the seven pillars were no longer seven sleepers. Eugene Foster

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stood beside Grace Gilman, while the old elder wrestled valiantly in prayer. When the morning service was ended, and a substantial breakfast had been stowed away with no infant's hand, Foster imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of the bashful puritan.

"Farewell, Grace," said he, "we are ready to sail. In a few months more the smoke shall curl from my cottage chimney, and the good people of the colony shall wait at the council board for good man Foster."

"Eugene," said Grace, with eyes suffused with tears, "your time will pass pleasantly in England; but, oh! how long will the period of your absence seem in this lone outpost of civilization. Do not, then, tarry in the land of your fathers beyond the time necessary for accomplishing your business. There are many Graces in England, but there are but few Fosters here."

"Grace," said Foster blushing, "there is no Grace in England like the Grace of Quinapiack, and he who would leave the blooming rose of the wilderness, for the sick lily of the hot-house, deserves not to enjoy the fresh blessings of Providence. The wind that blows back to the western continent shall fill my sails, and I will claim my bride."

The old puritan now gave the young man his blessing. Foster drew from his cloak fold this silver tankard,—marked, as you now see it,—[so said my grandmother, as she held the antique vessel up to the light,] and presented it to Grace as an earnest of his love. The elder, after seeing that it was pure silver, exclaimed against the gew-gaws, and the drinking measures of a carnal world, and left the room. Two hearty kisses were now heard, even by the domestics in the Gilman family. The elder entered the breakfast room in haste; Eugene bounded out of the door—Grace glided like a fairy up stairs, and the old tankard rested upon the table.

After placing on board of the return ship the massive plate, and other valuables of the discontented merchants, those whose hearts failed them, embarked amid the tears and prayers of Davenport and his faithful associates. The sails were spread to the breeze—the old ship bowed her head to the foam, and dashed out of the harbor in gallant style. Grace watched the vessel as she departed, and when the evening came, she wept in her silent chamber, for her heart was sad.

It was a sad day for the remaining colonists when the ship dipped her topsails in the southern waves. A feeling of loneliness, such as the traveller feels when lost in a boundless wood, seized upon them, and the stanchest wept for their native land, and the air was damp with tears. The next morning the settlement became more cheerful, for what can raise the drooping soul like the still glories of a New England autumn morning? The ship would, in all probability, return in a few months with necessary stores for the colonists, and then, should the company grow weary of the new country, they could return to their native land with their wives, and recount to kind friends the perils of an ocean voyage, and of a solitary home in a savage land.

* * * * * * *

Six long and melancholy months rolled away, and no tidings of the pilgrims' ship had reached the ears of the anxious settlers of Quinapiack. A vessel had arrived at Plymouth after a short passage, but nothing had been heard of Lamberton's bark when she sailed. A terrible mystery hung over the ill-filled and crazy ship. Autumn now came in its beauty, and still no tidings came to cheer the sinking soul, and gladden the heavy heart. Grace Gilman now began to pine, like the fair flower, whose root the worm of destruction has struck, and whose brightness slowly fades away. At length the good people of Quinipiack could stand this state of suspense no longer, and the Rev. Mr. Davenport, and his little flock, besought the Lord with sighs and tears, and heartfelt prayers to shew them the fate of their friends by a visible sign from heaven.

Four successive Sabbaths the worthy minister strove for a revelation of the mystery, and on the afternoon of the last day, when silence brooded over the settlement; when even the barn-fowl grew silent upon his roost, and the well-trained dog lay watching by the old family clock, for sunset, and the hour of play, the cry came up from the water side,—"A sail! a sail!"—and the drums beat with a double note, and the gravest leaped for joy. The cry operated like an electric shock upon the whole mass of the people. The old and the young, the sick and the well, went out upon the shore to view the approaching stranger, and the seaman stood by the landing place ready to make her fast. Grace Gilman was in the centre of the throng, and the worthy minister, Davenport, waited silently by her side.

There is no moment so full of interest to us as that when a vessel from our native land approaches us upon a distant shore. How many anxious hearts are waiting to rise or fall, as good or bad tidings salute their ears. How many watch the faces that throng the deck, and turn from countenance to countenance with eager look, until their eyes rest upon some familiar face, and their anxiety is satisfied.

There are cold hearts also in such a crowd,—worldly men, who come to gather news. What care they for affection's warm greeting, or the throb of sympathy? What know they of a sister's love; aye! or of that deeper love which only exists in the breast of woman! which carried her to Pilate's hall, to Calvary's scene of blood, and to Joseph's tomb? The price of cotton, of tobacco, breadstuffs, rise of fancy stocks, election of a favorite candidate, or the death of a rich relative, are sweeter than angel whispers to their ears, and *a rise of two pence on corn* is enough to fill a whole exchange with raptures.

There were but few such worldlings on the landing place of Quinapiack on the Sabbath eve when the gallant vessel of the pilgrims approached the shore. Silence reigned upon the landing, and a dreadful stillness hung over the approaching ship. Gallantly she entered the harbor, and the boldest on shore trembled for her temerity in carrying such a press of canvass. Not a sail had she handed—not a man was aloft. Her course varied not—neither did the water ripple before her bows. All was now anxiety. A hail went forth from the land,—a

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moment of breathless curiosity passed, but no answer came. Another hail was treated with the same neglect. At length Mr. Davenport hailed the stranger. As the words slowly burst from the brazen trumpet, a bright ray of sunlight gleamed full upon the vessel. Her top-masts now faded into air—then the sails and rigging down to her courses—her ensign next rolled away upon the breeze, and when the East Rock sent back the last echo of the trumpet, the pilgrims' ship had vanished away. A similar ship, though of much smaller dimensions, now appeared upon a heavy cloud that hung over Long Island, and faded away with the brightness of the day.

"It is the promised sign," said Mr. Davenport.

"Our friends are lost at sea," cried the multitude.

"Eugene is drowned!" screamed Grace Gilman, and the crowd dispersed to weep alone.

As the throng moved away from the water side, a maniac girl, who had been gathering wild flowers upon the East Rock, came running in from the forest way, chaunting the following words to a plaintive air:—

She leaves the port with swelling sails,
And gaudy streamer flaunting free,
She woos the gentle western gales,
And takes her pathway o'er the sea.
The vales go down where roses bloom—
The hill tops follow green and fair;
The lofty beacon sinks in gloom,
And purpled mountains hang in air.

Along she speeds with snowy wings,
Around her breaks the foaming deep;
The tempest thro' her rigging sings,
And weary eyes their vigils keep.
Loud thunders rattle on the ear;
Saint Elmo's fire her yard-arms grace,
The boldest bosom sinks in fear,
While death stands watching face to face.

Months roll, and anxious friends await
Some tidings of the home-bound bark,
But ah! above her hapless fate
Mysterious shadows slumber dark.
No tidings come from Albion's shore
To wild New England's rocky lee;
Hope sickens, dies, and all is o'er,
The pilgrim's bark is lost at sea.

But see around yon woody isle
A gallant vessel sweeps in pride,
Her presence bids the mourners smile,
And hope reviving marks the tide.
But ah! her topsails fade away,
Her gaudy streamer floats no more,
A shadow flits across the bay,
The pilgrim's dying hope is o'er.

* * * * * * *

Washington, January, 1841.

Upon a couch, in a little parlor in Quinapiack, surrounded by a number of the worthy settlers of both sexes, rested, at the close of that Sabbath day, Grace Gilman. Her cup of sorrow was full, and she prayed for the approach of the angel of death. Beside her stood the silver tankard, and her dim eye endeavored in vain to read the inscription. "Aunt Tabitha," said the sufferer to my great great grandmother, "read the inscription for me." The good aunt bent over the vessel, and read aloud:—

"SIR JOHN FOSTER, OF LONDON,
MASTER OF THE ROLLS."

And underneath, in small capitals, she read:—

"EUGENE FOSTER, TO GRACE GILMAN, AS AN EARNEST OF HIS LOVE.

"*An empty cup to hold our tears,*
A flowing bowl to drown our fears,
In life or death, this cup shall be
A poor remembrancer of me."

"Brother," said Mr. Davenport, as he slowly entered the room, "why weepest thou? Daughter of the church, why sittest thou in sadness? Children of God, why shed these useless tears? Arise, and let us bless the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth forever."

The broken-hearted girl folded her hands. The aged father bent over her pillow. The friends leaned upon their staves, and the minister poured forth his soul in unstudied prayer.

A sweet strain of thrilling music now broke upon the ear,—a sound of gentle voices echoed in the hall,—a rustling of wings was heard overhead,—a faint whisper of "Eugene! Eugene! I—come—" died away on the sufferer's pillow: and when the prayer was ended, the little company found themselves alone, watchers with the dead.

Grace Gilman had breathed her last, and the betrothed of the pilgrim joined her lover in heaven.

The poor girl was buried agreeably to her wishes, upon the mountain side. The tankard became the property of her aunt Tabitha, and finally came to a rest in my grandmother's cupboard. And now when the Sabbath evening commences, the rustic swain, as he passes the foot of the mountain, fancies that he sees a white figure beckoning to him from the cliff, and hears, amid the sighing of the woods, a low, but fearfully distinct whisper, saying—"Eugene! Eugene! I come!" And oft since, through the dim twilight of a summer's Sabbath evening, has been seen the spirit-ship of the long-lost Pilgrims, ploughing her unruffled course through the calm waters of Quinipiack, and, when hailed, instantly disappearing.

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THE RESCUED KNIGHT.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

It was starlight on Galilee. The placid lake lay at the feet, slumbering as calmly as an infant, with the wooded shores, and the tall cliffs around, reflected darkly in its surface. Scarcely a breath disturbed the quiet air. Occasionally a ripple would break on the shore with a low, measured harmony, and anon a tiny wave would glisten in the starlight, as a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the lake. The song of the fisherman was hushed; the voice of the vine-dresser had ceased on the shore; the cry of the eagle had died away amongst his far-off hills, and the silence of midnight, deep, hushed, and awe-inspiring, hung over Galilee.

A thousand years before, and what scenes had that sea beheld! There, had lived Peter and his brethren; there, had our Saviour taught; upon those shores had his miracles been wrought; and on the broad bosom of Gennesserat he had walked a God. What holy memories were linked in with that little sea! How calm and changeless seemed its quiet depths! A thousand years had passed since then, and the apostles and their children had mouldered into dust, yet the stars still looked down on that placid lake unchanged, shining the same as they had done for fifty centuries before.

On the shore of the lake, embowered in the thick woods, stood a large old, rambling fortified building, bearing traces of the Roman architecture, upon which had been engrafted a Saracenic style. It enclosed a garden, upon one side of which was a range of low buildings, dark, massy, frowning, and partly in ruins, but which bore every evidence of being still almost impregnable.

Within this range of buildings, in a dark and noisome cell, reclined, upon a scanty bed of straw, a Christian knight. His face was pale and attenuated, but it had lost, amid all his sufferings, none of his high resolve. It was now the seventh day since he had lain in that loathsome dungeon, and the morrow's sun was to see him die a martyr, for not abjuring his religion.

"Yes!" he muttered to himself, "the agony will soon be over: it is but an hour at the most, and shall a Christian knight fear fire or torture? No: come when it may, death should ever be welcome to a de Guiscan; and how much more welcome when it brings the glories of martyrdom. But yet it is a fearful trial. I could fall in battle, for there a thousand eyes behold us, but to die alone, unheard of, with only foes around, and where none shall ever hear of my fate.—Oh! that indeed is bitter. Yet I fear not even it. Thank God!" he said, fervently kissing a cross he drew from his bosom, "there is a strength given to us in the hour of need, which bears us up against every danger."

The speaker suddenly started, ceased, and looked around. The bolt of his door was being withdrawn from the outside. Could it be that his jailor was about to visit him at this hour? Slowly the massy door swung on its hinges, and a burst of light, streaming into the cell, for a moment dazzled the eyes of the captive; but when he grew accustomed gradually to the glare, he started, with even greater surprise, to behold, not his jailor, but a maiden, richly attired in the Oriental dress. For an instant the young knight looked amazed, as if he beheld a being of another world.

"Christian!" said the apparition, using the mongrel tongue, then adopted by both Saracens and Franks in their communications, but speaking in a low, sweet voice, which, melting from the maiden's tongue, made every word seem musical, "do you die to-morrow?"

"If God wills it," said the young knight firmly, "but what mean you?—why are you here?"

"I am here to save you," said the maiden, fixing her eye upon his, "that is," and she paused and blushed in embarrassment, "if you will comply with my conditions."

The young knight, who had eagerly started forward at the first part of her sentence, now recoiled, and with a firm voice, though one gentler than he would have used to aught less fair, exclaimed,—

"And have you too been sent to tempt me? But go to those from whom you came, and tell them that Brian de Guiscan, will meet the stake rejoicing, sooner than purchase life by abjuring his God—"

"You wrong—you wrong me," hastily interposed the maiden, "I come not to ask you to desert your God, but to tell you that I also would be a Christian. Listen,—for my story must be short—my nurse was a Christian captive, and from her I learned to love your Saviour. I have long sought to learn more of your religion, and I am come now," and again she blushed in embarrassment, "to free you, sir knight, if you will conduct me to your own land. I am the daughter of the Emir; I have stolen his signet, and thus obtained the keys to your cell—"

"It is enough, fair princess, my more than deliverer," said the knight eagerly, "gladly will I sell my life in your defence."

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"Hist!" said the maiden in a whisper, placing her finger on her lips, "if we speak above a murmur we shall, perhaps be overheard—follow me," and turning around, she passed swiftly through the door, and extinguishing her light, looked around to see if she was followed, and flitted into a dark alley of overhanging trees.

Who can describe the emotions of de Guiscan's bosom, as he traversed the garden after his guide? His release had been so sudden that it seemed like a dream, and he placed his hand upon his brow as if to assure himself of the reality of the passing scene. Nor were the sensations, which he experienced, less mixed than tumultuous. But over every other feeling, one was predominant—the determination to perish rather than to be re-taken, or, least of all, to suffer a hair of his fair rescuer's head to be injured.

Their noiseless, but rapid flight toward the lower end of the garden, and thence through a postern gate into the fields beyond, was soon completed,—and it was only when, arriving at a clump of palms, beneath which three steeds, and a male attendant, could be seen, as if awaiting them, that the maid broke silence.

"Mount, Christian," she said in her sweet voice, now trembling with excitement; and then turning toward her father's towers, she looked mournfully at them a moment, and de Guiscan saw, by the starlight, that she wept.

In a few minutes, however, they were mounted; and so complete had been the maiden's preparations, that de Guiscan's own horse, lance, and buckler, had been provided for him. But on whom would suspicion be less likely to rest than on the Emir's daughter?

They galloped long and swiftly through that night, and just as morning began to break across the hills of Syria, they turned aside into a thick grove, and, dismounting, sought rest. The attendant tied the foaming steeds a short distance apart, and, for the first time, the princess and de Guiscan were alone since his escape.

"Fair princess," said the young knight, "how shall I ever show my gratitude to you? By what name may I call my deliverer?"

"Zelma!" said the maiden modestly, dropping her eyes before those of the knight, and speaking with a certain tremulousness of tone that was more eloquent than words.

"Zelma!" said de Guiscan astonished, "and do I indeed behold the far-famed daughter of the Emir, Abel-dek, she for whom the Saracenic chivalry have broken so many lances? Thou art indeed beautiful, far more beautiful than I had dreamed. The blessed saints may be praised, that thou wishest to be a Christian."

"Such is my wish," said the maiden meekly, as if desiring to change the conversation from her late act, "and I pray that, as soon as may be, we may reach some Christian outpost, where you will place me in charge of one of those holy women, of whom I have heard my nurse so often speak; and after that, the only favor I ask of you, sir knight, is, that, should you ever meet my father, Abel-dek, in battle, you will avoid him, for his daughter's sake."

"It is granted, sweet Zelma," said de Guiscan enthusiastically. But the attendant now returning, their conversation was closed for the present.

Why was it that de Guiscan, instead of retiring to rest, when, having formed a rude couch for Zelma, he persuaded her to take a short repose, kept guard for hours, busy with his own thoughts, but without uttering a word? Was it solely gratitude to the fair Saracen which forbid him to trust her safety even for a moment to her attendant, or had another and deeper feeling, arising partly from gratitude, and partly from a tenderer source, taken possession of his soul? Certain it is, that though the young knight had gazed on the bright eyes of his own Gascony, and seen even the fair-haired maidens of England, yet never had he experienced toward any of them, such feelings as that which he now experienced toward Zelma. Hour after hour passed away, and still he stood watching over her slumbers.

It was late in the afternoon when the little party again set forth on their flight. De Guiscan, when the road permitted it, was over at the bridle reins of Zelma, and though his keen eye often swept anxiously around the landscape, their conversation soon grew deeply interesting, if we may judge by the stolen glances and heightened color of Zelma, and the eager attention with which the young knight listened to the few words which dropped from her lips. How had their demeanor changed since the night before! Then the princess was all energy, now she was the startled girl again. Then de Guiscan followed powerless as she led, now he it was upon whom the little party leaned for guidance.

"Pursuit, the saints be praised, must long since have ceased," said de Guiscan, "for yonder is the last hill hiding us from the Christian camp. When we gain that we shall be able to see, though still distant, the tents of my race."

The eyes of the maiden sparkled, and giving the reins to their steeds, they soon gained the ascent. The scene that burst upon them was so grand and imposing that, involuntarily, for a moment, they drew in and paused.

Before them stretched out an extensive plain, bounded on three sides by chains of hills, while on the fourth, and western border, glistened far away the waters of the Mediterranean. Rich fields of waving green; sparkling rivers, now lost and now emerging to sight; rolling uplands, crowned with cedar forests; and, dimly seen in the distance, a long line of glittering light, reflected from the armor of the Crusaders, and telling where lay the Christian camp, opened out before the eyes of the fugitives.

"The camp—the camp," said de Guiscan joyously, pointing to the far-off line of tents.

The maiden turned her eyes to behold the glittering sight, gazed at it a moment in silence, and then casting a look backward, in the direction of her father's house, she heaved a deep sigh, and said calmly:

"Had we not better proceed?"

"By my halidome, yes!" said de Guiscan with sudden energy, "see yon troop of Saracens pricking up the mountain side in our rear—here—in a line with that cedar—"

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"I see them," said Zelma, breathlessly, "they are part of the Emir's guard—they are in pursuit."

"On—on," was the only answer of the young knight, as he struck the Arabian on which the maiden rode, and plunged his spurs deep into his horse's flanks.

They had not been in motion long before they beheld their pursuers, approaching, better mounted than themselves, sweeping over the brow of the hill above, in a close, dense column.

"Swifter—swifter, dear lady," said the knight, looking back.

"Oh! we are beset," suddenly said Zelma, in a voice trembling with agitation, "see—a troop of our pursuers are winding up the path below."

The knight's eyes following the guidance of the maiden's trembling finger, beheld, a mile beneath him, a large company of infidel horse, closing up the egress of the fugitives. He paused an instant, almost bewildered. But not a second was to be lost.

"Where does this horse path lead?" he said, turning to the attendant, and pointing to a narrow way, winding amongst precipitous rocks, toward the left.

"It joins the greater road, some distance below."

"Then, in God's name let us enter it, trusting to heaven for escape. If it comes to the worst I can defend it against all comers, provided there is any part of it too narrow for two to attack me abreast."

"There are many such spots!"

"Then the saints be praised. In, in, dear lady—in all."

Their pace was now equally rapid until they reached a narrow gorge, overhung by high and inaccessible rocks, and opening behind into a wide highway, bordering upon a plain below.

"Here will I take my position, and await their attack," said de Guiscan. "How far is the nearest Christian outpost?"

"A league beneath."

"Hie, then, away to it, and tell them de Guiscan escaped from a Saracen prison, awaits succor in this pass. We cannot all go, else we may be overtaken. Besides, you may be intercepted below. If you live to reach the crusaders, I will make you rich for life. By sundown I may expect succor if you succeed. Till then I can hold this post."

The man made an Oriental obeisance, and vanished, like lightning, down the acclivity.

"Here they come," said de Guiscan, "they have found us out, and are swooping like falcons from the heights."

The maiden looked, and beheld the troop of Saracens defiling down the mountain, one by one; the narrowness of the path forbidding even two to ride abreast.

"Allah il Allah!" shouted the foremost infidel, perceiving the knight, and galloping furiously upon him as he spoke.

Not a word was returned from the crusader. He stood like a statue of steel, awaiting the onset of the fiery Saracen. As the infidel swept on his career, he gradually increased his distance from his friends, until a considerable space intervened between him and the troop of Moslems. This was the moment for which the young knight had so anxiously waited.

"Allah il Allah!" shouted the infidel, waving his scimeter around his head, as he came sweeping down upon the motionless crusader.

"A de Guiscan! a de Guiscan!" thundered the knight, raising the war-cry of his fathers, as he couched his lance, and shot like an arrow from the pass. There was a tramp—a wild shout—a fleeting as of a meteor—and then the two combatants met in mid-career. Too late the infidel beheld his error, and sought to evade that earthquake charge. It was in vain. Horse and rider went down before the lance of the crusader, and the last life-blood of the Saracen had ebbed forth before de Guiscan had even regained his position.

The savage cry of revenge which the companions of the fallen man set up, would have apalled any heart but that of de Guiscan. But he knew no fear. The presence of Zelma, too, gave new strength to his arm, and new energy to his soul. For more than an hour, aided by his strong position, he kept the whole Saracen force at bay. Every man who attacked him went down before his lance, or fell beneath his sword. At length, as sunset approached, the Saracens hemming him in closer and closer, succeeded in driving him back behind a projecting rock, which, though it protected his person, prevented him from doing any injury to his assailants, who, meanwhile, were endeavoring, by climbing up the face of the rock, to attack him from overhead. He found that it was impossible to hold out many moments longer. He turned to look at the maiden: she was firm and resolved, though pale.

"We will die together," said she, drawing closer to his side, as if there was greater protection there than where she had been standing.

"Yes! dear Zelma, for that is, I fear me, all that is left for us to do."

"Hark!" suddenly said the maiden, "hear you not the clattering of horses' feet—here—in the rear?"

"Can it be your attendant returned?"

"Yes—yes! it is—praised be the Christian's God."

"I vow a gold candlestick to the Holy shrine at Jerusalem!"

On, like a whirlwind, came the host of the Christians, over the plain beneath, and through the broad highway, until, perceiving their rescued countrymen still alive with his charge, they raised such a cry of rejoicing that it struck terror into every Moslem's heart. In a few moments all danger to the fugitives was over.

The infidels, now in turn retreating, were pursued and cut off almost to a man, by a detachment of the Christian force; while another party of the succorers bore the rescued fugitives in triumph to the Christian outpost.

In the parlor of the —— convent, at Jerusalem, a few months later De Guiscan awaited the appearance of Zelma. Since the day when they had together reached the Christian outpost, he had not beheld that beautiful Saracen, for she had seized the first opportunity to place herself under the instruction of the holy abbess of the —— convent at

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Jerusalem. During that separation, however, de Guiscan had thought long and ardently of his rescuer. In the bivouac; amid the noise of a camp; in the whirl of battle; surrounded by the beautiful and gay; wherever, in short, he went, the young knight had carried with him the memory of the fair being who, at the peril of her life, had saved him from the stake. Their hurried conversation in the palm grove was constantly recurring to his memory. Oh! how he wished that he might once more behold Zelma, if only to thank her anew for his life. But constantly occupied in the field, he had not been at leisure to visit Jerusalem, until a summons come from France, informing him of his father's death, and the necessity that he should immediately proceed homeward, to preserve the succession to his barony. He determined to see Zelma once more, if only to bid her farewell forever.

As he was swayed thus by his emotions, he heard a light step, and looking up, he beheld the Saracen princess.

"Zelma!" he ejaculated.

"De Guiscan!" said the maiden, eagerly advancing, but checking herself as instantly, she stood, in beautiful embarrassment, before the knight.

Both felt the difficulty of their relative positions, and both would have spoken, but could not. At length de Guiscan said,—

"Lady! I have come to thank you again for my life, before I leave this land forever."

"Leave Jerusalem—Palestine forever!" ejaculated Zelma.

A bright, but long-forbidden hope lighted up the countenance of the young knight, and perceiving the renewed embarrassment with which the speaker paused, he said:

"*Dear* lady! I am going to my own sunny land far away; but I cannot depart without telling you how deeply I love you, and that I have thought of you, only of your sex, ever since we parted. Oh! if not presumptious, might I hope?"

The still more embarrassed maiden blushed, but she did not withdraw the hand which the young knight had grasped. He raised and kissed it. The next moment the trembling, but glad girl, fell weeping on his bosom. She, too, had thought only of him.

The proudest family in the south of France, to this day, trace their origin to the union of Zelma and de Guiscan. * * *

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

I LOVE those little happy things, they seem to me but given,
To mirror on this lower earth, the far-off smiling heaven,
Their blue eyes shining ever bright like violets steep'd in dew.
Their looks of angel innocence—who 'd not believe them true?

The echo of the merry laugh, so full of heartfelt glee,
The very revelry of joy, untameable, and free;
The little feet that almost seem to scorn our mother earth,
But ever, ever lisping on in frolic, and in mirth.

Oh! how we look on them, and think of all our childhood's hours,
When we were sunny-hearted too, and wander'd among flowers,
When like to theirs, our floating locks, were left to woo the breeze,
Oh! Time, in all thy calender, thou 'st no such times as these.

Philadelphia, January, 1841.

I do forget how many years have sadly past me by,
Since my young sun of rising morn, shone gayly in the sky;
When I behold these happy things in all their joyous play,
Pouring the sunshine of their hearts, upon my cloudy way.

Would I could watch their gentle growth, and guard them from the blight,
That ever tracks the steps of Time, like darken'd clouds of night,
Would I could see their laughing eyes still innocently wear
The looks of guileless purity, unmixed with woe, or care.

Dear little children, ye have been to me, a source of joy,
The sweet drop in the bitter cup of life's too sad alloy.
In ye, mine early days return, the rainbow days of youth,
Of single-hearted blessedness, of tenderness, and truth.

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THE SILVER DIGGER.

BY J. TOPHAM EVANS.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Piet Albrecht, "and so old Chriss Mienckel is going to be married at last, and to pretty Barbara Mullerhorn, the violet of the forest! Your gold and silver are the best suitors after all! Give me a purse of yellow pieces before all the rifles of the mountain. What sayest thou, comrade," continued he, clapping upon the back a young man, who sat next to him, "dost thou not think that old Mullerhorn, the gold-lover, would have fancied thee much better, if thou hadst carried more metal in thy pouch than upon thy shoulder?"

"I pray thee, Piet," responded the young man, "keep thy scurvy jests to thyself. My soul is far too heavy for mirth."

"Holy Saint Nicholas!" said Piet, "he thinks of little Barbara! Well, courage, comrade, and drink somewhat of this flask. Right Schiedam, and full old, I warrant thee. What, not a drop? Well, here 's to thee, then."

"Aye," said a tall, dark visaged man, attired in a hunter's garb, "aye! these love sick spirits are hardly worth the trouble of enlivening. Once was Adolf the gayest hunter in the hills; but of late, his courage is as dull as a hare's, and all for a green girl, whose old schelm of a father loves his own broad pieces too well, to bestow her upon a ranger of the free woods."

"Peace, Franz Rudenfranck," said the youth; "I will hear such words, not even from thee. If old Mullerhorn continues to refuse me, I will leave these, my native mountains, and wander in some far distant land, hopeless and broken hearted."

"Pshaw," rejoined Rudenfranck, "thou art far too young for despair as yet. Throw thine ill-humor to the fiend, whence it came. There are other lasses as fair as Barbara Mullerhorn, and, by my faith, not so difficult to obtain. Therefore, fill comrades, let us pass a health to the recovery of Adolf's heart, and a more favorable issue to his passion."

And the cup went gaily round, amid the shouts of the revellers.

Adolf Westerbok had been the gayest huntsman of the F——g district, and the truest and merriest lad in the mountain, until an accidental meeting with Barbara Mullerhorn at a dance, had entirely changed the current of his feelings. It is an old story, and a much hackneyed one, that of love. Let us spare the description. Suffice it to say that Adolf and Barbara met often, and that a mutual affection subsisted between them.

Adolf proposed himself to old Mullerhorn, and demanded Barbara in marriage. But old Philip Mullerhorn, a rude, churlish, and avaricious farmer, scornfully rejected the proffer of Adolf, and forbade him any farther interview with Barbara, alleging, as the grounds of his disinclination, the poverty of the hunter. Barbara was no less afflicted than Adolf. Still, meetings between them were contrived. At last, on the very evening, upon which the conversation, narrated above, took place, Barbara informed her distracted lover, that her father had announced to her his intention of bestowing her in marriage upon Chriss Mienckel, an elderly widower, whose share of this world'e goods was ample enough to attract the covetous regards of old Philip Mullerhorn.

Burning with rage, and filled with tumultuous thoughts, Adolf quitted Barbara, after bestowing upon her a long embrace, and repaired to the inn of the hamlet, in hopes of finding Franz Rudenfranck, a huntsman, who had professed a singular attachment for him, and who had signalised this attachment by many personal proofs of friendship.

The news of old Mienckel's success had reached the hamlet before him, and he had not been seated many minutes, before Piet Albrecht, the professed joker of the village, began to rally him upon the subject. Piet had already irritated Adolf in no small measure; but the lover had thus far concealed his feelings.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Piet, gaily, "to think that the old, shrivelled widower of threescore should outcharm the youth of twenty! If I had been Adolf Westerbok, I don't think that Chriss would have carried matters so, and I should have worn the wedding ribbon in spite of his ducats. But there 's no accounting for tastes, eh? What say you, comrades?"

The hunters laughed; and Adolf, annoyed at length beyond endurance, rejoined in somewhat of a surly tone; to which Piet answered more jestingly than before.

"Silence, fool!" said Rudenfranck, now interfering, "thou hast neither wit nor manners, and I should but serve thee rightly, did I lay my ramrod soundly over thy shoulders."

Piet shrank back abashed, for there was that expression upon the brow of Rudenfranck that few cared to see, and fewer to withstand. The hunters were silent for a moment, but one of them, at last, answered Rudenfranck.

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"That would I fain see, Franz Rudenfranck. Keep thy ramrod for thy hound; for, by the holy apostles, if thou layest the weight of thy finger upon Piet, I will try whether my bullet or thy skin proves the harder, albeit some say no lead can harm thee."

"Peace, Hans Veltenmayer," rejoined Rudenfranck. "If thou wert wise, which any fool may plainly perceive thou art not, thou wouldest chain that unruly tongue within thine ugly mouth, or keep those threats for thy wife, who, if some say aright, would receive them so kindly, as to repay thee, not in words, but in heavier coin. Tush man, never lift thy rifle at me."

He turned sharply upon the hunter, who had seized his rifle and was levelling it toward him; wrested it from his hand, and by a slight motion, cast him rudely upon the ground. Veltenmayer rose, and slunk among his laughing companions, muttering.

"Come, Adolf," said Rudenfranck, "I know what thou wouldst have. Leave we this merry company, and go thou with me to my hut."

They left the inn, and plunged deep into the forest.

Chapter II.

The F——g district, as it is called, where the scene of this legend is laid, is one of the highest points in the great range of the Alleghany mountains. High, broken peaks, capped with towering pines, rise upon every side in billowy confusion; while the loftier and more regular chains of mountains stretch far away in every direction, fading and sinking upon the eye, until from a rich, dark green, they seem to meet and unite with the azure of the sky. Rough, rocky precipices; a red and stony soil, where the green mosses crawl and intertwist, in confused, yet beautiful arrangement, over the sward; thick low underwood, and forests almost impenetrable from their density; deep ravines, and craggy watercourses, some entirely destitute of water, and others, gushing precipitately along, flushed by unfailing springs, are the characteristics of this mountain district. The rude log cabins of the few inhabitants of this country, lie distant and scantily scattered through the almost pathless woods, and the entire appearance of the scenery has a sublime, though a savage and uncultivated air. The original settlers of this tract were Germans and Swiss, whose descendants, even at the present day, are almost the sole tenantry of these hills. Their nature seems congenial to the surrounding mountains; and the national exercise of the rifle, the merry dance and song, and those yet more venerable Dionysia, the apple-butter boilings, quilting parties, and log liftings, still constitute the favorite amusements of this primitive people. Even their religion, a strange compound of German mysticism, engrafted upon a plentiful stock of superstition, seems peculiarly appropriate to their mode of living, and their wild country. Nay, the very dress of a century back, still holds its fashion among these hills; and the peasant or hunter, loosely attired in his homespun suit of brown or blue adorned with fringe, or decked out with large, antique, silver or pewter buttons, occasionally garnished with the effigies of some popular saint; his large, broad brimmed wool hat, flapped over his face; his leather leggings; and dark, curly beard, presents a lively image of his fathers, the original settlers of the district. Add to this, the bright, keen wood-knife, sheathed in its leather case, and stuck in a broad girdle, with the powder horn and pouch; and the unfailing rifle strapped across the shoulder, and you have a perfect description of the general appearance of that people, who inhabit the F——g settlement, and the back-woods of Pennsylvania, at the present day.

Rudenfranck and his companion strode onward through the woods for some time without speaking. The elder hunter eyeing his friend keenly, at last broke the unsocial silence.

"I need not ask of thee, Adolf, why thy brow is clouded, and thine eye so heavy. I, myself, although thou mayest smile at such confession from me, have suffered long, and deeply, from a like cause. But my tale shall not now interrupt thy grief, and I have often thought that the very leaves of the forest would find tongues to repeat a story, which might move nature herself. I would afford thee aid; not gall thy wounds by the recital of my own. Speak; is it not thus? Thou hast met Barbara Mullerhorn, even after her churlish father had forbidden thy suit. I know too well, Adolf, that the more we are opposed the brighter burns our love. But in pursuing thus thy suit, thou hast not done wisely. Yet I may still aid thee, and I will do so."

"Alas, good Franz," replied the youth, "this complaint is far beyond thy remedy. Gold alone can sway the determination of Philip Mullerhorn, and well dost thou know that Chriss Mienckel is the richest man in the settlement. How then canst thou, a poor hunter like myself, afford that aid, which wealth alone can give? No! no! I see nought save disappointment—save despair!"

"Thou knowest but little of me, Adolf," said Rudenfranck, solemnly, "but thou art destined to learn more. See, the moon is already rising through the pines, and on this evening, the annual recurrence of which, is fraught with dread and woe to me; and each succeeding anniversary of which, brings me nearer to my stern destiny, shalt thou learn of me a secret, which, if thou hast the fearlessness of soul to fathom, all may be well, at least with thee. But thou canst only learn it of me."

"Rudenfranck," said Adolf, "the hunters speak much evil of thee, and strange tales are current concerning thee in the settlement. Unholy things, it is said, flit round thy hut in the hushed hour of midnight. Unholy sounds are heard resounding through the deep glen where thou abidest. Old men speak warily of thee, and cross themselves as thou passest by, and the village maidens shrink from thy hand in the dance. These may be idle tales; but, Rudenfranck, thy words to-night are suspicious. Nevertheless, be thou wizard or enchanter; be thy knowledge that of the good saints, or of a darker world, to thee and to that knowledge I commit myself. Thou hast proved

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thy friendship, and, for weal or woe, I will trust thee."

"Men speak not all aright," rejoined the hunter, while a dark shadow obscured his visage, and his words fell as though he spake them unwillingly, "nor say they altogether wrong." The young huntsman looked at Rudenfranck for a moment; then, grasping his hand, he cried—

"Then thou canst aid me, Rudenfranck?"

"That will I, as I have the power," said the hunter; "but we are at the hut. Thy hand upon it, that what I shall tell thee will find a grave in thy breast. Else I will not, I cannot assist thee."

"My hand upon it," replied Adolf.

"Enter then," said the hunter, "let fear be a stranger to thy breast, and all shall yet be well."

As they entered the cottage, a shadowy form flitted past the door, and the wind sighed mournfully through the forest.

Chapter III.

The hut of Rudenfranck differed but little in appearance from the ordinary dwellings of the settlers of the district. Large pine logs, piled rudely together, and cemented with mud, in order to exclude the wind from the chinks, composed the cabin. Two or three common chairs, a pine table, and a camp bed, with a few culinary utensils, constituted the entire furniture of the hunter's hut. A torch of resinous wood, which flared from an iron bracket, gave light to the room, and a large fire soon occupied the wide hearth. A few articles of sylvan warfare hung round the cabin; and on a shelf, some pewter mugs and earthen dishes, a pair of stag's antlers, and two or three old folios, their ponderous covers clasped together with silver clenches, lay exposed. A large, rawboned dog, rough of coat, and muscular of form, whose fine muzzle and bright eye, spoke of rare blood, was extended before the hearth. Roused by the noise made by Rudenfranck and his companion in entering, he sprang up, erected his bristles, and uttered a low growl.

"Down, Fritz, be quiet," said Rudenfranck, as the dog, recognising his master, fawned upon him; "welcome to my poor hut, Adolf. I can give thee no better cheer than our coarse mountain fare will afford, although I may assist thee in some other important matters. Come, draw thy chair to the fire, man. The wind is somewhat sharp to-night, and I will endeavor to make out some refreshment for thee."

He retired for a moment, and entered again, bearing a noble supply of fat venison, which he immediately set about preparing for their supper. The rich steam of the savory steaks soon attracted the attention of Fritz, who, stretched out before the fire with lion-like gravity, inhaled their genial flavor with manifest symptoms of approbation. Rudenfranck's preparations were soon completed, and, producing a curious green flask, and two tall silver cups from a recess, he invited Adolf, by precept and example, to partake of the viands set before him.

But the spirit of Adolf was too heavy for feasting, and the morsel lay untasted on the trencher before him. Rudenfranck himself, although he pressed Adolf to eat, neglected his meal, and the table was speedily cleared, Fritz being accommodated with the relics of the repast.

"Taste this wine," said Rudenfranck, "although myself no great lover of the grape, I am somewhat curious in my choice of wines, and may indulge my little vanity so far as to quaff the juice I drink, out of a more costly metal than falls to the lot of most gay hunters."

"Truly, Rudenfranck," replied Adolf, "thy promised plans for the relief of my unfortunate condition seem to have escaped thy memory. For rather would I hearken to them, than drink thy wine, even from a silver cup."

"Not so, Adolf," said the hunter, "I will now fulfil my promise to thee. But first, the secret of my power to aid thee, and the means by which this assistance may be rendered, must be explained to thee. Listen, then, and regard not my countenance but my words."

"You have heard the elders of the hamlet speak of Count Theodore Falkenhelm, a renowned noble of Alsace, in Germany. This Falkenhelm was known to have sailed from Germany, with many other settlers for America. Few knew his reasons for quitting his native country, for he was a dark, unsocial man, and some have said that he had dealings with the Spirit of Evil. He had not been resident here for a long time, before it was observed that he became averse to society, cautious of remark, and jealous of scrutiny. The spot in which he had fixed his abode, was visited by few footsteps, for his mood was fierce, and his society, at times, was dangerous. It was concluded that he was insane. But it was not so. Mark me.

"A youth, some five years after the count had taken his dwelling in these mountains, arrived here from Germany. He had not long ranged these woods, before the fame of the count inspired him with a boyish curiosity to see and to know him. An opportunity was soon afforded; for returning one evening, wearied with the chase, a thunder storm and night overtook him near near the cottage of the count. He demanded hospitality, and was admitted, though reluctantly. What he saw that night, when all was hushed in the death of sleep, he never told to mortal; but he raved wildly of fiends and phantoms, and died, soon after, a maniac.

"Shortly after this event, the count disappeared, nor has since been heard of here. But many succeeding years brought news of a dismal tragedy in Germany, and from the account of him who brought the report, it was supposed by those who remembered the count, that he was the principal actor in the scene of blood.

"The hut which the recluse had deserted, was the source of continual dread to the superstitious peasants, whose fears had magnified the ruinous cabin into a palace, where the revels of the great fiend were held. But one, whose heart was bolder, and who had lately arrived in the settlement, took possession of the hut, repaired it, and there fixed his abode. That man, Adolf Westerbok, stands before you.

"I have not always been what I now appear.

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I was well born, although poor, and had served in my country's battles, not without reputation. I loved the daughter of a baron, of high family and large estates, whose castle, on the Aar, stood near the dwelling of my father. Thy tale of love is mine, thus far. Although loved in return, and loving—O! spirit of my injured Thekla!—deeper, far deeper than mortal, whose blood burned not like mine, could love; she was torn from me—me, who would have died for her; whose only aim in life was to approve myself worthy of her—and whose love was mine alone—torn from me, and dragged, an unwilling, wretched sacrifice, to the castle of a rich nobleman of our country. Here, her tears and visible decay, instead of moving compassion in the heart of her husband, rendered him jealous and morose. On one occasion, he struck her to the earth in furious rage—struck her, do you mark me?—aye, inflicted a blow on that fair breast which I would have braved hell to defend! It caused her death, for she was pregnant—she died that day. I—you insulted heaven knows how deeply!—I avenged her, and the steel which struck the life blow to his heart, never has been, and never shall be cleansed. Look at it—I keep it as a memorial of most holy revenge!"

Rudenfranck drew from his vest a broad, sharp dagger, and threw it on the table before Adolf, who saw with horror that the blade and hilt were encrusted with the stains of long-spilled blood.

"I was forced to quit Germany, and wandered through Spain an aimless, hopeless man. Here I became acquainted with Count Falkenhelm. He was in danger from the Inquisition, and I aided his escape from their toils. A hater of mankind, naught, save the knowledge of how bitter an enmity Falkenhelm bore to it, prompted me to rescue him from the snare. A murder was committed in Alsace. Letters came to me from Falkenhelm, desiring me to hasten to him, and 'ere he met the inevitable doom of his crime, to receive a last legacy which he wished to bequeath me.

"I hastened to him, and on the night ere he was executed, he imparted to me this secret: that, deep within these forests, the mighty treasures of a long buried sage and necromancer, whose power could control the elements, and the spirits of fire, lay hidden. These were the treasures of Bructorix, borne from Germany by magic spells. They were guarded by potent spirits of hell. To me did he commit this knowledge, together with those books, at which you have often wondered, and this spell, which commands the world of demons."

As he spoke, he again went to the recess, drew forth a small gold box, and opening it with reverence, displayed a fair linen cloth, folded in such a manner as to present five angles, at equal distances, in the centre of which was fixed an opal, of immense value, upon which certain mysterious letters were engraved. The letters which formed the spell, glistened and flashed as though with internal fires, as the light fell upon the polished jewel.

"This," said Rudenfranck, closing the box, "is the magic pentagon, the key to the treasures of King Bructorix."

"Heavens!" cried Adolf, "you received, then, this most fatal gift?"

"I did; and took upon myself an awful penalty. I said, 'Ambition! thou shalt be my God, for love is lost to me!' I came on to this country immediately after the execution of the count, and have discovered the treasure. Reasons, unimportant for you to know, have detained me here some years, disguised as the hunter Rudenfranck. This is the point, then. You cannot obtain Barbara Mullerhorn without gold; nor dare I, if I could, bestow this treasure upon you. You must follow my example, and call upon the spirit of Bructorix yourself. I will instruct you in the manner, but you must undertake the adventure."

"And the penalty you spoke of," said Adolf, trembling, as the hot eyes of Rudenfranck glared upon him.

"I cannot tell you. The spirit proposes different sacrifices. Mine is—"

A loud gust of wind interrupted the speaker, and Adolf shuddered, as he fancied he could distinguish the flapping of pinions through the blast.

"Ha!" said Rudenfranck, breathing hard, and speaking low,—"I had forgot!—I had forgot!"

"Is this thy plan?" said Adolf, "I fear me it is unhallowed. I will begone and pray to be delivered from the evil one. Rudenfranck, I will not accept of such assistance."

"Thy life upon it," said the hunter, "if thou betrayest me."

"I have given my hand to secrecy, and yet—"

"Choose well and warily, Adolf."

"That will I, Rudenfranck. There can be no sin, I trust, in hearing so unholy a tale. Is this the only plan—?"

"It is the only one. But, away, if thou canst not accept this aid. I can give thee no other."

"Then," said Adolf, as he turned slowly to leave the hut, "I am ruined and desperate!"

"Aye, go," said Rudenfranck bitterly, looking after the retreating form of Adolf, with a fiendish sneer, "go, fool! Thus is it ever with that microcosm of folly, man. Aye, I can plainly see that the treasure of King Bructorix will soon acquire a new guardian. Another victim, and I leave these fatal shores, and forever."

Chapter IV.

As Adolf returned homeward, many and various were the contending reflections which embittered his mind. At one time he thought of the misery which he must endure in beholding the object of his dearest affections, united to Mienckel, her profound aversion; now, vague dreams of the wealth and happiness which the possession of the hidden treasure would confer upon him, flitted across his mind; but a chill damp struck through his soul as he remembered the intimated penalty; and wild imaginations of spectral forms, demoniac faces, and the awful legendery tales, so current among the peasantry, filled his breast with horror. He reached his cottage, and threw himself upon his humble couch, agonised by conflicting emotions. No sleep visited his pillow, and early the next morning he arose and went

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forth, hoping to subdue the fever of his blood by exercise in the cold air. He wandered about for some time, listless in which direction he took his way, until he found himself near the farm house of old Mullerhorn.

It was a jolly day at the house of that ancient. Turkeys, geese, pigs, and the promiscuous tenantry of the barn yard, bled beneath the knives of the rosy Dutch damsels. The smoke curled in copious volumes from the ample chimneys, and the hissing of culinary utensils, employed at the genial occupation of preparing divers dainties, together with the savory odors from the purlieus of the kitchen, gave indisputable tokens that something highly important was taking place in the house. Adolf viewed this busy scene with melancholy feelings enough, for he well pressged what it meaned. He paused, and leaned sadly on his rifle; but his heart felt still heavier, when, from a window of the farm house a fair white hand was extended, waving a handkerchief toward him. A tear stole down his cheek, as he acknowledged the signal, and, raising his rifle, was about to depart, when a slight tap on the shoulder arrested him, and a plump little maiden, whose rosy cheeks, and smiling face, were the very emblems of good humor, in fact, a perfect Dutch Hebe, accosted him.

"Why, how now, master Adolf? Have you not a word for an old acquaintance?"

"Ah, Agatha, is it thou? How dost thou, my good lass?"

"Better, Adolf, than either yourself or Barbara, if there is any judgment in your looks. Why, you look as if you had seen a spectre, and if you will keep company with that black-looking wretch, that Franz Rudenfranck, I would n't insure that you will not see one, some of these dark nights. Bless me, how you change color. Are you sick?

"No, no, Agatha. Not so sick in body as in heart. How fares Barbara?"

"Why, indeed, Dolf, for I will call you Dolf again, and it 's a shame for father Philip to make us all call you master Adolf; master indeed! she has done nothing but cry all night. But she is to be married to old Chriss this morning—the odious fool! I 'm sure she hates him—and I 've a thousand things to do; so good bye to you Dolf."

The lively little girl ran off, and Adolf again was about to pursue his path, when old Mullerhorn, accompanied by the intended bridegroom, and some of his neighbors, arrived at the farm.

"What, Adolf," said the old man, while a cynical smile played over his thin features, "Adolf here. Thou hast been a stranger of late, lad. But, come, wilt thou not in with us and witness this merry marriage? In faith, it will gladden my little Barbara to see thee there. Come, thou must aid in this gay ceremony."

Adolf was, for a moment, undecided what answer to make old Mullerhorn; but curbing his indignation, and repressing an angry reply—he thought it most prudent to accept the invitation.

"I thank you, neighbor Philip," said he, "and willingly will go with you."

"Why, that is well spoken, boy," replied the old man, unusually elated by the occasion. "I aways liked thee, Adolf; but no ducats, lad, no ducats."

"They are not so very difficult to procure," whispered a voice in Adolf's ear; he turned, and beheld Rudenfranck.

"Well, in, Adolf; and eh? Franz Rudenfranck too? But, in—in with ye both," said old Mullerhorn, and the party entered the farm-house.

The room into which they were ushered, was an ample, commodious apartment, constructed in the true Dutch fashion, with a polished oak floor, and noble rafters of the same wood. It was hung around with some few gay colored prints, illustrating Scripture subjects, and some bright tin sconces; and the furniture was substantial, although homely. A large mahogany press, whose bright surface and polished brass knobs, might have compared in brilliancy with the mirror, stood in one corner; an old fashioned Indian chest, ponderous and highly japanned, ornamented the opposite niche. Some heavy chairs with long, high backs, and formal arms and legs; the never failing spinning wheel and Dutch clock; and a pair of tall, ill-shaped, brass fire-dogs, completed the garniture of the apartment. The walls were decorated with festoons of evergreen, tastefully arranged by the fair hands of Barbara herself. Two ill-looking, dingy paintings, also occupied a couple of recesses; and a neatly polished cherry table, near a window, displayed an inviting array of apple brandy, cherry wine, cider, and such refreshments as were indigenous to the country. The good dame, after welcoming kindly her guests, bustled off to resume the superintendence of the kitchen; and the unfortunate Barbara herself, arrayed in bridal trim, and looking through her tears, as lovely as the violet, freshly bathed in dew, remained, seated in one of the large chairs, and vainly endeavoring to conceal her emotion. As Adolf entered, her heart palpitated violently, and she could with difficulty so far command herself, as to bid him welcome. Nor did the sight of Barbara in such distress, fail equally to afflict her lover; a grief which Rudenfranck artfully increased, by hinting strongly to Adolf, the possibility of changing the entire face of the scene.

The magistrate having arrived, and matters being so arranged as to bring the affiance to a conclusion, Rudenfranck took the opportunity to lead Adolf apart from the rest.

"Thou thrice sodden ass," said he, "can'st thou call thyself a lover, and yet allow so much innocence and beauty to be sacrificed to age and avarice? Say thou the word; promise to obey me, and thou shalt yet possess her. See, they are about to sign. Hesitate a moment longer—and look, Barbara implores thee—she is lost. Farewell,"

"Stay," rejoined Adolf, hurriedly, "this must not—shall not be. Rudenfranck, I promise."

"Then, demand of old Mullerhorn that the ceremony be delayed, and leave the rest to me."

"Father Philip," said Adolf, addressing Mullerhorn, who was just about to affix his name to the deed, "you are aware how long and how truly I have loved Barbara. To see her thus sacrificed, is more than I can bear, and I entreat you to consider farther upon this matter, and to defer this marriage."

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The guests looked utterly confounded. Christ Mienckel opened wide his large, gray eyes, and stared upon the bold hunter in profound amazement. Barbara turned red and pale by turns; and old Mullerhorn crimsoned with rage.

"Have I not told ye, Adolf Westerbok, that I would never bestow Barbara upon a beggarly hunter? What devil then, prompts thee to interrupt a match which thou hast no power to prevent?"

"Dearest father," said Barbara, clasping the hard hand of the old man, "hearken to Adolf."

"Away, idle girl! Adolf, tempt me not to do thee an injury."

"Nay," said the hunter, "is it even so? Well, then; gold for gold—ducat for ducat—nay, double each ducat that old Mienckel can bestow, will I lay before you, Philip Mullerhorn."

"Thy morning draught has been somewhat of the strongest, Adolf. Where should'st thou have met with these sums?" Christ Mienckel chuckled portentously, and thrusting each hand into his capacious pockets, a melodious harmony of jingling coins soon resounded from their precincts.

"Look in thy pouch," whispered Rudenfranck. Adolf did so, and drew forth two purses, richly furnished with gold. Astonishment fairly stupified the guests; and the covetous eyes of old Mullerhorn glistened at the sight of money. But the recollection of Mienckel's broad lands and fair cattle crossed his mind.

"Gold for gold," said he, musingly. "Well, well, it may be so; and Adolf, when thou canst certify me concerning these riches, thou shalt, perhaps, find me not altogether opposed to thee. This ceremony, for the present, with the consent of Mienckel, shall be postponed."

Mienckel nodded his assent; for he was a man of but few words. But Adolf, holding the hand of Barbara, demanded an immediate trial.

"Be it so, then" replied Mullerhorn. "My neighbor's property is well known. Let it be thy task to prove thy fortune equal to his."

"Yes," said Mienckel, "house and farm—cattle and gear—broad lands—rich farming ground—bright ducats——"

"To balance which, I throw, as earnest, these purses," said Adolf. "Rudenfranck, can'st thou not aid me now?" whispered he, turning to the hunter.

"Not now," rejoined Rudenfranck, "you have the last of my gold. To-night——"

"To-night!" said Adolf, impatiently, "an age! Father Philip, I pledge myself that on the morrow I will prove myself worthy your regard in purse as well as in love."

"Agreed," said Mullerhorn, "until to-morrow let the espousal be deferred. If thou can'st then satisfy my doubts, Barbara shall be thine. If not, this marriage shall no longer be prevented."

"Thanks, father, and farewell. Come thou with me, Rudenfranck. Ere to-morrow night, sweet Barbara, all shall be accomplished."

Rudenfranck and Adolf left the house, and walked through the forest in the direction of the hut of Rudenfranck. Few words were exchanged between them, until, being arrived at the hut, they closed the door carefully, and Adolf broke silence.

"Now, Rudenfranck," said he, "I must know the means by which this treasure may be discovered. Speak then, and quickly. I promise obedience in all matters, faithfully and truly."

"Then," replied Rudenfranck, "it is thus. Meet me to-night, as the moon casts a straight shadow over the range of the Wolf Hills. You know the dark cavern by the run, where, it is said, that old Schwearenheim was carried off bodily, by the Evil One——"

"It is a fearful place, and a fearful hour," said Adolf.

"Fool, thou hast gone too far to recede. Only hint at doing so, and, by all the fiends of hell, I withdraw every hope of my assistance from thee. Wilt thou excite the expectations of Barbara, only to dash them again to the earth? Wilt thou thus vacillate, until it becomes too late to save her from Mienckel? If thou dost so, thou art the veriest driveller that wears man's attire. Mark me, and answer not. Meet me there, at the cave, when the midnight hour arrives; and hark thee, thou must procure a wafer of the consecrated host. Bring thy rifle with thee, and leave the rest to my care."

"Be it so," said Adolf, "it is too late to recede."

"See that thou fail not," said Rudenfranck, "and now promise to Mullerhorn what thou wilt. Keep thou but faith with me, and thou shalt enjoy all that thou hast ever hoped for. Be not seen with me to-day. Go to the village. Look cheerily; procure that which I have directed thee, and fail not at midnight."

Chapter V.

The shades of evening were gradually enveloping the country in darkness, as Adolf and Barbara sat together, in the mansion of the Mullerhorns. They spoke of love and happier times, and the bright eyes of the maiden beamed joyously upon the countenance of the youth. Adolf had learned the art of dissimulation in a brief space of time. Alas! it is but the first step in evil that alarms, and he, that has abandoned the paths of virtue, but for a moment, finds it far more difficult to retrace his steps, than to continue in the ways of error. To the enquiries of Barbara, concerning the wealth which he had so lately acquired, he replied, that the death of a relation, whose property was ample, had enabled him to compete, in point of riches, even with Christopher Mienckel. Barbara fully believed him; for true love is ever ready of faith; and fondly pictured to herself many a scene of happiness and of domestic felicity. Thus the evening wore on; and the hunter was startled to hear the hour of ten strike from the clock, as he arose to quit the society of Barbara, and to join the companion of his unhallowed undertaking.

"Whither away to-night, and so early, Adolf?" asked Barbara, as the hunter made ready to depart.

"I have shot a buck in the forest, and must seek aid to bring him in," replied Adolf.

"It is full late to seek your game in the broad forest to-night, Adolf," said Piet Albrecht, who had

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been solacing himself with a dish of discourse with Agatha, in the kitchen, and now came to bid Barbara good night. "Yet, if you would wish my help, to show you that I have forgotten our difference, I do n't care if I go with you."

"I thank thee, Piet," replied the young man, "but the game lies far off, and Franz Rudenfranck has promised to go with me."

"Where have you left it?" asked Barbara.

"Deep in the forest; near the Wolf Hills. At the cave of Schwearenheim."

"I know not," said Piet, shuddering, "what could tempt me to go there, so near midnight. It will be nearly that, Adolf, when you reach there, and the cave is, the saints be good to us, an unholy spot."

"Pshaw, Piet, this is mere superstition," said the hunter; but his cheek glowed, and his flesh trembled. "Why should the cave be a more unholy spot than any other part of the forest?"

"You know as well as I do, Adolf, that few of the hunters have the courage to pass there after dark. My father has told me awful things of the place, and one of them happened to himself."

"What was that, pray, Piet?" said Agatha, "did he tumble into the run, and fancy that the water was Schiedam?"

"Nothing of the sort, Mistress Agatha," responded Piet. "You must know that my father was a woodsman, as bold as any man among the hills. He happened to be late out one evening, after game; and had chased a large mountain cat to the run, where the cat climbed up an old hollow tree. My father followed him closely, and mounted after him; but his hold gave way, as he was looking down the hollow, and he slipped clear through the hole, good forty feet down the inside of the tree. Well, he thought that his hour was come, and that he should starve to death there; for the inside of the tree was so smooth that he could get no hold for either hand or foot; and so he had lost all hope of ever escaping, when he saw something black come sliding down the tree. He recommended himself to God, and when the thing, whatever it was, came within reach, he seized hold of it, and it climbed up again, dragging my father after it. It had no sooner reached the top of the tree; but a loud clap of thunder was heard, and the thing sailed away in a flame of fire, far away over the tree tops. My father clung fast to the trunk of the tree, and slid down the outside, after he had clambered out of the hollow; then thanking Providence for his deliverance, he went home as fast as his legs could carry him."

"A wonderful tale, indeed, Piet," said Agatha, laughing.

"Wonderful enough," said Piet.

"Well, Piet," said Adolf, "was this truth?"

"Truth!" replied Piet, "I should like to have heard any man tell my father that it was otherwise."

"Do not go to-night, dearest Adolf," said Barbara, turning pale.

"This is mere folly, sweet Barbara. If I failed to bring home my buck, all the hunters would cry shame upon me."

The clock struck the half hour, and Adolf, snatching up his rifle, bade Barbara good night, and leaving the house, struck into the path which led to the Wolf Hills.

"Aye, aye," said Piet, looking after him, "he does n't believe in any such matters; but I fear it is no good that he is bent upon. So much gold, too, and so lately. But it 's no affair of mine. Did you mark the wildness of his eye, though, Agatha?"

Chapter VI.

The moon shone brightly and calmly over the still woods, and the gentle breath of the night wind sighed mournfully over the ear, as it kissed the forest branches, and swept through the tops of the pines. The murmur of the stream, as it flowed smoothly onward between the high mountain passes, added to the soft influence of the scene. All nature was lulled into repose. A small charcoal fire, burning on a rocky ledge, beneath a tall cliff, disclosed the mouth of a dark cavern, at the entrance of which sat Rudenfranck, the hunter, wrapped in a cloak, to protect his person from the heavy damps of the night. He rose from his seat, and moved restlessly about, making some arrangements in the mouth of the cavern, and occasionally casting an anxious glance over the surrounding hills, as if impatiently expecting his victim.

"I think that he will hardly fail me," muttered he. "No, he has too much at stake to abandon this enterprise. How still the night is! Strange, that he comes not, and yet the hour approaches rapidly. All is prosperous thus far. O, star of my destiny, triumph in this hour, which is doomed to complete the anxious toil of years! Rejoice in the anticipated majesty of high dominion! But why do I feel so sad? What small voice is that, which whispers me to desist from my undertaking? Repentance—repentance! My spirit is too dark, and I could not, if I would, repent. How quickly my heart beats as the time speeds on! Yet one more victim! Why, I shall be a king? that word is too weak, to express the glorious extent of wisdom and power which I shall enjoy. But happiness—no, no!—that feeling I shall never more experience! These thoughts—the recollection of past crime. Why should I think of crime, who am beyond the hope of salvation? Ha! he comes! 'T was but the plash of an otter. No! he is here!"

"Rudenfranck, is it thou?" said Adolf, "lend me thy hand. So. I have met with strange warnings in my path toward thee. I fear to go on. Can nothing be devised save this dread trial?"

"I have already told thee, nothing. Come up. The air is damp, and my fire burns brightly. Have you procured that which I desired of thee?"

"I have it; but, Rudenfranck, sacrilege was the price of it."

"Never regard the price, so as thou hast it. This is right," said the hunter, as he received the consecrated wafer. "Help me to build this pile, which must be raised before we commence our solemn work."

Adolf assisted Rudenfranck to build a small pile

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of stones, upon which were deposited the box containing the pentagon, the consecrated wafer, and a small cruse, in which was a dark red liquid. Rudenfranck also placed a brazier on the pile, into which he deposited some slips of parchment, inscribed with talismanic characters. As they finished their task, the moon cast a straight and gigantic shadow across the Wolf Hills, and the pines seemed to dilate, in the white glare, to an unearthly size.

"It is the hour," said Rudenfranck. "Be firm. Shrink not; and expect the full reward of thy bravery. Help me to don these vestments." He threw across his shoulders a furred robe, which he bound tightly round his body with a broad, red girdle. He then placed on his head a conical cap, and taking in his hand a sword, inscribed with characters, and without a guard, he described on the earth, the form of a pentagon, the centre of the figure being occupied by the altar stones, at the side of which Rudenfranck placed his companion.

"Lay thine hand on the altar," said Rudenfranck, "and pour from this cruse into the brazier, the liquid which it contains. Stay not to look around thee, but feed the fire steadily, while I perform our magic ceremonies."

Rudenfranck lit a fire in the brazier as he spoke, and drawing a dagger from his girdle, plunged it violently into his arm. The blood flowed freely. He allowed it to run upon the five angles, reciting in a strange language, mysterious charms. He then placed the linen pentagon in front of his breast, and commanded Adolf to feed the flame as he had instructed him. Adolf poured the liquid from the cruse into the burning brazier; and Rudenfranck, gradually raising his voice, until from a measured chaunt, he broke into furious vehemence, suddenly pronounced the charm of the opal. The moon, which had till now shone brightly, changed its color to a deep red; thunder rolled, and the forked lightning flashed frequently and fearfully. The stars shot wildly across the face of heaven. The wind whistled and groaned through the trees. The earth quaked; and the whole frame of nature seemed to shudder at the incantation. A furious crash resounded through the cavern; brilliant lights danced through the gloom; the magic words engraved on the opal gave out a dense and aromatic smoke, and the entire body of rock, seeming to split asunder, with a tremendous crash, disclosed a magnificent brazen gate, ornamented with characters similar to those on the opal, at the sides of which two gigantic skeletons, crowned with diadems, and bearing strange weapons in their bony grasp, stood, the grisly warders of the charmed treasure.

Rudenfranck paused from his incantations, and, turning to Adolf, said in a hoarse whisper,

"This is the portal which encloses the treasures of Bructorix; but the phantom of the sage must now be invoked. Take thou this holy wafer, and affix it to yon brazen gate. Do this speedily, and fear not."

Adolf, highly excited and bewildered by the scene, obeyed without hesitation. Once, as he was about to affix the consecrated element to the gate, he fancied that some invisible arm endeavored to restrain his hand; but he performed the commands of Rudenfranck, and returned to the altar.

"Now," said Rudenfranck, "but one more thing remains for thee to perform. Raise thy rifle; take good aim, and shoot at the wafer of the host. Shoot bravely!"

The wretched and abandoned Adolf followed the instructions of Rudenfranck. He raised his rifle, took deliberate aim at the holy emblem, and fired. A demoniac shout rang through the cave. The angles of the pentagon shot forth vivid lightnings. The skeleton guardians of the gate threw down their weapons, while red light flamed from their eyeless skulls. The massive leaves of the gate flew wide open, and displayed an immense vault, filled with huge vases of gold and jewels, which shone with ineffable brilliance. The arched and fretted roof was sustained by bronze pillars, representing strange and hideous animals, contorted into the most grotesque attitudes. Thousands of gnomes, swarmed through the vault, of misshapen forms, whose fierce and raging eyes dwelt upon the hunters, with anger and contempt. Thrice did Rudenfranck, bowing himself to the earth, call upon the name of Bructorix. Thrice hollow thunder pealed throughout the cavern, and, at the third appeal, a gigantic figure rose slowly through the earth, and stood before them. The figure was enveloped in an imperial robe of purple, embroidered with jewels, precious beyond description. A girdle of living fire encircled his waist, and a crown of various and brilliant gems bound his white and flowing locks. In his hand he carried an ivory sceptre. His countenance, scathed by flames, looked like that of some ghastly denizen of the tomb, newly raised to-dey; and its expression was lofty, haughty and commanding.

"Who calls upon the name of Bructorix?" asked the spectre, in a sepulchral voice.

"The seeker of his power, mighty spirit," answered Rudenfranck. "I bring to thee the promised victim, and expect the reward of my services. Once more prolong the date of my life, and execute those promises made me; when by mighty spells, I had raised thee from the abode of the dead, in Germany. That term expired, I bring unto thee another soul, or else resign my own."

"Would this youth enjoy my treasures," asked the phantom, "and knows he the nature of the obligation I demand of him?"

"He asks wealth of thee, and, in return, will accede to thy demands."

"Let him sign the deed, which gives over to my master his soul and body, and his wishes shall be gratified."

Rudenfranck drew from his breast a parchment scroll, and the infatuated Adolf, with his own blood, subscribed to his eternal ruin.

"Take of my treasures," said the sceptre, "what thou would'st have, and use it as thou wilt. In exchange for the gift of thy soul, contained in this writing, thou shalt have full access to my treasure. But, mark me. Seven years are granted unto thee, at the close of which time, thou must return, and pay thy homage to the lord of these realms."

"And myself?" asked Rudenfranck, "shall I

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not reap the harvest for which I have labored? Recollect thy promises made me in Germany."

"They are thine," said the spirit. "This sceptre controls the fiercest demons. Take it. Return to thy native land, and revel in the possession of all earthly wisdom, riches, and power. But when thy date of life has again expired, seek not to renew it. It is enough. Dismiss me."

"Depart to thy place, accursed spirit," said the hunter. The spirit of Bructorix descended, and the phantoms hastened to pile the vases of gold and jewels outside of the brazen gate, until the first grey light of the dawn began to glimmer through the clouds. Instantly, the gorgeous scene disappeared, and the cavern resumed its original appearance. Adolf and Rudenfranck, loading themselves with gold, carefully filled up the mouth of the cavern with rocks and brushwood, and returned warily, homeward.

Chapter VII.

The guests of the preceding day were assembled in the farm house of Philip Mullerhorn, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Adolf. Old Mullerhorn went frequently to the door, and looked out, with anxiety, down the road which Adolf usually took when he visited the farm.

"I fear all is not right with him," said he. "Adolf is late in coming this morning. He should have been here a full hour before this."

"Peradventure," snuffled Chriss, "the young man has fled, doubting whether he could make good his boasts of yesterday."

"Not so fast, my good friend," said the voice of Adolf himself, who then entered, bearing in his hand a valise, evidently containing articles of weight. "We shall soon prove whose boasts shall be first accomplished." As he spoke, he threw the valise upon the table, before Mullerhorn, "I am come," said he, "Father Philip, to receive my bride."

"Heavens!" said Barbara, earnestly regarding the countenance of Adolf, "what has thus blanched thy brow, and changed thy visage? Thy cheek is ghastly, and thy look unearthly! Why glares thine eye so wildly? What hast thou done? The light of thine eye is not from heaven! Holy Virgin! the cave! the cave!" cried she, fainting.

"Adolf, what ails thee?" asked Mullerhorn. "Thy brow is indeed pale, and thine eye fierce and blood-shot. Thou comest from no holy work this morning. Hadst thou the whole treasure of earth, no daughter of mine, Adolf Westerbok, should'st thou wed, until the secret of thy conduct is explained."

"It is nothing," said Adolf, stammering as he spoke, "a weariness—a sickness—it will soon be over."

"I fear the mark on thy brow is of no earthly malady. Remain here no longer. Depart from us, for thy society is not for that of Christian men."

"I come to claim my bride!" cried Adolf, hoarsely, "and to pay the dower. No man shall prevent me from this. Why gaze ye thus on me? Stand back; the man who interferes in this shall rue his intrusion. Barbara, dear Barbara, you cannot, do not thus repulse me?"

"Adolf," said Barbara, gaining courage, and her voice before faltering, becoming firm and steady, "depart from me. All is now explained. Thy anxiety of last evening; thy expedition to the cave of Schwearenheim; all is explained. Barbara Mullerhorn may have loved thee, and she did so; but she will never consent to be the bride of a forsaken wretch like thee."

A sudden exclamation from Piet Albrecht attracted the attention of all present, and aroused Adolf from the stupor into which the words of Barbara had thrown him. The room was filled with a rich, purple light, in which the figure of Rudenfranck, arrayed in his magical vestures, and holding the ivory sceptre of Bructorix, appeared to the terrified spectators. Well might they be terrified; for upon the brow of the hunter a brilliant star gleamed brightly with a sulphurous light, and his tall figure seemed to dilate to superhuman size.

"Why dost thou stare at me?" sneered Rudenfranck to Adolf, who gazed upon him with a bewildered look; "why dost thou stare at me? Produce thy treasure and claim thy bride."

"No! no bride of hell!" shouted Mullerhorn. "I doubted this yesterday. Away from us, Adolf Westerbok; and thou, mysterious being, whether thou be phantom or devil, in the name of God I defy thee."

"And see," cried Mieuckel, tearing open the valise, "what is here?"

"Old chips of iron and leather, as I live," said Albrecht. "It is the Evil One. Let us fly from here, else we die!"

Adolf gazed wildly at the valise, and with a loud cry of despair, seized his rifle, and vainly endeavored to destroy himself.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rudenfranck, "thou hast yet seven years to enjoy thy gold. These are the treasures for which thou hast forfeited thy soul: Miserable fool! Did'st thou think it mattered to me whether thy fate was prosperous or not! Into the snare thou did'st enter of thine own accord, and thou must pay the penalty. Farewell! My ends are accomplished! For the prescribed space of my life, wealth, wisdom, and power in the fullest are mine! That space expired, I will mock at thee in the halls of the fiend. This sacrifice of thy soul hath ensured my success, and I thank thee for it. Farewell, Adolf Westerbok. Fool! idiot! driveller! Thou hast thy hire, and I triumph over the world of spirits."

As he spoke, he waved his magic sceptre. The cloud enveloped him in its folds, and he disappeared, with a laugh of malicious scorn.

* * * * * * *

Barbara Mullerhorn survived the misfortunes which had attended her early love, and lived to marry a wealthy farmer of the neighborhood, who proved himself every way worthy of her choice.

Piet and Agatha also entered upon the matrimonial engagement, and their descendants may still be found among the hills.

* * * * * * *

For some years after, a wan, gaunt, and ragged wretch might have been seen toiling and digging

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ncessantly along the range of the Wolf Hills. The fire of lunacy burned in his eye, he spoke to no one, and never uttered language, save in his insane self-communings. The neighbors universally shunned him, and no charitable voice soothed his misery. He dwelt in the gloomy cave by the run, where the unholy rites of Rudenfranck had been celebrated. His sole occupation consisted in a continual search after hidden treasure.

Seven years had elapsed since the occurrences above narrated, were reported to have taken place, when a hunter, pursuing his game among the Wolf Hills, accidentally discovered the dead body of a man, shockingly torn and mangled, at the entrance of the cavern of the recluse. It was the corpse of Adolf Westerbok, the Silver Digger of the Wolf Hills.

Mt. Savage, Md. January, 1841.

NOTE.

This legendary tale, we learn, is founded upon a superstitious tradition, still current among the backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania. The outline of the tale is preserved as far as the nature of the legend would permit. The cavern is yet to be seen, where the hidden treasures are supposed to have been concealed; and the hardy hunter of the mountains still regards it with fear, and prefers taking a long circuit through the woods, to passing the cavern after nightfall. The whole country, indeed, is full of such traditions, which only require the pen of a Scott to be perpetuated, alike for the amusement and wonder of posterity. Let no man say that America is without legendery lore, let no one deny that she affords materials for poetry! Every hill; every stream; every valley; every plain has its own wild story of border troubles, or Indian traditions. When shall *our* minstrel arise to hallow them in undying song!—Eds.

SKATING.

"The winter has come, and the skaters are here."

BY GEORGE LUNT.

The earth is white with gleaming snow,
The lake one sheet of silver lies,
Beneath the morning's ruddy glow,
The steaming vapors gently rise.

Keen is the cool and frosty air,
That waves the pine trees on the hill,
And voiceless as a whispered prayer,
Breathes down the valley clear and still.

Come, 't is an hour to stir the blood
To glowing life in every vein!
Up,—for the sport is keen and good
Across the bright and icy plain.

On each impatient foot to-day,
The ringing steel again we 'll bind,
And o'er the crystal plain away,
We 'll leave the world and care behind.

And, oh! what joy is ours to play,
In rapid, round, and swift career,
And snatch beneath the wintry day,
One moment's rest, and hasty cheer.

Then, when the brief, sweet day is done,
And stars above begin to blink,
As home the swift lake bears us on,
Our sweethearts meet us on the brink.

Then gather'd round the cheerful blaze,
While gusts without are blowing shrill,
With laugh, and jest, and merry lays,
We pass the jocund evening still.

Around the board our feats all told,
Comes nature's welcome hour of rest,
And slumbers never bought with gold,
Sit light on each untroubled breast.

No lagging pulse impedes our sleep,
No startling dreams our couch annoy,
But health and peace, in quiet deep,
Smile hovering round the country boy.

Then, when the morning bright and clear,
Springs gayly o'er the glistening hill,
With hardy sports we hail it near,
Or hardy labors bless it still.

Newburyport, Massachusetts, January, 1841.

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THE SYRIAN LETTERS.

WRITTEN FROM DAMASCUS, BY SERVILIUS FRISCUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TO HIS KINSMAN, CORNELIUS DRUSUS, RESIDING AT ATHENS, AND BUT NOW TRANSLATED.

Damascus.

SERVILIUS TO CORNELIUS—GREETING:

YOUR reply to my last epistle, my dear Cornelius, was the more pleasing, because so unexpected.

The speed of its transmission shows the great measure of our obligation to the sagacity and enterprise of Constantine. For who, until our emperor bent to it the considerations of his active mind, ever knew of such rapidity of communication?

In the fair lines before me, I again greet the face of a friend, and hold cheering communion with one divided by long distance. I promised in my last to give you some description of the curious ceremonies of those worshippers, and I find you are urgent that I should fulfil it, since I was so fortunate as to witness some of the hidden mysteries.

You esteem it strange that I, a foreigner, and but a few hours in Baalbec, should have stood at once upon such good terms with Mobilius, as to have induced him to conduct me to one of the most secret recesses of the temple—with all the perils of exposure through my carelessness. I have nothing to offer in answer to your surmise but conjecture. Mobilius was certainly upon some familiar footing with the priests, and perhaps being partly moved by the hope that the imposing magnificence of the ceremonial would win a convert to his creed, he ventured to introduce me. If such was his anticipation, how signally in error! how vain to fancy that the sense can blind the judgment! that the splendor of the cloud that curtains some yawning chasm in the mountain side, can be mistaken for the solid pathway.

The sun had long gone down beneath the dizzy peaks of Lebanon, indeed night had far advanced, when Lactantius, Mobilius, and myself, properly arrayed in dark vestments, sallied toward the temple of the sun. Hurried along at a rapid pace, for he feared we had tarried too long, we soon came in view of the temple's towering portico, which may still be seen by the curious stranger, even in the absence of the moon; for ever-burning lamps, filled, as they say, by never-failing oil, hang beneath the architrave. Entering at the great door, we were stopped by the porter, but recognising Mobilius, he permitted us to pass, without farther scrutiny, though he was evidently displeased; for although I could not clearly distinguish what he spoke, I heard him mutter angrily in the Syrian tongue.

We did not cross the grand courts, which, like the portico, were filled with perpetual lamps, but hastened through low corridors, vaults, and crooked passages, which might defy the skill of man to retrace, but Mobilius seemed well accustomed to them, so that I inferred he had acted as a guide on more than one occasion. After endless windings, we came into an archway, faintly lighted from without, and proceeding farther, entered a dark room. Here we were obliged to grope our way, and were commanded by Mobilius to tread with the utmost caution. We speedily, however, came to a spot, from which we beheld the great floor of the temple, through a narrow opening, artfully concealed in one of the ornaments of the entablature. All was still.

"Earlier than I expected," whispered Mobilius, "the ceremonies have not yet begun."

This leisure enabled me to examine the exquisite architecture of the edifice.

The temple was the loftiest of all those that surrounded it, and which had their position and style of architecture in strict reference to this, as their great centre. The roof was of marble, and I could clearly distinguish, by the lamps around, the delicacy and lightness of its mouldings, pannels, and compartments. In the centre was a sun, carved in the full glory of his rays: marshalled at equal distances, surrounded by its sculptured edge, and sunk deeply into the marble, like a picture in its frame, were the heads of Venus, or as this people designate her, the "Syrian Goddess," and also of Jupiter and other deities; and if I do not err, I could discern, constellated like the rest, the heads of Antoninus, and of other Roman emperors.

The marble walls were carved with niches and tabernacles disposed in two rows, which were filled with statues, between the floor and the roof, and supporting the latter, stood pilasters and columns of the same order as those which sustain the architrave.

Upon the tesselated pavement in the centre of the temple was erected a gorgeous altar, composed in part of precious metals, and of rare and various marbles, tastefully inlaid, and yet all designed in conformity with the strict rules of the architect. The fires upon it threw a reddened glow upon the

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walls and pillars, and a representation of the sun seemingly illumined from within, by a mildly burning light, whether real or unsubstantial, I cannot say, hovered above the altar, resembling the undulating brightness which the agitated waters in the vase cast upon the tapestry, or the flickering pale reflection of the moonbeams on the ground, as they struggle through the trembling leaves. My thoughts now reverted to the ceremonies we had come to witness, and some perplexing fancies, in spite of resolution, stole upon me. First, the brief acquaintance of Mobilius; the knowledge that Lactantius was a Christian, and his increased apparent dislike of that form of worship, since Constantine had threatened to close the temples of his faith; and Lactantius had expressed a hope it might be so, and the fact that there was, unquestionably, a connection between Mobilius and some of the priests. But again I thought could he be so base as to delude and betray those who had reposed such confidence, and would not his fears prevent, if he even would, because of the certainty of detection? While these reflections were flashing through my mind, the soft mingling of many voices swelling into the full pitch of harmony, and then sinking and dying as if wafted away upon the wings of the wind, broke the spell, and aroused my attention. Such clear, rich, enrapturing melody, I never heard, even surpassing that which floated from the shores of Cyprus; and a thrill of pain ran through my veins as it suddenly ceased, just as if you were to dash a harp into pieces in the midst of its sweetest outpourings.

"What means this?" I whispered, but a low murmur from Mobilius brought me to instant silence. Directly I heard a silvery ringing voice swell forth a chaunting note, and all the voices fell in one by one, with sweet and heavenly accord, until the lofty temple echoed and re-echoed with the sounds.

The great door then sprang asunder—without the jarring of a hinge—by some imperceptible agency, revealing in magnificent array, numerous ranks of priests, clothed in vestments of the costliest dyes, and walking to the sound of instruments, with measured tread, in glittering procession. Some bore many of the symbols of their faith—such as the heifer's head—the crescent, the golden bull—some ears of corn, others silver torches, when ascending the altar steps, they lit them at its fires, which threw into still brighter effulgence, the dazzling ornaments of the priests, and all the solemn pageants. This was, as Mobilius whispered, the splendid ceremonial which precedes the great sacrifice. Now came a bewildering and elaborate observance of the usual ceremonies, but so numerous and complicated, that it were tedious to recount them, if I even could.

After a little the music was again heard, both of instruments and voices, swelling, blending, and pouring forth the same entrancing harmonies. The priests, in three rows, circling round the altar, sent up a swelling chaunt, and in a moment, as it were, with the quickness of lightning, three bright fires sprang from the different portions of the altar-top, so brilliant, as that for many seconds, I was not able to discern a vestige of what I had just seen. At this, Mobilius, taking us by the hand, said, "we must depart," and led us by a different route from that through which we entered. At one place, in suddenly opening the gate, at the end of a long passage, I was startled by a flood of light, illuminating a colonnade, which seemed to lead into a subterraneous passage, plainly connected with another temple. We shortly reached the great door itself, and glided through the portico, seemingly unobserved, though I doubt not it was guarded by some unseen janitor. We now emerged into the open air, and hurried rapidly on. Upon turning to take a parting glance at the temple, my eye was riveted in deep and reverential admiration. The moon was at a towering height, and shone down clear and silvery. Not a cloud spotted the heavens, nor the bright-eyed stars, that like watch-lights, palely burnt around her. No sound disturbed the silence of the night, except the faintly dying note of a trumpet, as it softly echoed from some far, far distant battlement, or the rattling of some chariot wheels in its progress homeward, from the banquet of the wealthy Heliopolitan, which lingered for a moment on the ear, then was lost forever.

The lights upon the temple paled away in the eternal brightness of the queen of night, throwing the portico in bold relief, as if it were covered with a mantle of snow, and casting its deep recesses into the shades of midnight. Beside the temple rose a grove, bathed in a silvery flood of light, and the tall obelisks, which being but faintly visible among the foliage, stood like spectres, and upon steady contemplation, appeared to stir from the place of their foundation, such is the power of fancy.

I turned; my companions were gone. They had passed on unheeded, and I wandered as I best could toward the mansion of Septimus.

The gorgeous streets of this great city, lined, as they were, with marble palaces and temples, and thronged but a few hours since with the gay, the beautiful maiden of Heliopolis, or the busy wayfarer, were now as silent as the place of tombs. The cold beams of the pale moon shone still undimmed and uninterrupted, save here and there by a projecting shade or darkling grove, whose loftiest boughs closely interweaving, reared a verdant arch, revealing now and then through the thick foliage, the night's illumined heaven, and its cold azure depths. So I wandered, cheered at intervals by the soft murmur of the fountains among the trees, whose waters sparkled in the moonbeams.

This grove was ornamented with statues, and verily, I believe, of all the Gods in the Pantheon, among which was Mars, whose highly polished shield shone like another moon.

Now completely lost, I found myself near one of the city gates, and hearing an approaching footstep, I recognised a citizen, some gay Heliopolitan, I supposed, returning from a midnight banquet.

"Can you tell me," I enquired, "in what direction lies the house of Septimus?"

"Oh! readily," he answered, "I will go with you, for it stands nearly in my path. I perceive, my friend, you are a stranger, and we dare not break our ancient rule of friendship." Thanking

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him for his kindness, we proceeded forward, and I found him a communicative and entertaining companion.

"Pray," said I, "what noble edifice is that immediately before us, now silvered by the moon?"

"That is the temple of fortune, erected many years ago, after some signal benefit had fallen on the city, through the beneficence of the Gods. It is the work of the lamented Epamenides, his first, his last design," and he appeared much affected by the reflection. He continued, "behold the proportions."

I no longer doubted but that my friend was some young architect, enthusiastic in his profession, and not being able to understand his learned phrases, endeavored to divert the conversation.

"In what you say I cordially concur, but what is fame and fortune since but a few lustres must snatch us from their enjoyment, though they be the highest and the brightest which the generosity and admiration of our countrymen can award? Man toils much ere he reaps, so that if the harvest is not scanty it is ours for the enjoyment of but a brief space."

"You do not draw your conclusion," said he, "after the manner of the model of all that is great in reason and philosophy. Were the votary to hold such doctrines as these, he would never reach the fires, however ardently he might fix his gaze upon them; he would never attain the consummation of his burning wishes. But he would reason after this manner—toil would be well were the goal worth the reaching. So mark the inconsistency."

Although not convinced, I was compelled, forsaking my former conjecture, to conclude that the stranger was some eminent philosopher of Heliopolis, so ingeniously did he argue. Though I thought it could not be of so severe a school as some sternly avow.

Walking a little, we met a man in the agonies of a strange sickness. Here I fancied will be afforded an opportunity of testing the truth of my conjecture—for philosophers, especially those of the present day, are ever ready to prescribe both for afflictions of body and of mind precepts which they are most rarely in the habit of practising themselves. But I was again mistaken, for, taking the sick man by the hand, he examined his pulse, and closely scrutinised his features, upon this abstracting a small casket, containing medicines, from his robes, he administered a portion, and its good effects were wonderful. All conjecture was now put to flight; for I at once decided that my new friend was a disciple of Hippocrates.

How fruitless is all surmise, for he afterward informed me he was a member of the forum, and held an office under the emperor. This brought me to the widely spreading portal of Septimus—which almost seemed to welcome me after my absence. I met Lactantius pacing to and fro the hall with Mobilius, as if theirs had been an intimacy of months. "Ah!" said the latter, "we were about sallying out for you—but yet knew it would prove of no avail in such a city as this."

"Welcome," exclaimed Lactantius, "I was anxious on your account. How came you to leave us?"

"I did not leave you—it was you who left me—doubtless in the heat of controversy upon the Chaldean mysteries."

"I understand your meaning, Servilius," said he, smiling, "but how came you here at all; you are not acquainted with the streets of Baalbec, especially by moonlight?"

"Through the kindness," I replied, "of Apicius."

"You are fortunate," ejaculated Mobilius, "and should deposite your offering to-morrow in the temple of fortune, as is the custom here. He is the first of statesmen and advocates; an accomplished orator, and a very generous and learned citizen. If he pressed you to visit him at his palace, you are still more fortunate."

"And so he did," I rejoined.

It proved as Mobilius predicted, for I did not meet a kinder or more noble-hearted friend than this same Heliopolitan.

"As it is late," observed Lactantius, "we will seek our couches, and to-morrow," archly glancing at Mobilius, "we may examine the Egyptian mysteries."

But I must draw to a conclusion, least I should sketch this epistle to a tedious length. I bid you an affectionate Farewell.

* * *

THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

And oh! the soul! she saw in visions bright,
The veil withdrawn which hides the world of light,
With eye of faith she gazed in tearful joy,
And they were there! her husband and her boy!
Sweet hope of Heaven! thou art a healing balm—
If storms arise thy deep rich holy calm
Comes with a spirit influence to the breast,
And to the weary mourner whispers "rest!"
Rest—for the fondly loved, the early dead!
Rest—for the longing spirit Heavenward fled!
Rest—from a tiresome path in weakness trod!
Rest—in the bosom of the Saviour, God!

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THE SACCHARINEOUS PHILOSOPHY.

"Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man, and then she made the *Lasses* O."

Gentle reader—art thou fond of molasses? Not only molasses in its simple state, but in its various compounds? If thou art not I pity thee. Thy taste relishes not that which would otherwise be a source of inexpressible pleasure. Eatables may be divided into the two great classes of the sweet and the sour. From the full enjoyment of at least one-half then of the good things of life (and that the better half) art thou deprived. Again I pity thee.

But some may say, that although not lovers of molasses or sugar, (as I shall consider them the same in this essay,) yet they are really very fond of many sweet things. They like a portion of the saccharine, though not fond of the gross and clogged sweetness of molasses. Let such, however, think not of escaping in this manner. What! like a thing in part and not in fulness—like the rose-bud and not the open rose—like an amiable and not a perfectly angelic being—like five dollars and not five hundred—like middling and not good health—like imperfect and not perfect happiness—like strawberries and cream, and not sugar or molasses—I tell thee, man, woman, or child—Caucasian, African, or Malay, thou art crazy, bewitched, or tasteless.

How shall I describe the delicious sensations which the saccharine matter imparts to the outward man? Alike in fruit, and flower, and honey-comb most gratefully apparent. And thou, ice-cream! who has so often diffused throughout the body of this "me," a most delicious coolness, what wouldst thou be without that essence, whose merits I am exalting? Insipid and unmeaning, like unto a flower without color or fragrance.

Oh! how well can I remember the time, when, released from school, I hastened home, and, sitting on the kitchen door-sill, enjoyed my bread and molasses. I never felt more thankful than when, plate in hand, and a huge slice of the wheat loaf in reserve, the preparatory pause was made "according to the good order used among friends." And then, also the "switchel," that nutritious and cooling drink, (molasses and water, with a *little* vinegar,) with which our revolutionary fathers quenched their thirst, when rooting up their ditch on old Bunker. Even the horrid tales told me in childhood by the pestered servants, of thumbs, and fingers, and bloody streaks, the evidence of cruel treatment in the Indian isles, turned not the edge of my keen desire.

But I shall no longer occupy paper with the advocacy of the merely sensual claims of molasses. It has other and higher demands upon your notice. The author of this lately perused, with pleasure, that most important work upon "The Philosophy of Clothes," by Thomas Carlyle. It suggested an interesting train of thoughts upon the subject before us. Molasses, and its kindred sweets are the well fitting garments of the spirit of love and purity. Here then we have an unfailing index by which to judge of the characters of our fellow men. Herein is contained the germ of our new and spiritual philosophy.

Charles Lamb in his "Elia," quotes and endorses the sentiment of one of his friends: "that no man be entirely reprobate who is fond of apple-dumplings." This I grant to be true. He did not, however, remember that both the apples and the dumplings contain a portion of saccharine matter; and this accounts *partly* for the dislike felt toward them by a reprobate spirit. And again—who ever heard of eating apple-dumplings without sugar or molasses? I therefore bring Charles Lamb, who, although he did not perceive the great *principle* coiled up in this succulent eatable, has taken notice of the above interesting *fact*, as a witness to the truth of my theory.

When do we find that the love of all sweet things most commonly prevails? In youth undoubtedly. When the mind is pure, free from worldly guile, innocent, and *lamb*-like. When the fresh and untainted spirit drinks eagerly and deeply at the fount of truth, and its type or representative on earth (according to Swedenborg) pure water. Then, sugar-plumes are a delight—ginger-bread a blessing—molasses candy, especially when rolled and pulled out into sticks, *bright* or *dull* yellow, according to the cleanliness of the maker's hands, "the staff of life."

The child becomes a man. He grows selfish and proud. He loses his relish for innocent enjoyments, and with it his taste for molasses. The spirit of love becomes impregnated with impure desires, and his outward man changes accordingly. The saccharine matter no longer suits him in its natural state—it must be fermented, and gases added, and gases deducted, to correspond with the altered soul. What a beautiful emblem is this change of saccharine substance to the poisonous liquor, of the transition state of the immortal in man. First the spirit as in childhood, pure and gentle, like the sweet juice of the grape. Then youth, with its noble and generous bearing, comparable to the result of the first fermentation. Manhood comes on, and with it the fermentation proceeds. Soon the soul is agitated with innumerable gases—and from their bubblings, and combinations, and effer-

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vescence, it comes forth a new creature. Well satisfied are most if they go no farther than this, but succeed in calming the troubled elements at this second fermentation. While some, unable to arrest their progress, plunge into the third and woful state; from which, if they succeed in coming out, they appear all soured, and be-vinegared, your universal fault-finders and found-fault-with. Too many, alas! emerge not even at this third gate, but dash recklessly into the fourth, the last and worst, and hope-decaying state—and when dragged through *it*, are cast out with the blessed feelings of childhood putrified—the flesh rotted off, and exposing the then loathsome skeleton of the soul, the never to be destroyed framework of an eternal nature.

How beautiful also the resemblance in another sense. Wherever you meet the poison fire, under whatever name it may assume, whether brandy, gin, whiskey, wine, cider, or beer, as you are confident that the innocent sugar must have been its basis; so in whatever form you meet vice in the human heart, you may be also assured, that there was, and perhaps is yet, in that heart a stronger or weaker basis of God-like love.

Although the good, spiritually, is to be considered the cause of the liking for the saccharineous, yet they are to some extent mutually creative. The outward may appeal so strongly as even to produce the inward. "Hang up a coat in the highway, and will it not soon find a body to fill it?" Who has not often observed the child when requested by its parents to swallow the bitter dose of (so called) medicine? What a struggle between duty and disgust! What measures are then taken by the wise parent in order that the right may conquer? How is the virtuous appealed to and strengthened? One single lump of sugar, perhaps not larger than a hickory nut decides the question. Duty prevails. How shall we account for such things without adopting a similar doctrine to that which I have thus partly illustrated?

Reader, thou wilt believe or not, as thou chooseest. But before this is dismissed as unworthy, for thy own sake, examine facts. Find among thy acquaintances, that man, sullen, and morose, and cruel, who loves molasses. Understand me—*loves* molasses—not who sometimes eats it, but who clings to it with a passionate devotion—who prefers it to the best pie ever baked, apple, mince, peach, or cranberry,—as I do. If thou canst find such a being—thou thinkest I 'll recant? Not I. Such a man is an anomoly, a monster, deserves not to live—and if he knows what a beautiful theory he is practically marring, and has the least spark of generosity within him, is willing to die. If he wont die I care not,—he 's only an exception, and "proves the truth of the general rule," as all metaphysicians will tell thee.

If it were needful I could skip from individuals to nations—could prove the truth of my doctrines by referring to the Irish with their potatoes, buttermilk, and whiskey—the Hindoo and his rice—the West Indian slave with his patient endurance, the result of his frequent sucking at the juicy cane.

But why multiply proof? Why refer to the bee with his industrious habits, caused by living entirely upon honey—the bear with his good nature, hugging you, even when in anger, to his bosom, how he also likes sweet things—the humming-bird, with its love for the sweets of flowers—the—but why instance more?

Oh! ye wise, give ear while I call your attention to this new philosophy, which I name saccharine, and not transcendental. Parents, guardians, physicians, nurses,—"they that have ears to hear let them hear."

ELLA.

WINTER.

BY J. W. FORNEY.

The leaf hath fallen!
E'en the withered leaf; and from the trees
Hath faded Nature's robe of living green;
While, thro' their naked boughs the wintry breeze,
Makes mournful music o'er the vanished scene—
The funeral requiem of those blushing flowers,
That bloomed and flaunted in the sunny air,
When the coy spring-time and her laughing hours,
The graceful monarchs of the season were.

The song is hushed!
And gone those warblers for a softer clime,
Whose morning welcome, and whose evening hymn
Made the gay summer but a trysting time.
And prayerful music poured aloft to Him!
No more they usher, with their mellow song,
The bright-eyed morning beaming through the cloud—
Where erst they met, in bright melodious throng,
Now roars the tempest in its wrath aloud.

The brook is frozen!
The babbling streamlet sparkles now no more
In the full glory of the sun's warm beam;
The ice-king's sceptre has been wafted o'er,
And sleep is brooding on the modest stream.
There are no flowers on its frozen side—
The sun shines only with a cheerless glance:
Still is its melody; and the valley's pride,
Is calm as Beauty in a pleasing trance.

Lancaster, Pa. January, 1841.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISER.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

PART I.

ONE who dothe hymself professe to be the teller of a hystorye, must often be contente to doe that which in annye other character he would be ashamed to owne to. He must unryddle thoughts, telle tales, speke of facies done pryvilye and not for worldlye showe. *A Legende of the Monasterye of Lylis.*

WHEN life ceases to afford us gratification, we not unfrequently take a strange delight in reviewing and pondering over the misdeeds of the past, and in anticipating the weird and desolate future. This revelling in the consequences of our own depravity; this spirit of darkness and recklessness; this tendency to a defiance of all moral and religious consolation—when morality and religion no longer dwell within us—may be termed the wreck of hope, and life, and salvation; for as the mariner, engulphed by the tempest, faces death in boisterous revelry, so we seek to riot in our own wickedness, and plunge into perdition, rejoicing in the sin, and reckless of its consequences.

Even while I write, the recollection of deeds which might well cause the blood to curdle and the flesh to crawl, thrills me with an awful and savage delight. The open gates of hell are ready to receive me, but I rejoice in anticipating the hour of eternal ruin!

I am a native of Italy—a Venitian by birth; a wanderer by choice. During the political disturbances under the doge, Paolo Reniers, I obtained an office of considerable value; by which I was enabled to enjoy a handsome annuity. For some time the French forces, commanded by Bonaparte, had been endeavoring to take possession of Verona; and had already made some attempts on Venice; but these eruptions were if any thing the means of my promotion. Before the downfall of my patron, I acquired a fortune which placed me on a footing with the patricians of the day. Had heaven so ordained it, I might then have retired to my villa, and in peace and seclusion enjoyed the fruits of my industry; but the seeds of avarice were sown—I was destined to reap their harvest. The intrigues of political life were not sufficiently disgusting to deter me from applying for employment under the government, to the successor of Reniers. That wary craft which had rendered me so indispensible to this corrupt and imbecile monarch, was not overlooked by Lugi Manini; for in a country where duplicity is the chief point, in the education of individuals, to whom the official authority is entrusted; and where art and cunning are so universal as to render every man a match for his fellow, superiority of this kind is regarded with peculiar veneration.

The satellites who swarmed about the court of Manini, were not slow in betraying their jealousy at the preference with which he regarded me; but where jealousy exists there is dissention; and even among my enemies I had my partisans. The rancor of political strife rendered me fierce and haughty; and few dared to avow their hostility in my presence. Hardened in dissimulation, I could at once assume the gentlest tones of friendship, or the most cutting sarcasm, and the coldest frown of dignity. Increase of influence gradually compelled those who at first resorted to the basest methods for my overthrow, to relinquish their attempts, and acquiesce in my measures.

Power, however, was not my chimera. I had contracted an undying thirst for riches. I longed to regard myself as the master of millions. The very clink of gold was sweeter to me than the applause of an enraptured populace. Daily—hourly—my thoughts were concentrated on the darling object of my ambition. That cold and stern temperament, which, in my political schemes, had been fostered by every act of diplomacy, and every duty of my office, rendered me callous to all worldly allurements, save the desire of personal emolument.

Constantly moving in the gaudy circles of the court, I was at once disgusted with the prodigal splendor of every thing around me, and incited to aspire for the most exalted degree of opulence. Those whose power was greater than mine, I merely looked upon as instruments by which the great object of my life was to be effected. Even Manini himself I did not consider in any other light than as one ultimately to be the means of my success. Deceit in the service of others had made me too wary a courtier not to cloak my designs in professions of the most disinterested

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friendship toward him who was already the tool of my machinations.

The schemes were too well concerted to fail. A few years of untiring zeal found the doge still nominally my patron, but in reality my minion. Wealth had poured in upon me. No longer was the desire of riches a chimera; no longer had I to live in feverish and dreamy suspense; no longer was I fortune's votary.

Though in the prime of life, I too, passionately loved the possession of my gold, to violate in my enjoyment the strictest rules of economy. I gambled—but that was my business. I drank—but the excitement was necessary to sustain my vital principle.

Having adhered to my victim till he was weak and worthless, I abandoned him for more lucrative game. I sought out the haunts of the young and inexperienced. I became a kind of polite sharper; for though I generally gambled for the riches of my victims, I so managed as to secure the spoils in defiance of ill-fortune.

We all know that the peculiar vices of a man's character increase in extent as his evil course of life is persisted in; even when that course is not more intrinsically depraved by continuance. It was the case with me. I did not actually rob; I did not murder; I committed no more heinous crime than that of swindling or gambling; and yet every day I became a worse and worse black-hearted man.

Before this epoch in my career had drawn to a close, I became acquainted with the daughter of a Venitian banker. She was not beautiful; she was not accomplished; she was not amiable—but she was rich. At this time, I too, was rich. Both fortunes united would make a brilliant coalescence. I pressed my suit, and succeeded. The foolish girl did not discover till too late, that I despised herself, though I adored her fortune. My wealth was now immense; and it might be supposed that I was satisfied; but my thirst for accumulation was only excited by what I had already acquired. Had I been possessed of the world's wealth, I am persuaded I would have wept, like Alexander, because there was nothing left to satify my desires.

That fortunate tissue of events which had hitherto marked my career, was destined to be speedily reversed. In Venice there lived at this time an individual, who, if he had not my boldness of purpose and capacity for scheming, was at least my equal in shrewdness and avarice. This person was called Carlo Dolci—a nomenclature which he boasted as certain evidence that he was descended from the great painter of that name. Dolci met me at my accustomed resort—one of those hells with which Venice then abounded. His appearance was peculiarly forbidding; but I fancied I had seen too much of the world to be prejudiced by mere outward show. We were introduced by a mutual friend. I found that my new acquaintance was a man of some knowledge, and of polished and persuasive manners. His characteristic trait was extreme cunning; nor did his grey, twinkling eye and piercing glance contradict what his manners and language bespoke

One topic led to another. We spoke of games. Dolci with his infernal art, flattered me out of all prudence, by declaring he had heard so much of my skill at play that he was determined to avoid strife in such an accomplished quarter. Fired with a desire to verify his words, I immediately challenged him. We began with moderate stakes, and I won. We doubled, and I still won. We continued to increase the stakes till they amounted to an immense sum. Both were equally excited; but my good fortune did not yet leave me. Dolci, I knew, was rich; and I was determined to fleece him. I doubled the largest stakes we had yet contended for. Dolci was the winner. Maddened at such an unusual reverse, I dared him to contend—fortune against fortune! Each now staked his entire wealth. It was to be riches or poverty to me. The swollen veins stood out on my forehead. A cold perspiration teemed from the brow of Carlo Dolci. His teeth were clenched; his hair wild and matted—his eye unusually haggard. The dice were thrown. I gasped for breath. A dimness came over my eyes. With a dreadful effort I strained them to catch a glimpse of my fate. Merciful God! I had lost—I was a beggar!

With a grim smile, Dolci grasped the stakes. I rushed from the hell, a frenzied wretch. A mocking laugh was borne after me; and I knew no more. For several days I was a raving maniac. When I recovered my reason, I found myself stretched on a pallet in my own house. My wife stood by, with disgust and hatred pictured in her countenance. Her first words were those of contumely and reproach. She did not make any allowance for my situation; she reflected not that it was the province of the female to forgive error, and to administer consolation. I married her for her money; that was gone, and I now was to feel all the miseries of my choice.

The only solace to my afflictions, was a little daughter about eight years old, but uncommonly mature both mentally and physically. She attended me with untiring assiduity; she lifted the cup to my lips; she soothed with her silvery tones the agony of my mind; she sang for me her plaintive airs; she bathed my burning temples; she prayed for me—she wept for me—she was every way the beau-ideal of innocence and affection.

"Father," she would say, "why do you clench your hands—why do you rave of ruin and beggary? We shall all go to work when you recover; and we shall earn more money and be very happy."

Alas poor Valeria! she little knew the loss I had sustained. It was not the loss of luxury for that I never enjoyed; it was not the loss of domestic peace—for I was a stranger to it; it was not the loss of reputation, for I cared nothing about it; but it was the loss of MONEY—of that which gave the only zest and pleasure to my life.

One mortification was spared us in our beggary. No splendid edifice was to be abandoned—no luxurious equipage to be sold—no servants to be dismissed—no fine costumes to be sacrificed—no sensitive feelings to be wounded by a change from affluence to penury and want; our condition remained unaltered. While blessed with riches I was too careful of them

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to be guilty of extravagance. My avarice, not my prodigality, was my ruin. I did not gamble for the pleasure of the game, but from sheer desire to accumulate immense sums of money. I then conducted my affairs on a grand scale. Wealth poured in on me not by degrees, but in floods. Now, however, the time arrived when I was doomed to begin a new career under new auspices. I had no Reniero or Manini to plunder by a few acts of political sagacity. I had no immense states to retrieve my want of luck with Carlo Dolci. To toil up the rugged path—to exert my humble acquirement—to trade—to barter—to beg—were now the only means in my power to make amends for want of prudence.

Having settled my wife and daughter in a small house, I procured, partly on credit and partly with what little was left, a meagre stock of jewelry, with which I sallied out as a travelling pedlar. By adopting this course of life I sacrificed no fine feelings; I never was proud of any thing except of my riches. I considered not that because I had wielded an intriguing pen in the great contest between Bonaparte and Lugi Manini, my dignity would in any degree be lessened by honest exertions for the retrieval of my fortune.

The succeeding epoch in my career may be passed over. To detail the vicissitudes of my wandering life—to dwell upon the manifold reverses of fortune—to trace succinctly the gradual and disheartening manner in which I acquired money—and to portray the eagerness—the infantile delight with which I grasped it and hoarded it to my bosom—would be alike futile and uninteresting.

In struggling between penury and avarice, the autumn of my life passed away. The misery of connubial contention, I am persuaded, whitened the hair of my head, even before my winter had blasted it with its frosts; but heaven ordained it that my declining age should not be harrassed by the persecutions of her with whom I had never known an hour of true happiness. She died in a fit of madness—a malady to which her passionate and ungovernable temper had frequently subjected her. It would be adding hypocrisy to my manifold sins to say that I regretted this instance of divine dispensation. I still had a companion—differently, but no less intimately dependent on me for her support and protection. This was my daughter; who had attained her eighteenth year.

Valeria was beautiful—extremely beautiful. I had roamed in the Florentine and Venetian Vatican; I had studied, if not with the eye of an artist, at least with the eye of an ardent admirer, the most exquisite productions of Georgione, Titian, Correggio, and Veronese; I had dwelt in ecstacy on the master-works of every school from the Appellean and Protogenean, to the Lombard, the Polognese, the Carraci, and the Rasain; but I had never seen any thing either ideal or substantial, so exquisitely symmetrical—so etherially chiselled in every feature—so thoroughly the impersonation of angelic beauty and sweetness, as Valeria. I speak it with a father's pride; I may be partial, but I believe I am sincere. The dark, luxuriant hair—the languishing eye—the finely rounded arm—the faultless figure bespoke Italian blood; and that too of a gentle quality; for though I claim no distinction, I am myself of noble descent.

In Valeria, then, I saw my future fortune. I had sufficient to support life; but I desired wealth. To sell my daughter to the best advantage was now the sole and engrossing subject of my thoughts. I cared not whether I gained her an honorable alliance or not; money, not titular distinction, was the object for which I determined she should be sacrificed.

There lived in Venice, at this time, a Neapolitan nobleman, of agreeable and accomplished manners, and fine fortune, named Don Ferdinand Razzina, upon whom I had long looked as the instrument by which my schemes were to be consummated. Razzina was young and volatile. His imprudence rendered him easily subservient to my machinations. By the most consummate art I managed that he should get a glimpse at Valeria. This proved sufficient stimulus to an ardent imagination, to fire him with the most extravagant notions of her beauty. He had barely seen her as a flitting shadow: that shadow surpassed to him in loveliness the beau ideal of his airiest dreams. I knew too much of the human heart not to concert my measures on the fact that mystery is the food of love; and in a very short time Don Ferdinand was supplicating at my feet for information concerning the fairy vision he had seen.

"Nothing," said he, "shall be spared in remuneration for your services. I love her. I shall never love another. My peace and happiness for ever more depend on her. If you respect the passions common to humanity; if you are not devoid of every feeling of sympathy; if you value your own welfare, and my peace of mind—procure me an interview!"

Schooled in cunning, I treated the matter with indifference; I dwelt on other themes—but finding Don Ferdinand deaf to aught, save the engrossing object of his thoughts, I consented to introduce him, on an enormous advance, to my daughter. He seemed much surprised at this declaration; for he had fancied—from what cause I know not—that Valeria was my protege, and the unfortunate pledge of some noble amour. In a moment the truth of my schemes burst upon him. He was young—ardent—impetuous—but he neither wanted penetration nor humanity.

"Wretch!" he cried, with all the indignant fervor of one unaccustomed to such unnatural cupidity—"you would sell your daughter's honor!—you would ruin her for your own emolument!" He paused in agitation for some moments, during which I maintained a grim and stony smile—then continued, "but your villainy is nothing to me. I shall not upbraid you for what turns to my own advantage. Here is the sum. Recollect, however, *we perfectly understand each other as to the terms.* I answered merely by a leering nod of the head. Razzina departed—promising to call on the ensuing evening.

That short but active interview had laid bare the character of the noble prodigal. He was evidently gifted with no common intellect. He had seen little of the world; so that whatever sagacity he

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had was inherent. Much good was mixed with the evil which formed his prominent traits. He was young and passionate; but he had no small share of the milk and honey of human kindness. His opinions respecting my course I regarded with contempt. I had studied too deeply the mysteries of human nature to be baulked in my designs by a beardless and soft-hearted youth. I knew that the bait was too well administered to be rejected.

Returning to a miserable garret in which I always slept to avoid the expense of furnishing the lower part of the house, and also to enjoy the solitude, I flung myself on a pallet, and spread the gold on the floor.

A filthy lamp threw a sickly and flickering light on every thing around. The wretched place was strewn with rubbish and dirt; here and there lay a broken stool, or the remains of a chair; in the centre stood a greasy and ricketty table; and hung up in confusion, on the walls, were battered tin-cups—a few platters—a spoutless coffee-pot—and sundry tattered habiliments.

I glanced around me with a smile of sinister meaning. I piled up the gold—threw it down again—and scattered it about, and grasped it once more with childish eagerness. Then, as if fearful of detection, I hid it, fervently praying that the Almighty would watch over, and preserve it.

It was now necessary that my daughter should become acquainted with part of my designs; and I summoned her. In a moment she was at my feet.

"Valeria—" and as I addressed her, I endeavored to modulate my voice into tones as affectionate and as soothing as possible—"Valeria, we are very poor—God knows we are."

"Yes; but father why speak of it now? We are as well off as most people, and I am sure we need no luxuries."

"My child, you know not our poverty. You see me now a decrepid and palsied old man. I am unable to make a living; and henceforth on you I must depend."

"I shall cheerfully do what I am able, father."

"I know it my child—I know it; but your utmost exertions cannot save us from starvation, unless properly directed. Valeria, listen to me. I ask you as a father will you obey my commands?"

"As long as they are bounded by reason and virtue, I shall. I have always obeyed you—I am not disobedient, I sincerely believe."

"Valeria, can you love?"

"I can. I *do* love."

"Ha! whom do you love?"

"I love you, my father—and—"

"Speak!"

"I love Marco da Vinci—I never intended to deny it."

In a frenzy of rage and astonishment, I started to my feet, and stood for some moments like one transfixed. My lips were white; my mouth foamed; my cheek was blanched; my eye fiery and distorted; and my whole frame convulsed with passion.

"God's curse be on you!" I shrieked, shaking my clenched hand in the face of the terrified girl—"God's curse be on you, for the declaration. You *love Marco da Vinci?* May a father's ban fall like the flames of perdition on you! May the heart that you so foolishly bestowed, be blighted and withered in its bloom! May the avenging hosts gather round you at your death-bed; and taunt you, and riot in your agony!"

"Father! Father! O, cease those horrible words! you will drive me mad!"

"No," I replied, in a stern but more softened tone, "I shall not drive you mad, Valeria; but I have news that will make you feel as if madness would be a blessing. *You are sold.* Here is the money"—and I drew forth the gold I had received from Don Ferdinand. "Yes, to-morrow you will be the mistress of Don Ferdinand Ramina."

"Never!—so help me God!" cried Valeria, in a voice so calm and determined, that I feared for the success of my schemes; "death—aye, a thousand deaths before dishonor!"

"We shall see," I replied, with a grim smile.

"*We shall!*" said Valeria, retiring; and in tones so deep and ominous that I shuddered. She repeated, "*we shall!*"

Hitherto I have devoted my pen almost exclusively to the narrative of my own confessions. I must now diverge a little to introduce the reader to a character, of whom nothing has yet been mentioned except his name.

Marco da Vinci was a young painter, of extraordinary talents, and great mental accomplishments. He was descended from a noble house; and might have enjoyed the height of affluence had not misfortune set her seal upon him at an early age. Favored in an unusual degree as to his mental and physical capacities, he received all the care and cultivation that a fond father could bestow; and on attaining his eighteenth year few could boast a more vigorous mind—a more profound education, or a more chaste and amiable character. Thus far was Marco successful.

Smitten with an undying thirst for distinction, he resolved henceforth to abandon the quiet enjoyments of leisure and affluence, and dedicated himself altogether to the nobler calls of ambition. Alas! he knew not that he had yielded the substantial enjoyments of life for a misnomer—a chimera!

It was the ardent hope of Da Vinci's father, that the youth should, at no remote period, occupy an exalted station in the affairs of the government; but the rancor and bitterness of political life had no charms for the young enthusiast. Enraged and disappointed at the unexpected determination of his son, Don Ignatius da Vinci, abjured him in the zenith of his passion—disowned him, and left him an outcast and a beggar.

The ambitious Marco wended his way to Venice, where his talents soon attracted the attention of a distinguished painter. Under this individual, Da Vinci studied with all the devotion of an enthusiast, and an unfeigned lover of the art. A very short time was requisite to make him a finished painter. That pruning to rule—that softening and chastening, which can only be attained by painful and almost hopeless perseverance in most cases, were soon mastered by the ardent disciple.

In the course of time, Marco da Vinci accu-

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emulated, by his industry, sufficient capital to begin business on a small scale. At first he succeeded beyond his expectations; but soon he found that novelty is the spice of patronage, and that before him he had every probability of sinking into oblivion, and of eking out his days in starvation. Too proud to apply for assistance to those by whom he had been so basely injured, he determined to submit to his fate with manliness and fortitude, and to merit, if possible, sufficient patronage to support him, while he should by an extraordinary effort of his pencil retrieve his past misfortunes.

A premium had been offered by the Academy of Arts, for the best portrait of a female that could be placed in the gallery in time for the annual exhibition. Da Vinci resolved to take his model from nature. The fame of Valeria's beauty was proverbial throughout the city; and the candidate for the palm of excellence, sought out our miserable tenement, and implored permission to have a sitting. Too proud of the opportunity to extend her reputation, I consented to the proposition. Fool! fool! that I was! Why could I not see the danger of placing this young and ardent soul in such a temptation? Da Vinci was young—handsome—enthusiastic and intellectual: Valeria was innocent—amiable—and beautiful—could they but love? Fool, I say, fool that I was!

Louisville, Kentucky, January, 1841.

THE FAIRY'S HOME.

Our home is far 'mid the greenwood trees,
Where the rose-bloom floats on the burden'd breeze,
Where the moon's beams glance on the sleeping tide,
And the lily grows in its stainless pride.

There, deep in our flowery homes we dwell,
In the cavern'd shades of the fairy's cell,
Where the sound of the wavelet's ceaseless song,
Shall glad the ear of the fairy throng.

There calm is the blue of the "bending skies,"
Whose beauty may bless e'en fairy's eyes;
We will pass those hours of careless glee,
Whilst the woods shall ring with our melody.

Philadelphia, January, 1841.

Our lamp shall be of the fire-fly's light
That shines 'mid the gloom of the darksome night,
And led by its star-like rays we 'll roam
'Mid the scenes that grace our woodland home.

The notes of the song bird echo there,
And are warbled again by our sisters fair;
And the tones of each pure and gentle thing,
Are voiced in the strains the fairies sing.

Away from the cares and toils of life,
No part have we in its scenes of strife,
But calm as the sleep of the tideless sea,
Our rest in our Fairy Home shall be. S. H.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

The dead but sleep—they do not die,
They live in mem'ry's holy cell—
The woodland green, the summer sky
Of them in gentle language tell.

Each scene that knew them daily speaks
Of all their love so fond and true,
And tears that tremble on our cheeks,
But nerve our sadness to renew.

The grief that rent our hearts when first
Death broke our early bond in twain,
Within our souls, by memory nurst,
Will oft times freshly burst again.

Yet why indulge unfading grief,
For those we loved and now deplore?
Their's is a slumber calm and brief—
They are "not lost, but gone before."

January, 1841.

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NOT FOR ME! NOT FOR ME!

A popular Air in the Opera of

CATHERINE GRAY,

AS SUNG BY MRS. WOOD.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY M. W. BALFE.

Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. No. 184 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.



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3

Let me seek that tranquil home,
Once I knew in happier hours,
Free to wander, free to roam,
Thro' my own lov'd peaceful bow'rs.
Not for me the world's false pleasures,
Not for me where splendour moves,
More than these my bosom treasures,
More than these my heart now loves,
More than these my heart now loves.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SHOOTING.

We open this month with the first of a series of excellent papers on Shooting, from the pen of the author of the paper on Angling, given in our last. It contains some valuable hints to young sportsmen, on the art of Taking Aim.

The pursuit and destruction of wild animals for security, food, clothing, or pastime, have been among the occupations of men in all ages, since the primeval *lesare* overspread the earth,

And wild in woods the noble savage ran!

Before the more refined arts are introduced into any country, the chase is a necessity, and the chief business of life. The stronger and more noxious animals are destroyed for individual safety; the weaker for food. It is not until civilisation and her handmaid luxury have seated themselves, that the chase becomes a pastime. Nor does it appear when the sportsman first sprang into existence. There is no corresponding word in any ancient language, since that could not be called a sport which was a necessity. It is probable that in the earliest ages of society, the dog was the sole agent employed by the hunter. Afterward various weapons, manual, missile, and projectile—as the club, the dart, the arrow, were used by the hunter and fowler. Then would follow springs, traps, nets, and all that class of devices for the capture of beasts and birds *ferœ naturæ*, comprehended in the term toils. As dogs were employed to hunt quadrupeds, so, in process of time, hawks were trained to bring down birds for the service of their master. The arbalest or cross-brow, preceded the matchlock, which, however, could scarcely be called an implement of the chase, but which, in the order of succession, brings us down to the rifle, and original fowling-piece with its long, heavy barrel, and flint and steel lock; and lastly, we arrive at the double barrels and detant locks of the modern shooter.



TAKING AIM.

When the dog points, or when birds rise near to the shooter, he should immediately draw back one hammer with the right thumb; experienced sportsmen disapprove of the practice of cocking both barrels at the same time. They think that it ought to be a rule never to cock either barrel, until the

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game be upon the wing, then that the left barrel should be cocked and fired, and thereafter taken from the shoulder. The right barrel should then be cocked and fired if necessary; if not discharged, it should be put back to the half-cock, and the left re-loaded. He should never be in haste. It is more prudent to let the bird escape than to fire hastily. If on open ground, he should not fire until the bird is more than twenty yards distant. He should be deliberate in bringing up the piece to his shoulder, and in making it to bear on the object, but the moment he has brought it to bear, the finger should act in co-operation with the eye, the eye being kept open the while, so that the shooter may see whether the bird falls, or feathers fall from it, for if he does not see it distinctly at the moment of firing, there is something defective in his system of taking aim.

The shooter, when learning, should never aim directly at the body of a rabbit on foot, or of a bird on the wing. This precaution is scarcely necessary when the motion of the object is slow, but by habituating himself to it on all occasions, he will the sooner become an adept. His mark should be the head, the legs, or a wing, if within twenty yards. When farther off, he should make some allowance, according to the distance and speed of the object moving. His aim should be at the head of a bird rising or crossing—the legs of a bird flushed on an eminence and moving downward from him—the wing of a bird flying from him in an oblique direction. His aim should be at the head of a rabbit, in whatever way it may be moving. The same rules apply when the object is more than twenty paces distant from the shooter, making allowance for the speed. Thus for a partridge crossing, the allowance of aim before it with a detonator, at twenty paces, will be one inch—at thirty paces two inches—at fifty paces five inches—at fifty-five paces seven inches. Half this allowance will be proper when the bird moves in an oblique direction. When an object moves directly from the shooter, at more than twenty paces distance, he should fire a little above it. When a bird or rabbit approaches the shooter directly, he should not aim at it until it has passed him, or has turned aside. The moment it has altered its course the gun should be brought up, and no time should be lost in firing.

It is not easy at all times to form a correct idea of the distance of a bird from the gun. The nature of the situation, and the state of the weather often deceive the eye. Thus, on a bright day birds appear to be near, and on a dull day distant. It is much easier to estimate the distance of a bird in small enclosures, where hedges or trees serve as guides, than on open ground. The hedges, indeed, tend to deceive the unpractised eye; the object is supposed to be much farther off, while on open ground it is supposed to be nearer, than it really is. It is often very difficult to determine whether a grouse is within range; and sometimes the mist increases the difficulty, for then the bird is either scarcely seen, or else magnified, by the sun's rays gleaming through the mist, to an unnatural size. In general, grouse are farther off than they are supposed to be. The shooter, however, has a peculiar sight: every bird he brings down, in good style, is at sixty yards distance. It is amusing sometimes to hear persons talk, after they have been *watched*, of the distances at which they have effected their shots; they ever think the game so much farther off than it really was. The sportsman who has not convinced himself by actual measurement, often seems to be laboring under a species of hallucination when speaking of his distances, and, if he bets on them, to a certainty loses. Birds killed at fifteen paces are thought to be at twenty-five, and those at twenty-five are estimated at thirty-five or forty, and so on to the end of the story!

When a covey or brood rises, the shooter should fix his eye on one bird, and shoot at that bird only. He should not be diverted from it by other birds rising nearer to him while he is bringing up his gun, unless the bird he first set his eye upon be decidedly out of all reasonable distance, so as to render the chance of killing exceedingly remote. By observing this rule, he is not only more certain of bringing down his game, but he will more frequently kill the old birds—a desideratum, for two reasons; first, because he will, in all probability, disperse the covey, which being done, any sportsman may generally, without difficulty, bag a few brace; and secondly, because the old birds make a better show in the game-bag.

We think that all shooters, except the veriest bunglers, use a gun properly as regards throwing the end of it upon the object aimed at, and drawing the trigger, and that any inaccuracy of aim must be attributed to the eye not being in the proper place when the aim is taken.

The habit of missing arises not from inability to throw the end of the gun upon the bird, but from the eye not being directly behind the breech, which it necessarily must be for good shooting.

If there were a sight at each end of the barrel, it would be requisite, when taking aim, to keep shifting the gun until both sights were in a line between the eye and the mark; that, however, with a gun not well mounted to the eye and shoulder, would be too complex an operation, for before it could be performed, a swift bird would be out of reach; it follows, then, that the shooter's attention should be directed only to the sight at the top of the barrel; and the breech end should come up mechanically to the proper level.

When a person is nervous, or afraid of the recoil, he naturally raises his head, and consequently shoots above the mark; on firing, he unconsciously throws his head back, and then seeing the bird above the end of the gun, he fancies he shot under it, when the reverse is the fact. We may also observe that if the shooter does not keep his head down to the stock, he will probably draw it aside, so that his aim will be as if taken from one of the hammers, which would, of course, throw the charge as much on one side of the mark, as raising the head would above it.

The main point, then, in taking aim, is *to keep the head down to the stock, and the eye low behind the breech*. The sportsman who, from habit or practice, can invariably bring his eye down to the same place, and keep it steadily there, so that he may always take aim from the same starting point, will distance all competitors.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"*The Antediluvians, or the World destroyed.*" *A narrative poem, in tenbooks. By James McHenry, M. D. Author of the "Pleasures of Friendship," &c. 1 vol. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philada.*

There are two species of poetry known to mankind; that which the gods love, and that which men abhor. The poetry of the Dr. belongs to the latter class, though he seems lamentably ignorant of this, from the long essay on taste which he has given to the world in the shape of a preface to the work before us, and in which his own peculiar merits and demerits are discussed at sufficient length. He tells us that he has long been tormented with an itching after immortality, and that, being convinced not only that the writing of a poem was the surest passport to it, but that the choice of a subject was the greatest difficulty in the way of such a work, he has spent some years of his life in selecting the present theme. He has also the modesty to acquaint the public that his subject is inferior to Milton's alone, leaving us, by a parity of reasoning, to conclude that Dr. McHenry is next in glory to the heavenly bard. We congratulate the Dr. on his finesse. There is nothing like connecting one's name with that of a genius, for if the world is not deceived by it, you persuade yourself, like Major Longbow, by a constant repetition of your story, of its truth. You become a great man in your own conceit, fancy that the world does injustice to your talents, and go down to posterity, if not as the falcon's mate, at least as

"A tom-tit twittering on an eagle's back."

Having thus associated himself with Milton, the Dr. proceeds to inform us that, in the Deluge, he at length found a theme "exalted and extensive enough for the exercise of poetic talents of the highest order," leaving us, a second time, to infer, what he is too modest except to insinuate, that his own genius is unequalled. He then calls our attention to the plot, asserting that the general "plan and scope" of a poem are second only to its theme—that is, that diction, style, and imagination, in short every requisite of a true poet, are but "flimsy stuff." The Dr. seems to know his own weak points, and when the "galled jade winces;" but even his elaborated plot is worse than nine men out of ten would construct. We have gleaned little from it except a few facts, which would be strange, were they not ridiculous. There is a description of a harem in the second book, from which we learn that velvets, and embroidery were as much in vogue among the antediluvians as now; an account of a siege in the eighth book, which settles the disputed question, whether Greek fire, melted lead, and catapults, were used then or not; and a detail of a battle in the same book, which gives the divisions and manœuvres of the contending armies, and puts at rest the assertions of military men, who trace our present tactics back no farther than the invention of gunpowder. Besides this, there are two marriages—a rescued maiden—one or more heros, and as many heroines, with an innumerable catalogue of minor incidents, in short, the materials of a half a dozen bad novels, woven into a worse poem.

We are told in the outset that the "versification is not particularly modelled after that of any preceding author," and that our classic poets afford no style "exactly suitable for this work," and, consequently, we are but little astonished when we meet with such passages as the following:

"Subservient to the foul, malignant fiends,
The abandoned race of Cain their God forsook,
And to the infernal agents gave their hearts.
Oh! preference worse than foolish, choice insane!
Which drove celestial spirits from their charge
Of guardianship o'er human feebleness,
And left the hapless Cainites in the power
Of hellish tyrants, whom they blindly served,
Lured by the sensual pleasures amply given
In transient, poisonous recompense for guilt."

Page 14.

Or this:

"Here reigned the fierce Shalmazar, giant king,
Sprung from a mixture of infernal strain,
His sire, the power of lewdness, Belial named,
Who, amorous of an earth-born beauty, won
Astoreth, princess of Gal-Cainah's realm,
To his unhallowed love."

Page 16.

What the meaning of the author is in the line above italicised, we challenge all Christendom to discover. But even no sense at all, is better than mere verbiage, or coarse or improbable metaphor, as thus:

"Repose at last, where it is ever found
By weary mortals, in the peaceful grave,
In which his heir, that moralising youth,
The melancholy Lameth, had before
Laid down the o'erpowering burden of his woes."

Page 12.

And again:

"The *harnessed-spirits* spreading forth their wings."

Page 11.

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And thus:

"Then was the hour of vengeance; then the stern
Hell-generated tyrant felt dismay,
And in his chariot fled—"

Page 262.

But we must bring a still heavier charge against the Dr., that of a total want of originality. The whole plan and conception of the Antediluvians is copied, but "longo intervallo," after Paradise Lost. Had Milton never written poetry, Dr. McHenry would never have published bombast. Yet the one is only the shadow of the other's shade. This imitation is perceptible, not only in various attempts to copy the versification, but oftentimes in more glaring and less defensible plagiarisms. Would it, for instance, be believed that the second book of the Antediluvians begins with a passage so nearly resembling the opening of the second book in Paradise Lost, as to make, as Dogberry has it, "flat burglary!" Thus:

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearls and gold,
Satan exalted sat."

Paradise Lost, Book II.

"In royal robes, magnificently bright,
On his imperial throne of burnished gold,
And polished ivory, which sparkling shone,
With gems innumerable, of various hues,
That shed a blaze of streaming radiance round
The gorgeous hall, the haughty monarch sat."

Antediluvians, page 29.

And so on diluting the idea of Milton into a dozen more lines, and shewing, at once, the grandeur of the model, and the feebleness of the imitation. Yet Dr. McHenry calls himself a poet, and pretends to the divine afflatus. But again:

"Such scenes of cruelty and blood,
Exhibited before appalled Heaven,
To make the angels weep, to look on earth!"

Antediluvians, page 202.

"But man, frail man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Shakspeare.

We might multiply such instances;—but enough. Has the Dr. forgotten the celebrated verse of Virgil?

"Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores."

The Dr. appears fond of the use of epithets, especially such ones as "infernal, fiendish, hellish," and other coarse adjectives. We do not object to the use of the two former, provided they appear sparingly and in place, but really the work before us is seasoned rather highly with such epithets for our taste. The Dr. however, appears to be of the Tompsonian school in literature, and not only spices strongly, but swashes away right and left at the accredited school. We advise him, once for all, to give up poetry, which he disgraces, for physic, which he may adorn. God never intended him for an immortal fame. We are satisfied that, if he should be arraigned for writing poetry, no sane jury would ever convict him; and if, as most likely, he should plead guilty at once, it would be as quickly disallowed, on that rule of law, which forbids the judges to decide against the plain evidence of their senses.

"*The Dream, and other Poems.*" *By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia:* 1841.

Hemans, Baillie, Landon, and loveliest of all, Norton!—what a glorious constellation for one language. France with her gaiety: Italy with her splendid genius: even Greece with her passionate enthusiasm, cannot rival such a galaxy. And this glory too, belongs wholly to the present century, for though the harp of England has often been struck by female hands, it has hertofore only given forth a rare and fitful cadence, instead of the rich, deep, prolonged harmony which now rolls from its chords.

Mrs. Norton is unquestionably,—since the death of Mrs. Hemans, the queen of English song. In many respects she resembles that gifted poetess: in some she is strikingly dissimilar. The same pathos, the same sweetness, the same fancy characterize both; but in all that distinguishes the practised author, rather than the poetess, Mrs. Hemans has the advantage of her successor. Thus, the one is sometimes faulty in the rythm: the other never. Mrs. Norton will now and then be betrayed into a carelessness of diction; Mrs. Hemans was rarely, if ever, guilty of such solecisms. Such expressions, for instance, as the "harboring" land, the "guiding" hand, the "pausing" heart, the "haunting" shade, and others of like character, taken at random from the volume before us, though not strictly improper, yet, as they are plainly expletive, and weaken, instead of strengthening a sentence, are never to be found in the poems of Mrs. Hemans, or of any one "learned in the craft."

But, if Mrs. Norton is less correct than Mrs. Hemans, she is, on the other hand, more nervous, more passionate, and at times more lofty. No one can read "The Dream" without being struck by the truth of the remark, that Mrs. Norton is the Byron of our female poets. There are passages in some of her poems of greater power than any passages of like length in Mrs. Hemans' writings, though at the same time, there are a far greater number of inferior lines in the poetry of Mrs. Norton, than in that of her gifted sister. In short, the one is the more equal, the other is the more daring. One is the more skilful writer: the other shows glimpses of a bolder genius. There is less prettiness, and not so much sameness in Mrs. Norton as in Mrs. Hemans. The former is not yet, perhaps, the equal of the latter, but she possesses the power to be so, if her rich fancy and deep feeling, now scarcely known to herself, should ever be brought so completely under her control as were the talents of Mrs. Hemans.

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If Mrs. Norton had written nothing before, this volume would have established her claim to be the first of living poetesses; but who that is familiar with the world of song can forget the many gems—rich, and beautiful, and rare—with which she has spangled beforetime her starry crown? The world has taken more care of her glory than she has herself, and the random pieces she has poured forth so divinely at intervals, and which hitherto she has made no effort to preserve, have found their way into the hearts of all who can be touched by the mournful or the beautiful, until her name is cherished alike in the humble cottage and the princely hall. And now she has come forth in more stately guise, not as a new author among strangers, but as one long tried and known, one endeared to us by old association, one whose melancholy music is, as it were, a part of our very being.

"The Dream" is the longest poem in the volume before us, but, as it makes no pretension to be considered a story, and has really no plot, we shall not judge it by the ordinary rule of criticism. We shall consider it only as a string of pearls, loosely joined together by the simplest contrivance, the idea of a dream, narrated by a daughter to her mother,—and, judging it in this way, we give it unqualified praise. That its merit is unequal, is, in our eyes, no objection to its beauty,—for have not all poets skimmed the ground as well as soared to heaven? Yes! "The Dream" is unequal, but so is Lallah Rookh, so is Marmion, so are all the tales of Byron, and so—to ascend a step higher—is Comus, or Hamlet, or even the Iliad.

But Mrs. Norton, like her gifted sister, possesses one quality which distinguishes her above all other writers, in this or in any tongue—we mean in giving utterance to, what is emphatically, *the poetry of woman*. In this they resemble no cotemporary, unless it is Miss Landon. Women have written poetry before, but if it had been shewn to a stranger, he could not have told from which sex it sprung. It is not so with the poetry of these two gifted females. Every line betrays the woman—each verse breathes the tender, the melting, the peculiar eloquence of the sex.

Scarcely a page, moreover, occurs in the writings of either, which does not bear testimony to woman's suffering and worth. Yes! while it is the fashion to sneer at the purity of woman's heart, and while a pack of literary debauchees are libelling our mothers and our sisters unopposed, from the ranks of that insulted sex have risen up defenders of its innocence, to shame the heartless slanderers to silence. Hear in what eloquent numbers Mrs. Norton vindicates her sex:

"Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought—without a word;
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd,—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate:
The soldier dies surrounded;—*could he live*
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive?

Answer, ye graves, whose suicidal gloom
Shows deeper honor than a common tomb!
Who sleep within?

Aye! who? Not woman, we can answer for it. God bless her who has written thus. The wretches who would rob the sex of their purity of heart, and their uncomplaining endurance of suffering, deserve to die, uncheered by woman's nurture, unwept by woman's tenderness. Such beings are not men: they are scarcely even brutes: they are *aliquid monstri*, monsters in part. But again:

"In many a village churchyard's simple grave,
Where all unmarked the cypress branches wave;
In many a vault, where Death could only claim
The brief inscription of a woman's name;
Of different ranks, and different degrees,
From daily labor to a life of ease,
(*From the rich wife, who through the weary day*
Wept in her jewels, grief's unceasing prey,
To the poor soul who trudg'd o'er marsh and moor,
And with her baby begg'd from door to door,—)
Lie hearts which, ere they found that last release,
Had lost all memory of the blessing, "Peace;"
Hearts, whose long struggle through unpitied years,
None saw but Him who marks the mourner's tears;
The obscurely noble! who evaded not
The woe which he had will'd should be their lot,
But nerved themselves to bear!"

"The Dream," as a whole, is the finest piece in the volume before us. It abounds with glorious passages, of which we can only give two more examples—the one, impassioned, nervous, and stirring as a trumpet—the other sweet, and low, and musical as the rustle of an angel's wing. Few authors can boast such a varied power.

"Heaven give thee poverty, disease, or death,
Each varied ill that waits on human breath,
Rather than bid thee linger out thy life,
In the long toil of such unnatural strife.
To wander through the world unrecounciled,
Heart-weary as a spirit-broken child,
And think it were an hour of bliss like heaven,
If thou couldst DIE—*forgiving and forgiven*,—
Or with a feverish hope of anguish born,
(Nerving thy mind to feel indignant scorn
Of all the cruel foes that twixt ye stand,
Holding thy heart-strings with a reckless hand,)
Steal to his presence, now unseen so long,
And claim *his* mercy who hath dealt the wrong!
Into the aching depths of thy poor heart,
Dive, as it were, even to the roots of pain,
And wrench up thoughts that tear thy soul apart,
And burn like fire through thy bewildered brain.
Clothe them in passionate words of wild appeal,
To teach thy fellow creatures how to feel,—
Pray, weep, exhaust thyself in maddening tears,—
Recall the hopes, the influences of years,—
Kneel, dash thyself upon the senseless ground,
Writhe as the worm writhes with dividing wound,—
Invoke the Heaven that knows thy sorrow's truth,
By all the softening memories of youth—
By every hope that cheered thine early day—
By every tear that washes wrath away—
By every old remembrance long gone by—
By every pang that makes thee yearn to die;
And learn at length how deep and stern a blow
Man's hand can strike, and yet no pity show!"

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What force! what passion! Never has Mrs. Hemans written thus,—few indeed have done so except Byron.

We must pass "The Dream" with a single other quotation. It is on the evening hour, and is sweet as a moonlit landscape, or a child's dream of heaven.

"*That* hour, once sacred to God's presence, still
Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,
The holiest hour of earth. *Then* toil doth cease,
Then from the yoke, the oxen find release—
Then man rests, pausing from his many cares,
And the world teems with children's sunset prayers!
Then innocent things seek out their natural rest.
The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast,
The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,
Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds in sleep;
And angels, floating by on radiant wings,
Hear the low sounds the breeze of evening brings,
Catch the sweet incense as it floats along,
The infant's prayer, the mother's cradle-song,
And bear the holy gifts to worlds afar,
As things too sacred for this fallen star."

There is, in reading these poems, an abiding sense of the desolation that has fallen on the heart of the writer, a desolation which only adds to the mournful music of her lyre, like the approach of death, is fabled, to give music to the swan. We have studiously avoided, heretofore, touching upon this subject, as we would not, by awakening pity, blind the judgment of the public, but we cannot avoid the remark, that every page of this volume bears evidence that the heart of the authoress, like that of Rachel, will not be comforted. The arrow has entered deep into her soul. Like Mrs. Hemans, unfortunate in her domestic life—for the miscreant who would still believe her guilty is an insult to humanity—she "seeks, as the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness." Hers is a hard lot; deserted by the one who has sworn to love her, and maligned by the unfeeling world, she has not even the consolation of weeping with her children, and finding some relief in their caresses for her broken heart. Hear her once more—we have almost wept as we read—hear her, when gazing in the twilight at the pictures of her absent children.

"Where are ye? Are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth;
Forgetting, in your gladness,
Your old home's former mirth?
Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts sadden
With the memory of me?
Round whom, oh! gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine,
Does she press you to *her* bosom
Who hath taken you from mine?
Oh! boys, the twilight hour
Such a heavy time hath grown,—
It recalls with such deep anguish
All I used to call my own,—
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken to me there,
Would be trivial—would be *welcome*—
In this depth of my despair!
Yet no! Despair shall sink not.
While life and love remain,—
Tho' the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain:
Tho' at times my spirit fail me
And the bitter tear-drops fall,
Tho' my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope thro' all."

And then, with what a burst of eloquence, she carries out the idea!

"By the living smile which greeted
The lonely one of Nain,
When her long last watch was over,
And her hope seemed wild and vain;
By all the tender mercy
God hath shown to human grief,
When fate or man's perverseness
Denied and barr'd relief,—
By the hopeless woe which taught me
To look to him alone,
From the vain appeals for justice,
And wild efforts of my own,—
By thy light—thou unseen future,
And thy tears—thou bitter past,
I will hope—tho' all forsake me,
In His mercy to the last!"

TWILIGHT.

But we must close this article. There are many exquisite shorter pieces in the volume, besides the The Dream and Twilight. The Creole Girl; The Child of Earth; I cannot Love Thee; The Visionary Portrait; The Banner of the Covenanters; Weep not for him that Dieth; and several of the Sonnets may be instanced as among the finest. Let us, in conclusion, commend the poems of Mrs. Norton to our fair countrywomen as those of a mind of a high order. Less egotism, a more extended scope of feeling, and greater attention to the rules of her art, will place her foremost among the female poets of England.

"*Bancroft's History of the United States.*" *Vol. 3.*

The first two volumes of this history have now been some years before the public, and criticism has long since given them its *fiat*. The characteristics of Mr. Bancroft are a rigid scrutiny of facts, a general impartiality, and a style, usually nervous, but sometimes savoring of transcendental obscurity. The style of the second volume, however, is an improvement on that of the first, and the volume before us surpasses, in our opinion, either of the former two. There is a philosophy in Bancroft which other historians might well emulate. No man has traced so clearly the causes of the American Revolution. It was the stern, hard, independence of the Pilgrims, handed down to their posterity, and united with the gallant and chivalric freedom of the South, which brought about the greatest revolution of modern times.

The pictures which Mr. Bancroft draws in pursuing the thread of his narrative, are often highly graphic. The early adventures of Soto and others; the colony of Raleigh at Roanoke; the landing of the Pilgrims; the Indian wars of New England, are all described with force if not with beauty. The gradual dissemination

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of the Democratic principle is also faithfully depicted; and it is clearly shown that the Puritans, the Swedes, and the Quakers, alike formed pure democracies in their settlements. In short, the history is something more than a mere chronicle: it is a continuous essay on the philosophy of the American Revolution.

The third volume brings the subject down to the period of the old French war, an epoch which may be considered at the threshold of the struggle for independence. Here, for the present, he drops the curtain. A fitter point, for such a pause could not have been chosen. Behind, is the long succession of trials, and dangers, through which the infant colonies had just passed: before is the wild, shadowy future, soon to become vivid with its startling panorama. Such a reflection might well fill the mind of the historian with a kind of solemn awe; and it is while such feelings overpower his readers, that he introduces Washington, the future hero of the scene.

The work is beautifully printed, in a style highly creditable to the American press.

We leave Mr. Bancroft with the hope that his historic labors will be pursued with redoubled zeal, satisfied that in him America possesses a philosophic annalist of the highest order.

"*Byrant's American Poets.*" 1 *vol. Harper & Brothers.*

This work does credit to the editor, although he has admitted some, and left out others, of our poetical writers, whom we think he ought not so to have treated. However, a compilation like this can never be made to suit all. The true question is, who can do better?

"*Travels to the City of the Caliphs.*" *By Lieutenant Wellsted. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard.*

This is a light, entertaining work. The adventures of the hero (Lieut. Ormsby) are highly pleasing; and he evinces a laudable desire to fall in love, as well for his own as for the convenience of the reader. On the whole, the book is well writen, and quite amusing.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1841.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Robe of one of the new figured silks; the skirt trimmed with two *bias* flounces; half-high *corsage*, and bishop's sleeve. Cambric *collerette-fichû*, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Violet satin *mantelet*, lined with *gros de Naples*, and bordered with a broad band of violet velvet; it is of the scarf form, but made long and ample, and with a small pointed hood. Green satin *chapeau*, a round brim, something deeper than they are in general; the interior is trimmed on each side with a half wreath of blush-roses; the exterior with bands and knots of green ribbon, and a white and green shaded *marabout* plume.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Lemon-colored satin robe, trimmed with a deep flounce of antique point lace, surmounted by roses placed singly at regular distances above the flounce; low tight *corsage* and sleeve, both trimmed with point. Head-dress of hair, disposed in thick masses of ringlets at the sides, and a low open bow behind; it is decorated with flowers, and a gold cross. *Châle bournous* of white cashmere, lined with white satin, and bordered with a band of black and plaid velvet.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—India muslin robe; the skirt is trimmed with a closely plaited *volan*, which encircles the bottom of the border, mounts in the drapery style on one side, and is terminated by a *nœud* of muslin, similarly finished at the ends; a *chef d'or* head the *volan*. *Corsage en gerbe* and short full sleeve, both ornamented with *chefs d'or*. The head dress gives a front view of the one just described. Opera cloak of brown *rep* velvet, lined with blue satin; it is made shorter than the dress, of moderate width, and trimmed with three blue satin *rouleaus*, each placed at some distance from the other, and a light embroidery surmounting the upper one. A small hood, and a very deep lappel complete the ornaments.

OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 4.—*Douilette* of white cashmere, wadded, and lined with pink *gros de Naples*; the lining quilted in a lozenge pattern; the *corsage* is made tight to the shape, and half-high. Demi-large sleeve; the front of the skirt is finished on each side by fancy silk trimming. *Mantelet* of a large size, and of the same materials, bordered with a rich white and pink *chenille* fringe. Black velvet *chapeau à la Louis XIII.* trimmed with white and pink feathers.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. MARCH, 1841. No. 3.

THE LADY ISABEL.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

Why don't he come?

IT was a splendid landscape. Far away before the eye stretched a wide, undulating country, checkered with lordly mansions, extensive woodlands, and here and there a quiet little village peeping out from amidst the verdant hills; while away on the verge of the horizon glittered a majestic river, which, winding hither and thither among the uplands, burst at length into view in a flood of glorious light, that lay like a shield of burnished silver in the distance.

Nor was the foreground of the scene less beautiful. Art had there been taxed to rival nature in loveliness. Terraces sinking one beneath another; a verdant lawn that seemed like velvet; rich, old lordly balustrades skirting the garden at your feet; and beyond, open glades, and clumps of forest trees thrown together in apparent confusion, but to produce which the utmost skill had been tasked, evinced at once the taste and opulence, of Lord Deraine, the owner of that rich domain. Such was the scene upon which two beings gazed on a lovely summer afternoon, in the year 16—.

One of these was a youth, just verging into manhood, dressed in a dark, plain suit, with a deep lace collar, and cuffs of the same material. He had apparently been singing, and accompanying himself on the guitar; for his instrument was still held idly in his hand, as he sat at the feet of a lady, into whose face he was looking up with a rapt intensity of gaze, which told that the soul of the page—for such he seemed—was in every glance.

And well might his emotion toward that lovely being be one of unmixed love; for never did a more beautiful creature gaze upon a summer landscape. Tall, stately, with dark lustrous eyes, and a port that might have become a queen, Isabel Mowbray, was a being formed to be loved with an intensity such as this world rarely witnesses. As she now stood gazing out upon the landscape, with one hand shading her brow, and the other thrown back, and resting on the balustrade, thus displaying her snowy neck and bust, and her matchless figure to the best advantage, she seemed n' being too beautiful for aught but a poet's imagination.

"You are silent, this afternoon, cousin," at last said the youth, breaking a silence which had lasted for several minutes, "what are you looking at, Isabel?"

The maiden made no reply, but still gazed down the park. She was apparently lost in thought.

"Shall I sing again for you?" said the boy, in his low, sweet voice, looking up more devotedly than ever into the maiden's face, "you used to like to hear me sing, you know, Isabel."

"Oh! Henry is it you?" said the beauty, looking down, and half blushing, as if detected in something she wished to conceal, "sing by all means, my pretty page and coz. Sing me that old lay of the troubadour, and here Wyn," and she called playfully to a beautiful greyhound reposing at the feet of the boy, "come here and let me talk to you, while Henry sings."

An expression of gratified joy—of joy such as is rarely seen, except in the countenances of those who love—illumined the whole face of the boy as the maiden thus spoke—and taking up his guitar, he sang the words of an olden lay, which has now passed, with many a fair lip that once warbled it, into oblivion.

Gazing up into the face of the maiden as he sang, the youth appeared to have forgotten that aught else existed on earth besides the object of his adoration,—while the caresses lavished upon his greyhound, but more than all the occasional smiles which Isabel bestowed upon himself, filled

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his whole soul with a delicious emotion, such as is known only to us when we fancy our first love is returned. But had he not been misled by his own blind admiration, he might have seen much in her conduct to dissipate his delusion; for scarcely a minute would elapse, without Isabel casting an anxious glance, down the avenue of the park, and once her lips moved unconsciously, and even the page might have heard her murmur, had he listened, "I wonder where he can be?" But appearing to awake to her indiscretion, the maiden suddenly ceased gazing, and turning to Henry, said,

"A thousand, thousand thanks, sweet coz. You sing, to-night, sweeter than ever. But there if Wyn—the saucy fellow—has not run off with my shawl."

The eyes of the youth lighted up with pleasure, and the blood mounted even to his brow, at this encomium,—and exclaiming,

"Stay—I will win back the traunt," he bounded gaily down the terrace after the playful hound.

The maiden followed him with her eyes, and sighed "Poor Henry." In those two words what a volume of hopeless love and years of anguish for the youth were spoken.

Chapter II.

The Page: The Lovers.

Henry De Lorraine was the only son of a once proud, but now decayed lineage, and, being left an orphan at an early age, had been reared in the house of his cousin, Lord Deraine. His life there had been that of most noble youths of his day, who, either through necessity, or for the purposes of advancement, were brought up as pages in the establishments of the wealthier nobility. Lorraine, however, possessed one advantage over the other pages of his cousin: he had from the first been the companion of the Lady Isabel, the only child of his patron. Although a year or two older than himself, the want of either brother or sister, had induced Isabel to confide in him all her little difficulties; and they had grown up thus, more on the footing of children of the same parent, than as a wealthy heiress, and a poor dependant.

During the last year of their lives, however, a change had silently, and almost imperceptibly, come over their feelings toward each other. An absence of nearly a twelvemonth with his patron at a foreign court, had in part altered the sentiments of Lorraine from those of a devoted brother to the emotions of love. He left Isabel, when both thought as children; he returned and found her already a woman. During that interval new scenes, new thoughts, new emotions had successively occupied the heart of the page; and though when he came back he was still a boy in years, he had already began to feel the intenser passions of the man. Never had he seen such beauty as burst upon him when Isabel entered the room on his return. It was as if a goddess of olden Greece had been ushered into his presence, as if the inanimate statue of Pygmalion had flushed, all at once, into a breathing being. Lorraine had dreamed of loveliness, but he had never, in his brightest visions, pictured aught so fair. He had expected Isabel to be improved, although he had left her the loveliest being of the riding; but he had not imagined that she would bud forth into a flower of such surpassing, such transcendent beauty. He was awed; he was filled as if with the presence of a divinity, to which he bowed irresistibly, but in strange delight. From that hour the bosom of the warm, high-souled boy, was ruled by a passion that devoured his very existence.

But we said Isabel had changed. She too had learned to love, though not her cousin. As yet she scarcely knew it herself; the secret lay hidden in the recesses of her own bosom; and though her heart would beat more wildly, and the blood rush in deeper tints to her cheek, whenever the steed of her lover, the young Lord De Courtenay, was seen approaching her father's gate, yet the Lady Isabel, had never asked herself whence arose her emotion. Perhaps she feared to institute the inquiry. Certain it is, that like every other delicate female, she almost shrank from owning, even to herself, that her affections had strayed from their pure resting-place in her own bosom.

It was well for Lorraine's present, though unfortunate for his future, happiness, that De Courtenay had left the country a few day's prior to the page's return. By this means he was prevented from learning, what, otherwise would have checked his growing affection even in its bud, and suffered to go on in his dreams of love, until the very existence of the endeared object became almost a part of his being.

It was some time before Isabel perceived the change which had been wrought in her cousin's feelings toward herself, and when she did, the knowledge served more than aught else, to reveal to her the state of her own heart. She saw she could not return her cousin's passion, though she still loved him with the same sisterly affection as ever, and with this discovery came that of her own love for De Courtenay. Although her equal in rank, and even her superior in wealth, there was a romantic gallantry in her lover which had forbade him to woo her as others of like elevated station would have done. Though, therefore, her parent would have sanctioned the alliance at once, he was yet ignorant of the love the only son of his neighbor, the earl of Wardour, bore to his daughter. And though the lady Isabel thought of her absent lover daily, there was something—it might be maiden modesty, which made her shun breathing De Courtenay's name.

Several weeks had now elapsed, and months were beginning to pass away, since the departure of De Courtenay for Flanders. The time for his return had nearly arrived, and Isabel had even received a hasty note from him, breathing a thousand delicate flatteries, such as lovers only know how to pay and to receive, telling her to expect him at Deraine Hall, on this very afternoon—yet he came not. Why did he tarry? It was this knowledge which had made the lady Isabel watch so long from the terrace, down the avenue of her father's park. Little did Lorraine think, as he gazed so devotedly into

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her face, that her thoughts even then were wandering upon another.

Let it not be fancied that the lady Isabel trifled with her cousin's feelings. Deeply, daily was she pained at his too evident love. She longed to tell him the truth, and yet she shrank from it. She could not inflict such agony upon his heart. She would have given worlds to have had the power of returning his love, but that had long since passed from her, and like the pitying executioner, she loathed striking the blow, which she knew must eventually be struck. And thus the story of those two beings went on, and while both were full of joy and hope, one, at least, had before him to drink, a cup, as yet unseen, of the bitterest agony. Alas! for the disappointments, the worse than utter wo, which a devoted heart experiences, when it discovers that its first deep love is in vain.

Chapter III.

The Letter: The Discovery.

"She loves me—she loves me," exclaimed the page joyfully, as he stood in a sequestered alley in the garden, a few hours later than when she first saw him, "yes!" he exclaimed, as if he could not too often repeat the glad tidings, "she loves me; and, poor, as I am, I may yet win her."

As he spoke his whole countenance lighted up; his slender figure dilated; his chest heaved; and all the lofty spirit of his sires shone in the boy's eyes, and spoke in his tones.

"Yes! she loves me," he repeated, "she called me 'sweet coz,' and thanked me a 'thousand times'—these were the very words—and she played so with Wyn, and said I sung better than ever. Yes! yes! I cannot be mistaken—she loves me, me only."

The page suddenly ceased, for he heard a rustling as of some one walking slowly up an adjacent path, separated from his own by a narrow belt of shrubbery. His heart fluttered, and the blood rushed into his cheek. He wanted nothing to tell him that the intruder was the lady Isabel.

She was evidently reading something, though in a low voice, as if to herself. For a minute the page hesitated whether he should join her, but then he reflected that she could be perusing nothing that she would not wish him to hear, when something in her glad tones, something in the words she read, induced him, the next instant, to pause. The lady Isabel was apparently repeating a letter, but from whom? Did he dream? Could those terms of endearment be addressed to her? Was it her voice which lingered upon them in such apparent pleasure? She was now directly opposite to the page; not more than a few feet distant; and the sense which hitherto had only reached him in broken fragments, now came in continuous sentences to his ear. The letter ran thus:

Dearest Isabel:—I write this in haste, and with a sad heart, for instead of being on my journey to see your sweet face once more, I am suddenly ordered back to Flanders with despatches for the commander in chief. You may judge of your Edward's feelings, to have the cup of bliss thus dashed from his lips at the very moment when he had thought a disappointment impossible. Oh! if I knew that you still thought of me, love, as you once said with your own sweet lips that you did, I would depart with a lighter heart. God only knows when I shall see you. But the king's messenger has come for me, and I must go. Farewell, dearest. I have kissed the paper over and over again. Farewell, again, and again.

Here the words of the reader became once more undistinguishable; but had they continued audible, Lorraine could have heard no more. A fearful truth was breaking in upon him. His brain was like fire: his heart beat as if it would snap its bonds asunder. He staggered to a tree, for a faintness was coming over him. Big drops of agony rolled from his brow, and he placed his hand to his forehead, like one awaking from delirium. At length he found words for his woe.

"No no, it cannot be," he exclaimed "it was all a dream. Yes! it is too, too true. But I will not, cannot believe it, unless I hear it from her own lips," and starting forward, with sudden energy, the page, placed his hand upon the shrubbery, and pushing it aside with superhuman strength, he stood the next instant panting before his cousin.

Astonished at his unexpected appearance, Isabel started back with a suppressed shriek; but on recognising the intruder, her fear gave way to confusion. The blood mounted in torrents over brow, neck, and bosom; and hastily crushing the letter in her hands, and concealing it in her dress, she paused hesitatingly before her cousin. His quick eye detected the movement, and rushing forward, he flung himself at the feet of Isabel.

"It is then true—true—true," he exclaimed passionately, "my ears are not deceived, and you love another. Is it not so Isabel?" The maiden averted her head, for she saw at once that she had been overheard, and she could not endure the boy's agonised look. "Oh! Isabel, dear, dear Isabel, say it is untrue. Only say I was mistaken, that it was all a dream, that you still love me as you used to love me."

"I do love you still," murmured Isabel, in broken accents "as I ever did, as my dearest, nearest cousin."

"Is that all?" said the boy, whose eyes for a moment had lighted up with wild unchecked joy, but which now shewed the depth of his returning agony in every look "is that all?" he continued in a tone of disappointment. "Oh Isabel," and the tears gushed into his eyes, "is there no hope? Speak—only one word, dear Isabel. I have dared to love you—I might have known better—and now you spurn me. Well—the dream is over," and dropping the hands which he had seized, he gazed a minute wildly into her face, to see if there was one last gleam of hope. But no response came back to dispel his agony. The lady Isabel was violently agitated, and though her look was one of pity, it was not, alas! one of encouragement. She burst into tears, and turned her head partially away. Striking his brow wildly with his hands, the page rushed from her presence, and when she murmured his name and looked up, he was gone.

(To be Continued.)

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CALLIRHÖE.

BY H. PERCEVAL.

Whence art thou bright Callirhöe,
Calm, Heré-eyed Callirhöe?
Art thou a daughter of this earth,
That, like myself, had life and birth.
And who will die like me?
Methinks a soul so pure and clear
Must breathe another atmosphere,
Of thought more heavenly and high,
More full of deep serenity,
Than circles round this world of ours;
I dare not think that thou shouldst die,
Unto my soul, like summer showers
To thirsty leaves thou art,—like May
To the slow-budding woodbine bowers.
Oh no! thou canst pass away.
No hand shall strew thy bier with flowers!
Those eyes, as fair as Eve's, when they,
Unteerful yet, were raised to pray,
Fronting the mellow sunset glow
Of summer eve in Paradise,
Those bright founts whence forever flow
Nepenthe-streams of ecstacies.
It cannot be that Death
Shall chill them with his winter breath,—
What hath Death to do with thee,
My seraph-winged Callirhöe?

Whence art thou? From some other sphere,
On which, throughout the moonless night,
Gazing, we dream of beings bright,
Such as we long for here,—
Or art thou but a joy Elysian,
Of my own inward sight,
A glorious and fleeting vision,
Habited in robes of light,
The image of a blessed thing,
Whom I might love with wondering,
Yet feeling not a shade of doubt,
And who would give her love to me,
To twine my inmost soul about?
No, no, these would not be like thee,
Bright one, with auburn hair disparted
On thy meek forehead maidenly,
No, not like thee, my woman-hearted,
My warm, my true Callirhöe!

How may I tell the sunniness
Of thy thought-beaming smile?
Or how the soothing spell express,
That bindeth me the while,
Forth from thine eyes and features bright,
Gusheth that flood of golden light?
Like a sun-beam to my soul,
Comes that trusting smile of thine,
Lighting up the clouds of doubt,
Till they shape themselves, and roll
Like a glory all about
The messenger divine.—
For divine that needs must be
That bringeth messages from thee.
Madonna, gleams of smiles like this,
Like a stream of music fell,
In the silence of the night,
On the soul of Raphael.
Musing with a still delight,
How meekly thou did'st bend and kiss
The baby on thy knee,
Who sported with the golden hair
That fell in showers o'er him there,
Looking up contentedly.
Only the greatest souls can speak
As much by smiling as by tears.
Thine strengthens me when I am weak,
And gladdens into hopes my fears.
The path of life seems plain and sure,
Thy purity doth make me pure
And holy, when thou let'st arise
That mystery divine,
That silent music in thine eyes.
Seldom tear visits cheek of thine,
Seldom a tear escapes from thee,
My Hebé, my Callirhöe!

Sometimes in waking dreams divine,
Wandering, my spirit meets with thine.
And while, made dumb with ecstacy,
I pause in a delighted trance,
Thine, like a squirrel caught at play,
Just gives one startled look askance,
And darteth suddenly away.
Swifter than a phosphor glance
At night upon the lonely sea,
Wayward-souled Callirhöe.
Sometimes, in mockery of care,
Thy playful thought will never rest,
Darting about, now here, now there,

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Like sun-beams on a river's breast,
Shifting with each breath of air,
By its very unrest fair.
As a bright and summer stream,
Seen in childhood's happy dream,
Singing nightly, singing daily,
Trifling with each blade of grass
That breaks his ripples as they pass,
And going on its errand gaily,
Singing with the self-same leap
Wherewith it merges in the deep.
So shall thy spirit glide along,
Breaking, when troubled, into song,
And leave an echo floating by
When thou art gone forth utterly.
Seeming-cheerful souls there be,
That flutter with a living sound
As dry leaves rustle on the ground;
But they are sorrowful to me,
Because they make me think of thee,
My bird-like, wild Callirhöe!

Thy mirth is like the flickering ray
Forthshooting from the steadfast light
Of a star, which through the night
Moves glorious on its way,
With a sense of moveless might.
Thine inner soul flows calm forever;
Dark and calm without a sound,
Like that strange and trackless river
That rolls its waters underground.
Early and late at thy soul's gate
Sits Chastity in maiden wise,
No thought unchallenged, small or great,
Goes thence into thine eyes;
Nought evil can that warder win,
To pass without or enter in.
Before thy pure eyes guilt doth shrink,
Meanness doth blush and hide its head,
Down through the soul their light will sink,
And cannot be extinguished.
Far up on poisèd wing
Thou floatest, far from all debate,
Thine inspirations are too great
To tarry questioning;
No murmurs of our earthly air,
God's voice alone can reach thee there;
Downlooking on the stream of Fate,
So high thou sweepest in thy flight,
Thou knowest not of pride or hate,
But gazing from thy lark-like height,
Forth o'er the waters of To be,
The first gleam of Truth's morning light
Round thy broad forehead floweth bright,
My Pallas-like Callirhöe.

Thy mouth is Wisdom's gate, wherefrom,
As from the Delphic cave,
Great sayings constantly do come,
Wave melting into wave;
Rich as the shower of Danäe,
Rains down thy golden speech;
My soul sits waiting silently,
When eye or tongue sends thought to me,
To comfort or to teach.

Calm is thy being as a lake
Nestled within a quiet hill,
When clouds are not, and winds are still,
So peaceful calm, that it doth take
All images upon its breast,
Yet change not in its queenly rest,
Reflecting back the bended skies
Till you half doubt where Heaven lies.
Deep thy nature is, and still,
How dark and deep! and yet so clear
Its inmost depths seem near;
Not moulding all things to its will,
Moulding its will to all,
Ruling them with unfelt thrall.
So gently flows thy life along
It makes e'en discord musical,
So that nought can pass thee by
But turns to wond'rous melody,
Like a full, clear, ringing song.
Sweet the music of its flow,
As of a river in a dream,
A river in a sunny land,
A deep and solemn stream
Moving over silver sand,
Majestical and slow.

I sometimes think that thou wert given
To be a bright interpreter
Of the pure mysteries of Heaven,
And cannot bear
To think Death's icy hand should stir
One ringlet of thy hair;
But thou must die like us,—
Yet not like us,—for can it be
That one so bright and glorious
Should sink into the dust as we,
Who could but wonder at thy purity?
Not oft I dwell in thoughts of thine,
My earnest-souled Callirhöe;
And yet thy life is part of mine.
What should I love in place of thee?
Sweet is thy voice, as that of streams
To me, or as a living sound
To one who starts from fev'rous sleep,
Scared by the shapes of ghastly dreams,
And on the darkness stareth round,
Fancying dim terrors in the gloomy deep.
Then if it must be so,
That thou from us shalt go,
Linger yet a little while;
Oh! let me once more feel thy grace,
Oh! let me once more drink thy smile!
I am as nothing if thy face
Is turned from me!
But if it needs must be,
That I must part from thee,
That the silver cord be riven
That holds thee down from Heaven,
Not yet, not yet, Callirhöe,
Unfold thine angel wings to flee,
Oh! no, not yet, Callirhöe!

Cambridge, Mass., 1841.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISER.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87.

PART II.

THAT irrevocable passion which sprung up between Marco Da Vinci and Valeria, during the hours of mutual communion which they enjoyed while preparations were in progress for the annual exhibition at the Academy of Arts, was not destined to wither in its infancy.

Scarcely had the portrait been finished, when notice was conveyed to the candidates to send in their productions; and of course my anxiety was great to ascertain what impression my daughter's beauty should make in public. Completely blinded by those deep and damning schemes which have proved my ruin, I meantime suspected nothing of what was in progress between the young and ardent lovers. They were bound heart and soul to each other; but except by those involuntary signs, which none but the victims of passion can understand, their love was unuttered. Hourly was this misplaced flame acquiring an increasing degree of vigor, from the very means taken to suppress it. I saw not, in my blindness, that in spite of the respectful and irreproachable conduct of Da Vinci toward the idol of my mercenary dreams, his tender flame, his ill-disguised sentiments of admiration, his involuntary devotion, were all returned in the same manner by Valeria.

In due time the exhibition took place. A week of thrilling excitement passed away. On the evening the premiums were to be awarded, I sallied out to await the decisions, persuaded that Valeria's beauty, and not the skill of Marco Da Vinci, must make serious impressions in favor of the portrait. How describe my delight, when the premium was bestowed on the limner of my daughter's charms! Her fame, I well knew, would now rapidly spread, and my fortune was sure!

In the excitement of the moment, I hurried from the Academy, and sought to drown my feeling in deep potations. While under the influence of an unusual quantity of the stimulant, the time flew rapidly past; and it was late in the night before I recovered myself sufficiently to stagger home. To account for the sight which there paralyzed my eyes, it is necessary to touch upon what happened during my inebriation.

Marco Da Vinci, on learning the decision made in favor of his work, proceeded with haste to pour out his feelings of gratitude to Valeria, whom he regarded as the instrument of his success. In the passionate eloquence of his temperament, he dwelt upon all, save that which was consuming his vitals, and which he dared not avow. They who pass any portion of their time in a state of beatitude, can alone say how swiftly it flies. Valeria and Da Vinci, entranced with their own dreamy visions of future happiness and of present joy, noted not that the hour of midnight had approached. At length the "iron tongue" of the town clock warned them to part; and with a deep sigh Valeria murmured a request that Da Vinci would visit the house again and frequently.

"My determination," said Marco, "can no longer be suppressed." In a voice of the deepest agitation he proceeded: "I had hoped, Valeria, that we might part without a word of regret on either side; but your kindness and friendship toward me, render it a duty that I should make some explanations in defence of my refusal of your hospitable invitation. I must speak, whatever be the penalty. Your beauty and charms of person—your mental fascination—render it too dangerous for me to continue my visits! We must part—forever!"

In a hurried and agitated manner the young painter rushed toward the door.

"Stay!" cried Valeria, in whom the struggle between love and duty was for a moment so violent as to deprive her of her faculties, "Da Vinci, why must we part thus? Why are we never again to meet? I am sure it is no harm for us to enjoy the pleasure of each other's society."

This was said in a voice of such warmth and artlessness, that, for a moment, he was unnerved in his resolution. The danger, however, was too great; and he resisted the temptation.

"Valeria," said Marco Da Vinci, endeavoring to answer calmly, "I am an outcast—a beggar!"

"But I do not think less of you for that!" cried Valeria, passionately.

"Hear me!" cried Da Vinci, in a hurried and choaking voice, "you know me not! I have dared—I still dare—to love you!"

Valeria might have suspected, and probably did suspect, that this declaration was inevitable; but there is a great deal of deceit in the female heart; and she evinced much astonishment at the words of her lover. She endeavored to frown—to look serious

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—to speak of my authority—but love was the conqueror!

That resource which woman is ever prone to make use of, was at hand; and Valeria wept. Her beauty had always been a subject of dangerous interest to Marco Da Vinci: it was now heightened in his mind by the consciousness that she loved him. No longer able to control those feelings, which from the moment of their meeting, had taken possession of Da Vinci's heart, the enthusiastic lover sprang forward and clasped Valeria to his bosom. He pressed her lips to his own, and imprinted on them the burning kiss of first-love.

At this critical moment I entered. Unable to believe my senses, I stood gasping for breath, and transfixed with doubt and astonishment. Convinced at length that I was not deceived, I sprang forward to wreak my vengeance on the villain who had so basely abused my confidence.

"Monster!" cried Da Vinci, confronting me face to face, and darting from his fine expressive eyes the most deadly hatred, "Monster! you are known! whatever obligations I may have formerly considered myself under to you, I now look upon them as entirely cancelled by your hypocrisy toward myself, and your base conduct toward your daughter. Know, hoary villain, that no later than to day, I received a letter from Don Ferdinand Ruzzina, warning me to be on my guard in any of my transactions with you. Nor was this all! He openly exposed your villainy, and revealed the unnatural and cruel schemes you have concerted for the disposal of your daughter's honor. Behold, wretch, in me her protector! You have forfeited the title, and by the God that made me, your baseness shall not triumph!"

So struck was I at this change in the conduct of Da Vinci, that for several moments I stood transfixed to the spot. Still stupified with rage and shame, I staggered back, and flung myself on a bench. Valeria, with that filial affection, which I had never known her to violate, sprang toward me in an agony of remorse; and kneeling at my feet, earnestly avowed her determination to remain forever obedient to my will; and craved forgiveness for her instrumentality in causing me such shame and misery. Already goaded to desperation by the taunts of young Da Vinci, and the reproaches of my own conscience, I was not prepared for this act of unmerited constancy. In the bitterness of my own self-detestation, I rushed from the room, striking my temples with my clenched hands, and uttering imprecations on those who gave me life. I hastily mounted the ladder, leading to my miserable garret; and darting through the trap-door, threw myself head-long on the squalid and tattered pallet.

Ruzzina had not forgotten me! Awed by the unconquerable virtue of my daughter, he had no desire to renew visits which he well knew were alike useless and unwelcome. But I had exacted large sums from him. He was my dupe! Even in *that*, there was a pleasure. Aye, such a pleasure as a miser can feel when avarice triumphs over conscience, and vice over virtue!

Early on the following morning, I indited a note to Don Ferdinand, which, in the plenitude of my craft, I looked upon as relieving me from all claims whatever on his part. It ran thus:

"If you have any intention of consummating your designs on my daughter's virtue—a thing which I regard as a mere misnomer—you must do so immediately. The advance-money hitherto received from you, I consider fairly my own; and if you think proper to neglect the chance I now give you of achieving your wishes, I am sure it is your own fault.

"Be so good as to let me have a definite answer, when it suits your convenience; and believe me,

CATRUCCIO FALIERI."

It afforded me much gratification to anticipate the wrath and indignation Ruzzina should evince on reading this. To gloat over the dark traits of men's characters, has ever been my choicest amusement; and I well knew that he would either make a desperate attempt to retrieve his imprudence by recovering the money, or desist altogether and keep silent to avoid the shafts of satire and ridicule.

I suffered much uneasiness, and had much to fear on account of the ardent and fiery temperament of Valeria. The passion she had betrayed for Marco Da Vinci was no childish fancy; but a deep-rooted, irrevocable love, which nothing could eradicate or assuage. Her pure Italian blood permitted no medium between passion and indifference. She loved him once, and was destined to love, or hate him forever after. Of this I quickly had a most satisfactory proof.

Enraged one day at the obstinate manner in which she rejected the advances of every suitor I thought proper to introduce into my house, I bitterly reproached her for her disobedience; and in the excess of my anger, struck her a violent blow. Her proud spirit was instantly up.

"Father," said she, "you have struck me for the first, and for the last time. In defiance of your cruel and unnatural machinations for the disposal of my honor, you shall never reproach me with their success. I have hitherto mildly resisted your iniquitous designs; and I now boldly put myself out of your power. This roof shall never more shelter your daughter!"

In scarcely any gradation of human depravity is man totally callous to the qualms of conscience. I have before remarked that I anticipated with joy the hour of death; but this was merely a fiendish delirium, wrought by the recollection of past iniquities: a kind of bravo, which, in the hour of cool contemplation, would be regarded with fear and horror.

I confess I was much staggered at the justice of Valeria's reproaches, and the firmness and dignity of her demeanor. Whatever might have been the nature of my former conduct toward her, I *did* feel, at that moment, a sense of my baseness. Her fine, expressive eyes were eloquent with determination; and her beautiful figure, as she glided steadily from my presence, seemed to acquire a queenliness from passion and indignation. She spoke no more; and I was too relentless to excuse myself, or break the silence. I had pride—ay, the pride of a demon. I would not humble it by confessing my cruelty, or soliciting her forgive-

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ness. Thus originated a division, which was soon destined to lead to the most tragical effects.

I follow, for a moment, the fortunes of Valeria.

During her residence in that part of Venice, in which we had latterly lived, she had, by the merest accident, become acquainted with the daughter of a neighboring officer, and had cultivated the society of this young lady, more from a natural fondness for association with the educated of her sex, than from any particular liking to her new acquaintance. Signora Almeda—the lady's name—was not unusually prepossessing in her person or manners; but she had a vigorous and masculine mind, and possessed no small share of sound knowledge, both literary and scientific. She had, from the beginning, regarded my daughter with peculiar favor. Their acquaintance had latterly become quite intimate; and on the strength of this intimacy, and the dependance of her situation, Valeria resolved to claim the hospitality of her friend, until fortune should place it in her power to earn a livelihood by her own exertions. Signora Almeda accepted, with pleasure, the proposition of her accomplished acquaintance.

For several months a sisterly harmony was observed between the friends. Though Valeria steadily refused to enter into society, yet it soon became obvious to her entertainer that she had the ascendency in the social circle. Of all stings prone to penetrate the female heart, none is so poisonous or painful as that which wounds vanity. Signora Almeda was piqued to discover that the suitors, who had before paid her the utmost devotion, now eagerly transferred their addresses to her guest. From learning to view her as a rival, she presently looked upon her as an ungrateful and disagreeable dependant. Every opportunity was now taken advantage of, both publicly and privately, by Signora Almeda, to vent her envy toward Valeria. The innocent cause of this disquietude, meantime wondered at the change. It was true, her entertainer still continued to treat her with formal hospitality; but all intimacy and friendship were at an end. This state of things was destined to be speedily brought to a close.

Signora Almeda had among other suitors, one who really admired her, and for whom she had evinced much respect. This gentleman, inspired by the superiority of Valeria, physically if not mentally, forgot for a moment his promises and devotions toward Signora Almeda. The blow was not to be borne. A proud Italian spirit was roused. Revenge was now the sole subject of her thought.

Valeria one evening, soon after this, retired to her chamber to enjoy a few moments of solitude. In searching a small drawer for some article of habiliment, she accidentally discovered a note, directed to herself and handsomely sealed. It was inscribed in a bold, masculine hand; and ran thus:—

"Bewitching girl!—In accordance with your repeated desire, I shall to-night gently tap at your chamber-window. O raptures! how I shall——but why anticipate. *Votre roturier*

CAIUS PAZZIO.

Louisville, Kentucky February, 1841.

Astonished and indignant, Valeria was about to tear this insulting epistle to atoms, when the door gently opened; and Signora Almeda glided in.

"Ah! my charming guest," she whispered, with forced friendship, "what now? Mercy, you seem like one who had just caught sight of an apparition! Dear me! what's the matter?"

"Matter!" cried Valeria, fired with shame and indignation, "read!—but no—the insult must not be known!"

"Heavens! a letter—Ah, I guess the contents!" She snatched it playfully, and read with apparent surprise—what she had herself written!

The result was such as might be expected. Valeria was peremptorily forbidden the house. Her character was blasted—her happiness destroyed!

In this melancholy situation, Marco Da Vinci found her, when after a long and indefatigable search, he succeeded in tracing her to the residence of Signora Almeda. With all the ardor and sincerity of his character, Da Vinci had determined on bringing his fate to a speedy close, either by wedding the object of his affection, or by bidding her farewell forever. The critical situation in which he found her, immediately determined him to adopt the former course, if possible. He had, since his triumph at the Academy of Arts, attained some eminence; and his circumstances were now in a favorable condition.

Valeria had many objections to the course proposed; but on the one hand poverty—perhaps beggary would be her lot; while on the other the importunities of Da Vinci were so urgent as to remove most of the remaining obstacles. After much hesitation she consented to acquiesce in his wishes. The young and loving couple were immediately united. I now return to my own narrative.

Nearly a year had elapsed since I was left alone and desolate; when one evening I was astonished to see a female, closely muffled, enter my house. My mind had that day been peculiarly embittered against my daughter, and she was even now the subject of my thoughts. Great, indeed, was my astonishment, when the apparent stranger flung herself in a kneeling posture before me, and casting off her disguise revealed to my sight the faded lineaments of Valeria!

"Father!" she cried, "forgive me!—forgive the partner of my misery! We are ruined by a reverse of fortune—we are beggars! Distress has deprived us of pride! We seek your pardon!"

"Curse you!" I shouted, spurning her with my foot, "you demand pardon do you? Begone! Pardon, eh? Begone!" I thundered; and I pushed her violently toward the door. She fell. Her head struck a bureau; and the warm blood spouted from the gash. Had I reflected on the delicacy of her situation, it is probable I might have felt compassion enough to let her pass unmolested; but the deed was done. I did not regret it. My vengeance for the series of disappointments she had caused me was satiated.

(To be Continued.)

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THE ALCHYMIST.

BY MRS. LAMBERT.

"The machine of human life, though constituted of a thousand parts, is in all its parts systematically connected; nor is it easy to insert an additional member, the spuriousness of which an accurate observation will not readily detect."—*Godwin.*

It was midnight. Darkness, deep as the sable of a funeral pall, hung over the streets of Madrid. The wind blew in strong gusts, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning, which, at brief intervals, rent the clouds, and flashed across the gloom, revealed no living, moving thing. For an instant only, the livid sheets lit up the streets and squares, and glared over the Plaza Mayon, so often the scene of savage bull-fights, of cruel executions, and, in former years, of the horrible *Auto de fe.* And again, as it seemed, a tenfold blackness enveloped every object; convents, colleges and hospitals, closed at every aperture, were shrouded in the general gloom. Man, though the noblest work of his Creator—glorying in his wisdom and in his might—towering in the battle-field—great in council—overweening, arrogant, boastful; in such a night learns to feel his own insignificance. He, who adorned with all the pageantry of wealth, elevates himself far above the lowly individual that seeks his daily bread by daily labor—who looks down as from an immeasurable height upon the poor peasant of the soil—even he, so rich, so powerful, sheltered within his stately walls, listens to the war of the elements that rage without—and inwardly congratulating himself on his rich and comfortable asylum, yet shrinks involuntarily as the blast shrieks by—and silently acknowledges his own impotence.

I have said no living thing moved in the street, and every building was closed against the storm; but in the outskirts of the city, in a narrow and solitary lane, built up at intervals with a few houses of mean and wretched appearance—a faint light shone through the gloom. It proceeded from the casement of a house of antique structure, and dilapidated appearance. Years must have gone by since that dwelling was the abode of comfort, for poverty and wretchedness seemed to have long marked it for their own. The exterior gave faithful promise of what was revealed within.

In a large and gothic room, the broken and discolored walls of which betokened decay, an aged man was bending over a fire of charcoal, and busily engaged in some metallic preparation. His form was bent by age. The hair of his head, and the beard, which descended to his breast, were bleached by time to a silvery whiteness. His forehead was ample, but furrowed by a thousand wrinkles. His eyes, deep set, small, and still retaining much quickness and fire, yet at times their expression was wild, despairing, even fearful.

A cap of peculiar and ancient form was upon his head, and his person was enveloped in a robe of russet, confined about the waist by a twisted girdle. His motions were tremulous and feeble, his countenance wan and death-like, his frame to the last degree emaciated.

A bed stood in one corner of the room; a table, and two roughly made forms, were all the furniture of that miserable apartment; but around the small furnace, at which the old man had been lately employed, were gathered crucibles, minerals, chemical preparations, and tools of mysterious form and curious workmanship, but well understood by the artist. Once more the adept, for such was the inmate of this lonely dwelling, scanned with searching eye the contents of a crucible; while the pale flame which rose suddenly from the sullen fire, cast over his sunken features a hue still more livid and cadaverous.

His labors had resulted in disappointment; he sighed heavily, and dropping his implements, abandoned his self-imposed task.

"It is over," he murmured, "my hour is almost come—and should I repine? No—no. Life!—wretched and misspent!—world! I have sacrificed thee, to thyself!—wonderful enigma, yet how true!"

Turning his steps to the table, he took from thence a lamp, and walked feebly to a remote end of the room. Here, on a humble couch, lay a sleeping child; it was a boy, slender, pale, and bearing in his young face the indications of sorrow and of want—yet was he exquisitely beautiful. He slept still, and heavily. The adept gazed at him long and deeply.

"He sleeps. Victim as he is, of his father's errors, and his crimes—shunned by his fellows—hunted by the unfeeling—pinched with cold—and perishing with hunger—yet—he sleeps. Father of Heaven! such is the meed of innocence! *I*, shall never more know rest,—till the long sleep of death that knows no awakening!—No awakening—and is it so?" A blast of wind swept by, rocking

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the old pile to its foundation, the thunder rolled heavily above, and the keen blue lightning shone through every crevice.

The old man looked fearfully around: a deeper paleness overspread his face, and cold drops stood on his brow and sallow temples.

"The angel of death is surely abroad this night—he seeks his victim."

Tottering to the bed he sunk down upon it, and closing his eyes, an almost deadly sickness seized him. He called faintly for Adolf. The lad had already risen, for the storm had awakened him. He went to the bedside. The old man could not speak. The child was affrighted and gazed earnestly upon the face of his parent. The senses of the latter had not forsaken him, and he motioned with his hand toward the table, on which stood a small cup. Adolf brought it to his father, and moistened his lips with the liquid. The old man revived. After a few moments he spoke, but his voice was tremulous and low.

"Adolf," he said, "thy father is about to leave thee—dear object of my fond affection, thou art all that remains of my beloved Zillia—boy," he continued exerting the last remains of strength, "thou must go hence. The moment thy father ceases to breathe thou must fly."

The child looked on his parent with alarm, and sorrow depicted in his young face.

"Yes," he repeated, "thou must quit this place. My enemies are on the alert. Me they would certainly destroy, and thy youth and innocence—will hardly save thee from their wrath. Long have they watched, and sought, and hunted me, from country to country, and from town to town. I have mingled in the crowd of cities, and hoped to be confounded with the multitude—to pass unmarked—unquestioned—unknown—in vain; the ever wakeful eye of suspicion followed me—danger dogged my footsteps. I sought the shelter of thick woods—of impenetrable forests, where the wolf howled, and the raven croaked—but the foot of my persecutor—Man—seldom came. Even there I was discovered. Imprisonment—famine—torture have been my portion—and yet I live. I live—but thy gentle spirit, Zillia, could not bear up under the pressure of so many woes. Adolf, thou wilt shortly be all that survives of the family of Zampieri.—I repeat, by the morning dawn *I* shall be no more, and *thou* must fly."

"No, no," returned the boy, "urge me not to depart—father I will remain and share thy fate." He threw himself as he spoke upon the bosom of the old man who pressed him in his feeble arms.—"And oh! father, I *cannot* go hence—I am weak—I am ill—father I die of hunger."

An expression of keen anguish passed over the face of Zampieri, and he pushed his child from him.

"Boy," he cried, "ask me not for bread—thou knowest I have it not. Have I not been laboring for thee—for thy wealth—for thy aggrandizement—ingrate—bread sayest thou—thou shalt have gold, boy, gold."

The intellect of the adept wandered, and he laughed wildly. The large, soft, lustrous eyes of Adolf swam in tears, and his heart trembled within his bosom. With weak steps he retreated to the foot of the bed, and kneeling there, hid his face on his folded arms, and wept.

After a pause Zampieri again spoke.

"Life!" he muttered, "how have I wasted thee. Time! Thou art no longer mine. Would that I could redeem thee—but it is to late. Zillia, my murdered love! Thou art avenged. I left thy fond and simple affections for the depths of mysterious research. I madly thought to realise the dreams of illimitable wealth. Vain and destructive ambition. For thy sake have I riven asunder every tie."

The voice of the old man ceased, and the sobs of the child too were silenced—perchance in sleep.

The violence of the tempest had subsided, and all was still; save that the blast still shrieked at intervals by; making the old casements rattle as it passed—and the thunder muttered low at a distance.

The hours rolled on. A faint grey light dawned in the east. The clouds broken in heavy masses, rolled rapidly onward obscuring and revealing, as they flew, the few bright stars that appeared far beyond this scene of petty turmoil, shining on, in their own unchanging, never ending harmony.

And now the dawn strengthened, and the stars grew pale. The last blue flickering flame, that wandered *ignus-fatuus* like, over the surface of the dying charcoal, had spent itself; and the wasting lamp looked ghastly in the beams of rising day.

A noise was heard at the lonely portal. It was that of forcible entrance, and came harshly over the deep silence that reigned within. Footsteps approached, not such as told the drawing near of a friend, the light, soft step of sympathy with sorrow. No. They heralded force and violence—bond and imprisonment—racks and torture.

Three Alguazils of the Inquisition entered the solitary apartment. They came to conduct Nicoli Zampieri to the holy office on a charge of performing or seeking to perform preternatural acts by unholy means—by conjuration and necromancy. Guilty or not guilty, suspicion had fallen upon him, and he had become amenable to the law. Their anticipated victim remained quiet. The Alguazils approached the bed on which he lay. The limbs were stark and stiff—the features immoveable. The Alchymist was dead.

Yet the eyes—widely opened, glassy, fixed and staring, gave the startling idea, that the gloomy and reluctant soul had through them strained its last agonising gaze on some opening view—some unimaginable scene in the dread arena of the shadowy world beyond the grave.

Silently they turned from the bed of death, for the power of the king of Terrors, thus displayed before them, quelled for a moment their iron nerves.

A kneeling figure at the bed's foot next drew their attention. It was Adolf. They spoke to him, but he answered not: they shook him, but the form immobile, gave no sign of warmth or elasticity. One of the men turned aside the rich curls that clustered above the boy's fair brow, and gently raised his head. It was cold and pale. The suffering spirit of the young and innocent Adolf, had winged its way to a happier world.

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THE CIRCASSIAN BRIDE.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

"She walks in beauty, like the nights
Of cloudless climes and starry skies." *Byron.*

Nerinda was the daughter of a shepherd, who dwelt in one of the charming portions of Circassia. If beauty was a blessing, Nerinda was blessed beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, for the fame of her loveliness had extended through the neighboring vallies, and at the early age of fourteen her hand had been sought by many, with an earnestness which showed her parents what a treasure they possessed in their eldest born. But no one had been able to obtain her.

Money is not so plentiful in the vales of Circassia, as in the mart of Constantinople; and few of the neighboring youths might venture therefore to aspire to her hand. There appeared, every day, less probability that the fair girl would be permitted to pass her life amidst scenes endeared to her by a thousand childish and tender recollections. Nerinda felt this and her eye became less bright, and her step less buoyant, than when she trod the flowery turf a few short months before, a happy careless child, attending those flocks now abandoned to the care of the younger children. She became pensive and melancholy. Her rich color faded, and her parents saw with surprise and concern that the dazzling beauty on which so much depended, would be tarnished by the very means they were taking to preserve it. What was to be done? She must resume her old employment, since healthful exercise was of such consequence to her appearance; she could do so in the neighboring meadows without danger, accompanied by her sister Leila. Oh! how happy was Nerinda, when she received this unlooked for indulgence; with what haste did she braid and arrange her beautiful hair, and fasten on the veil without which she must not be seen; then joining her sister, she visited every spot endeared to her by memory, and at length, seating herself on a mossy bank which separated her father's possessions from those of a neighboring shepherd, began to arrange the many flowers she had culled into beautiful bouquets and chaplets, an occupation befitting one so young and lovely; but even whilst her hands were thus employed, it was evident her thoughts were far distant, for she fell into reveries so deep, that her sister, unable to arouse her from her abstraction, became weary of attempting it, and returned to her fleecy charge, leaving Nerinda to muse alone.

Nerinda believed herself alone, but immediately after the departure of Leila, a finely formed youth had crossed the stream, and stood at the distance of a few paces, gazing on her with a passionate tenderness which betokened the strength of his attachment. Almost afraid to disturb her meditations, yet anxious to obtain a single word, a single glance, he remained motionless; waiting, hoping that she might raise her eyes, and give him permission to advance. She raised them at length, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in a moment the youth was at her feet. "Nerinda!" "Hassan!" were the first words that escaped their lips.

"Do I indeed see thee? and dost thou still love thy Nerinda?" said the maiden.

"Love thee?" replied the youth in an impassioned tone, "thy image is entwined with every fibre of my heart. They may tear thee from me, they may destroy me if they will, but while life remains I cannot cease to love."

"Alas!" said Nerinda, "weeks have passed since I saw thee, and I feared—I—." She stopped confused, for Hassan had seized her hand, and was pressing it to his lips with an energy which showed how well he understood what was passing in her mind.

"Oh! Nerinda," said he, "I have entreated, I have implored thy father to bestow thee on me, but in vain, for all the money I could offer was not one tenth of the sum he requires; yet do not despair," he said, as the color faded from her cheek, "I still may hope if thou remainest constant."

"This very morning," continued Hassan, "I sought thy father; at first he was unwilling to listen to me. At length I prevailed on him to hearken, even if he refused his assent to what I proposed: but he did not refuse. Pleased with my anxiety to obtain thee, he has promised that if in two years I can gain the required sum thou shalt be my wife; if I cannot he will wait no longer, but part with thee to him who will pay the highest price."

The voice of the youth faltered—he was scarcely able to continue, "in two days I am to take all the money my father can spare, and join the caravan which proceeds to the south; fear not," said he, replying to the alarm expressed in her varying countenance, "there is no danger, the caravan is large, and if fortunate as a trader, I shall return before two years have passed to claim my plighted

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bride. Wilt thou be true? may I trust thee?" were questions the lover asked, though he felt sure the answers would be such as he could desire, and when the assurance was given, he for the first time ventured to impress a kiss on those beautiful lips. Long did they thus converse, but at length they parted; Nerinda promising to come to the same spot on the next evening to bid him farewell.

They parted, Hassan vainly endeavoring to inspire Nerinda with his own hopes. She almost sank under the trial, and it was many days before she had strength to revisit the bank of turf, their accustomed trysting place. When she did, how changed did all appear; the flowers were still blooming around; the stream flowed on with its accustomed murmur; the birds carolled sweetly as of old; where then was the change? Alas! it was in her own heart: joy and happiness had fled with Hassan, and melancholy had taken their place.

Two years and six months had passed since the departure of the youth, and there seemed little probability of his return; even his venerable father mourned him as dead, when a company of traders entered the mountains. One of them was an old acquaintance in the valley. He renewed his solicitations to the father of Nerinda, that she might be placed under his charge; offering the highest price, and promising that her future lot should be as brilliant and delightful as her past had been obscure. The shepherd was greatly disappointed by the non-appearance of Hassan, for he would have preferred keeping his daughter near him if he could have done so with advantage to himself, but being poor as well as avaricious, and imagining he should be perfectly happy if possessed of so much wealth as the trader offered, he consented to part with her, who had ever been his chief delight, and the pride of his heart.

Language cannot paint the consternation of Nerinda when she learned her father's determination. The delay of Hassan she accounted for by supposing he had not yet acquired the full amount necessary for his purpose, and hoped that after a while he would return to call her his. Now all hope was at an end. Hassan might still come, but she would be far distant, perhaps the wife of another. Her mother and sister too shared her grief, for they thought it would be impossible to live without Nerinda; but all entreaties and lamentations were vain, the shepherd had made the bargain and would abide by it; and she was hurried to the caravan in a state little short of insensibility.

And where was Hassan? He had determined in the first place to proceed with the caravan to Mecca, whither it was bound, and laying out the money he possessed in merchandise, to trade at the different towns on their route. Before they arrived at the holy city he had consequently so greatly increased his store, that he felt no doubt he should be able to return before the time appointed; but meeting soon afterward with a heavy loss, he was thrown back when he least expected it, and at the end of two years had not more than half the amount required. To return without it was useless, and he set about repairing his loss with a heavy heart. Six months passed in this endeavor, at the end of which time he found himself rich enough to return, but it was necessary he should proceed to Constantinople to settle some business, and join a caravan which was going toward his native country. His anxiety increased every day: of what avail would be his wealth, if she, for whose sake it had been accumulated, was lost forever?

The day before the one fixed for his departure from Constantinople, a company of traders arrived, bringing with them Circassian slaves. He happened to be passing by the slave-market, and impelled by sudden curiosity, entered the room. He had scarcely done so when he was struck by the graceful figure of one of the girls, which reminded him of Nerinda. He felt almost afraid to have her veil removed, then remembering that it would be impossible for her to recognise him in his present dress, and determining to suppress his emotions whatever the result, he made the request, which was instantly complied with. It was indeed Nerinda, but how changed! She stood before him pale as marble, with downcast eyes, looking as if no smile would ever again illumine those pensive features; once only a faint color tinged her cheek as he advanced toward her, then instantly gave place to more deathly paleness. The price was soon agreed upon, for the trader was now as anxious to get rid of his fair slave as he had been desirous to obtain her; having resigned the hope of making an immense profit in consequence of the continual dejection and grief she indulged, which had greatly impaired her health and beauty. Hassan ordered the trader to send her to his apartments immediately.

When he entered the room to which she had been conducted, he gently raised her veil. She looked up, and recognised him instantly; her joy was as unbounded as his own, but was displayed in a different manner. She threw herself into his arms and sobbed and wept. She was, however, at length able to listen tranquilly to the account of his adventures, and to relate her own.

The remembrance of his aged parent, doubly endeared by absence, and of his joyous childhood, were still alive in the breast of Hassan; and after a few days spent at Constantinople, he proposed to return to his native valley.

They set out, the health and beauty of Nerinda improving, in spite of the fatigues of their journey. The joy with which they were greeted was unbounded. All had given Hassan up for dead, and Nerinda was regarded as lost to them forever. Even her father had repented of his avarice, and would willingly have returned his gold, could he have once more had Nerinda by his side. Her mother and sisters hung around her with tears of joy; and the whole valley welcomed her return with glad rejoicings.

The young couple took up their residence with Hassan's father; many a visit did they pay to that bank of turf, the scene of their former meetings, and never did they look on that spot without feeling their bosom swell with the emotions of gratitude to that kind Providence who had disposed all things for their good, and had watched over and protected them, even when they believed themselves deserted.

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THE MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF VIRGINIA.

"WELL Kate," said her bridesmaid, Lucy Cameron, "the clouds look very threatening, and you know it is said to be an unlucky omen for one's wedding night to be stormy."

"Pshaw, Lucy, would you frighten me with some old grandmother's tale, as if I were a child? I believe not in omens, and shall forget all unlucky presages, when the wife of Richard Gaston," answered the lovely and smiling bride.

"You treat it lightly, and I trust it may not be ominous of your conjugal life," resumed Lucy; "but my Aunt Kitty says that 's the reason she never married; because it was raining in torrents the day she was to have been wedded, and she discarded her lover because it was unlucky."

"Ah, Lucy, I do not mean to doubt your good aunt's word; but there must have been some more serious cause linked with the one you have mentioned. My life on it, *I* do not lose a husband for so slight a cause. It must be something more than a common occurrence, that shall now break off the match with Dick and myself. But see, the company are beginning to arrive," said Kate, as she looked from the window of her room, "and I must prepare for the ceremony."

The morning of the day of which we have spoken, had opened in unclouded splendor, and all seemed propitious to the nuptials that were to be solemnised in the evening. The inmates of the cabin in which the preceding conversation had been carried on, had arisen cheerfully with the first notes of the early robin, to prepare for the festival, to which the whole neighborhood, consisting of all within fifteen or twenty miles, (for neighborhoods were then large, and habitations scarce) were indiscriminately invited.

Kate Lee was the only child of her parents, and had been born and raised in the humble cottage which her father had assisted to construct with his own hands. Mr. Lee had moved to his present residence, when few ventured thus far into the Indian territory; and by his own labors, and that of his two servants, had erected a double cabin, and cleared about fifty acres of land, upon a rich piece of high ground, a mile and a half from the James River. By his urbanity and kindness, he had gained the confidence of the Indians; and in all their depredations so far, he had gone unscathed. He was of good birth and education, and the most hospitable man in the settlement. The property which he held, and the style in which he lived, together with his superior knowledge, gave him a standing among the settlers superior to all. Ever ready to assist the needy, and always just in his opinions and actions, he was looked to for council, rather than treated as an equal.

As we said before, Kate was his only child, and had been the solace of her parents for nineteen years. She had now attained to full-blown womanhood, and, from her beauty and intelligence, her hand had been often asked, by the hardy sons of the pioneers. Her heart was untouched, until young Gaston laid seige to it. To his eloquent appeals she lent a willing ear, and promised to be his bride.

As Kate was the loveliest girl in the country, so was Richard Gaston the most to be envied among the youths. Of fine, manly stature, superior intellect, and unflagging energy, he was the best match in the settlement. He cultivated a little farm on the other side of the river, and when occasion offered, engaged in the practice of law, for which both education and nature fitted him. He had been in the settlement about seven years, and from his open and conciliatory manners, his bold and manly bearing, had become a favorite with all around him. He was always the first to take up his rifle, and sally against the hostile Indians, when necessity required it, and from his undoubted courage, was always chosen leader of the little bands, formed to repel the savage foe.

When the toils of the week had passed, Gaston might be seen, with his rifle on his shoulder, moving toward the river where his canoe was fastened, and springing lightly into it, dashing through the foaming waters, and among the rocks, as safely and cheerfully, as if passing over a smooth and glassy lake; and on the following evening, he might be seen again, braving the rushing current, with the same careless ease, but more thoughtful brow; for who ever yet parted from the girl of his heart, with the same joyful aspect, which he wore when going to meet her? Let us now return to the wedding day.

"Have you heard of the Indian that was found murdered on the bank of the creek this morning?" said a young man, after the company had assembled, to Mr. Lee.

"No," answered Mr. Lee, with surprise, "I had hoped from the long peace that has reigned, we should have no more such outrages against the poor Indians. But how is it possible, sir, if they

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are thus shot down, that we can expect them to be quiet?"

"The body," continued the first speaker, "was found by some of his tribe; and they immediately threatened vengeance if the murderers were not given up. But that is impossible; because we do not know them."

At this moment, a loud crash of thunder echoed through the woods, so suddenly as to make all start from their seats.

"Well, my friends," said Mr. Lee, as soon as all was again quiet, "we shall be as likely to suffer from this rashness as the offender, and must be prepared. I am glad you have brought your guns with you, for unless they come in too large a body we shall be able to hold out against them."

This was said with that calmness which a frequent recurrence of such circumstances will produce; and as he rehung his rifle, after preparing it for immediate use, the bride entered the room, in all the loveliness of graceful beauty. Few ornaments decked her person, because none could add to her natural grace and elegance. Her hair of jet black, was simply parted in front, drawn back, and fastened behind, displaying a forehead of marble whiteness; a wreath, mingling the wild rose with other forest flowers, was the only ornament on her head. Her skin was of transparent whiteness. Her large black eyes, peering through their long lashes, spoke a playful mischief in every glance. A perfectly Grecian nose; cherry lips; a beautiful row of pearly teeth; a dimple displaying itself in each cheek whenever a smile suffused itself over her features, and a complexion richer than the soft red of the tulip, completed a picture such as the mind can rarely imagine. Her neck and arms were perfectly bare, and seemed as if they, with her small fairy feet, and the rest of her figure, had been made in nature's most perfect mould.

The storm, which had before been heard but at a distance, seemed now to have attained its greatest violence, and to be concentrated over the house. Peal after peal of thunder, came ringing through the hollows, each succeeding one apparently louder and more crashing than the former. Flash upon flash, of the quick and vivid lightning, streamed out, resting awhile upon the surrounding scenery, and striking terror into the hearts of the more superstitious guests. The rain, which at first fell in large drops, that could be distinctly heard, amid the awful silence, save when the thunders echoed, now came down in torrents; and the thunder pealed out, louder and louder, quicker and quicker, leaving scarcely intermission enough, for the voice of Richard Gaston to be heard by his beautiful bride. He had impatiently awaited the invitation of Mr. Lee to meet his daughter, but no longer able, amid the war of elements, to restrain himself, he advanced to, and seated himself by the side of his beloved Kate, and gently taking her hand in his, inquired if she was alarmed by the storm? To his enquiry, she only smiled, and shook her head.

"I see not then, why we may not proceed with the ceremony; the storm,"—— here a keen and fearful crash, jarred the house to its foundation, leaving traces of fear on the countenances of all, but the lovers and the parson; Gaston continued, however, "the storm may last an hour, and that is longer, my Kate, than I would like to defer the consummation of my hopes."

"I am ready," answered Kate, blushing, and without raising her eyes.

They rose from their seats, and advanced to the parson, who immediately commenced the ceremony. It was impossible to tell, whether pleasure or fear predominated on the countenances of the guests, as they pressed forward, to witness the solemn ceremony of uniting two beings for life. In the intervals of the thunder, a faint smile would play upon their faces, but, as a rattling volley would strike their ears, their shrinking forms and bloodless lips, betrayed their terror. The tempest seemed for a moment to have held its breath, as if to witness the conclusion of the nuptials; but now as the parson concluded with, "salute your bride;" a peal of thunder, keener and more startling than any yet, struck such terror to their souls, that none, not even the parson, or Gaston himself, both of whom had been shocked, perceived that the chimney had fallen to the earth; until awakened to a sense of their situation, by the shrill war-whoop of the Indians, which now mingled in dreadful unison with the howling storm.

All thought of the storm vanished at once—defence against the savages seemed to be the first idea of all, as each man, with determined look, grasped his rifle, and gathered around the females.

The Indians, led on by their noted chief Eagle Eye, to avenge the death of their comrade, found in the morning, would perhaps have awaited the subsidence of the storm, had not the falling of the chimney displayed to them, the disorder and confusion within the cabin. Viewing it, as the most favorable time for an attack, they raised their dreaded war-whoop, and sprung to the breach. That whoop, however, served but to nerve the hardy pioneers, and chase from their bosoms the fears, which the wars of nature alone created. Richard Gaston, from custom, assumed the command; and with that coolness and self-possession, which indicates undaunted bravery, proceeded to give such orders as the time would allow.

"Let the females," said he, "go above, and lie upon the floor, and we, my brave boys, will show them what stout hearts and strong arms can do in defence of beauty. Six of you go in the next room, and see that the villains enter not, except over your dead bodies; the rest will remain, and defend this opening."

The reader must not suppose that all was still during this brief address. The Indians, whose numbers amounted to several hundred, had fired once, and not being able, on account of the rain, to load again, now attempted to enter over the ruins of the chimney, and through the windows. The lights had been extinguished at the first yell, and all was dark, save when the flashes of lightning revealed to the few within, the fearful odds against them without. Several volleys had meanwhile been poured into the Indians, and a momentary flash revealed the effects. Many were lying dead or dying, forming a sort of breastwork at the

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breach. Becoming more infuriated, as those who had gone before, fell, under the constant fire of the whites, the savages, now, in a compact body, attempted an entrance; and the whites, still cool, as if danger threatened not, waited until they reached the very breach, and then every man, with his muzzle almost touching the Indians, discharged his piece. The savages wavered and then fell back, amid the shouts of the victorious yeomen.

The next flash of lightning discovered the Indians retreating to the woods, and dragging many of their dead with them. Another wild shout burst from the lips of the victorious whites. When all was again still, the voice of Mr. Lee was heard in thanksgiving, for their deliverance so far; and when he had concluded, he proposed a consultation upon the best means to be pursued, as it was certain the Indians had only retired to devise some other mode of attack. Some were for deserting their present situation, and flying to the woods for concealment; others, and the greater number, proposed remaining where they were, because the Indians had not certainly gone far, and if discovered, unprotected by the logs, they must fall an easy prey, to such superior numbers, while by remaining, they had some advantage, and a small chance to keep them off.

In the meantime, the females, the firing having ceased, had left their hiding-place, and now mingled with the warriors. It was soon determined to hold on to their present situation, and defend it to the last, should they be again attacked. The better to add to its security, several of the stoutest commenced raising a barrier at the opening, with the logs that had been thrown down; while others, barricadoed the doors and windows. This being finished, they began an enquiry into the injury they had received; and found six of their number were killed.

The rain meanwhile had ceased, and the distant mutterings of the thunder could be heard only at intervals. All was silent in the cabin, awaiting the expected approach of the savages. Kate had approached Gaston when she first came into the room, and timidly asked if he was hurt. Having received a satisfactory answer, she had remained silently by his side, until all was prepared for action. Then, for a moment forgetting the dangers that surrounded him, Gaston yielded to the impulse of his heart, and drawing the lovely being, who was now his wedded wife, in all the ardor of passionate love, to his bosom, imprinted upon her ruby lips, the kiss of which he had been so suddenly deprived by the onset of the savages.

"My own Kate," said he, "if you find we are to be overcome, you must try and make your escape through the back door, and thence to the woods. Here is one of my pistols, take it, and if you are pursued, you know how to use it; shoot down the first foe who dares to lay a hand on you. Make for the river, you know where my canoe is; the current is rapid and dangerous, but, if you can reach the other bank you are safe. Farewell now, my own sweet love, and if I fall, may heaven shed its protection over you."

Gaston was not a man to melt at every circumstance, but to be thus separated from his bride, perhaps never to meet again, brought a tear to his manly cheek. Love, had for a moment, unmanned his firm and noble heart; but it had past, and he was again a soldier; thinking only how best to defend, what he valued more than his life—his wife.

At this instant the whoop of the Indians again sounded to the assault. Each man sprang to his post. The whites had been equally divided, and a party stationed in each room. The rooms were now simultaneously attacked by the foe; and with clubs and large stones, they endeavored to force the doors. The silence of death reigned within, while without all was tumult and confusion. The door at length yielded—one board and then another gave way, while yell upon yell rose at their success.

"Hold on boys, until I give the word," said Gaston, "and then stop your blows only with your lives."

The door and its whole support yielded, and in poured the savages like a whirlwind. "*Fire now*," cried Gaston, "and club your guns."

Almost as one report, sounded the guns of every one in the house—the yells and cries of the wounded and infuriated foe, almost appalled the stoutest hearts; but this was no time to admit fear, if they felt it. The Indians were making every exertion to enter over the pile of dead bodies that blocked up the doorway; and the gun of each man within, clenched by the barrel, was lowered only to add another to the heap. For twenty minutes the fight had raged with unabated fury, and with unrelaxed exertions, when the moon, breaking forth in all her splendor, exhibited the combatants as plain as in the light of mid-day. One Indian, stouter and bolder than the rest, had gained an entrance, and fixing his eyes on Gaston, as he saw him encouraging and directing the others to their work of death, he gave a loud yell, and sprang at him like the tiger on his prey. The quick eye and arm of Gaston were too rapid for him; and in an instant he lay dead from a blow of the young man's rifle.

But the strength of the brave little band began at length to fail. Their numbers had diminished more than half. Before the enemy had, however, entered, it had been proposed and acceded to, as the only chance, that the females should attempt an escape from the back door, next the river, while the men should cover their retreat, as well as their diminished numbers would admit. Accordingly, the attempt was made, and an exit gained; the whole force of the Indians being collected at the front door, to overcome the stubborn resistance of the whites.

The little phalanx stood firm to its post, until they saw the women had sufficient start to reach the woods before they could be overtaken; and then, pressed by such superior numbers, they slowly fell back to the same door, and the few that survived, made a rush, and drew the door close after them. They had now given way, and nothing but superior speed could possibly save them. If overtaken before reaching the woods, they were inevitably lost—if they could gain them they might

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escape. The delay caused by the closing of the door was short, and the enemy were now scarcely fifteen yards in the rear. Fear moved the one party almost to the speed of lightning—thirst for revenge gave additional strength to the other. The Indian, fresher than his chase, gained upon them rapidly. As they heard the savages close upon them, every nerve was excited, every muscle strained to the utmost. For a short distance indeed they maintained the same space between them, but alas! the strength of the whites failed, and too many of them overtaken, fell beneath the club of the savages. Gaston, who was equal in activity to any of his pursuers, had soon gained the lead; and with the speed of an arrow, had increased the distance between him and the Indians.

He knew that his wife would make for the river, and in all probability, would be able to reach it, and it was his object to get there also, if possible, in time to assist her across the rocky and rapid current, or at least to see that she was safe beyond pursuit. The river was not far, and as he bounded down the rough hill sides, he could distinctly hear the rolling of its waters, over the rocky bed. He took the nearest course to the landing, and the yells of the Indians, scattered in every direction through the woods, strained him to the greatest exertions. He reached the river—his canoe was there—his wife was not—despair overcame his soul.

"She must be taken, and I too will die," he exclaimed, in bitter agony.

At that moment, a light and bounding step, like that of a startled fawn, drew his attention to the top of the bank, and his wife, whom he had given up for lost—his darling Kate, bounded into his embrace. This was no time for love. He took but one embrace, and hurried her into his canoe; for the Indians were but a few yards behind. It was but the work of a moment, to cut loose the line that held his bark; but before he could spring into it, three stout Indians were close upon him.

"Shove off, Kate, and trust to fortune to reach the other shore," cried Gaston, distractedly, as he turned to engage the Indians, while his bride escaped. The devoted girl seemed doubtful whether to fly, or stay and die with her husband. Gaston, seeing her hesitation, again called frantically to her to escape, before the Indians were upon them. She now attempted to push her boat off, but she had remained a minute too long—a brawny and athletic savage seized the boat and sprang into it, within a few feet of the alarmed maiden. She quickly retreated to the other end, and faced about, despair painted in every lineament of her face. The Indian involuntarily stopped to gaze upon the beautiful being before him. That pause was fatal to him. Kate's self-possession instantaneously returned, and as the savage sprang toward her she levelled her husband's pistol and fired. The bullet entered the savage's brain: he fell over the side of the boat, and disappeared beneath the bubbling waters; while instantly seizing the oar which had dropped from her hand on her first alarm, Kate turned the bow of her boat in the direction of the opposite shore, and began to stem the rapid current.

During the few seconds that had thus elapsed, the canoe had shot below the place where her husband struggled with the remaining Indians; and she was now out of hearing of the combatants. Standing erect in the boat, her long hair hanging loosely on her uncovered neck, her white dress moving gently to the soft breeze, and her little bark avoiding the many rocks jutting their heads above the rushing waters, it gave to a beholder the idea of some fairy skiff, kept up, and guided by the superior power of its mistress. Steadily she moved on, until near the middle of the river, when she heard a splash, followed by a voice, some distance behind her. At first she thought it another Indian in pursuit, but soon the chilling thought was dispelled. Her own name, breathed in accents that had often thrilled her to the soul, was heard, sounding a thousand times more sweetly than ever on her ear. She quickly turned the head of her boat, and although she could not propel it against the stream, she kept it stationary, until Gaston, who had overcome his pursuers, reached it. His great exertions in the unequal struggle on the bank, his efforts to reach the boat, and the loss of blood from a deep cut on his arm, had left him so little of the powers of life, that he fainted a few moments after he had regained his wife. Kate knew the peril of permitting the boat to float with the current, and with all that courage and coolness, which woman possesses in times of danger, she did not stop to weep over him, but again seizing the oar, directed her bark to the opposite bank. Guided by the careful hand of love, how could the fragile skiff be lost, even amid the rushing whirlpools it had to pass. They safely reached the bank, and Gaston having returned to consciousness, supported by the arm of his wife, slowly wended his way to his farm.

Their anxiety, however, was; for some time, almost intolerable to learn the fate of their friends whom they had left on the other side of the river. Whether the Indians had triumphed completely, whether a successful stand had been made by any of those they pursued, or whether all had been alike murdered by the relentless savages, were unknown to Kate and Gaston, and filled their minds with uneasy fears. While, however, they were thus in doubt as to the fate of their friends, a hurried footstep was heard approaching, and Mr. Lee, the next moment, was in his daughter's arms. With about half of his visitors, he had escaped, and, in a few days, rallying around them their remaining border neighbors, they succeeded, finally, in driving the hostile savages from their vicinity.

If any one will visit the hospitable mansion of the present proprietor of the estate, which has descended from our Kate, they may hear her story with increased interest, from the lips of some of her fair descendants; and upon taking a view of the place, where she crossed amid such perils, they will not be surprised to learn that the circumstance should have given to it the name of the "MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE." S.

February, 1841.

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NAPOLEON.

BY J. K. DOW.

"About the twenty-second of January, 1821, Napoleon's energies revived. He mounted his horse and galloped for the last time around Longwood, but nature was overcome by the effort."

CHAINED to a wild and sea-girt rock
Where the volcano's fires were dead;
He woke to hear the surges mock
The living thunder o'er his head.

His charger spurned the mountain turf,
For he o'er glaciered Alps had trod,—
He scorned to bear the island serf,
And only stood to Europe's God.

And now, the prisoner's spirit soared,
And fiercely glanced his eagle eye;
He grasped again his crimson sword,
And bade his silken eagle fly.

High on a cliff, that braved the storm,
And beat the thundering ocean back;
He felt the life-blood coursing warm
As oft in mountain bivouac.

Around him bowed a bannered world:
And lightnings played beneath his feet;
The storm's wild ensign o'er him curled,
And ocean drums his grand march beat.

Above the Alps' eternal snows
He led his freezing legions on:
And when the morning sun arose—
The land of deathless song was won.

The desert waste before him rolled,
And haughty Mam'lukes bit the ground;
Old Cairo reared her mosques of gold,
And Nile returned his bugle's sound.

The doors of centuries opened wide
Before the master spirit's blows,
And flapped his eagles' wings in pride
Above the time-dried Pharoahs.

Then northward moved his chainless soul,
And Europe's host in wrath he met,
The Danube heard his drum's wild roll,
And Wagram dimmed his bayonet.

On many a field his cannons rung,
The Nations heard his wild hurrah:
And brazen gates were open flung,
To usher in the Conqueror.

The Cossack yelled his dread advance,
And legions bared their scymetars,
When with the infantry of France
He trampled on the sleeping Czars.

And Moscow's sea of fire arose
Upon the dark and stormy sky,
While cohorts, in their stirrups froze,
Or pillowed on the snow to die.

A merry strain the lancers blew
When morning o'er his legions shone!
But evening closed o'er Waterloo,
And death, dread sentinel, watch'd alone.

His eagles to the dust were hurled,
And bright Marengo's star grew dim,
The conqueror of half the world,
Had none to sooth or pity him.

And he has come to view again
The hills his flashing sword hath won:
To hear the music of the main,
And note the thunder's evening gun.

His heart is cold, his eye is dim,
His burning brand shall blaze no more;
The living world is dead to him,
The sea's wild dash, the tempest's roar.

Marengo's cloak is round him cast,
And Jena's blade is by his side,
But where is now his trumpet's blast?
And where the soldiers of his pride?

They sleep by Nilus bull-rushed wave,
They slumber on the Danube's bed;
The earth is but a common grave
For gallant France's immortal dead.

His charger rushes from the height:
The fitful dream of life is o'er,
And oh! that eye that beamed so bright,
Shall never wake to glory more.

Beneath the mountain's misty head,
Where streamed the lava's burning tide,
They made the scourge of Europe's bed,
And laid his falchion by his side.

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He sleeps alone, as sweetly now
As they who fell by Neva's shore:
And peasants near him guide the plough,
And craven Europe fears no more.

He sleeps alone—nor shall he start
Till Time's last trumpet rings the wave:
For death has still'd the mighty heart
Where fierce ambition made his grave.

'T is sad to view, when day grows dim,
The stone that closed o'er Europe's fears:
And listen to the waves' wild hymn,
That swallowed up the exile's tears.

The eagle screams his dirge by day,
The tempest answers, and the sea,
And streaming lightnings leap to play
Above the man of Destiny.

Washington, February, 1841.

LINES.

To the Author of the Requiem, "I See Thee Still."

BY E. CLEMENTINE STEDMAN.

Oft when o'er my young being, shades of grief
Have darkly gathered, and been spent in tears,
Thy "spirit-stirring muse" hath brought relief
And called back images of other years!
As from the world my soul removed her care,
And sought the healing balm of Poesy to share.

Perchance 't was but some scraps that met my eye,
Yet like a charm, it soothed an aching heart—
Bidding it turn from hopes beneath the sky,
To choose above the wise, unfailing part;
And while I read, I blessed aloud thy name,
And prayed that Heaven's best gifts might mingle with its fame!

And now, though stranger to thy form and face,
Yet since familiar with thy spirit's tone;
Pardon this humble pen, which fain would trace
Some thought, to cheer a heart bereaved and lone,
Some sympathetic token, from a soul
Which bleeds to know that thine is bowed 'neath grief's control.

The human heart, it hath been aptly said,
Is like that tree, which must a wound receive,
Ere yet the kindly balsam it will shed,
Which to the sufferer's wound doth healing give;
Such as have seen their fondest hopes laid low,
Can only feel for thee, or thy deep anguish know!

This bosom bears a kindred stroke to thine,
Yet owneth that the Hand which wounds can heal!
May Gilead's balm, as it hath brought to mine,
So to thy wound restoring life reveal;
Show thee a Father, in a chastening God,
And bid thee meekly bow, and kiss his gentle rod.

I knew her not, whose image blendeth yet
With every dream of joy the night doth bring—
Whose blessed features Love will ne'er forget,
Nor of whose worth thy muse e'er cease to sing!
But 't is enough, that she was all *thy* choice,
To know that sorrow hath with thee a deep-toned voice.

And is she not thy "guardian angel" *now*!
Doth she not "live in beauty" *yet*, above,
And oft descend, to watch thy steps below,
And whisper in thy dreams sweet words of love!
A spirit, 'twixt whose spotless charms, and thee,
Hangs but the veil of Time, behind which, soon thou 'lt see.

Till then, look upward to her home of light—
'T will chase the shadows from thy lonely hearth,
And think of her, as of a being bright—
Still thy "beloved," though not now of earth!
Follow the traces of her heavenward feet,
And soon in perfect love, to part no more, ye 'll meet.

Cedar Brook, Plainfield, N. J., Feb., 1841.

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THE DESTROYER'S DOOM.

For if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *Mazeppa.*

The night was waxing late, when the beautiful and witty Mrs. Anson was promenading at a party where all the *elite* of the city were assembled, with an imposing looking man, who seemed to unite—rare combination—high fashion and dignity of bearing. His face was almost constantly turned toward the lady, and he seemed careful that his words should reach no ears but those for which he uttered them. His last remark, whatever it was, seemed to have offended the lady, for she stopped suddenly, and gazing full in his face, exhibited as dark a frown as those bright, beautiful eyes could be made to produce. It was but a passing cloud, however, for the next moment she said, laughingly, "Upon my word, Major Derode, you give your tongue strange license." His peace was soon made, and drawing the arm of Mrs. Anson within his own, he asked her if she would dance any more.

"No," she replied, "if you 'll tell them to draw up, I 'll go home; the rooms are close; I am fatigued; besides, in the absence of my husband, I must keep good hours."

"Excuse me," said the major, "if I am not anxious for his return. I should not dare to hope for so much of your precious society, were he to command it."

"He has the best right to it," rejoined the lady, "but he never uses command with me;—I vow I am an ungrateful wretch, and love him much less than he deserves to be loved."

"That sentiment, my dear Mrs. Anson, is not founded on nature or truth. Gratitude and love are sensations as different in their natures, as your disposition and that of your husband; but for what should you be grateful to him? For having had the vanity to address, and the good fortune to win the loveliest creature that ever wildered human brain, or fired human heart? And how does he repay an affection which monarchs would value more than conquest?—by indifference,—nay, studied neglect."

"You wrong him," said the wife, but with much less warmth than she would have defended her husband a fortnight before, "his passion for literature, it is true, estranges him from me more than many wives would like, but I have reason to know he loves me well. Alas! why should love be such a sickly flower, that needs constant culture to keep it from perishing! Time was, when the hour he passed from my side was fraught with anxiety,—now, days glide by, and I scarcely think of him!"

"Think only of him," returned the major, "whose love for you is as imperishable as it is ardent. Renounce the man who is unworthy of you, and—"

"Render myself unworthy of any man," continued the lady, "no, I implore you, urge me to this no more; spare me, dear Henry, I entreat you." And I will spare the reader the remainder of a dialogue which evinced yielding virtue on one side, and seductive sophistry on the other. "The woman who hesitates is lost," says the proverb.

Charles Anson, a young man of high intellectual endowments, and fine personal appearance, had studied law in his native city—Philadelphia—and at an early age married the daughter of a merchant in moderate circumstances. The union was thought to have resulted from love on both sides, and indeed for four years the youthful pair enjoyed as much happiness as is allotted to mortals; when, depending on his professional exertions, no ambition disturbed their dreams, no envy of rank or grandeur poisoned their present blessings.

In a luckless hour, a relation, living in England, from whom Anson had no expectations, died, leaving him a large fortune. This sudden acquisition of wealth enabled him, much to his satisfaction, to quit a profession in which he wanted several requisites for great success. He turned his attention to a science which has since become popular in this country, and became so devoted to its pursuit, that he spent large sums of money in prosecuting it. His wife launched at once into a mode of life which she said her husband's altered circumstances justified. She plunged deeply into fashionable dissipation, and although Anson seldom accompanied her into the gay circles she frequented, he never objected to her giddy course. His only wish was to see her happy. He was on a visit to an eastern city, collecting materials for a work on his favorite science, at the time I introduced his wife to the reader, and spring advanced before he was ready to bend his steps homeward. He had tra-

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velled, as was usual then, by land from New York, and having taken a whole day to perform the journey, it was night when the lumbering mail coach, set Anson down at the door of his house. He had received no answer to the last two letters he had written to his wife, and he feared she was ill. If any one of my readers has been long absent from a happy home, he can understand the trembling eagerness with which the traveller placed his foot upon his door-stone. He pulled at the bell, and its clear sound came back upon his ear, as he stood in breathless anxiety waiting for an answer to the summons. No hasty footstep, however, no opening of inner doors, no audible bustle within, gave token of admittance. Almost convulsively, he grasped again at the handle of the bell, and its startling response pealed through the adjacent dwellings. Slowly a sash creaked up in an adjoining house, and a petulent female voice said,—

"There 's no use of your disturbing the neighborhood by ringing there,—nobody lives in that house."

Anson staggered back from the step, and falteringly enquired,—

"Has Mrs. Anson removed?"

"Removed!" croaked the old woman, "aye, she has removed, far enough from this, I warrant."

"Where has she gone?" gasped the husband.

"I know nothing about her," was the reply, and the sash fell with a rattling sound that struck like clods upon a coffin upon the desolate heart of Anson. He stood upon the pavement with one foot resting on a trunk, and his eyes turned to the windows of his late dwelling, as if expecting the form of his wife to appear there. The voice of the watchman, calling the first hour of the night, aroused him from his abstraction, and suggested the necessity of present action. He remembered that he had a duplicate key of the street door, and if not fastened within, he could at least gain admittance. On applying the instrument, it was evident that the person who had last left the house, had egressed through the door, for no bar or bolt betrayed the caution of an inmate. Anson engaged the watchman to place his effects in the hall, and procure a light. Having once more secured the main entrance of the house, he wandered through its tenantless chambers, like a suffering ghost among scenes of its happier hours. The splendid paraphernalia which wealth and taste had spread throughout that happy mansion, were there yet. Not an ornament had been removed, nor had the most fragile article decayed,—nay, the very exotics in the bow-pots had begun to put forth their tender blossoms under the genial influence of the season. But human life was absent. She that had diffused joy, and hope, and a heaven-like halo round her, was gone.

Mad with apprehension, Anson rushed to his wife's bed-chamber, hoping there to find some clue to her mysterious departure. Her toilet was in confusion; ornaments lay scattered about; and a diamond ring, his gift to her on her last birth-day, shone, on the approach of the light, so like a living thing, that Anson, in the wildness of his brain, thought that its thousand eyes flashed with intelligence of its departed mistress. On a small writing desk lay some sheets of pure paper, and in the open drawer a sealed note caught the eye of Anson. He seized it with a trembling hand, but paused ere he opened it; a sickness, like that of death, settled down upon his heart. Unhappy man! What had he to hope or fear?—he read:

"Husband:—We meet no more on earth. At the bar of eternal justice your curse will blast me! I am in the coils of a fiend, disguised like a god! As the fluttering bird, though conscious of destruction, obeys the fatal fascination of the serpent's eye, so I, beholding in the future nought but despair, yield, a victim to a passion that has mocked my struggles to subdue it. You must be happy because you are virtuous, and in mercy forget the fallen

"JOSEPHINE."

Anson sat long with this letter in his hand, gazing firmly on a portrait of his wife, that hung over her escritoire. She had sat for that painting at a time when her health was delicate, and a sacred pledge of their happy love was expected. Heaven had—mercifully it seemed now—denied the boon. Memory struck the fountain of tears in the heart of that bereaved man, and he wept. Oh! it is fearful to see a strong man weep. Tears are natural in children, and beautiful in women;—in men, they often seem mysterious gushings from the stern soul—dread forebodings of evil to come. The deserted husband gazed upon the painting, until he thought some evil spirit had changed the sweet smile and mild eye into a scornful sneer. A change came over his spirit—his features gradually assumed a look of unutterable ferocity; his frame dilated as with the conception of awful deeds—strange whisperings of dark purposes whizzed, as from legions of fiends, through his brain, and he went forth REVENGE!

MAJOR DERODE, of the British army, was one of the most strikingly handsome men of the last age, and his address the most insinuating that a constant intercourse with the best society could confer. Although he had led a life of much dissipation, his fine constitution had withstood its ravages, and calling art to the aid of nature, he looked like a man of thirty, when he was really twelve years older. He had married in early life, and was the father of a son and daughter. The son had entered the navy, and had already obtained a lieutenancy,—to the daughter fell a large share of the singular beauty of her father, refined into feminine loveliness by the delicate graces of her mother. Mrs. Derode had been dead some years, and the major's present visit to America was connected with some governmental mission to the commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada. Viewing the cities of the United States on his return home, he became acquainted with the beautiful Mrs. Anson. He became at once her lover. He was a cold-hearted systematic seducer, and besieged her heart with a perseverance and address long accustomed to conquer. He imagined that his own callous heart was touched by her bright eyes, and he delayed his

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departure for two months, in order to accomplish her ruin.

When I introduced him to the reader, in conversation with Mrs. Anson, the poison of his flattery had already tainted that weak woman's heart. I will not follow his serpent-like course—it is sickening to mark the progress of such arts. We left him in a gay assembly in Walnut Street—we now find him in London, and, it pains me to write it, Mrs. Anson was with him. To dispel the gloom that had already overcast her features, and to feed his own inordinate vanity, Derode introduced his victim to much society, but her keen eye soon penetrated the equivocal character of those who visited her in her splendid apartments. With this discovery came the first deep sense of her utter degradation.

"I will mix no more with these people," said she to the major one day, after an unusually large party left the house.

"As you please," said he, "I was in hopes society would amuse you."

"Not *such* society," she replied with some dignity. The major observed the slight curl on her lip, and said, with something of a sneer,—

"Your notions are elevated, my pretty republican; your visiters are people of fashion, and you know *we* should not scrutinise character too severely."

This cruel remark pierced deeper than the base speaker intended. The deluded woman raised her eyes—those eyes, in repose so meek—to the face of Derode, and he quailed beneath their unnatural light.

"True," said she with a choking voice, "true, true!—the meanest wretch that ever bartered her soul for bread, should spurn my fellowship, and flee my infecting touch." Her head fell on her lap, and a series of hysterical sobs threatened to end her brief career of guilt upon the spot.

But it was not so to be. She recovered only to new miseries. Half tired of his new victim already, Major Derode hired a cottage a few miles from London, and, taking Mrs. Anson at her word, carried her down there to reside in lonely misery. His visits, at first frequent, soon became rare, and many days had now elapsed since she had seen him. She stood by the open casement watching the moonlight for his expected appearance, but he came not. A horseman emerged from the deep shadow of the trees, but seemed to pass on toward the turnpike. Hope sank within her, and she wished to die. She was now gathering the bitter fruits of her guilt. Her love for her destroyer was eating up her life—the scorching intensity of her passion was consuming the heart that gave it birth.

"Great God!" she exclaimed with frantic impiety, "art thou just? Thou didst not endow me with strength to resist this destiny. Thou knowest it was not volition, but FATE! If for thine own unseen ends, thou hast seleted me to work out thy great designs.—oh! for the love of thy meek son who was reviled on earth, make my innocence clear. I am but thy stricken agent, oh! God! I am innocent—innocent!"

The suffering creature was on her knees, and when she had uttered this wild sophistry, she threw her head downward, until it almost touched the ground. Her temples throbbed till the bandage that confined her hair snapped, and the dark covering of her head enveloped her figure like a pall.

"Innocent! ha! ha! ha!" shouted a hoarse voice, in a tone of wild mockery, that rung through the lonely house, and reverberated in the stillness of the night.

Starting to her feet, Mrs. Anson gazed around the room with an indescribable awe, for she thought the sound bore a harsh resemblance to that of her forsaken husband. No one, however, was visible, and she began to think it was some creation of her excited fancy, when, turning her eye to the latticed casement that overlooked the garden, she plainly saw a man gliding away through the copse. Another moment, and the same horseman she had before observed, dashed into the shadow at furious speed, and disappeared.

MAJOR DERODE was holding high revel in London. There was a report that two marriages had been projected—those of himself and of his daughter. His fortune, never large, had been entirely dissipated at the gaming table, and he was deeply involved in debt. The contemplated alliances would, however, bring wealth into the family, and causing his expectations to be known, his creditors were patient. The object of his personal attentions was the Honorable Mrs. Torrance,—a widow of brilliant charms and large property. The handsome major had won her heart and received her troth before his visit to America, and but one obstacle existed to their immediate union. Rumor, with her hundred tongues had apprised the dashing widow that the gallant major had brought over with him an American beauty, who was now residing in the neighborhood of the metropolis. The major first denied, then confessed it, but declared she had returned to her native forests.

"I scarce believe you," said the widow, "but I will send down to-morrow to the cottage, which has been pointed out to me as her residence, and learn the truth."

"She must remove, then, before to-morrow," said Derode to himself as he drove home. "Fool that I was to bring her here; however, I suppose I can ship her home again, consigned to her plodding Yankee husband, who will be rejoiced that his wife has seen the world free of expense."

Night had closed in when Derode arrived at the cottage. Mrs. Anson was ill. She had been in a high fever, as the abigail informed the major, and delirious. She was calmer now, however, and he approached her couch.

"How unlucky you are ill at this time," said he, "for circumstances render it necessary for you to quit this place immediately."

"Let me remain a few days longer," replied the heart-broken woman, "and my next remove will be to the peaceful grave."

"It is impossible—to-morrow morning, the earlier the better, you *must* depart."

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"And whither must I go?"

"Why, reflection must have convinced you that it was an imprudent step to leave your husband; nay, tears are useless now,—the frolic was pleasant enough while it lasted, but it is time to think of more serious matters. My advice to you is, that you immediately return home, solicit your husband's forgiveness, and no doubt that will be the end of the affair. For myself, you must know it—and it is best you should learn it at once—my pecuniary involvements make it imperative on me to marry immediately—the sale of this furniture will enable you—"

But his voice fell on a dull ear. Mrs. Anson heard nothing after the word "marry," and she lay in a death-like swoon. Finding she did not revive immediately, Derode consigned her to the care of her maid, and hastily wrote the following lines:—

"Madam,—Our unfortunate connexion must be broken off at once. I can see you no more. I enclose you twenty pounds, a sum sufficient to bear your expenses to America. My last command is, that you quit this cottage to-morrow morning.

"Yours,

"DERODE."

He gave the note to the girl, for her mistress, and left the house.

"How do you feel now, madam?" enquired the maid, as Mrs. Anson opened her heavy eyes, and pressed her hands against her temples, as if endeavoring to collect her thoughts, "can I do anything for you, madam?"

"Yes; assist me to rise; bring my bonnet and shawl;—thank you. You have been very kind to me my good girl; take this ring—it is of some value—keep it for the sake of her whom no living thing regards."

"But, dear madam," affectionately enquired the girl, "for heaven's sake, where are you going? You will not leave the house to-night? you are ill—weak—a storm threatens,—there—the thunder mutters already, and the rain is plashing in big drops on the broad leaves of that strange-looking tree at the window. It is midnight, and will be broad day before you can reach the nearest part of London. The major said you might stay till morning,—and, oh! I had forgot, here is a letter he left for you."

The hapless woman took the note mechanically; no ray of hope gave brightness to her eye—no emotion lighted up her features as she broke the seal. Misery had chilled her heart's blood—despair had unstrung the chords of life. She glanced over the lines, and dropping the letter and bank note on the floor, supported herself for a moment by a chair. She rallied her strength, and saying, "farewell, my good Martha," staggered forth into the dreary night.

The sun had long risen, when Martha was startled from the deep sleep into which the last night's watching had thrown her, by a loud knocking at the cottage door. A splendid carriage had driven up the narrow avenue, and a liveried footman enquired if a young lady, under the protection of Major Derode, lived there. Martha stated the manner in which Mrs. Anson had, on the previous night, left the cottage.

"My mistress, the Hon. Mrs. Torrance," said the footman, "seems so anxious to learn the particulars respecting this young woman, that I wish you would ride up to town with us, and give her whatever information you can."

Martha willingly complied, and the carriage had scarce accomplished seven miles of the journey, when the girl observed a female toiling slowly and painfully along the road. She called to the coachman to stop, for she recognised her mistress in the wanderer. They partly forced the passive creature into the carriage, and as she expressed no wish to be driven to any particular place, in less than an hour she was reposing her wearied limbs on an ottoman in the house of the Hon. Mrs. Torrance. All the servants who knew of the arrival of the strange lady, were forbidden by the Hon. Mrs. Torrance to reveal the circumstances, and Martha was instructed to tell the major she had seen nothing of Mrs. Anson after her departure from the cottage;—Derode, therefore, had no doubt that his victim had left the kingdom. Still he observed that the widow had altered her demeanor toward him. She received him coldly, and with something like mystery. He urged the hastening of the nuptials. She baffled him by trifling excuses, for she resolved the moment Mrs. Anson had recovered from the fever which seized her on the day she entered that hospitable abode, to confront her with the treacherous man.

"So, in three weeks more, my dear Isabel, I must give more form to my speech, for I shall address in you the bride of Lord Edward Fortescue; your elevation to the peerage will not change your heart toward us, Isabel?" said a sprightly girl to the daughter of Major Derode.

"For shame, to think of such a thing," answered the affianced, "but, as poor Juliet says in the play,

"'I have no joy in this contract to-night.'

I have, my dear Emily, for a day or two past, felt a strange reluctance to marry his lordship. His title dazzled me at first, but I fear its novelty will wear off, and then where shall I seek for happiness?"

"In the spending of his fortune, to be sure," replied her companion, "and as his lordship's way of life is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, he surely cannot object to such a proceeding. Besides, if dame nature does you but common justice, you 'll be in weeds before you are thirty. But when was it your first objection started against his lordship?—last Thursday, was it not?—yes, Thursday it was: I remember it, because it was the morning after you danced with that young wild man of the woods. Where did they say he came from? New South Wales was it?—or Slave Lake—or the Ural Mountains? the Carrabee Islands—New Holland—or New Jersey? Why do n't you answer? You must know; for after he led you to a seat so

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gracefully, I observed you took a deep interest in his conversation during the rest of the night, and I have no doubt he was giving you lessons in Geography. Well, he is a handsome fellow, although his eyes have so wild an expression. Now, if he had a plume of eagle feathers on his head, and a tiger skin thrown over his shoulder, he would be irresistible. I think it entirely out of taste for these foreign monsters, when they come among us, to cast off their savage costume, and don our unpoetic garb."

"Peace, Emily, you talk absurdly," exclaimed the now thoughtful Isabel. "I scarce attended to what he was saying—I only observed he seemed to be a man of general information and great conversational powers. He possesses refinement in an eminent degree, and the earnestness and evident candor of his politeness contrast favorably with the sickly, superficial, drawling sentiment that daily and nightly clogs our wearied ears."

"Ah! it is clear you scarce attended to what he said. I met him this morning at Mrs. Balford's, and thinking you wished to resume your researches into 'The History of the Earth and Animated Nature,' I asked him to come here this evening."

"Heavens, Emily! you could not be so imprudent!"

"Where can be the imprudence, Isabel, since you scarce attend to what he says? Hark! a cab; it is the American,—stay where you are—I 'll bring him up;" and away flew the giddy girl, leaving her companion in a state of flurried anxiety, scarce proper for the bride elect of Lord Edward Fortescue.

The American prolonged his stay till a late hour, and that night Isabel Derode imbibed a deep, absorbing passion for the graceful foreigner. Lord Edward, feeling himself secure of his prize, troubled his betrothed but little with his company. He confined his attentions to sending her presents, and escorting her twice a week to the opera.

The latitude which English society allows females of rank, caused the persevering assiduities of the American to be but little noticed, and one week before the intended nuptials of Lord Edward Fortescue and Isabel Derode, the fashionable circles were thrown into unutterable excitement by the following announcement in a morning paper:—

"*Elopement in High Life.*—On Wednesday last, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a certain gallant major in —— Square, eloped with a young gentleman of fortune from the United States. This imprudent step, on the part of the young lady, is the more to be regretted, as she was under promise of marriage to a certain noble lord. As her flight was almost immediately discovered, hopes are entertained of overtaking the fugitives before they reach Gretna Green."

No such parties, however, as those described, had reached that matrimonial mart. Pursuit was made on almost every avenue leading from the metropolis, but in vain. The fugitives had an hour's start, and the advantage of having *arranged* their means of flight. The smoking horses were scarcely checked at the door of each inn, when fresh relays were springing in the harness, and Anson—for it was he—with his victim, was enjoying a hasty repast in Calais, at the moment the emissaries of Derode reached Dover.

Lord Edward professed himself greatly shocked at the unhappy occurrence, but derived comfort from the reflection that his betrothed had eloped before, instead of after marriage; and having politely expressed to Derode his opinion that all the daughters of Eve were dangerous, if not useless members of the community, he, with the utmost *sang froid* wished him adieu.

A month elapsed, and Derode pushed his suit with Mrs. Torrance with more vigor, from the unlucky circumstance of his daughter having frustrated his hopes of her high match with Lord Edward. All enquiries concerning the whereabout of the erring girl were fruitless, and what was singular, none knew the name or person of her seducer—until one night a hackney coach drew up at the door of Mrs. Torrance, and a gentleman handed, or rather lifted a drooping woman out of the carriage, and placed her on the steps of the house. The parties were Anson and his victim. He merely said to the servant who answered the knock, "take care of this lady: she is a friend of your mistress," and hastily re-entering the vehicle, drove rapidly off. The benevolent mistress of the mansion received the forsaken wanderer with the utmost kindness, and overlooking her error, sought, with true Christian charity, to bind up her crushed spirit. Thus, by a strange coincidence, this amiable lady had under her roof at the same moment, two wretched outcasts—victims to man's unhallowed passions.

Mrs. Anson had been growing weaker every day since she entered this hospitable dwelling, and it was now evident she held her life by a frail tenure. Derode was a constant visitor, yet he knew not Mrs. Anson was an inmate of the house; he deemed she had complied with his wishes and crossed the Atlantic.

"What motive can you have," said he to Mrs. Torrance one day, "for deferring our happiness? You are too generous to allow so untoward an event as my daughter's flight to influence your decision. Add not to the affliction of that blow, by cold procrastination. Speak, madam, have my misfortunes lost me your affection?"

"No, major," replied the lady, "but I fear your faults have lessened it. Where is the American lady?"

"At home," said he earnestly, "at home, with her husband. I, myself, placed her on board a packet bound to New York."

The lady regarded the utterer of this bold falsehood with ineffable contempt, and stepping into the middle of the room, she threw open a folding door, and pointed to Mrs. Anson, who was reclining on an ottoman.

"Are there devils in league against me?" muttered Derode, "how came that wretched woman here, madam?—she is a maniac—but I will convey her to an asylum, whence she shall not escape," and he was advancing toward her.

"Stay," exclaimed Mrs. Torrance, restraining him, "that lady is under the protection of my roof, and she leaves it only with her own free will."

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"By heavens! madam," said he, "she quits not my sight till I consign her to a mad house;" and, forgetting every thing in his wrath, he roughly removed the lady from before him, as the door abruptly opened, and a tall, stern looking man stood before him. The intruder was dressed in strict conformity with the fashion of the day, and, on removing his hat, he exhibited a forehead of high intelligence, but two or three strong lines were drawn across it; two deep furrows also descended between his heavy brows, giving, to his otherwise agreeable features, a fierce, if not a ferocious expression. His dark eyes, deeply set in his head, flashed with the fierceness, and yet fascination, of a serpent's orbs, ere he makes his deadly spring. The stranger expanded his lofty figure, and throwing forward his ample chest, he crossed his arms upon it, and gazed intently on Derode.

The major turned from his burning gaze, and advancing to the couch where lay the invalid, said, in a harsh voice, "rise, madam, and follow me," at the same time laying his hand on her shoulder. Three strides brought the stranger to the spot, and seizing Derode, he whirled him against the opposite wall with the strength of a giant, exclaiming, "let your victim die in peace!" The expiring woman raised herself with her last collected stength, and articulating, "*my husband!*" sank back in a swoon.

The moment Derode became aware of the relation in which the stranger stood to the fainting woman, he made an attempt to reach the door, but was intercepted by Anson.

"Stay," said the latter, "you stir not hence. Stay, and behold the consummation of your villainy. See! she breathes again. Let her curse you and expire!"

The lamp of life had been long flickering in the poor patient, and was now giving forth its last brightness. She held out her hands imploringly to her husband, and said, "forgive me!" but before his lips could utter the pardon, she fell back in the arms of Mrs. Torrance—a corpse.

The mysterious awe with which the presence of death fills the human heart, caused a silence as profound as that which had just fallen on the departed. Anson bent over the stiffening body and murmured: "Hadst thou died spotless, my wife, how joyfully would my spirit have journeyed with thine to the bar of God—and in the realms of peace, where the tempter comes not—where sin and shame, and sorrow enter not—we should forever have enjoyed that bliss—our foretaste of which on earth, was so rudely broken by the destroyer. But enough. The last tears these eyes shall ever shed, have fallen upon thy bier—and now again to my work of vengeance!" He arose, and bent on Derode a look of ineffable ferocity. "Look," he said, "on the man you have ruined. You beheld *me* for the first time, yet my eyes have scarce lost sight of you for months—and henceforward will I be like your ever-present shadow. The solace of *my* life shall be to blight the joy of *yours*—in crowds or in solitude—amid the gay revel, and through the silent watches of the night, will I hover around you. I will become the living, embodied spirit of your remorse, walking with you in darkness and in light, and when a smile would mantle on your lips, I will dispel it with the sound of MURDERER!"

"I 'll rid myself of such companionship," said Derode,—"I have pistols here—follow me, sir, and seek a manly satisfaction at once."

The loud voices of Anson and her father, had been heard by Isabel, and the unhappy girl on entering the apartment—to the astonishment and horror of Derode—threw herself on the bosom of Anson, who, putting her aside, exclaimed—"that you may want no motive to *hate* as well as *fear* me, know that I am the seducer of your daughter. Thus have I *begun* my work of destruction." Driven to desperation by this taunt, Derode drew a pistol, aimed it at Anson, and fired. By a movement equally sudden, Isabel, with a scream, threw herself before her betrayer, and received the ball in her shoulder. The wretched father groaned in agony, and fled from the house, while Anson, consigning the wounded girl to the care of Mrs. Torrance, pursued the culprit.

The same day on which Anson committed his wife to the earth, Isabel Derode yielded up her spirit—and a jury declared that she died from a wound inflicted by the hand of her father.

Time passed slowly away, and Derode was preparing for his trial. The legal gentlemen whom he had employed, could perceive some palliating, but no justifiable, points in his case. He vehemently declared he had no purpose of injuring his daughter—his object being to inflict a just punishment on her seducer. His counsel, however, sorrowfully assured him, that if the *intent* and *attempt* to kill could be proved, and a death resulted from such attempt, it mattered little who fell by his hand.

The amiable Mrs. Torrance, resolving not to appear as a witness against him, had retired to the continent, and was now living in much seclusion at Dresden. But Anson remained; and the relentless heart of that altered man expanded with savage joy when he reflected that it was *his* evidence that would condemn his wronger. Some of the friends of the unhappy criminal waited on Anson, and besought him, in the most moving manner, not to appear against the wretched man, alleging that if no direct evidence were adduced, justice would wink, and the offender escape. The witness was inflexible. Derode himself sent a respectful request to see him. Anson entered his cell, and the despairing murderer begged for life like a very coward. Anson spurned the miserable suppliant from him:—"Villain! villain!" he said, "ten thousand dastard lives like yours would but poorly expiate your fiend-like crime, or glut my insatiate vengeance!"—and casting a look of inextinguishable hate on the prisoner, he left the cell.

A few days after his commitment, Derode had written to his son who was stationed at Bermuda, an account of his misfortunes and imprisonment. The dutiful boy having obtained leave, had instantly sailed for England, and was now sitting in his father's dismal apartment.

"Cheer up, father," said the young sailor,—"things will go well yet. No proof, you say, but that man's evidence,—and that man the seducer of my sister?"

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"Even so," replied the parent—"no prayers can touch him."

"I 'll touch him," said the fiery young man, "but not with prayers. Farewell father! to-morrow I 'll be here to tell you I have stopped the mouth of the king's witness."

Anson, promptly answering the challenge of young Derode, was at Chalk Farm at daylight. When he surveyed the slightly formed, but noble looking youth who stood before him, prepared for deadly contest, he remembered his unremitting pistol-practice, his unerring aim, and one human feeling, one pulsation of pity played around his heart. They were evanescent. He recalled his deserted home, his violated hearth, his vow for REVENGE, and at the fatal signal, his youthful antagonist lay on the frozen earth, with his life-blood bubbling out.

Could Anson have seen Derode when his son's death was communicated to him, he would have deemed the destroyer's cup of bitterness full.

Anson was arraigned for this murder, and underwent a trial, which was mere mockery, for having plied his gold freely—flaws, defective evidence, and questions of identity, as usual, in cases of duelling, hoodwinked justice.

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice
hurtless breaks,
Clothe it with rags, a pigmy's straw will pierce it."

Well, the day of trial came. Public excitement was at its highest pitch. The jailor, accompanied by sheriffs and tipstaves, proceeded to the cell of the prisoner, to escort him to the tribunal of justice. But lo! the apartment was tenantless. The criminal had escaped. A brief survey of his cell revealed the means of his egress. The heavy stones forming the sides of his grated window, were displaced. Large tools lay scattered about—files, chisels, and other articles, plainly indicating a bold confederacy. And such was indeed the case:—for the officers belonging to the same regiment with Derode had contrived his escape.

Words cannot depict Anson's feelings of mingled rage and disappointment when he learned that his victim had fled. At his own expense, he instituted a search that pervaded the three kingdoms. He himself flew to the continent, and offered a thousand guineas for the capture of the murderer. His efforts were fruitless. The men who liberated Derode did not withdraw their protection until they had placed him in safety.

For more than a year Anson wandered about Europe, in hopes to light upon the fugitive. Weary at length with the vain pursuit, and thinking that the fire in his heart was consuming his life, he returned home, as he thought, to die. He remained in Philadelphia a few months, during which time he conveyed a great part of the remainder of his property to some of our public charities, and then retired from the haunts of men to live and die alone. With a strong tinge of romance, he selected a wild, mountainous country, in the interior of our state, never leaving the precincts of the hovel where he dwelt, except to purchase a stock of the homeliest food.

He had been living thus more than eight years without any thing occurring to disturb the monotony of his life, when one blustering night, a cry from a creature in distress reached his ear, as he sat in his mountain hut, poring over a black-letter folio. Surprised that any one should invade his dangerous premises, and on such a night, he ignited a fragment of resinous wood, and sallied forth. As he descended the path that left his door, and struck into that which wound round a precipitous ledge, the voice came nearer on the blast. Anson shouted loudly to the stranger not to approach, until he reached him, as another step in the dark might be certain destruction. Proceeding hastily onward, he found the traveller standing on the outermost edge of the fearful precipice. The torrent was heard boiling and dashing far below, and the wind swept in eddying blasts round the dizzy cliff. Anson extended his hand to the wanderer, and the blaze of the torch flashed brightly in the faces of both men. Anson riveted his eyes on the features of the stranger, and with a yell of demoniac joy fastened on his throat. It was the miserable Derode, who, in the last stage of poverty, was wandering from the far west, to the sea-board, on foot. In the darkness, he had mistaken the mountain path for a bye-road, which had been described to him as greatly shortening the distance to the village. He quailed beneath the iron grasp of Anson, and struggled to say:—"dreaded man! are you not surfeited with revenge? My ruined daughter!—my murdered son!"

"No!" shouted the infuriated recluse, "my ruined—murdered wife! I see her pale face there—down in the black abyss! she demands the sacrifice! down!"

He hurled the trembling seducer over the precipice, and laughed aloud as the wretch dashed from rock to rock in his descent. A heavy plunge! and the surging torrent closed over the hapless Derode forever!

Anson dwelt on in his gloomy solitude, until his hair became blanched, and the memory of passion and crime had furrowed deep channels in his face. In the summer of 1828, we one day followed a trout stream far up into the mountain, and encountered the old man. Giving him the fruits of our morning sport, and seating ourselves in his hut, we learned from himself the leading incidents of this melancholy story. His eye lighted up with unnatural fire, as he pointed with unsteady finger to the fearful cliff, and said, "there, sir, 't was from yon projection, I dashed my destroyer into the chasm. The law would call it murder, and I live in daily expectation that the bloodhounds will drag me hence. Well, let them come when they will; from my youth, life has been to me one deep, enduring curse."

We saw him at least once in the summer for many years, and in our last interview with him, we said cheerfully,—"you look quite hale yet, Mr. Anson." He regarded us steadily for a moment, and said, in a voice that reminded us of Shelly's Ahasuerus, "I cannot die."

* *

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THE EMPRESS.

"Adieu, my lord—
I never wished to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall." *Winter's Tale.*

It was evening. The mass had been concluded in the royal chapel, and the Empress Josephine was returning to her apartments through the gallery that led thereto. As she was proceeding along, she felt a touch upon her arm, and, upon looking round, discovered the form of a man beside her. He made his obeisance, and she immediately recognised the Counsellor Fouché.

"What would Monsieur Fouché?" she demanded.

"A few moments private converse with you, if it please your majesty," he replied, and, at the same time, pointing to the embrasure of a window near by.

Josephine understood the motion, and made a sign that she would follow. He led the way; and when they arrived, she again demanded what he wanted.

"I crave your majesty's pardon for the liberty I have taken," said the minister of police respectfully, yet boldly, "but I wish to make a communication, which, though it may not be of the most pleasing nature, yet, demands your majesty's most serious attention."

"And what may it be? speak," said the empress.

"You are aware," began the minister, "that I am much with the emperor, and have ample opportunity for learning his secret wishes and desires. I have become acquainted with one recently, which, of late, has much occupied his mind, and which he would fain gratify but for the love he bears your majesty. It is this: he wishes for an heir to inherit his title and power. Every man, you know, feels an inherent pride in transmitting his name to posterity; and it is but natural that the emperor should feel such a desire. I would, therefore, suggest to your majesty the necessity of a sacrifice, which will add to the interest of France, make his majesty happy, and which would be as equally sublime as it will be inevitable. Beg him to obtain a divorce."

During this disclosure, the empress betrayed excessive emotion. Her mild eyes were suffused with tears—her lips swelled—her bosom heaved—her face became deadly pale—and the tremor that took possession of her frame, told how deeply her feelings were agitated. But it was as the momentary cloud that obscures the noonday sun; in a moment it was past, and with a slightly tremulous voice, she asked—

"And what authority has the duke of Otranto for holding such language?"

"None," he replied, "it is only from a conviction of what must most certainly come to pass, and a desire to turn your attention to what so nearly concerns your majesty's glory and happiness, that I have dared to speak upon the subject. Nevertheless, if I have offended, I beg your majesty's forgiveness. Permit me now to depart."

He stood silent for a few minutes, as if waiting for her assent. She waved her hand, and the boldest political intriguer of his time departed, conscious of having done that which none other in France would have presumed.

Josephine turned away with a beating heart. She reached her apartments, and throwing herself on a sofa, gave vent to her over-burthened soul in a flood of tears. It was not long before dinner was announced; but she refused to appear at the table, on a plea of indisposition, and retired to her chamber.

It was a short time afterward that the door of the chamber opened, and the emperor entered. He approached Josephine. Her eyes were red with weeping, and the tears yet moistened those bright orbs, in defiance of her efforts to appear calm. He seated himself beside her, and put his arm around her waist.

"Josephine," said he, in an affectionate tone, "what is the cause of this emotion?"

"Nothing," she answered, in a faltering voice, and scarcely audible.

"Something has occurred to bring forth those tears. Tell me, what is it?" and he looked tenderly in her face.

"I cannot," she said, bitterly, whilst she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and gave vent to another flood of tears. "No, I cannot speak those fearful words."

"What words, Josephine? speak; what words?" She hesitated, and then faltered out,

"That—that you—you do not love me as you used to."

"'T is false!" he exclaimed.

"Then why wish to be separated? why wish for a divorce? Oh! Napoleon, is it my fault that we have no children to bless our union? God has so willed it," and her bosom heaved convulsively

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He started as she pronounced the two first sentences, and compressed his lips as if to suppress the pang of conviction that shot through his heart.

"Josephine," said the emperor, tenderly, "some one has been poisoning your mind with idle tales. Who has it been?"

She then related to him her interview with Fouché, and asked him to dismiss that minister as a penalty for his audacity in playing with her feelings. He strenuously denied the communication; but refused to dismiss him.

"No," said he, "circumstances compel me to retain him, though he well deserves my displeasure. But why give credit to such silly assertions, Josephine? Have I ever treated you but with affection? Have you discovered aught in my behaviour to warrant suspicion? No; believe me you are still dear to me. Banish those foolish fears from your breast then, and weep no more." So saying, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and left the chamber to attend to the affairs of state.

It was touching to hear such expressions of tenderness issue from the greatest monarch of his time, and to witness that act of devotion—to see that proud spirit unbent; but it was those tears of anguish, and the whisperings of that "still small voice" of conscience, that had humbled him, to whom kings and monarchs humbled themselves, and whose mighty mind aspired to the conquest of the world.

The setting sun threw its parting rays over the earth, and pierced the windows of the imperial palace. The golden flood, softened by the crimson curtains, fell upon the charming features of the empress Josephine, as she sat in thoughtful attitude, with her head resting upon her hand, on a sofa of royal purple, near the centre of her chamber. A page, in waiting, stood near the door, carelessly humming a light ditty; his heart as sunny as his own native France. What a contrast with that which beat within the bosom of the empress! Care weighed heavily upon her breast. Long before her interview with Fouché she had, from the very cause hinted at by the minister, dreaded a withdrawal of her husband's affections; but since that event her anxieties had doubly increased, and suspicion would take possession of her mind, amounting, at times, even to jealousy. Not that she apprehended his proceeding to that extreme at which the wily minister had hinted; no!—no person on earth could have persuaded her that he, whose joys and woes she had cheerfully shared, wished for a separation: but that some Syren would ensnare him with her charms, and usurp that place in his heart which she only should hold. All the powers she possessed were exerted by Josephine, in order to retain his love, and sometimes she fancied she had succeeded; for of late, in proportion as the sense of injustice he was about to do her, presented itself to his mind, he became more than usually kind and tender; but there were moments when a gloomy melancholy would settle upon her—an indefinable something that seemed to warn of approaching affliction.

It was in one of those fits of abstraction, so foreign to her naturally cheerful nature, that she sat, as we have said, seemingly unconscious of all around, when the door opened, and Napoleon entered. He seemed disturbed, and trouble was vividly depicted in his expressive countenance. He motioned for the page to retire, and seated himself beside her.

"Josephine!" he said.

She started from her reverie, as he pronounced her name—for buried in thought, she had not observed his entrance—and bent upon him such a look, full of sweetness and affection, that it disarmed him; he could not proceed. He arose. He folded his arms upon his breast and paced to and fro; his brow was contracted,—his lips compressed; and the unquiet restlessness of his piercing eye, betokened the agitation he could scarce control. He thus continued for some moments. At length he stopped before her, as if his resolution was taken, and then again turned away, continuing to walk up and down the apartment with rapid and hasty strides. After a short time he stopped again.

"It must be done," he muttered, "I will acquaint her with it at once; delay but makes it still more difficult."

He made an effort to suppress his emotion, and seated himself beside her. But again his voice failed him, and he could only articulate,—

"Josephine, prepare yourself for sad news."

Ever on the alarm, the purport of his words seemed anticipated by her, though not to their full extent, and she burst into a flood of tears, scarce knowing why.

Dinner was now announced, and their majesties proceeded to the table. Silence prevailed throughout the meal, and the dishes were scarcely touched. They arose from their seats, and as they did so, the page on duty presented the emperor with his accustomed cup of coffee. He took it, but handed it back scarcely touched. He then proceeded to his chamber; the empress followed.

They seated themselves when they had entered, and remained for some time silent. The emperor at length spoke.

"There is no use in deferring the truth, Josephine," said he, in a tremulous voice, "it must sooner or later be made known to you, and suspense is more cruel than certainty. The interests of France demand that we separate."

"What!" she exclaimed, placing both hands on his shoulders, and gazing with an eager and inquiring look in his face, "what? separate!"

"Yes," he answered, "France demands the sacrifice."

Her hands dropped heavily—her bosom heaved—and hot, burning tears, such only as flow from a surcharged heart, gushed forth in torrents from her eyes.

"And I—oh! God!" she exclaimed, "I who have shared your joys and sorrows—who have been your companion for years—who loved you through weal and woe—who—but I will not upbraid you, Napoleon. Yet she who supplants me, Maria Louise, the daughter of the Emperor Francis, can never love you as I have done,—oh! no!"

She buried her face in her hands; the emperor remained silent.

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"But," she continued, starting suddenly, and throwing her arms around his neck, "you do not mean it. Oh! no! say you do not! speak,—you cannot mean it. Tell me, quick—say it is not so—that it cannot, must not be. Speak, Napoleon, and the blessing of God rest upon you!"

"Alas! it is too true," he said, his eyes suffused with tears. Oh! how keen was the pang of conscience that shot through his guilty heart.

"True!" she exclaimed, "and you confirm it? Then Fouché was right. But I will never survive it—no! I will never survive it. Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

She uttered a piercing scream, and reeled backward, for she had risen from her seat in her excitement. Napoleon caught her in his arms, and laid her gently upon the carpet. Her agony was too deep for words, and she could only weep and groan in bitterness of spirit. He stepped to the door and called de Bausset. They raised her in their arms, and bore her to her chamber. Her women were immediately summoned, and she was resigned to their care. Napoleon retired, greatly agitated. De Bausset followed; tears were also in his eyes; for Josephine, by her goodness, won all hearts. Napoleon stopped a moment outside to listen to her groan of anguish. He related what had occurred.

"The interests of France:" he continued, addressing De Bausset, "and as my dynasty does violence to my heart, the divorce has become a rigorous duty. I am more afflicted by what has happened to Josephine, because, three days ago, she must have learned it from Hortensia. The unhappy obligation which condemns me to separate myself from her, I deplore with all my heart, but I thought she possessed more strength of character, and I was not prepared for these bursts of grief."

They hurried away. Conscience, ever-faithful conscience, was already performing its duty; he felt its just upbraidings. He essayed to stifle it. It was this that led him to utter such language to De Bausset—to assert that he thought she possessed strength of character enough to receive the announcement without those bursts of grief. What virtuous and affectionate woman could receive with calmness a sentence of repudiation; and that, too, by the tongue of a beloved husband? Her heart must have become as stone.

On the sixteenth of December, 1809, the law, authorising the divorce, was enacted by the conservative senate. In the following March the nuptials between Napoleon and Marie Louise, were performed in Vienna; and on the first day of April, a little more than four months after the scene above described, they were joined in wedlock in the city of Paris, by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch.

Thus was consummated that act which cast a stain upon the character of "the great Napoleon," which time cannot efface. A blot, deep and indelible, that will remain whilst his name lives among men. It was an act contrary to the laws of God and of humanity.

One wrong action will often tarnish a whole life. We may admire his bravery, and courage, his vast conception of mind, his gigantic intellect, his unparalelled energy, his perseverance, and his determination of character, but when we turn to this dark page in his history, admiration vanishes, and contempt and disgust usurp its place. It was indeed an act unworthy of the man, and one that admits of no palliation. It was not to France the sacrifice, as he termed it, was made; it was to ambition. And may we not surmise that the lowering fortunes which ever after were his, and the dark fate which closed his days in a lonely island, afar off on the bosom of the ocean, were, in some measure, acts of divine retribution, which this act of his called forth.

Long years after the occurrence of the foregoing events, and when Napoleon was no more master of Europe,—when Louis XVIII. was seated on the throne of France, and "Le Grand Monarque," was a prisoner, confined for life on the island of St. Helena—the lovely and accomplished Josephine,—the injured wife,—ended a virtuous life at the villa of Malmaison, near St. Germain, whither she had retired after the divorce. Her death was attributed to disease of the body; but it is likely it was not altogether that, or at least a secret sorrow had so weakened and enfeebled her mortal frame that the least rude touch of disease overthrew the structure. Differently died the repudiator and the repudiated.

SKETCHER.

Philadelphia, 1841.

LAKE GEORGE.

THERE is a clear and bright blue lake
  Embosom'd in the rocky north;
No murmurs e'er its silence break,
  As on its waves we sally forth;
The mountain bird floats high aloft,
  Above his wild and craggy nest,
And gazes from his towering throne,
  Upon the torrent's sparkling breast;
While far beneath, in light and shade,
  The bright green valleys frown and smile,
And in the bed sweet nature made,
  The lake sleeps soft and sweet the while.
O'er many a green and lovely wild,
  The golden sun-beams gaily smile;
But 'mid them all he doth not break,
  As on his race he sallies forth,
On fairer scene, or sweeter lake,
  Than that within the rocky north.

Lake George, Feb., 1841. M. T.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

PAUL JONES.

"STEADY, there, steady!" thundered the master of the merchantman, his voice seeming, however, in the fierce uproar of the gale, to die away into a whisper.

I looked ahead. A giant wave, towering as high as the yard arm, its angry crest hissing above us, and its dark green bosom seeming to open to engulph our fated bark, was rolling down toward us, shutting out half the horizon from sight, and striking terror into the stoutest heart. It was a fearful spectacle. Involuntarily I glanced around the horizon. All was dark, lowering, and ominous. On every hand the mountain waves were heaving to the sky, while the roar of the hurricane was awfully sublime. Now we rose to the heavens: now sunk into a yawning abyss. But I had little time to gaze upon the fearful scene. Already the angry billow was rushing down upon our bows, when the master again sung out, as if with the voice of a giant,

"*Hold on all!*" and as he spoke, the huge volume of waters came tumbling in upon us, sweeping our decks like a whirlwind, hissing, roaring, and foaming along, and making the merchantman quiver in every timber from bulwark to keelson. Not a moveable thing was left. The long boat was swept from the decks like chaff before a hurricane. For an instant the merchantman lay powerless beneath the blow, as if a thunderbolt had stunned her; but gradually recovering from the shock, she shook the waters gallantly from her bows, emerged from the deluge, and rolling her tall masts heavily to starboard, once more breasted the storm.

We had been a week at sea without meeting a single sail. During that time we had enjoyed a succession of favorable breezes, until within the last few days, when the gale, which now raged, had overtaken us, and driven us out into the Atlantic, somewhere, as near as we could guess, between the Bermudas and our port of destination. Within the last few hours we had been lying-to, under a close-reefed foresail; but every succeeding wave had seemed to become more dangerous than the last, until it was now evident that our craft could not much longer endure the continued surges which breaking over her bows, threatened momentarily to engulph us. The master stood by my side, holding on to a rope, his weather-beaten countenance drenched with spray, but his keen, anxious eye changing continually from the bow of his craft, to the wild scene around him.

"She can't stand it much longer, Mr. Parker," said the old man, "many a gale have I weathered in her, but none like this. God help us!"

"Meet it with the helm—hold on all," came faintly from the forecastle, and before the words had whizzed past upon the gale, another mountain wave was hurled in upon us, and I felt myself, the next instant, borne away, as in the arms of a giant, upon its bosom. The rope by which I held had parted. There was a hissing in my ears—a rapid shooting like an arrow—a desperate effort to stay my progress by catching at a rope, I missed—and then I felt myself whirled away astern of the merchantman, my eyes blinded with the spray, my ears ringing with a strange, wild sound, and a feeling of sudden, utter hopelessness at my heart, such as they only can know who have experienced a fate as terrible as mine, at that moment, threatened to be.

"A man overboard!" came faintly from the fast-receding ship.

"Ahoy!" I shouted.

"Hillo—hil—lo—o," was answered back.

"Ahoy—a—a—hoy!"

"Throw over that spar."

"Toll the bell that he may know where we are."

"Hillo—hi—il—lo!"

"Who is it?"

"Bring a lantern here."

"Hil—l—o—o—o—o!"

"Can you see him?"

"It 's as dark as death."

"God have mercy then upon his soul."

I could hear every word of the conversation, as the excited tones of the speakers came borne to leeward upon the gale, but although I shouted back with desperate strength, I felt that my cries were unheard by my shipmates to windward. The distance between myself and the merchantman was meanwhile rapidly increasing, and every moment her dark figure became more and more shadowy. With that presence of mind which is soon acquired in a life of peril, I had begun to tread water the instant I had gone overboard; but I felt that my strength would soon fail me, and that I must sink,

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unaided, into the watery abyss. Oh! who can tell my feelings as I saw the figure of the merchantman gradually becoming more dim in the distance, and heard the voices of my friends, at first loud and distinct, dying away into indistinct murmurs. Alone on the ocean! My breath came quick; my heart beat wildly; I felt the blood rushing in torrents to my brain. The scene meanwhile grew darker around me. The faint hope I had entertained that the ship would be put about, gradually died away; and even while I looked, she suddenly vanished from my vision. I strained my eyes to catch a sight of her as I rose upon a billow. Alas! she was not to be seen. Was there then no hope? Young; full of life; in the heyday of love—oh! God it was too much to endure! I felt that my last hour had come. Already the waters seemed roaring through my ears, and strange, fantastic figures to dance before my eyes. In that hour every event of my life whirled through my memory! I thought of my childhood; of my mother in her weeds; of her prayers over her only child; and of the cold wintry day when they laid her in her grave, and told me that I was an orphan. I thought too of my boyhood; of my college life; of my early days at sea; of the eventful months which had just passed; of my hopes of a bright career or a glorious death, thus to be quenched forever; and of Beatrice, my own Beatrice, whom I was to see no more. Wild with the agony of that thought, I tossed my arms aloft, and invoked a dying blessing on her head. At that instant something came shooting past me, borne on the bosom of a towering wave. It was a lumbering chest, doubtless one of those thrown overboard from the merchantman. I grasped it with a desperate effort: I clambered up upon it; and as I felt its frail planks beneath me, a revulsion came over my bosom. The fisherman by his fireside, when the tempest howls around his dwelling, could not have felt more confident of safety than I now did, with nothing but this simple chest between me and the yawning abyss. Quick, gushing emotions swept through my bosom; I burst into tears; and lifting up my voice, there, alone, on the wide ocean, I poured forth my thanksgivings to God.

It was with no little difficulty I maintained my position on the chest, during the long hours which elapsed before the morning dawned. Now borne to the heavens, now hurried into the abyss below; now drenched with the surge, now whirled wildly onward, on the bosom of some wave, I passed the weary moments, in alternate efforts to maintain my hold, and ardent longings for the morning's light. The gale, meantime, gradually diminished. At length the long looked-for dawn appeared, creeping slowly and ominously over the horizon, and revealing to my eager sight nothing but the white surges, the agitated deep, and the leaden colored sky on every hand. My heart sank within me. All through the weary watches of that seemingly interminable night, I had cheered my drooping hopes with the certainty of seeing the merchantman in the morning, and now, as I scanned the flowing horizon, and saw only that stormy waste on every hand, my heart once more died within me, and I almost despaired. Suddenly, however, I thought I perceived something flashing on the weather seaboard like the wing of a water-fowl, and straining my eyes in that direction, whenever I rose upon a wave, I beheld at length, to my joy, that the object was a sail. Oh! the overpowering emotions of that moment. The vessel was evidently one of considerable size, and coming down right toward me. As she approached I made her out to be a sloop of war, driving under close-reefed courses before the gale. Her hull of glossy black; her snowy canvass; and her trim jaunty finish were in remarkable contrast with the usual slovenly appearance of a mere merchantman. No jack was at her mast-head; no ensign fluttered at her gaff. But I cared not to what nation she belonged, in that moment of hope and fear. To me she was a messenger of mercy. I had watched her eagerly until she had approached within almost a pistol-shot of me, trembling momentarily lest she should alter her course. I now shouted with all my strength. No one, however, seemed to hear me. Onward she came, swinging with the surges, and driving a cataract of foam along before her bows. A look-out was idly leaning on the bowsprit. As the huge fabric surged down toward me another danger arose. I might be run down. Nerved to supernatural strength by the imminency of the peril, I raised myself half up upon my chest, and placing my hand to my mouth, shouted with desperate energy,

"Ahoy! a—a—hoy!"

"Hillo!" said the look-out, turning sharply in the direction of my voice.

"Ahoy! ship *a—ha—o—y!*"

"Starboard your helm," thundered the seaman, discovering me upon my little raft, "heave a rope here—easy—easy—God bless you, shipmate," and with the rapidity with which events are transacted in a dream, I was hoisted on board, and clasped in the arms of the warm-hearted old fellow, before he saw, by my uniform, that I was an officer. When he perceived this, however, he started back, and hastily touching his hat, said, with humorous perplexity,

"Beg pardon, sir—did n't see you belonged aft——"

"An American officer in this extremity," said a deep voice at my elbow, with startling suddenness, and as the speaker advanced, the group of curious seamen fell away from around me, as if by magic; while I felt, at once, that I was in the presence of the commanding officer of the ship.

"You are among friends," said the speaker, in a voice slightly tinged with the Scotch accent, "we bear the flag of the Congress—but walk aft—you are drenched, exhausted—you need rest—I must delay my inquiries until you have been provided for—send the doctor to my cabin—and steward mix us a rummer of hot grog."

During these rapid remarks the speaker, taking me by the arm, had conducted, or rather led me to a neat cabin aft, and closing the door with his last remarks, he opened a locker, and producing a suit of dry clothes, bid me array myself in them, and then vanished from the apartment.

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In a few minutes, however, he re-appeared, followed by the steward, bearing a huge tumbler of hot brandy, which he made me drink off, nothing loth, at a draught.

From the first instant of his appearance, I had felt a strange, but unaccountable awe in the presence of the commanding officer, and I now sought to account for it by a rigid, but hasty scrutiny of his person, as he stood before me.

He was a short, thick-set, muscular man, apparently about thirty years of age, dress in a blue, tight-fitting naval frock coat, with an epaulette upon one shoulder, and a sword hanging by his side. But his face was the most striking part of him. Such a countenance I never saw. It had a fire in the eye, a compression about the lips, a distention of the nostrils, and a sternness in its whole appearance, which betokened a man, not only of strong passions, but of inflexible decision of character. That brow, bold, massy, and threatening, might have shaped the destinies of a nation. I could not withdraw my eyes from it. He appeared to read my thoughts, for smiling faintly, he courteously signed to the steward to take my glass, and when the door had closed upon him, said,

"But to what brother officer am I indebted for this honor?"

I mentioned my name, and the schooner in which I had sailed from New York.

"The Fire-Fly!" he said, with some surprise, "ah! I have heard of your gallantry in that brush with the pirates—" and then, half unconsciously, as if musing, he continued, "and so your name is Parker."

"And yours?" I asked, with a nod of assent.

"Paul Jones!"

For a moment we stood silently gazing on each other—he seeming to wish to pierce my very soul with his small, grey eye, and I regarding with a feeling akin to fascination, the wonderful man whose after career was even then foreshadowed in my mind.

"I see you are of the right stuff," exclaimed this singular being, breaking the silence, "we shall yet make those haughty English weep in blood for their tyranny."

I know not how it was; but from that moment I felt certain my companion would make his name a terror to his enemies, and a wonder to the world.

For some days we continued our course, with but little deviation; and every day I became more and more interested in the commander of the man-of-war. Although my situation as his guest brought me into closer contact with him than any one except his lieutenant, yet, after the first few hours of our intercourse, he became reserved and silent, though without any diminution of courtesy. His former career was little known even in the ward-room. He had been brought up, it was said, by the earl of Selkirk, but had left his patron's house at the age of fifteen, and embarked in a seafaring life. Dark hints were whispered about as to the causes of his sudden departure, and it was said that the dishonor of one of his family had driven him forth from the roof of his patron. Upon these subjects, however, I made no ungenerous enquiries; but learned that he had subsequently been engaged in the West India trade as master, and that he had, on the breaking out of the war, come to America, and offered himself to Congress for a commission in our navy. Some deep, but, as yet unknown, cause of hatred toward the English, was said to have prompted him to this act.

As time passed on, however, I enjoyed many opportunities of studying his singular character, which, had I not felt my curiosity aroused, might have passed by unused. Often would I, in our slight conversations, endeavor to pierce into his bosom, and read there the history of all those dark emotions which slumbered there. But he seemed generally to suspect my purpose—at least he appeared always on his guard. He was ever the same courteous but unfathomable being.

We had run down as far south as the Bermudas, when, one day the look-out made five sail; and in an instant every eye was directed toward the quarter where the strangers appeared, to see if there was any chance of a prize.

"How bear they?" asked Paul Jones quickly, to the look-out at the mast-head.

"I can't make out but one, and she seems a large merchantman, on a taut bowline."

"Watch her sharp."

"Ay, ay, sir."

For sometime every eye was fastened upon the approaching sail, which, apparently unconscious of an enemy so near, kept blindly approaching us. At length her royals began to lift, her topsails followed rapidly, and directly the heads of her courses loomed up on the horizon. Every eye sparkled with the certainty of a rich prize.

"She 's a fat Indiaman, by St. George," said our lieutenant, who had not yet so far forgot the country of his ancestors, as to swear by any saint but her patron one.

"I guess we 'd better not be too sure," said a cautious old quarter-master from Cape Cod, as he levelled a much worn spy-glass, and prepared to take a long squint at the stranger.

"By St. Pathrick," said an Irish midshipman, in a whisper to one of his comrades, "but wont she make a beautiful prize—with the rale Jamaica, my boys, by the hogshead in her, and we nothing to do afther the capture, but to drink it up, to be shure."

"The strange sail is a frigate," said the look-out at the mast head, with startling earnestness.

"Too true, by G—d," muttered the lieutenant, shutting his glass with a jerk; and as he spoke, the hull of the stranger loomed up above the horizon, presenting a row of yawning teeth that boded us little good, for we knew that our own little navy boasted no vessel with so large an armament.

"That fellow is an English frigate," calmly said Paul Jones, closing his telescope leisurely, "we shall have to try our heels."

Every thing that could draw was soon set, and we went off upon a wind, hoping to distance our pursuer by superior sailing. But though, for a while, we deluded ourselves with this hope, it soon became apparent that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon us, and with a heavy cross sea to contend against, we found ourselves, in less than four hours,

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within musket shot of the frigate, upon her weather bow. During all this time the Englishman had been firing her chase guns after us, but not one of them, as yet, had touched us. The game, however, was now apparently over. Every one gave themselves up as lost, to die, perhaps, the death of rebels. Resistance would only inflame our captors. How astonished then, were we all to hear the captain exclaim,—

"Beat to quarters!"

The high discipline of the crew brought every man to his post at the first tap of the drum, though not a countenance but exhibited amazement at the order.

"Open the magazine!" said Paul Jones in the same stern, collected tone.

The order was obeyed, and then all was silent again. It was a moment of exciting interest. As I looked along the deck at the dark groups gathered at the guns, and then at the calm, but iron-like countenance of the daring commander, I felt strange doubts as to whether it might not be his intention to sink beneath the broadside of the frigate, or, grappling with the foe, blow himself and the Englishman up. My reverie, however, was soon cut short by a shot from the frigate whizzing harmlessly past us, overhead. The eye of the singular being standing beside me, flashed lightning, as he thundered,—

"Show him the bunting. Let drive at him, gunner," and at the same instant our flag shot up to the gaff, unrolled, and then whipt in the wind; while a shot from one of our four pounders, cut through and through the fore-course of the enemy.

"Keep her away a point or two, quarter-master," said the captain, again breaking in upon the ominous silence, now interrupted only by the report of the cannon, or the fierce dashing of the waves against the sloop's bows.

"Does he mean to have us all strung up at the yard arm?" whispered the lieutenant to me, as he beheld this perilous bravado, yet felt himself restrained as much by the awe in which he held his superior, as by his own rigid notions of discipline, from remonstrating against the manœuvre.

Meantime, the frigate was slowly gaining upon us, and had her batteries been better served, would have soon riddled us to pieces; but the want of skill in her crew, as well as the violence of the cross sea, prevented her shot from taking effect. The distance between us, however, gradually lessened. We saw no hope of escape. Every resort had been tried, but in vain. Already the frigate was dashing on to us in dangerous proximity, and we could see the eager countenances of her officers apparently exulting over their prize. Our crew, meanwhile, began to murmur. Despair was in many faces: despondency in all. Only our commander maintained the same inflexible demesnor which had characterised him throughout the chase. He had kept his eye steadily fixed upon the frigate for the last ten minutes in silence, only speaking now and then to order the sloop to be kept away another point or two. By this means the relative positions of the two vessels had been changed so as to bring us upon the lee-bow of the enemy. Suddenly his eye kindled, and turning quickly around to his lieutenant, he said,—

"Order all hands to be ready to make sail," and as soon as the men had sprung to their stations, he shouted—

"Up with your helm; hard,—harder. Man the clew garnets—board tacks—topsails, royals—and flying jib,—merrily all, my men."

And as sheet after sheet of canvass was distended to the wind, we came gallantly around, and catching the breeze over our taffrail, went off dead before the wind, passing, however, within pistol shot of the enemy.

"Have you any message for Newport?" said Paul Jones, springing into the mizzen-rigging, and hailing the infuriated English captain, as we shot past him.

"Give it to him with the grape—all hands make sail—fire!" came hoarsely down from the frigate, in harsh and angry tones.

"Good day, and many thanks for your present," said our impertubable commander, as the discharge swept harmlessly by; and then leaping upon the deck, he ran his eye aloft.

"Run aft with that sheet—send out the kites aloft there, more merrily—we shall drop the rascals now, my gallant fellows," shouted the elated captain, as we swept like a sea-gull away from the foe; while the men, inspired by the boldness and success of the manœuvre, worked with a redoubled alacrity, which promised soon to place us without reach of the enemy's fire. The desperate efforts of the frigate to regain her advantage, were, meanwhile, of no avail. Taken completely by surprise, she could neither throw out her light sails sufficiently quick, nor direct her fiery broadsides with any precision. Not a grape-shot struck us, although the water to larboard was ploughed up with the iron hail. We soon found that we outsailed her before the wind, and in less than an hour we had drawn beyond range of her shot.

THE DEPARTED.

Her parents are weeping, she sheds not a tear,
Loved voices are calling, alas! can she hear?—
The hyacinth blossom is plucked from its stem,
The casket is broken, and scattered the gem.

Pale Death! the grim archer, hath bended his bow,
The arrow hath vanished, the dove is laid low;
Ah! fair was the victim thus fated to bleed,
And well might the spoiler exult in his deed.

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THE MAJOR'S WEDDING.

A VERITABLE STORY TOLD BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Ah! Mr. Editor, glad to see you in this cramped hole—no air, hot as a furnace—egad, I 'm almost baked; and as for smoking one's meerschaum, or drinking claret in a stage coach, you might as well dream of heaven in the paws of a prairie bear. Ah! you 've got a cigar, I see—God bless the man that first invented tobacco. But hark 'e, who was that tall, slim, low-shouldered gentleman, with the long neck, that sat in the bar-room corner, in a semi-animated state, and had n't spoke for a half an hour until he growled back your salutation?"

"Who? Jeremy—that was a poet."

"A poet! heaven protect us from such madness. Is he married?"

"No—he swears he 'll never wed any one but a poetess; and you know they 're a scarce article in the market."

"Egad, I thought he was a bachelor, for who ever heard of a married man writing poetry? Flummery, sir, flummery—whipt cream and sugar—away with your poetry! Give me the real solid prose, your regular beefsteak, with a spice of wit to make it palateable, boy. Now there 's Oliver Oldfellow, he used to be as poetical as a scissors grinder before he got married, but after that he came to his senses, and—Lord love you!—he has n't written a line these twenty years."

"You 're savage on the poets. But if what you say is true, there ought to be a law against poets marrying."

"And what 's the use of law, to stop what one can't help? No man—let me tell you—ever got married in his senses. No, no, my boy, they are crazy, bewitched, '*non compos mentis*.' Did you ever meet a girl that did n't say she 'd never get married, and why then should she do it if she did n't get possessed? But the poor victims are to be pitied more than blamed. It 's not their fault. It 's destiny, sir, destiny. When a thief's hour comes he 's got to be hung—and when a man's time is up he 's got to suffer matrimony. There 's no escape. Let him double like a hare, turn to the right or left, dive like a duck, or pretend to be dead like a dormouse, he 'll be sure to be found out at every trick, and made a Benedict of—even if it 's done by spirits—before he 's aware of it. Let me tell you a story to prove my position.

"Major Compton was a hale, hearty old fellow when I knew him in the last war, though I believe gout and morning drams have long since driven the nails in his coffin. He had been a gay chap when young—a soldier, a beaux, a bit of a fop, and then—egad, sir—a poet of no little fashion. He could knock you off a sonnet on a lady's charms sooner than old Tom the blacksmith could knock off a horse-shoe. But after a while he fell in love, and—to cut short my story—was married. Ah! many and many a time have I heard him tell me how he felt it coming on him as if he was bewitched; how he struggled against the malady but could not prevail; and how he shuddered when he found himself writing poetry, because, like the sight of water in the hydrophobia, he knew then that it was all over with him. But this happened years before we met. When I knew him he was a jolly, red-faced widower, and had a horror of all poets, women, and cold water—the last of which he used to say made men effeminate, in proof of which he said all savages who used nothing else, like the Tahitans, were cowards. Betwixt you and I, he must have married a Tartar.

"Well—he 'd been out one night at a supper, and the bottle had passed around so frequently that every soul of the company, except the major, got under the table,—so, after amusing himself by blacking their faces with burnt cork, and moralising, as a gentleman ought to, over their deplorable condition, he set out to find his way home to his quarters. As he emerged into the cool air he felt his head getting light as if it were going up, balloon-like, with himself for a parachute; but holding his hat down with both hands, as he remembered to have seen them keep down an inflated balloon, he managed to get along pretty well, though he could n't keep his head from swinging about with the wind, which made him, he said, walk as crooked as if he had been drunk, though he was never seberer in his life.

"It was a wild, gusty night, and the clouds were drifting like snow-flakes overhead, when the major sallied out into the street, and began his journey to his lodgings. The wind roared around the corners, or whistled down the chimneys of the old houses around, whose tall, dark, chilly figures rose up against the November sky, until they seemed, to the major's vision, fairly to shiver with cold. The stars, high up, were winking through the drift, except now and then a sturdy old fellow who stared right into the major's face. One of these seemed determined to abash him whether or no. Go where he would it followed him, so that if he looked up he would be sure to see it staring full upon him

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with its dull yellow eye. It made him think, he said, of his spouse of blessed memory, when she would stick her arms a-kimbo, and make faces at him. Now the major was a good-humored soul, but there are some things, even Job could n't endure. The major bore it, however, until he reached a wild common, when taking a seat upon a heap of stones, he planted his elbows on his knees, buried his chin in his hands, and looking right at the saucy star, said,

"'Hillo! up there—now take a good look, and let 's see who 'll give over first.'

"'Hillo!' said a voice close behind him.

"'Hillo it is, you old mocking curmudgeon, say that again and I 'll pound your face into a jelly,' said the major, turning wrathfully around; but, though he looked every where, not a bit of a man could he see even as big as the fabled Tom Thumb. It was, as I have said, a wide, open common, with not a tree or a house upon it, and if any living thing had been moving across its surface he would have been sure to have detected it. What could it have been? He thought of all the stories of goblins he had ever read, and his hair almost stood on end as he remembered them. But rallying himself, he began to whistle aloud, and stare again at the saucy star overhead. The sky, however, had grown darker during the interruption; and in a few moments the clouds obscured the provoking star. For a moment he closed his eyes, and feeling sleepy, dozed; but his head suddenly pitching forward, aroused him, and he once more looked up. What a sight was there! Dark, frowning masses of vapor swept wildly across the firmament; while the wind now wailed out in unearthly tones, and then went shrieking across the common like the laughter of a troop of malignant fiends. A wood, some distance off, skirting the common, tossed its gray, leafless branches wantonly in the winds; and anon a loud, shrill whistle, as of an army of hunters, rung out, down in the very heart of the forest. The major almost started from his feet, and rubbed his eyes to rouse himself from his drowsiness. The clouds were once more drifting swiftly across the sky, now rolling together into huge, dark masses, and now separating, and then weaving together again into a thousand fantastic shapes. Just at that instant the provoking star gleamed once more through the drift, and this time it stared at him more like his spouse than ever. The major could stand it no longer. Forgetting the fearful things around him, he shook his clenched fist at it, and said,

"'Hillo! you old, wry-faced vixen, how dare you squint at me—Ma—a—a—jor—Com—Compt—Compton—how dare you, I say? Do you want to remind me that I was once fool enough to get married?—I 'd like to see the woman I 'd have now: all the powers above or below could n't force me to get married again—no, no, you old crab-appple?—I—I—say—'

"'They could n't—could n't they?' quietly said a voice at his elbow.

"And who the deuce are you?" said the major, turning sharply around.

"'Who do you think?' said one of the oddest looking beings the major ever beheld—a short, mis-shapen man, with great goggle eyes, a roguish leer on his face, legs that were doubled up under him like a pocket-rule, and long, bony fingers, one of which was stuck knowingly aside his nose, while his eyes alternately were winking at the astonished major; for the little fellow seemed to be in high glee at the wonder he occasioned.

"For some minutes they stood looking at each other without a word—the major's eyes growing larger and larger with astonishment; while the odd little fellow kept winking away, with his finger at his nose, to his own apparent glee. At length he said,

"'Well—what d' y'e think, old carbuncle?'

"Now the major was a valiant man, and had any mortal thing called him by such a nick name, he would have first run him through and then almost eaten him alive; but he has told me a hundred times that his heart went like a forge-hammer to be addressed by a being of another world. So he only stammered,

"'I—I—don't know—'

"'Speak up, man, speak up—why your voice is as thin and weak as if you 'd been doctored for the quinzy a month.'

"'Lord bless you, sir, I never had it in my life,' said the major, with sudden boldness.

"'Uh—uh—uh,' interrupted the little fellow, menacingly, 'none of that—none of that. No strange names if you please.'

"The major's heart again went like a falling mill, and his throat felt as if he was about to choke; for he had no doubt it was the devil himself who stood before him.

"'I—I—beg pardon—your majesty—I—I.'

"'What! Strange names again,' sternly interposed the goggle-eyed little fellow, and then, seeing how he had frightened his companion, he said, to re-assure him, 'come, come, Major, this will never do. Let 's proceed to business.'

"The major bowed, for he could not speak. The odd little fellow arose with the word, and taking the major's hand, gave a spring from the ground, and in an instant they were sailing away through the air, over wood, river, hill, and valley, until they alighted at the door of a lone, solitary house, at the foot of a mountain. His companion pushed open the door, without ceremony, and they stood in the presence of a large company, apparently assembled to witness a marriage, for the bride, with her bridemaids, was sitting at the head of the room, and the company, especially the young ladies, were smiling and smirking as they always do on such occasions. The only thing wanting was a groom, and when the major took a second look at the bride, he did not wonder that he delayed his coming to the last moment. She was an old, withered beldame, sixty years of age, at the least, with a yellow skin, a hook nose, a sharp protruding chin, and little sunken grey eyes that leered on the major, as the door opened, with most provoking familiarity. Her ugliness was more apparent from the extreme beauty of the bridemaids, who seemed as if they might have been Houris from Paradise. As the major entered, the bridal company arose simultaneously. The par-

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son stepped forward and opened his book. Every eye was turned upon the new-comers.

"'You are very late, my love,' said the old hag, turning to the major.

"'Late!—my love!' said he, starting back, and turning with astonishment, from his conductor, to the bride.

"'I have brought you to your wedding, you see,' said the odd little fellow composedly, with a tantalising grin, 'did n't I hear you say, on the common, "that you 'd like to see the woman you 'd marry," did n't I?' and he grinned again.

"'Yes—my duck,' simpered the hateful bride, leering on the major, 'and I 've been so alarmed lest you might have met with an accident to detain you. *Why* were you so long?' and she placed her hand fondly on the major's arm.

"'Hands off,' thundered the major, springing back, and again turning bewildered from one to another of his tormenters.

"'Come, come, now, major,' said his conductor, with a malicious grin, 'it 's no use to resist, for *that*,' said he with emphasis, pointing to the old hag, 'is your bride. It is fate; and what is written, is written you know. I 've no doubt,' and here he gave another malicious grin, 'that your married life in future will be one of unmitigated felicity. Come,—don't you see the person 's waiting?'

"'Yes, dear,' said the bride, distorting her withered jaws into what was meant for a smile, 'and don't let us think, by any more hard words,' and here she tried to sob, 'that your fatigues have thrown you into a fever and delirium.'

"Cold drops of sweat were on the major's brow, as he looked around the room, and saw every eye bent upon him, some with amazement, some with contempt, but most with indignation. There was a menacing air on the brow of his conductor, which made him shake as if he had an ague chill. The major, moreover, was unarmed. But he made a desperate effort, and said piteously—

"'Marry! I did n't want to get married—'

"'Not want to get married, when it 's your destiny?' broke in his conductor, with a voice of thunder, striding up to the major, whose very teeth chattered with fright at his peril.

"'Why—why—y—I 've no particular objection—that is to say,' exclaimed the major with another desperate effort, 'if I must get married, I 'd sooner take one of those pretty, blue-eyed bridemaids here.'

"'You would—would you!' said his conductor with a threatening look, 'dare but to think of it, and I 'll make you rue it to the last day of your existence,' and again he scowled upon the major with a brow blacker than midnight, and which had a fearful indentation—the major used to say—as of a gigantic spear head, right in the centre.

"The major always said that he resisted stoutly for a long time, even after his tormentor had fairly prostrated him with only a tap of his finger, and until strange figures, of unearthly shape, uttering terrible cries of anger, and attended by a strong smell of brimstone, came rushing into the room, without any apparent way of ingress, and surrounding him in a body, awaited the signal of his conductor to bear him off, he knew not whither, and inflict on him unheard of torments;—but as I knew the major was sometimes given to vaporing in his cups, I always set the better part of it down for exaggeration. However, at length he gave in, even according to his own account, and signified his willingness, though not without some qualms as he looked at the bride, to have the ceremony performed.

"'I knew it, major—a brave man never should struggle against fate,' said the little fellow with goggle eyes.

"'Needs must, when the—'

"'Sir,' said the little fellow, turning fiercely around.

"'I beg pardon,' said the major meekly.

"But to wind up my story—for, egad, I believe you 're asleep—the major was married, had kissed the bride, and was actually performing the same duty on the bridemaids, when the little fellow with the goggle-eyes, perceiving what he was at, seized him angrily by the arm, whisked him up the chimney, bore him swiftly through the air, and with a roar of malicious laughter, that might have been heard a mile, exclaiming,—

"'There—wait, and your wife will pop in on you when you least expect it,'—let him drop to the earth, on the very common, and aside of the very pile of stones, where he had been sitting when he first saw the little, old fellow. But meantime the night had passed, and it was broad morning. The birds were singing in the neigboring woods,—the sound of the village clock striking the hour, boomed clear upon the air,—and a few cattle, with the monotonous tinkle of their bells, were leisurely crossing the commons, under the charge of a herd boy. For some minutes the major could not persuade himself but what it had all been a dream; but the damp sweat was still upon his brow, and every limb ached with the fall. So he could n't comfort himself with that assurance, but set himself down, on the contrary, as one of the most luckless men alive.

"From that hour, sir, the major was a firm believer in destiny, and used to sigh whenever any one would talk of matrimony. He lived in constant fear lest his wife should find him out, and at last threw up his commission, only, I believe, that he might go to Europe, for better security. Some used to say it was only a drunken dream, out of which he had been awakened by falling upon the stones, but if the major heard it he was sure to challenge the slanderer, so that, in course of time, his story got to be believed by general consent. And now—you old curmudgeon—who 'll say marriages ain't fixed by fate?"

"But, Jeremy, to credit your ghost story requires rather a good deal of credulity."

"Credulity! Ghost story! what, egad, is life without a touch of romance, and what romance is so glorious as the one which deals in *diablerie*? Ah! my good fellow if I did n't know that the major was generally credible, and therefore in this instance to be believed, I 'd endorse his story just because it proves my assertion. Answer that, if you can!" J. S.

February, 1841.

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THE FATHER'S BLESSING.

BY MRS. S. A. WHELPLEY.

The wind moaned in low and fitful gusts around the mansion, sounding at times, as if the wailings of departed spirits were borne upon the blast, when Mary Levingston sat alone in the solitude of her chamber. Her lamp was hid in a recess at a distance, and casting its pale and feeble beams across the darkened room, scarcely disclosed her drooping figure, or the tears upon her cheek. It was not that the fearful tumult without had affected her imagination, nor the thought that her only brother might be exposed to all the dangers of the coast. Something that more deeply touched her happiness awoke her grief. Wild, tumultuous thoughts agitated her bosom, and mocked the storm that shook her casement, and roared in all its fury around her.

The substantial mansion of Mr. Levingston was situated in a delightful town in New Jersey. Here he had trained up an interesting and lovely family. Four of his daughters were married; three of them were settled in the same town with their father; the other resided in the city of New York. His only son, possessing many virtues, but a wild and roving disposition had, in opposition to his father's advice, gone to sea, and had not been seen by any of his family for four years. Mary Levingston was the sole remaining daughter at home. She was the sun that lit up her father's dwelling. Swift and light as the fawn had been her footstep till of late; when a cloud had passed over her gentle bosom, and obscured its brightness. A blast had swept over the flower and it was changed; but neither the cloud had been seen, nor the blast heard. Then wherefore this change?

It was well known to Mr. Levingston's family, that a strong and bitter alienation of feeling existed between himself and Mr. James, an early, and once dear friend, who, at the time of which we speak, resided in New York. So exasperated had Mr. L. become by a series of ungrateful acts on the part of this early friend, that on pain of his everlasting displeasure, he had forbidden his children ever associating with the family. Unfortunately for Mary, during a visit to the city, she had met with a son of Mr. James, and it was not until her affections were unchangeably fixed, that she had discovered his relationship to the most bitter enemy of her father. Admiring Mary at first sight, and conscious of the enmity between the families, her lover had sought an introduction to her under a false name, and it was long before she discovered the truth.

When she did so, however, her determination was soon made. Obedience had been the law of her life, and she resolved at once to sacrifice her own feelings, in preference to that of her kind father's wishes. She felt pained, moreover, that her lover should have deceived her even to win her affections. She fled from the scene of danger; but she could not fly from herself. In her own bosom she carried the image she had so fondly cherished, and which had been the object of her waking and sleeping dreams. It was after a long struggle, in which she had almost conquered, that she received a letter—which had caused her present grief—written by her sister, and informing her that her lover was about to sail for Europe, and asked for a last interview, if only to beg her forgiveness, and bid her farewell forever.

"I will see him," said Mary "and convince him there is no hope, and then I will return and confess all to my beloved father, and throw myself upon his mercy. He will not cast me off when he finds I did not err knowingly."

She rose from her chair, as she thus spoke, arranged her dress, and descended to the parlor, with a countenance from which, except to a suspicious eye, every trace of grief had vanished.

"You must not leave us so long again, my daughter," said her venerable father, as she entered the room. My home appears almost cheerless, unless I hear your voice. Sing to us one of your sweet songs."

"What shall I sing, dear father? Shall it be your favorite, Grace Darling?"

"Not Grace Darling to-night, my love, it is mournful and tells of shipwreck and death."

"Well, I will sing my own favorite," said Mary, seating herself at the piano, "it shall be

'My heart 's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here,'"

The parents looked at each other and smiled, as their beautiful daughter struck the keys; for they felt that few beings were as lovely as their own Mary.

"Dear papa!" said she at length, suddenly stopping, and turning around, "I want to ask a favor of *you*,—I am sure mamma will grant it. Let me go to New York next week. There now, I knew you would,—you are always such a kind and

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indulgent papa," and throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him tenderly.

"Well, if mamma gives her consent, I suppose I must give mine. But, dear Mary, don't come home this time so down-hearted as you did from the last visit you paid your sister. There now, since you have got your boon, play me another song."

Mary felt the blood rush to her very brow at this chance remark of her father; but turning around to her piano, she struck into a march, to hide her emotion.

In a few days she set forth to New York, with a heart, vacillating between duty and love,—determined, however, to permit only one interview, and then to bid her lover adieu forever.

"You will have a strong advocate in my wife" said Mr. M—— to Mr. James, who sat on the sofa by Mary Levingston the evening of her arrival. "She is resolved, she says, to return home with her sister hoping she may be enabled to soften the feelings of Mr. Levingston toward your father.

"I hope she may prove a successful pleader," said the lover, "and prepare the way for my casting myself at his feet when I return. Since I have obtained my sweet Mary's forgiveness, I feel that I can now with courage brave the hardships of the deep. The thought that she loves me, will be the sun that will light my path in a distant clime. The thought that she is my advocate with her father fills me with the conviction that the ancient enmity will be buried in oblivion and that all will soon be well."

"You are far more sanguine, as to the result, dear Edward, than I am," said Mary: "I have little hope myself of succeeding with my father. I know his feelings so well on this point, that I tremble lest I have sinned beyond forgiveness. One thing, here, in the presence of those that are so dear, I solemnly declare, though my heart may be crushed, never to unite my destiny to one his judgment disapproves. I should feel a solitary outcast, even with him I so tenderly love, without a father's blessing."

"We shall have it, dear Mary, we shall have your father's blessing," exclaimed Edward, pressing her to his bosom, "for God will reward so filial and dutiful a daughter. I should feel myself to be a wretch were I to corrupt such purity, or wish you, for my sake, to sacrifice his peace."

We pass over the last two or three hours the lovers passed together. The clock had told the departure of midnight before they separated. Who could blame them for lengthening out an interview that was to be their last for months and perhaps forever?

"I leave you, dear Mary," said Edward, at length rising to go, "in obedience to the commands of my father. If God prospers me I shall soon again be with you. Cheer up my love, and remember my motto is 'Brighter days will come.'"

When Edward arrived in London, he hastened to fulfil the object of his voyage and put his business in a train for speedy adjustment. Days seemed to him weeks, and Mary could not have doubted his love had she known there was none in that great metropolis who could eclipse her beauty in the eyes of him she so fondly loved. In about three weeks the business which took him to London was settled. Mr. James was preparing to return home, when one night, at a late hour, the cry of "*fire*" resounded through the long halls of the Hotel in which he lodged. In an instant all was alarm and confusion. He enquired what part of the building was on fire, and was told that the eastern wing was all in flames. He hastened to the scene of danger, which appeared to be entirely forsaken. Nearly suffocated with smoke, he turned to retrace his steps, when a wild scream arrested his attention, and the next instant he beheld a young and beautiful female in her night dress rushing through the flames.

"Save, oh! save him, for heaven's sake," she exclaimed, "save my sick husband, he is p rishing! who, who will rescue him?"

"I will," said Mr. James, "but do not on your peril attempt to follow me."

In an instant he was lost to sight, but directly reappeared, bearing in a blanket the body of the helpless being he had been the means of snatching from an untimely death. He hastened to his own room and deposited his burden on the bed, and was administering restoratives, when his servant informed him that the firemen had succeeded in pulling down the eastern wing and were rapidly extinguishing the flames.

"We have nothing now to fear," said Mr. James, addressing the young female, who had partly shrunk behind the curtains to conceal her thinly clad person—"but you are cold," said he, as he threw his own cloak around her, "pardon my neglect."

"Oh," she exclaimed, bursting into tears: "talk not of neglect. You have been every thing to us. You have saved the life of my beloved husband, and an age of gratitude is ours."

Edward now left the room to seek for rest in another apartment. To sleep was impossible. The excitement of the past hour had been so great, that his nervous system was completely unstrung, and he passed the night in listening for some alarm. After breakfast he hastened to the room of the invalid, to enquire for his health. Most joyfully was he greeted by both husband and wife, who now appeared to have recovered from the alarm of the past night. In the course of conversation, Mr. James mentioned that he was on the eve of starting for America.

"When does the vessel sail?" inquired the lady anxiously.

"This afternoon, at four o'clock," replied Mr. J——, "and I should like before I say adieu, to become acquainted with the name of those I feel so deep an interest in."

"Our name is Levingston," said the gentleman. "And yours, sir?"

"James."

"Well, this is remarkable. A Levingston and a James to meet under circumstances that have bound them together by cords that death alone can sever!"

Long and interesting was the communion of that morning. All was told. The gentleman he had rescued was the long absent brother of his own Mary. The tale of love was revealed, and Edward persuaded to wait one week longer, that they might return together to their native land.

"I shall send despatches to my father by the ves-

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sel in which you expected to sail, this afternoon," said Mr. Levingston, "and if he has any love for his only son, he must receive us as brothers."

We now listen back to Mary Levingston. After the departure of Edward, New York had lost its attractions for her. Mr. M—— returned home with Mary. She indulged strong hopes of influencing her father in favor of Mr. James, and inducing him to consent to his union with her sister. But she was destined to be disappointed. Mr. Levingston would not even listen to her. Ringing the bell, he ordered Mary to be summoned to his presence.

When Mary entered the room, her eye fell instantly beneath the steady gaze of her father.

"I have sent for you" said he, "to express my deep displeasure at your conduct, and my utter abhorrence for the man who could impose upon such a child as you. Your sister says you love the son of one that has insulted and abused me. Can it be so, Mary, my child?" said he, bursting into tears.

In a moment Mary was on her knees before him. "Forgive me, dear father, I have sinned ignorantly. Forgive me," she exclaimed, "for I here promise to renounce him forever."

"If this is your determination," said Mr. Levingston, "rise and receive your father's blessing. May you long enjoy the consolation of knowing you rendered the last days of your father peaceful and happy."

From that hour, Mary Levingston was calm and happy. Innocence and an approving conscience supported her.

"Never," said Mary, to her sister, Mrs. M——, on the morning of her departure, "mention in your letters the name of Mr. James, who in future must be as one dead to me. Tell him, when he returns, that my determination is unalterable, and bid him seek some more congenial alliance."

Weeks rolled round and found the calm quiet of the Levingston's unbroken. The rose was still blooming on the cheek of Mary. No change had taken place in any except Mr. Levingston. It was very evident to all his friends that he rapidly failed. Every step of the hill he was descending seemed to fatigue him, and the only cordial that revived his fainting spirit, was the presence of his youngest child. Was not Mary Levingston, as she gazed on his pale face and feeble frame, rejoiced at the sacrifice she had made to secure his peace? Yes, the happiness she now felt was of a calm, enduring nature. She could lie down and rise up without listening to the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, without having to reflect that it was her rebellion which had dimmed the eye and paralyzed the step of her father. Every night before she retired, she received his embrace, and heard him say, "God bless you Mary, you have been a dutiful child."

Late one evening, in the latter part of October, a servant entered the parlor where the family was sitting with a package of letters. He delivered them to Mr. Levingston, and retired. The hand trembled that broke the seal.

"This is from our dear son," said he, turning to his wife, and holding up a letter, "and here is one for each of his sisters. Let me see, two of them are directed to Mary, here they are, take them."

He now commenced reading the letter aloud, which told of the prosperity and marriage of his son, and his intention of leaving England for home the following week. Then came the description of the fire. The peril—the rescue; the name of him who had exposed his own life to snatch a stranger from the flames. At this part of the letter Mr. Levingston suddenly stopped and left the room. In his study he finished its perusal.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, rapidly walking the floor, "It seems as though the hand of God was in this thing. I would that some other one had saved him. He asks me to receive his deliverer as my son. Bold request—and yet I will do it. I will receive him as a son, for he has saved the life of my Walter at the risk of his own. For so generous, so noble an act, I here bury my enmity forever."

Mr. Levingston, with a lighter heart than he had felt for months, returned to the parlor. Mary met him at the door.

"This letter, dear papa," said she, "I return to you. I have not read it, neither do I desire to. It is written by one I have renounced forever."

"Keep it, Mary," said Mr. Levingston, "and cherish the memory of the writer. I have buried my resentment forever toward that family. From this hour shall we not bless the deliverer of our son?"

Mary was astonished. She could scarcely persuade herself that all was not a dream. Still holding the letter toward her father, and gazing immoveably in his face, she seemed rather a statue than a human being.

"Do you think I am trifling?" said he, as he pressed her to his bosom. "No, Mary, I love you too well for that. From this moment you have my consent to become the wife of him, who, although so tenderly loved, you felt willing to sacrifice to the peace of your aged father."

The intervening days, preceding the arrival of Walter, rapidly glided away in busy preparation. Suddenly, however, Mr. Levingston was taken dangerously ill at midnight. His symptoms were so alarming that a council of physicians was called before morning, when an express was sent to New York for his children.

Calm and collected, Mary Levingston might be seen noiselessly moving about her father's chamber. No hand but hers could administer his medicine, or smooth his pillow. The thought of death—the death of her father—had not once crossed her mind. His life seemed so necessary to his family, that such an event appeared impossible.

"Has he come, Mary?"

"Who, dear father?" she gently asked, stooping and kissing his brow.

"Walter, my son, has he come?"

"It is too soon yet to expect him."

"Too soon," said he, faintly, "I fear then I shall never see him. The hand of death is on me, my child, I feel its chill."

"You will kill me, dear father, if you talk so. You will soon be better. I thought this was to be the happiest week of my life," said she, bursting into tears.

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"Mary," observed Mr. Levingston, "I wish you to be calm and listen to me. If I should not live to see my son, tell him he was his father's idol. Tell him to transmit the name of Levingston, unsullied, to posterity, and to be the comfort and support of his widowed mother. One more message and I am done," said he, wiping the cold sweat from off his brow. "Hark!" he exclaimed, hearing a noise, "perhaps that is Walter." Finding himself disappointed, he proceeded—"request Edward James to tell his father that I die in peace with all men, and joyfully entrust the happiness of my daughter to his son. I had hoped to have given away the treasure with my own hand, but that is all over. Leave me now for a few moments, I wish to see your mother."

That interview over there was a solemn silence for a few moments, when he exclaimed, "Did you say he had come? Oh my son, receive my blessing."

"You were dreaming, dear father," said Mary, "Walter is not here."

"Well, well, it is all right," he replied. He never spoke more: in a few hours his spirit took its final flight.

It was late in the evening when the mournful intelligence of Mr. Levingston's illness reached his children in New York. They instantly set forth to gain, if possible, his dying couch in time to obtain his blessing.

"Where is my father," exclaimed Walter on his arrival at the mansion, rushing by his mother and sisters who had hastened to the door to meet them. "Lead me to my father," said he, catching hold of Mary.

As she went toward the room, he rushed by her; and entered, closed and locked the door. Mary stood without listening to his wild outbursts of grief.

In anguish he called upon him once more to speak to him. It was the lamentation of the prodigal yearning in vain to hear his father's voice. It was the pleading of the wanderer who had returned with the hope of cheering his last days.

"Mary," said a gentle, well known voice, "My beloved Mary, we meet with your father's blessing resting upon us."

In an instant she was in the arms of Edward James, and weeping upon his bosom. Walter Levingston at this moment entered the apartment.

"Did my father ask for me, Mary?" said he.

"Oh yes," she replied, "often. Almost his last words were, 'My son receive my blessing.' And he told me to request you, Edward, to say to your father, 'I die in peace with all men, and willingly entrust the happiness of my daughter to your son.'"

"Forever blessed be his memory," said Edward. "Never shall his confidence be misplaced, or that daughter have reason to doubt my trust."

The door now opened, and Mrs. Levingston, leaning on the arm of one of her daughters, entered. "Beloved mother," said Walter, embracing her, "from this hour it shall be my first care and study to promote your comfort. Here by the corpse of my father, I resolve to do all in my power to fill his place, and render your last days peaceful and happy."

Some months from this period, a party was seen to alight from a carriage early one morning in front of Saint Paul's Church. The blessings of many were heard in low murmurs from the crowd that filled the vestibule. "She was the pride of her father," said an aged female who stood leaning against the wall, "and I know she will be a blessing to her husband."

Early as was the hour, the Church was crowded with spectators. Many had risen to get a more perfect view of the fine manly form of him that was about to bear away the sweet Mary Levingston from her maiden home. The silence was intense as the impressive marriage ceremony of the Episcopal Church was read; and fervent were the responses of those who promised through weal and wo to be faithful to each other. As the party turned to leave the Church, a hearty "God bless them," resounded from many. Mrs. James was greatly affected as she cast a farewell glance on these familiar faces. Her husband hurried her to the carriage.

"The blessing of many has rested on you, dear Mary, to-day," said he, as they were borne to their new home.

"Yes," said she, "and I thought as I stood before the bridal altar, I heard the voice of my departed father saying, "God bless you."

I AM YOUR PRISONER.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

LADY! I bow before thee
A captive to thy will,
A spell of thine is o'er me,
But joy is with me still.

I yield me, not to beauty,
Though thou, indeed art fair;
I yield me—not to lightness,
Though thou art light as air.

I yield me, not to wisdom,
Thou wisest of thy kind,
But, rescue, or no rescue,
To thy purity of mind.

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A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY J. TOMLIN.

The subject of the present sketch has had in time, the most sincere friendship of the writer. One act, and one alone, has made them enemies—irreconcilably, forever. It is to be regretted that it is so, yet it cannot be otherwise, and the honor of both be preserved. There is in any and every one, that aspires to greatness, a tameless absurdity, when suffering a reprehensible action of an associate to pass away like the morning mist on the flower, without noticing it, or giving the admonitory reproof, that often corrects and finally subdues the evil. We are not such isolated creatures on the surface of a world passing away, as to require a more powerful impulse in the correction of an evil, than the blessings it gives to our fellow beings.

Gordon De Severn was my senior by some several years;—but in all of his actions, there was a freshness and youthfulness, so akin to what I did, and what I felt myself, that I could not keep away from him. He was a scholar, but not of the schools, therefore none ever complained of his dullness. His Aristotlean capacity grasped almost intuitively, what others could scarcely get by the most diligent researches; and with the perception of a Byron, he disclosed every beautiful thought that ever swept along the labyrinth of mind. He was a mighty genius, free, bold, and daring! He liked to see the bubbles of time vanish, and others coming in their places, but did not recollect, that soon, very soon, the vapour that supported his adolescent spirits, would dissolve, and be no more forever! He was an observer on the world—a spy on the tumultuous feelings that agitate, and corrupt the heart;—and he boasted that he was of the world, but a being removed beyond its temptations.

Six summers ago, Eliza Wharton was young, happy, and full of innocence. How altered now is this creature, from what she was when I first knew her. Time often makes worse havoc with the reputation, than with the body. A little while ago, Eliza Wharton was not more fair than she was innocent; but now at the heart the canker-worm preys voraciously, as is evidenced by the deep lines that mark the cheek. Retired beyond the precincts of the bustle of the multitude; lost to friends that once loved her,—she lives a solitary creature, ruined in reputation by the very being she once loved;—penitent in seclusion, she has wept her sins forgiven, and will win her way to heaven, in spite of a cold—cold world.

Being in affluent circumstances, she moved in the first circles of society in the little town that gave her birth. She was intellectual and beautiful, which made her an object of envy to the many. Women envy the beauty they see in every one of their sex, and man, the rich endowment of mind, that makes his fellow being more distinguished than himself. How apt are we to despise any noble capacity that we see in others, when we possess it not ourself—and the good qualities that show themselves most splendidly in our neighbor, are a bright mark, at which we level in bitterness, the wrath of our envy. Those that have but the most common endowments of our nature, are generally the most happy, and almost always move in a path, that leads to a peaceful destiny. Had Eliza Wharton been one of the common, ordinary creatures that move in humble life, in her fall, she would have had the sympathies of the world. But being of a superior mould both in body and mind,—her fall was unregretted, unwept.

In an evil hour there came along a being in the shape of man, like herself of towering intellect, but unlike her in goodness of heart and benevolence of feeling. She loved him! She thought that she saw in him something superior to any thing that she had ever seen before in others. Nobleness of mien he certainly had—and the ways of the world he was familiar with, for he had travelled much. He had studied, but not from books. The volume of nature as it lay spread out before him, in gorgeous robes of mixed colors, dyed with the richest tints the every avenue to the soul, and he became a poet in feeling. His was the philosophy of feeling and not of reason—therefore he erred. Every emotion of the heart, he mistook for inspiration of the soul—and he fed the keen appetites of his nature from every stream that rippled his path. What to him was good, he never considered might be poison to others. His was the mighty ocean of mind, not cramped by *this* usuage, or *that* custom—but free, bold and daring! He visited fountains that could not be reached by every one, and drank of waters that inspired different sensations from what were felt by the world in which he lived.

I do well recollect the time when these two beings first met. It was on the eighteenth anniversary of Eliza's birth—and at a *fete*, given by her father, in honor of the occasion. It was in May, the month of flowers; and though a moonless night, yet the bright stars looked down in myriads on the happy earth. Eliza was all joy and animation. Before her lay the rich fields of pleasure, and she

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seized on every moment as one of gladness, and of happiness. She did not know that in her path, there lay a serpent that would soon destroy her. Gordon De Severn, like some fiery comet, attracted every eye, and spell-bound the poor maiden that happened to come within the hearing of his magic words. Exclusively on that night, did he appropriate Eliza to himself. She listened, enraptured at every word he spoke, and fell at last a victim, to the snare he then laid. He played his part so well on that night, that he fairly captured the fair one's heart—and for the first time in her life, she retired, to a sleepless pillow, bedewed with tears. De Severn admired her, but he was not in love.

For several months after their first interview, he was almost a daily visitor at her house. He courted her—and he won her. She believed him, when he told her, that he would be her friend. She believed him when he said, that he loved her. She trusted, when he deceived. She fell because she loved one too much, that proved himself a villain, and not because she was base. She departed from virtue, not because she was in love with vice, but to oblige one that she loved much. She fell—and this vile seducer is now sporting in the sunshine of wealth—and has friends, and is received into the houses of the honorable, and is caressed, and is smiled upon; while the poor injured one—Eliza Wharton, is abandoned by the world, and by her relations, to pine in some sequestered spot, and die of a broken heart.

How often does it happen in this world of ours, that the betrayer receives honor from the hands of the people, and the betrayed is scoffed at and reviled, for being so credulous as to believe even a tale of—Love.

Jackson, Tenn.

THE INVITATION.

BY E. G. MALLERY.

Come, altho' fair is thy southern clime,
Where the sea-breeze fanneth thy cheek,
And the stars come forth at the vesper chime,
With a beauty no tongue may speak;
Tho' the moon-beam slumbers upon thy brow
As it slumbered in hours of yore;
And the night bird's song has the same tone now
In thy life's bright spring that it bore;
Come, tho' from streamlet, from hill, and from plain,
Rush a thousand fond memories forth,
And cluster around thy light step to detain—
Oh! come to our home in the North!

They tell you how bleak is our northern sky
When the storm-spirit spreadeth his wings;
How his shout is heard from the mountain high,
How in glee thro' the valley it rings:
How his strong hand bows the proud old oak,
And in sport uprooteth the pine;
How he folds the hills in his spotless cloak,
And the groves with his brilliants shine:
How his breath enchaineth the rolling tide,
And bids the chaf'd torrent be still,
Then dashes away in his might and his pride,
And laughs that they heeded his will!

They tell you our birds at the Autumn's breath,
When the flow'rs droop over their tomb,
Are off to the land where they meet no death,
And the orange-trees ever more bloom.
Tell them we ask not affection so slight
That at fortune's first frown it is o'er,
And we're certain again when our skies become bright
They 'll flutter around us once more.
And tell them there grows on our mountain crest
A plant which no winter can fade—
And, as changeless, the love of a northern breast,
Blooms ever in sunshine and shade!

Come, and we 'll teach you when Summer is fled,
And the rich robe of Autumn withdrawn,
To welcome old Winter, whose hoary head
Is bow'd 'neath his sparkling crown;
For soon as his whistle is heard from afar
Commanding the winds round his throne,
And echoes in distance the roll of his car,
We encircle the joyous hearth-stone;
And eyes brighter flash, and cheeks deeper glow,—
The voice of the song gushes forth,
And ceaseless and light is each heart's happy flow—
Oh! come to our home in the North!

Wyoming, 1841.

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YOU NEVER KNEW ANNETTE.—BALLAD.

Written by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.—The Music composed by C. M. Sola.

Geo. W. Hewitt & Co., No. 184 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.



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For ever changing, still you rove,
As I in boyhood roved;
But when you tell me this is love,
It proves you never loved!

To many idols you have knelt,
And therefore soon forget;
But what I feel you never felt,
You never knew Annette.

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When the shooter has been long accustomed to a dog, he can tell by the dog's proceeding, whether game is near or not when pointed, or whether the birds are running before the dog. If he suspect them to be running, he must walk up quickly before his dog, for if he stop or appear to look about him, the birds instantly rise. Whenever it is practicable, unless the birds be very tame and his dogs young ones, the shooter should place himself so that the birds may be between him and the dogs. They will then lie well. The moment a dog points, the first thing to be done is to cast a glance round to ascertain in which direction the covers and corn-fields lie; the next is to learn the point of the wind; the shooter will then use his endeavor to gain the wind of the birds, and to place himself between them and the covers, or otherwise avail himself of other local circumstances.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.



We commence our notice of feathered game with the partridge, as shooting that bird is generally the young sportsman's first lesson, although in the order of the season grouse shooting takes precedence.

The partridge may be termed a home bird, for the shooter who resides in the country, finds it almost at his door, while it is requisite to undertake a journey, perchance a very long one, before he arrives at the grounds frequented by grouse. As it requires neither woods, nor marshes, nor heaths to afford them shelter, they are found more widely scattered than the pheasant, the woodcock, or the grouse, and hence the pursuit of them is one of the chief sources of recreation to the shooter. Though not so highly prized by the sportsman as the birds last mentioned, the abundance in which partridges are found, wherever they are preserved, renders the sport sufficiently attractive. At the commencement of the season, when they have not been much disturbed by persons breaking dogs, they are as tame as could be wished by the most inexpert sportsman, and at that time afford capital diversion to the young shooter, and to those rheumatic and gouty old gentlemen who—too fond of their ease to brush the covers or range the mountains—in the lowland valleys, "shoulder their crutch, and show how fields were won." Partridges are most plentiful in those countries where much grain, buckwheat, and white crops are grown. While the corn is standing, it is very rare that many shots can be obtained, for the coveys, on being disturbed, wing their way to the nearest corn-field, where it is forbidden the shooter to follow them, or to send his dogs in after them.

The habits of the partridge should be studied by

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the shooter. In the early part of the season, partridges will be found, just before sunrise, running to a brook, a spring, or marsh, to drink; from which place they almost immediately fly to some field where they can find abundance of insects, or else to the nearest corn-field or stubble field, where they will remain, according to the state of the weather, or other circumstances, until nine or ten o'clock, when they go to bask. The basking-place is commonly on a sandy bank-side facing the sun, where the whole covey sits huddled together for several hours. About four or five o'clock they return to the stubbles to feed, and about six or seven they go to their jucking-place, a place of rest for the night, which is mostly an aftermath, or in a rough pasture field, where they remain huddled together until morning. Such are their habits during the early part of the season; but their time of feeding and basking varies much with the length of the days. While the corn is standing, unless the weather be very fine or very wet, partridges will often remain in it all day; when fine, they bask on the out-skirts; when wet, they run to some bare place in a sheltered situation, where they will be found crowded together as if basking, for they seldom remain long in corn or grass when it is wet. Birds lie best on a hot day. They are wildest on a damp or boisterous day.

The usual way of proceeding in search of partridges in September is to try the stubbles first. It not unfrequently happens that potatoes or turnips are grown on a headland in a corn field; in that case the headland will be a favorite resort of birds.

After the middle of October, it is ever uncertain where birds will be found; the stubbles having been pretty well gleaned, birds do not remain in them so long as in the early part of the season. When disturbed at this time, they will sometimes take shelter in woods, where they are flushed one by one. The best shots that can be obtained at partridges, in winter, are when the birds are driven into woods.

When a covey separates, the shooter will generally be able to kill many birds, but late in the season it is seldom that the covey can be broken. In November and December the shooter must not expect to have his birds pointed, but must remain content with firing at long distances. In the early part of the season, when the shooter *breaks* a covey, he should proceed without loss of time in search of the dispersed birds, for the parent birds begin to call almost immediately on their alighting, the young ones answer, and in less than half an hour, if not prevented by the presence of the shooter and his dogs, the whole covey will be re-assembled, probably in security in some snug corner, where the shooter least thinks of looking for them. As the season advances, birds are longer in re-assembling after being dispersed. It is necessary to beat very closely for dispersed birds, as they do not stir for some time after alighting, on which account dogs cannot wind them until nearly upon them, especially as they resort to the roughest places when dispersed. Birds dispersed afford the primest sport. The pointing is often beautiful, the bird being generally in a patch of rushes, or tuft of grass or fern, and close to the dog. When a bird has been running about some time, dogs easily come upon the scent of it; but when it has not stirred since alighting, and has perhaps crept into a drain, or run into a hedge-bottom, or the sedgy side of a ditch, no dog can wind it until close upon it, and the very best dogs will sometimes flush a single bird. In the month of October, and afterward, the shooter will find it difficult to approach within gun-shot of a covey, nor can he disperse them, except by firing at them when he chances to come close upon them. Should he then be so fortunate as to disperse a covey, he may follow them leisurely, for they will then lie several hours in their lurking-place, which is chosen with much tact, as a patch of rushes, a gorse bush, a holly bush, the bottom of a double bank fence, or a coppice of wood. The length of time that will transpire before a dispersed covey will re-assemble, depends too on the time of the day, and state of the weather. In hot weather, they will lie still for several hours. A covey dispersed early in the morning, or late at night, will soon re-assemble. A covey dispersed between the hours of ten and two, will be some time in re-assembling. A covey found in the morning in a stubble-field, and dispersed, will next assemble near the basking-place. A covey dispersed after two o'clock, will next assemble in the stubble-field at feeding time. A covey disturbed and dispersed late in the afternoon, or evening, will next re-assemble near the jucking-place. A covey being disturbed on or near to their jucking-place, will seek a fresh one, perhaps about two fields distant; and if often disturbed at night on their jucking-place, they will seek another stubble-field to feed in, and change their quarters altogether. The most certain method of driving partridges from a farm, is to disturb them night after night at their jucking-place, which is usually in a meadow, where the aftermath is suffered to grow, or in a field rough with rushes, fern, thistles, or heather, adjoining to a corn-field. When a covey is dispersed on a dry hot day, it is necessary to search much longer, and beat closer, for the dispersed birds, than when the day is cool and the ground moist. A dog should be only slightly rated for running up a bird on a hot day.

The shooter, on entering a field, should make it a general rule, provided the wind or nature of the ground do not lead him to decide on a contrary course, to beat that side which is nearest the covers; or, if there be no neighboring covers, he should beat round the field, leaving the centre of the field to the last. In hot weather birds frequent bare places, sunny hill-sides, or sandy banks, at the root of a tree, or hedge-bottom, where there is plenty of loose loam or sand which they can scratch up. In cold weather they will be found in sheltered places. In cold windy weather those fields only which lie under the wind should be beaten. The warm valleys, the briary cloughs, and glens not over-wooded, but abounding in fern, underwood, and holly trees, and also those steep hill-sides which lie under the wind, are then places of resort. Heights and flats must be avoided, except where there are small enclosures well protected by double hedges, under the shelter of which birds will remain. The shooter who beats the south or west side of a hedge, will generally obtain more shots than he who beats the north or east side.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"*The Tower of London.*" *A Historical Romance. By W. H. Ainsworth. Author of Jack Sheppard.* 1 *vol. Lea & Blanchard: Philada.* 1841.

The authorship of this work does a little, and but a little more credit to Mr. Ainsworth than that of Jack Sheppard. It is in no spirit of cavilling that we say, that it is rarely our lot to review a work more utterly destitute of every ingredient requisite to a good romance.

We would premise, however, in the outset of our remarks, that the popularity of this work in London is no proof of its merits. Its success, in fact, reminds us how nearly akin its author, in his treatment of the public, is to Dr. Sangrado. Blood-letting, and warm water was the making of the latter—and bombast and clap-trap is the Alpha and Omega of the former. In the present volume we have it plentifully administered in descriptions of the Tower of London, and the plots of the bloody Mary's reign. It is this local interest which has given Mr. Ainsworth's romance such a run in London, just as a family picture, in which a dozen ugly urchins, and sundry as ugly angels in the clouds, is the delight of the parents, and the envy of all aunts.

The Tower of London is, at once, forced and uninteresting. It is such a novel as sets one involuntarily to nodding. With plenty of incident, considerable historical truth, and a series of characters, such as an author can rarely command, it is yet, excepting a chapter here and there, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The incidents want piquancy; the characters too often are destitute of truth. The misfortunes of Lady Jane are comparatively dull to any one who remembers Mr. Miller's late romance; and Simon Reynard is under another name, the same dark, remorseless villain as Jonathan Wild. The introduction of the giants would grate harshly on the reader's feelings, if the author had not failed to touch them by his mock-heroics. Were it not for the tragic interest attached to Lady Jane Grey, and the pride that every Englishman feels in the oldest surviving palace of his kings, this novel would have fallen still-born from the press in London, as completely it has ruined the author's reputation in America.

We once, in reviewing Jack Sheppard, expressed our admiration of the author's talents, although we condemned their perversion in the novel then before us. This duplicate of that worthless romance, and scandalously demoralising novel, proves either that the author is incorrigible, or that the public taste is vitiated. We rather think the former. We almost recant our eulogy on Mr. Ainsworth's talents. If he means to earn a name, one whit loftier than that of a mere book-maker, let him at once betake himself to a better school of romance. Such libels on humanity; such provocatives to crime; such worthless, inane, disgraceful romances as Jack Sheppard and its successors, are a blot on our literature, and a curse to our land.

"*Visits to Remarkable Places, Battle-Fields, Cathedrals, Castles, &c.*" *By W. Howitt.* 2 *vols. Carey & Hart, Philada.*

"*The Rural Life of England.*" *By W. Howitt.* 1 *vol. Carey & Hart, Philada.*

Next after Professor Wilson comes Howitt. The same genial spirit, the same soul-breathing poetry, the same intense love for what is beautiful in nature, and often the same involution of style, and the same excursive ideas, characterise the editor of Blackwood, and the brother of the Quaker poet.

The latter of the productions above, is, as its name imports, a description of the rural life of England, whether found under the gipsey's hedge, in the peasant's cottage, or amid the wide parks and lordly castles of the aristocracy. It is a picture of which England may be proud. The author has omitted nothing which could make his subject interesting, and in presenting it suitably to his reader he has surpassed himself, and almost equalled North. The old, but now decaying customs of "merrie England;" the winter and summer life of peasant and noble in the country; the sports of every kind, and every class, from milling to horse-racing; and the forest and landscape scenery of every portion of Great Britain are described with a graphic pen, and a fervor of language, which cannot fail to make "The Rural Life of England" popular every where.

Among the most interesting chapters of this work are those on the Gipsies, and that respecting May-day, and Christmas. The description of Grouse-Shooting, both in the north of England, and the Highlands is highly graphic; while the visits to Newstead and Annesley Hall are narrated with much vivacity.

It was the popularity of these two last chapters which suggested the preceding volumes above, entitled "Visits to Remarkable Places." Nothing can

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be simpler than the design of this latter work. With a taste for antiquarian research, and a soul all-glowing with poetry, the author has gone forth into the quiet dells, and amid the time-worn cities of England, and visiting every old castle, or battle-field, known in history, and peopling them with the heroic actors of the past, he has produced a work of unrivalled interest. We wish we had room for a chapter from the second of these two volumes, entitled "A Day-Dream at Tintangel." It is one of the most poetical pieces of prose we have ever met with. The old castle of King Arthur seems once more to lift its massy battlements, above the thundering surf below, and from its portals go forth the heroes of the Round Table, with hound and hawk, and many a fair demoiselle.

Next, certainly, to a visit to any remarkable place, is a graphic description of its appearance. This, in every instance, where the author has attempted it, is presented in the "Visits to Remarkable Places." Stratford on the Avon; Anne Hathaway's cottage; the ancestral home of the Sidneys; Culloden battle-field; the old regal town of Winchester, formerly the abode of the Saxon kings, and where their monuments still remain; Flodden-field; Hampton Court; and in short, most of the remarkable places in England, are brought vividly before the reader's mind. Indeed, many a traveller, who has seen these celebrated places, might be put to the blush by one who had attentively perused this work, and who yet had never crossed the Atlantic.

"*The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree.*" *A Romance. By the author of Guy Rivers, &c.* 2 *vols.—Lea & Blanchard, Philada.* 1841.

A good novel is always welcome; and a good one from an American pen is doubly so. Since the publication of the Pathfinder, we have seen nothing equal to the Kinsmen.

The story is laid at the period of the Revolution, and Clarence Conway, the hero, is a prominent actor in the partizan war, which then raged in the Carolinas. Many of the characters are well drawn, and the interest is kept up throughout. Flora Middleton is an exquisite creation of the novelist's pen. She deserves to be placed alongside of James's finest female characters.

We have room for only a short extract. In it, however, the interest is worked up to a pitch of the most intense excitement. The hero, be it remembered, having fallen into the hands of the Black Riders, has irritated their ruffian leader. To the outlaw's threats he replies:

"I am Colonel Conway, and, dog of a tory, I defy you. Do your worst. I know you dare do nothing of the sort you threaten. I defy and spit upon you."

The face of the outlaw blackened:—Clarence rose to his feet.

"Ha! think you so? We shall see. Shumway, Frink, Gasson!—you three are enough to saddle this fiery rebel to his last horse. Noose him, you slow moving scoundrels, to the nearest sapling, and let him grow wiser in the wind. To your work, villains—away!"

The hands of more than one of the ruffians were already on the shoulders of the partizan. Though shocked at the seeming certainty of a deed which he had not been willing to believe they would venture to execute, he yet preserved the fearless aspect which he had heretofore shown. His lips still uttered the language of defiance. He made no concessions, he asked for no delay—he simply denounced against them the vengeance of his command, and that of his reckless commander, whose fiery energy of soul and rapidity of execution they well knew. His language tended still farther to exasperate the person who acted in the capacity of the outlaw chief. Furiously, as if to second the subordinates in the awful duty in which they seemed to him to linger, he grasped the throat of Clarence Conway with his own hands, and proceeded to drag him forward. There was evidently no faltering in his fearful purpose. Every thing was serious. He was too familiar with such deeds to make him at all heedful of consequences; and the proud bearing of the youth; the unmitigated scorn in his look and language; the hateful words which he had used, and the threats which he had denounced; while they exasperated all around, almost maddened the ruffian in command, to whom such defiance was new, and with whom the taking of life was a circumstance equally familiar and unimportant.

"*Three* minutes for prayer is all the grace I give him!" he cried, hoarsely, as he helped the subordinates to drag the destined victim toward the door. He himself was not suffered *one*. The speech was scarcely spoken, when he fell prostrate on his face, stricken in the mouth by a rifle-bullet, which entered through an aperture in the wall opposite. His blood and brains bespattered the breast of Clarence Conway, whom his falling body also bore to the floor of the apartment. A wild shout from without followed the shot, and rose, strong and piercing, above all the clamor within. In that shout Clarence could not doubt that he heard the manly voice of the faithful Jack Bannister, and the deed spoke for itself. It could have been the deed of a friend only.

"*The Hour and the Man.*" *A novel. By Harriet Martineau.* 2 *vols. Harper & Brothers, New York,* 1841.

We do not belong to the admirers of Miss Martineau, though barring her ear-trumpet, and a few foolish notions, she is a very respectable and inoffensive old lady. Her present work is founded on the career of the celebrated negro chieftain, whom Napoleon had conveyed to France, and who there died. The good old spinster has taken up the Orthodox English account of this transaction, and as Napoleon was always a monster in the eyes of the Cockneys, Toussaint, according to their story and Miss Martineau's, was murdered. Nothing can be more ridiculous. Bonaparte never committed a crime where it could be avoided, and having once secured Toussaint in a state prison in France, what farther had the first consul to fear from the negro chieftain?

The story is, in some parts, well told. It has been apparently prepared with much care. But it fails totally fails, in its main object; and though as men, we sympathise with a persecuted man, we cannot, as critics, overlook the glaring faults of the novel, or, as partisans of truth, forgive the historical inaccuracies of the narrative.

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"*The History of England from the Earliest Period to* 1839." *By Thomas Keightley. 5 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.*

This is an edition, containing the same matter, with the two large octavo volumes lately published under the same title. We have it now presented in this cheap and portable form, as a portion of the celebrated Family Library. A copious index has been added, which is not found in the larger edition. The history is a work of merit; but to both the American editions we object, in the name of all justice. The alterations made from the London edition are scandalous. It is not, in its present shape, the author's production. Good or bad, give us *his* work, and not that of an American [editor, however talented, or an American publisher, however discerning.

"*Applications of the Science of Mechanics to Practical Purposes.*" *By J. Renwick, L. L. D. 1 vol. 18 mo. Harper & Brothers, New York.*

The present is a practical age. Literature, science, learning, even the fine arts are popular, only as they can be rendered useful. Every department of knowledge is ransacked to advance the interests, and elevate the character of the age.

Enfield's Natural Philosophy, and the present work illustrate this remark. The former belongs to the past age; to the days of theory; to the men of profound philosophy: the latter is adapted more to the present time; to a practical generation; to men of excursive rather than deep, and available rather than profound science. Not a principle is stated which is not applied to some mechanical contrivance of the day. The action of the screw, the wedge, the lever, the spring, are described as they are adapted to mining, navigation, rail-roads, and the various species of manufactures. But, on the other hand, the knowledge imparted is not profound. Sufficient, as it is, however, for all practical purposes, the student leaves the work with a more thorough understanding of the principles of his study, than more elaborate, but less skilful treatises could afford.

"*Hope on, Hope Ever.*" 1 *vol.* 16 *mo.* "*Strive and Thrive.*" 1 *vol.* 16 *mo.* "*Sowing and Reaping.*" 1 *vol.* 16 *mo. By Mary Howitt. J. Munro & Co. Boston.*

These are three excellent tales from the pen of one of the most delightful of female writers. A chaste style; a love for the oppressed; a practical moral in her writings render them at once beautiful, popular, and useful.

"*History of the United States.*" *By Selma Hale. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York.*

A compendious manual. It brings our history down to the end of Madison's administration.

"*Life of John Wickliffe, D. D.*" *By Margaret Coxe. Columbus. Isaac N. Whiting.*

This is an interesting, though scanty biography of the first of the Reformers. It does not pretend to give a philosophic account of his times, but simply to present a chronicle of the principal events of his life.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1841.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Of plaid *Mous de Laine*. The head dress of buff crape, trimmed with roses.

FULL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Crimson velvet robe, a low *corsage*, it is trimmed with a row of *dentille d' or* in the heart style. Short sleeves, composed of two *bouffants*, with *manchettes* of *dentille d' or*, looped by gold and jewelled ornaments, corresponding with that in the centre of the *corsage*. The *tablier* and flounce that encircles the skirt are also of *dentille d' or* of the most superb kind. The head-dress is a *toquet* of white satin, embroidered in gold, and trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Of plain white; the apron slightly ornamented. This is the prevailing style for the month-

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. APRIL, 1841. No. 4.

THE LADY ISABEL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99.

CHAPTER IV.

The Disappearance.

THERE is nothing so dreadful as the heart's first disappointment. To love vainly—oh! what is more agonising. We feel as if every one had turned against us; as if there was nothing left to live for in this world; as if the springs of life, and the joy of existence had departed forever from us. The loss of a friend may be compensated for, and the ruin of our fortunes can be borne without despair; but the hopelessness of a first love can never be ameliorated by aught on earth. Go where we will, the blight of the heart will continue with us. *We can never forget.* Hope will have dried up within us. We feel, like a stranger in a strange land, as an outcast on the world, beholding feelings in which we can take no part around us, and reminded daily of our misery by the happiness of others. Alas! for the one disappointed in a first love.

That night Isabel saw no more of her cousin. But when the whole of the next day passed, and she still did not meet him, she began to be alarmed. She feared to ask for him. Her father had been absent all day, and it was not until night that he returned. When he did, he brought the intelligence, that, in compliance with an old promise, he had that morning visited the earl of ——, an influential courtier of the neighboring county, in order to procure for Lorraine a commission. The page had, the preceding evening, begged to be allowed to join the army so eagerly, that having nothing particularly to do, and noticing and applauding his young cousin's anxiety to assume arms, he had ridden over with him to —— castle, and after obtaining the appointment for him, had left him there, at his urgent request, with his new colonel.

"And I rejoice too at his determination," continued Lord Deraine, "although it was somewhat of a sudden. I began almost to think that the lad was growing too effeminate, with his lute, and other lady pastimes, and forgetting the name that he bore. But I ween had you beheld his eye glisten to-day, when he was first addressed by his military title, you would have said that he was every inch a Lorraine. And God forfend that it should ever come to disgrace! My mother was a daughter of that house," continued the aged nobleman, "and I feel a strange interest in the boy's success. Had you seen him to-day you would have said he was a true descendant of the iron-hearted warrior who led that charge at Agincourt, which decided the fortune of the day. Were I as I once was, I would e'en go one campaign with him to learn how they fight in these degenerate days, and show them the manner in which we cavaliers of Prince Rupert used to charge the canting round-heads."

"But pa," said Isabel, scarcely venturing to speak, "did he leave no word—no message?"

"Oh! I had almost forgot. He sent a note to you—here it is—about some hawk, or lute, or his greyhound perhaps—did he bid you farewell, by the bye?"

Isabel felt her heart beat faster at the enquiry of her parent, but giving an evasive answer to his question, she took the note, and left the apartment. Little did Lord Deraine suspect the agony which had driven his young kinsman from his halls, or dream of the tears that Isabel shed that night over her ill-fated cousin's epistle. It ran thus:

Dearest Isabel:—I know not whether to write to you; and yet why should I not? Are we not cousins—brought up under the same roof—taught to love each other from childhood—bound to one another by a thousand ties! Yet we cannot meet again as we

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have met! Oh! little did I think twenty-four hours ago that such agony as I now suffer would so soon be my lot. But I will not blame you. You never said you loved me—you never smiled on me except as a cousin. It is only I who am wrong. Could I ever think that you, the pure, the beautiful, the courted, would look on a poor page with love? Yet I did: I nursed the delusion long: and now—oh! God—the dream is forever broken.

Forgive me, dear Isabel—for I will yet once more call you by that name—forgive me, for I scarce know what I write. I leave you for years, perhaps forever. I go to seek a name of which you will not be ashamed, or to die. God bless you, again and again, and again dearest Isabel! May you be happy. Once more God bless you!

The tears of the maiden fell thick and fast as she perused this passionate epistle, and she sighed,

"Poor, poor Lorraine—would we had never met, or that you had never loved."

The absence of the page was felt throughout the castle, for all had loved the generous and high-souled boy. For many a long day the old servitors loved to recall his boyish deeds, and augur a glorious career for the young soldier. And often, as Isabel sat in her splendid chamber, while twilight deepened through the gorgeously curtained windows, her thoughts would wander away after her absent cousin, and taking the melancholy hue of the hour, she would indulge in mournful memories of the past, and sigh that she could make no return to Lorraine except what was all too cold for him,—her friendship. Even De Courtenay, could he have read her thoughts at such moments, would have pardoned her that involuntary pang.

Chapter V.

The Young Soldier.

It was the eve of a battle. Far along the sides of the hill stretched the camp of the allies, the long lines of white tents gleaming in the starlight, and the death-like silence of the sleeping army filling the mind with an awe, second only to that inspired by the holy silence of the calm and peaceful stars above. Below was a wide extensive valley, through which wound a narrow river, while here and there along the plain were scattered rich farms, and solemn woodlands. On the opposite range of uplands, the camp of the enemy might be detected by the long line of watch-fires glittering on the horizon. Occasionally the neigh of a steed, or the "all's well!" of the sentinel, floated past on the night air. All else was still. A profound calm reigned where to-morrow would be heard the shouts of thousands, the booming of artillery, and the clash of meeting squadrons.

It was yet long before day when Lorraine sprang from his couch, and hastily attiring himself, prepared to join his troop, at the expected summons. It was to him a day of the most intense interest, for not only was he then for the first time to behold the conflict of man with man, but he was to begin that career of arms which he had determined should give him renown or death.

"Yes!" he exclaimed energetically, "though Isabel may never love me, she shall hear my name in every mouth, or else be told by some pitying tongue that I have died in the heart of battle. I feel that within me which will make or mar me. To-day shall lay the first stone in my advancement, and men will talk no longer of the idle page, when they hear of the deeds of the warrior."

With such emotions stirring in his bosom, Lorraine joined his corps on the morning of that eventful day; nor did he, for a moment, through the long hours of that celebrated battle, forget his vow. Wherever the danger was the most imminent, there the gallant young soldier was to be found. When the battle was at its fiercest, Lorraine seemed only more calm and collected; until even hoary veterans were astonished at the fearless composure of the young officer. Already had he performed deeds of daring, which had been alone enough to make him the wonder of his corps, when he was ordered to charge, with his body of dragoons, on a battalion of the enemy who were about making a movement on the left of the allies.

Flushed with the confidence thus displayed in his coolness and valor, Lorraine dashed off to take up his position so as to be able to check the enemy's advance at the most favorable moment. Rapid as was his movement, however, he had been anticipated by the foe, and before he could reach the threatened position, the detachment of infantry defending the farm-house had been driven in, half their number made prisoners, and the rest compelled to fall back in disorder. When Lorraine approached their post, they were retreating up the hill immediately in the rear of the farm-house, while a strong body of the enemy's infantry was pressing upon them in the rear. A thick wood, running at right angles with the road taken by the retreating corps, effectually hid Lorraine's dragoons from sight, until the very moment when the enemy's flank was exposed to his charge. Perceiving his advantage, the young soldier waved his sword, and turning to his troops, shouted,

"Charge!" and in an instant, like a whirl-wind they burst upon the astonished enemy. The shock was irresistible. Taken completely by surprise, and already disordered by the pursuit, the foe scarcely stood their ground a moment, but broke in all directions. A scene of wild consternation ensued. Through and through the tumultuous crowd of fugitives, dashed the troopers of Lorraine, hewing and treading down their antagonists at every step. Amid this wild uproar, the young officer might be detected by his snowy plume and white charger; and wherever they were seen, there the battle was sure to rage the thickest. But though broken in nearly every direction, there was still a fragment of the enemy's corps, which, rallying around its leader, endeavored for a while to maintain its ground, and even succeeded in repelling the attack made upon it by a portion of the late fugitives, who, rallying at the first appearance of succor, under charge of their commander, attempted to cut off the retreat of the enemy. At this moment Lorraine perceived their peril. Quick as lightning he dashed to their aid, followed by a portion of his gallant band; and arrived at the very moment when his brother officer, having been struck from his horse,

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lay at the mercy of the enemy's uplifted sword. It was but the work of a moment to strike up the weapon of the assailant, and with another blow to sever the arm of the French officer. Lorraine's troopers at the same instant, rushing like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, scattered them down the hill, and before the young officer could stoop to raise his fellow soldier, the enemy had vanished from around them.

"To whom am I indebted for this timely aid?" said the wounded man, endeavoring to rise.

"To a friend—Henry De Lorraine. As I have just joined the army even my brother officers are unknown to me."

"But you will not be long unknown to them, for a more gallant charge I never saw made, and even a De Courtenay may consider it an honor to be the friend of a Lorraine."

The young officer felt his heart beat as it had not beat yet through all that day's conflict. The lover of his cousin was before him. With that name rushed a thousand memories upon his mind, and for an instant he stood silent and spell-bound before De Courtenay. But recalling, with an effort, his wandering thoughts, he bowed to the speaker's compliment, and assisting the wounded officer from the field, recalled his troops, and prepared to maintain the position he had so gallantly recovered.

Chapter VI.

Fame: The new friend.

The whole camp was ringing with the deeds of Lorraine. The days of Roland were revived. Old and young, officers and soldiery conversed only of the youthful hero who had already won for himself the title of "the bravest of the brave." Not only in his first battle, but in every successive engagement, Lorraine had achieved wonders. He had already been promoted through several grades; general officers and titled princes courted his society; and, as if by an enchanter's wand, in less than a year from the opening of his career as a soldier, the name of the unknown page was ringing in every capital of Europe. Oh! how delicious was it for him to know that Isabel heard of his deeds, and that though she might not love, she could not pity him. No, he had saved himself from that. His vow had been fulfilled. He had become renowned.

A strange friendship had sprung up between Lorraine and him whom he had rescued. The grateful De Courtenay had sought the intimacy of his preserver in such a way as could not be refused, and though it was, at first, agony for Lorraine to be the confidant of his rival, yet he could not avoid it without insulting his new friend, or exposing his own hopeless love. But the former course he scorned; and to the latter alternative he could not listen. He was forced, therefore, to endure in silence that, which, like the vulture of Prometheus, was eating out his vitals. Daily did De Courtenay pour into his ear his tale of love, thinking that as the relative of Isabel, Lorraine would sympathise with him long continued separation, and join in the praises of his mistress; but little did the generous young nobleman know of the agony he was thus inflicting upon his new friend.

Meantime the war continued. Siege after siege, and battle after battle marked the conquering career of the allies, and in every brilliant action the deeds of the young hero shone forth with unabated lustre. In the hottest of the conflict, heading the assault or leading a charge, Lorraine was ever to be found, seeming to bear a charmed life.

Yet the cheek of the young hero grew thinner daily, and amid all his splendid and rapidly increasing renown, it was plain that his unquiet spirit was tossing to and fro within him, and wearing out his very existence. His brow grew darker as if with long years of care; his eye burned with a deep, restless, almost wild brilliancy; and his port became prouder and prouder, for he grew more lofty as the struggle with himself became fiercer. Yes! the contest was still waged against his unhappy love,—how hopelessly, let others in the same situation tell.

His was not the love of days, or weeks, or months, but of years: his was not an evanescent feeling of admiration, but the deep, fathomless passion of one whose whole soul was consumed by his love. How could he conquer such an emotion? No, he might fly from Isabel, but could he fly from himself? His love had become a part of his being: it was his sustenance, his life.

It was after a hard contested battle, in which his corps had distinguished itself unusually, and he had turned the tide of war on one wing by his own valor and influence, that his sovereign filled up the measure of his renown, by reviving in his person, an honor long disused, and creating him a knight banneret upon the field of conflict.

"Rise, Sir Henry Lorraine," said the monarch, as, surrounded by a brilliant cortége, he waved his hand for the kneeling knight to arise, "you have this day won a name far more imperishable than the title I have bestowed upon you. Were a tithe of the gentlemen of my realm like you, England would have a Bayard or a Roland for every knight's fee."

Such a compliment, from the lips of a phlegmatic sovereign, placed the finishing stone on the renown of Lorraine. He was henceforth without a rival. Courted by the titled; adored by his fellow soldiers; and smiled on by the young and beautiful; what farther had this world to bestow upon him? Alas! all these brought him no happiness. To Lorraine they were but empty shadows, for they could not give him the love of his cousin.

"Ah! how will Isabel rejoice to hear of this," said De Courtenay, the day after the young hero's knighthood "you and she were playmates in childhood, you know, and it will please her all the more that I too love you. I wonder why she says nothing of you in her letters, but then—." De Courtenay paused. Even the happy lover felt that it would not do to say how wholly a mistress forgets in her missives all but the object of her adoration.

Lorraine could not reply. His brow throbbed to bursting, and he turned away. Yet he did not

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betray himself. Never had De Courtenay suspected that his friend loved Isabel; and Lorraine vowed in his inmost heart that he never should.

And thus time rolled on, and day by day, and week by week, and month by month, the renown of the young soldier increased, while the blight at his heart grew more venomous and deadly. *He loved in vain.* Often in the still watches of the night, when the camp lay buried in silence around him, and the holy stars looked down like guardian angels on the world below, he would stand for hours, gazing on the hushed landscape around, and wandering, in thought, back to the time when he stood at the side of Isabel, and together they gazed up upon the starry sky, or listened to the low whisper of the night-wind across the firmament, while their hearts held high communion, as if linked in with each other by some mysterious sympathy. Alas! those days were gone forever. Alone Lorraine gazed up at the sky, while Isabel perhaps thought of him no more.

Chapter VII.

He Comes.

"Your cousin, young Harry, now Sir Henry Lorraine, knight banneret, is coming to visit us, Isabel," said Lord Deraine, one morning, as he entered the breakfast room, holding an open letter in his hand "he has come over with despatches, and says that he shall have a few days of leisure. Here is his letter. It came by a special courier, to whom I gave a reply, inviting Lorraine down here at once. So you may expect the gallant boy to-morrow."

"But pa, how know you he will come?" said Isabel, with ill-concealed agitation, for she had not yet forgotten their last parting.

"Come! why where else would he go, but to those who love him like we do? Ah! I wonder if glory has changed him. By the honor of my house but it will make me young again to see the gallant lad, who has made the name of a Lorraine to ring like a watch word through Europe."

Isabel knew not scarcely how she felt. She dreaded, and yet wished to meet her cousin. Long did she think over it that night, and wonder if he had conquered his ill-fated passion. And when at length she fell asleep, it was after many a prayerful hope that Lorraine might have learned to look upon her only as a cousin, and have sought among fairer and loftier ones, to whom he might fearlessly aspire, a being more worthy of his fortunes.

Why had Lorraine, after tearing himself away from Isabel, determined to re-visit her? Alas! who can tell the workings of that master passion Love? How often do we resolve to see the face of some dear one no more, and how often do we return again and again to her presence, hoping even against hope, until we feel that the cup of bliss is too surely dashed from our lips forever.

It was a glorious afternoon when he arrived at the gates of the park, and at every step seeing something to remind him of the past, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he was only aroused by coming in front of the hall, and finding himself welcomed by the noisy tenantry, as well as by a score of old familiar faces in the shape of trusty servitors. Their homely but joyous greetings went to Lorraine's heart, and almost drew tears from his eyes, when he reflected how differently he had passed that threshold the last time. His uncle met him at the hall door, and falling into his arms, blessed him: while Isabel frankly extending her hand, greeted him as she would have done in their old and happy hours.

The dinner passed off, Isabel withdrew, and Lorraine was alone with his uncle.

"How you have altered, Henry," said the old earl, "you left us a boy, and now your brow is that of a warrior. Ah! I always knew you would prove an honor to your house. Another glass of the Burgundy. But now we are alone, let us hear of your battles and sieges."

It was almost evening when they rose from the table, and Lorraine signified his wish to seek the open air. His uncle pleaded his gout, and the young knight stepped out upon the lawn.

Soon, however, as if led by a mysterious influence, he sought the old terrace, where he had sat at Isabel's feet the last day he had spent at the hall. His cousin was there. For a moment both were embarrassed. A woman on such occasions, is always the first to speak; and Isabel broke the spell by an allusion to their early days. Long then they conversed; for both their hearts were full. But neither spoke of love.

It was a golden evening, the very counterpart to the one he had last spent there, and when, for a few minutes both paused, it is not improbable that each reverted to that memorable occasion, and for awhile they gazed without speaking on the landscape. And mournful were Lorraine's thoughts as he gazed. What was honor, or rank, or wealth to him, since they brought him not Isabel? But was her love then hopelessly lost to him? Alas! had not De Courtenay assured him of her continued affection; and would it not be even dishonorable to win that affection if he could? Yet might there not be hope? Such feelings, whirling through his mind, almost determined Lorraine, in the excitement of the moment, to fling himself at Isabel's feet. Suddenly, however, two horsemen appeared in the distance, winding up the avenue of the park. Isabel and himself started simultaneously, and looked at each other. Could it be that both divined in the foremost of the riders the same individual.

A moment passed, when their ears were aroused by the rapid clattering of approaching hoofs, and looking down they beheld a couple of horsemen spring from their steeds. The eye of one of the riders happened to fall upon them, and he turned hastily in their direction. Surely it was not—yes! it was—De Courtenay. He dashed up the terrace with eager haste, and Isabel, forgetting, in her glad surprise, everything except that the lover she had not seen for years stood before her, rushed forward to meet him.

"Edward—Edward!" was all the agitated

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girl could utter, as she stooped to her half kneeling lover.

"Isabel—dearest Isabel, we meet at last," passionately exclaimed De Courtenay, as he looked up, and clasped her in his arms.

Oh! who can tell the agony of Lorraine during that moment. Was it for this he had toiled; was it for this he had struggled; was it for this he had breasted the fierce assault? It was the last drop in his cup of bitterness. His heart was wrung with unutterable woe. He spoke no word, he breathed no sigh; but he gazed a moment sadly on the spectacle, and then noiselessly entered the apartment behind. When the lovers looked around he was gone.

That night a solitary traveller might be seen on the high road to London. He had just parted with another, who had pursued him hotly for several miles, and finally overtaken him. The two were Lorraine and De Courtenay. The latter, learning every thing from Isabel for the first time, had set out and overtaken his preserver, with the generous design to relinquish his mistress to the young knight. But Lorraine would not listen to him.

"No, no, you tempt me over much," sadly said Lorraine "for can you give me the love of Isabel? God bless you both. As for me, glory henceforth is my only mistress. Farewell!" and pressing his friend's hand, he plunged his rowels into the flanks of his steed, and dashed on.

De Courtenay had followed Lorraine to England unexpectedly within twenty-four hours of the young knight's departure, and, having hastily transacted his business in London, had hurried down to Deraine hall, and met Lorraine as we have described.

None of his house ever saw Lorraine again. He appeared in a few days in the camp, but within a week fell in an assault, the only man who had succeeded in mounting the breach. There he fought unsupported for several minutes, but finally sank pierced with a hundred wounds.

And long did Isabel and De Courtenay weep for the ill-fated page. And when the war was over, and they were married, often would they sit on that old terrace, and feel a melancholy pleasure in talking of Lorraine. Need we wonder that their eldest boy bore the name of Isabel's unfortunate cousin? * * *

THE BRILLIANT NOR-WEST.

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

Let Araby boast of her soft spicy gale,
And Persia her breeze from the rose-scented vale;
Let orange-trees scatter in wildness their balm,
Where sweet summer islands lie fragrant and calm!
Give me the cold blast of my country again,
Careering o'er snow-cover'd mountain and plain,
And coming, though scentless, yet pure, to my breast,
With vigor and health from the cloudless Nor-West.

I languish where suns in the tropic sky glow,
And gem-studded waters on golden sands flow,
Where shrubs blossom-laden, bright birds, and sweet trees,
With odors and music encumber the breeze;
I languish to catch but a breathing of thee,
To hear thy wild winter-notes brilliant and free,
To feel thy cool touch on my heart-strings opprest,
And gather a tone from the bracing Nor-West.

Mists melt at thy coming, clouds flee from thy wrath,
The marsh and its vapors are seal'd on thy path,
For spotless and pure as the snow-covered North,
Their cold icy cradle, thy tempests come forth.

Philadelphia, March, 1841.

Thy blue robe is borrowed from clearest of skies,
Thy sandals were made where the driven snow lies,
And stars, seldom seen in this low world, are blest
To shine in thy coronet—brilliant Nor-West.

Health bounds to thy pathway, joy shouts in thy course,
The virtues of manhood thy breathings enforce;
The pure, and the fair, and the brave, and the free,
Are purer, and fairer, and braver, for thee;
As flames sweeping wildly o'er mountain and heath,
But burn the more fiercely the colder thy breath,
So glow, but more brightly for thee, in the breast,
The virtues of freedom—soul-stirring Nor-West.

Forever, forever, be thine, purest wind,
The lakes and the streams of my country to bind;
And oh, though afar I am fated to roam,
Still kindle the hearths, and the hearts of my home!
While blows from the Polar skies holy and pure,
Thy trumpet of freedom, the land shall endure,
As snow in thy pathway, and stars on thy crest,
Unsullied and beautiful—glorious Nor-West.

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OUR BILL.

BY MRS. LAMBERT.

"I am gone sir, and anon
I 'll be with you again." *Tempest.*

Some years since I chanced to stop, during one of my summer rambles, in a pretty village, picturesquely situated in the county of F——d. I arrived about sun-set, and the quiet loveliness which appeared every where around, won me to the spot. A row of neat white houses, with pretty gardens in front, arose on each side of the way, for the distance of nearly half a mile. At this point the road branched off in different directions, and exactly on the centre of division stood the village church; a plain, unpretending edifice, whose slender spire rose high above the full tops of venerable elms and dark pendant willows that surrounded its peaceful walls.

A row of fine trees planted regularly at the road side, gave the appearance of an avenue to the village street, which viewed from its entrance, has an uncommonly pleasing effect, the eye ranging through the grass-bounded road, and the umbrageous arch which overshadows it, till the consecrated building terminates the vista.

The country immediately adjoining the village is divided into numerous enclosures, bearing marks of good cultivation; while pretty farm-houses are scattered in every direction, with woods, streams, rocks and groves, beautifying the landscape. A chain of hills, which might without the charge of an extraordinary degree of presumption, aspire to the name of mountains, bounds the view on the south-east—their undulating outline beautifully marked against the clear horizon. Through an opening of the range, a glimpse is caught of the deep blue waters of the sound—a sail just distinguished—diminished by distance to a mere speck, gives frequent interest, and adds to the magic of the scene.

Pleasing, however, as was the village, and abounding in objects most inviting to a lover of simple life, I determined not to make it my place of abode. Enquiring my way to a farm-house, of which I had some previous knowledge, I directed my steps thither. It was situated about a mile from the village, at the foot of a gentle slope, and adjoining a grove vocal in spring-time with the notes of almost innumerable birds.

The master of it was a plain farmer, but one of Heaven's nobility, an honest man. He lived like one of the Patriarchs of old, surrounded by his descendants to the third generation. His still athletic form was unbent by age, although his venerable locks were whitened by the snows of seventy winters.

I was received with all the kindness I could wish. Every thing was done to make me comfortable, and cause me, as the phrase goes, to feel at home, and I did so.

The farm-house was a large, old building, abounding in long, low rooms, the ceilings of which were crossed by heavy beams, a century ago considered no defect in architectural embellishment—narrow windows, glazed with exceedingly small panes, carefully leaded—a fire-place built across one corner of the room, over the mantel-piece of which appeared a wooden clock, flanked on each side by a china figure, intending to represent, as I supposed, Flora and Pomona.

The former of these heathen beauties balanced her well filled basket with sufficient gravity on a head none of the smallest—but her companion from the carelessness with which she held her cornucopia, suffered its treasures to escape with an indifference truly wonderful. A pair of pink-colored candles, rising from sockets garnished with curiously cut paper, finished the decorations of the fire-place.

My hostess was a little, fat, short, good-humored woman, and with her youngest daughter, the only one remaining unmarried, and a daughter-in-law, whose husband was absent in a distant part of the country, constituted those members of the family, with whom I had most frequent and social communication. There were, also, two or three large dogs, of prepossessing physiognomy, and urbane gentlemanly manners, with whom I soon found a sort of companionship.

But of all the oddities, animate or inanimate, with which I became acquainted during my visit to Redbury, I saw none that interested me more than an urchin who officiated in the family as a sort of boy of all work.

Short, stout, broad-shouldered as an infant Hercules, with a round, good-humored face, laughing grey eyes, and elf-locks tanned to a dead flaxey whiteness, by continual exposure to the sun and wind—"Our Bill," for so he was constantly and familiarly denominated, was to be found every

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where, and equal to every imposed duty. He chopped wood, made the fires, fetched water, brought the cows, and helped the maids to milk them; went of all the errands, and did *all the chores*. When the farmer came in wearied from the field, "Our Bill" ran to the cellar and drew for his refreshment a mug of hard cider. If an extra hand was wanted in hay-time or harvest, it was only to send to the house for "Our Bill." If a neighbor was at a loss for a messenger in any emergency—the first thought was to request of neighbor Dawkins the loan of "Bill." In short, he was in demand for every thing, and I began to consider him ubiquitous.

The readiness with which he complied with every requisition, his unvarying good-humor and promptness to oblige, soon drew my attention and gained my approbation.

The first marked kindness which I received from him I well remember. I was sitting in the apartment allotted to my use, and taking my breakfast. The morning was dark, and it rained violently. I looked toward the windows with a sort of hopelessness of feeling, for I expected that letters were lying in the post-office in the village, from my friends in the city, and I knew not how to procure them. To be sure I might send "Our Bill," but I had not the heart to do so.

While meditating thus, a gentle tap came to my door. I opened it, and who should appear but "Our Bill." His garments were soaked and dripping with rain, which fell in rapid and discolored drops from numerous ragged points and edges. He held his tattered, crownless hat in one hand, while he extended to me in the other no less than three letters—three letters from dear friends in town—how dear, let friendship in absence determine.

I looked up at the windows involuntarily, as I broke the seal of one missive.

"Why William, (I never could bear to call him Bill,) you have been to the post-office—and through all the storm—I hope you did not go entirely on my account?"

"Yes, but I did though."

"Why, my lad, I never would have sent you through such a tempest of wind and rain."

"I know that. But I heard you say last night that you thought there were letters for you in the village, so I determined you should have 'em."

"You are a kind boy, Will. Are you not cold? You had better go quickly and change your clothes."

"Change my clothes, oh no—I don't mind a wet jacket. I 'll make a fire up for you though, if you please," and he looked at my vacant hearth.

"Do so," said I, and while he was engaged I perused my letters. Their contents were satisfactory and pleasing, and I sat ruminating on the past, with no painful anticipations about the future, while the boy went on with his self-imposed employment.

"There," exclaimed he, as a cheerful crackling flame blazed up the chimney, "I think you 'll do, now."

"So do I, Willy, and here is something for your pains." I handed him a small silver piece. He took it with a rustic bow, and looked at it with delight. His face, cheerful before, now grew bright with pleasure. Down he sat, *sans ceremonie*, upon the hearth, and diving his hand into some unimaginable recess about his person, brought to light a dingy-looking rag, which he untied. In it I beheld a few pieces of copper coin. He added to them the silver which I had given him, retied his little bag, thanked me again, and was about to leave the room. My voice arrested him.

"Why, Willy, you are quite rich; what are you going to do with so much money?"

The boy actually blushed and hung his head.

"I know," he replied.

"I suppose you do," said I, my man, "and may I not know too?" He was silent. "It will go to buy tops and marbles, I suppose," I added.

"No it won't," he answered, with quickness.

"Perhaps you are saving it till you get enough to purchase a new hat, or a pair of shoes. If so, I think, you are doing very right."

No answer, and at this moment Mrs. Dawkins calling him, he left the room.

This economy was a trait I little suspected in my young acquaintance. Most boys of his age expend the few pence which they casually acquire, in the purchase of apples, or nuts, or gingerbread, but I never saw "Our Bill" indulge in any luxuries of this sort. I, therefore, could only return to my first supposition, that he was hoarding up the means of buying a Sunday jacket, trowsers, shoes or hat. The chief things that I disapproved of, about the boy, were the indifference which he evinced as to his appearance, and his love of mischief. It is true he had not much time to devote to personal neatness; yet numerous as were his avocations, there was not a solitary scheme of mischief carried into effect within a mile of the village, in which Bill did not bear a part. If mammy Jennings's orchard was to be thinned of its superfluous number of golden pippins—or cross-grained old Squire Grummand's fine walnut tree laid under contribution—or the Deacon's melon-patch to be *examined* by moonlight, I am sorry to say that "Our Bill" was sure to be an assistant, if not officiating as president of the board of directors. In short, he was a mischievous, but good-natured and obliging boy, that might by a little care exercised by some kind-hearted individual, be rendered a good and useful member of the community. But if neglected and suffered to grow up in idleness, or desultory employment, which is next akin to it, he stood a fair chance of falling into a career of dissipation, profligacy and vice.

I took an early opportunity of enquiring more particularly about this boy of Mrs. Dawkins: who gave me the following account. His parents, who were natives of the village, and poor, had married early in life. They were industrious—the man particularly so—and they were virtuous and honest. For some time after their marriage the world went hardly with them. An increase of family brought an increase of cares and want, with no additional means wherewith to answer them. James Lee (that was his name) became dejected—and Nancy unfortunately lost not her cheerfulness only, but her

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good temper: and although James worked hard from day to day, and gave her every penny of his earnings, to lay up or expend in supplying the wants of the family, as she chose; yet she was still peevish and dissatisfied. Harrassed by his wife's growing ill-temper, and threatened by all the evils attendant upon increasing poverty, James began to seek in company at the village tavern a temporary relief from care. This only made matters worse; Nancy instead of striving to make his home pleasant, and soothing his uneasiness, by bidding him hope for the best, always met him with tears and upbraidings.

Thus matters went on for some time, when one day as Mrs. Lee was about heating her oven for a baking of bread, she found that there was no oven wood cut. Her husband always prepared the wood for her in the nicest manner; but he had somehow or other forgotten to do so at this time. Instead of going quietly out to him where he sat at work in the little shop, opposite their house, (he was a shoemaker by trade) she began by angrily accusing him of negligence, and want of consideration for her comfort—with sundry reflections on the manner in which he had too frequently passed his hours of late, to the great detriment of both purse and credit. He heard all she had to say with exemplary patience; and when she had finished arose from his bench, and walked to the door.

"Are you going to get the oven-wood?" she asked.

"Yes, Anne," he replied meekly, and walked away.

Mrs. Lee returned to her kitchen, and remained waiting for the wood till a good hour had elapsed. Out of all patience, she at last sent her daughter, a fine, stout lass, of ten years, to hurry her father, bidding her tell him her bread would be entirely ruined by waiting so long.

The girl went, but searched for her father in vain, returning to the house only to give an account of her ill success. The displeasure of her mother was again excited, and she sallied forth herself, fully determined on giving James a piece of her mind. But James was no where to be seen. The wood lay uncut. His shop was still open—the tools which he had been recently employing, lay on a bench beside that on which he had been sitting. In short, every thing remained just as he had left it one short hour before; but from that time to this, a period of seven years, James Lee has never been heard of.

"This is a surprising story," said I, when the good dame had concluded, "what do people suppose became of Lee?"

"There 's no telling," answered Mrs. Dawkins, "some say one thing and some another. Whether he left the country—or whether he made away with himself, there 's nobody knows—for my own part I think he was harrassed out of his life by the odd temper of his good woman—but there 's no knowing—well, this here boy, that you 've been asking about is her son. She has but two children left—Nancy, who is about seventeen, and 'Our Bill.' My husband took the boy, to keep him out of evil courses, and if he behaves himself, Mr. Dawkins will do well by him."

"That is certainly very kind of your husband, and I hope the lad will reward him by industry and good conduct."

"I hope so, too," replied my hostess, "but Bill is rather too much inclined to mischief—yet he is a good boy, too, in many respects, and is very fond of his mother, whom he goes to see regularly."

"What are her means of support?" I asked.

"Well—she has to work hard enough since the loss of her husband; and many a time I have seen her standing in the doorway, looking over at the little shop in which he used to sit at work, with her eyes brimful of tears. Ah, I guess it goes to her heart to think how roughly she used to speak to poor James. She takes in spinning and plain work, and sometimes goes out a nursing; and her daughter does a little at millinery, for she has a pretty taste about such matters; and so they make out a living."

"Is the daughter industrious?" I asked.

"As industrious a girl as you would wish to see, and as handsome. She has a lover too; indeed a couple of them; but there her mother and she are at odds; for the one that Nancy likes is not favored by Mrs. Lee."

"That is unfortunate; and what kind of a person is the young man preferred by Nancy?"

"Why, he is a likely lad—the blacksmith of our village. He has not much before hand to be sure, but is honest, good, and true."

"And the other?"

"Oh, he is better off—quite rich. Keeps a store in the village, and makes a great dash. But for my own part I think Nancy's choice is the best; for Josiah Goodwin is steady as a clock, while folks do say, that young Sturges, the shop-keeper, likes a small spree now and then."

"If that is the case," said I, "it is to be hoped that Nancy will remain firm in her determination to have nothing to do with him."

"She has a sad time of it at any rate," replied my informant. "Her mother keeps her close at home, and has ordered her never to see or speak to young Goodwin; who is so troubled about it, that he has closed his shop and left the village."

"Really," said I, "I am sorry for this poor girl, and I should like to pay a visit to Mrs. Lee."

"That you may do this evening, if you please," said Mrs. Dawkins, "my daughter is going to her house to carry some work."

The circumstances of Mrs. Lee's case as respected her husband, greatly interested me; my curiosity was awakened, and I agreed to accompany Lizzy Dawkins. At the hour appointed we set out together. After a pleasant walk through winding roads, and shady lanes, we arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Lee.

It was an humble abode, unmarked by any exterior improvement. One large sycamore grew in front, and threw a portion of its branches across the moss-grown roof. A rustic bench was placed at the foot of the tree. This had been done by James, in the earlier days of wedded love.

The door of the house stood partly open, and Lizzy, taking the privilege of an old acquaintance, entered without knocking. I followed. We walked

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into the kitchen, which large, clean and comfortable, served as a reception room. I must acknowledge that my first glance was directed toward the oven.

Nancy greeted us with a kindly welcome; but the first object that drew my attention was "Our Bill," standing by the side of his mother, and emptying the contents of his dingy-looking purse into her lap. In seeing us enter he started, and looked as much confused as if he had been caught in some act of delinquency. A look from me gave him courage. I saw at once for what purpose the money had been saved, and from that moment determined that while I lived Bill should never want a friend.

After Lizzy had delivered the work which she had brought for her neighbor, the conversation fell upon different matters. Nancy, however, bore but a small part therein; she seemed absent and sad. A young female friend of hers came in, and she made an effort to appear more cheerful.

It was now the season when whortleberries were in their prime; and Bill was exceedingly anxious that a party should be formed for gathering them in the neighboring wood. Nancy's young friend joined warmly in the project. Lizzy Dawkins was pleased with the arrangement. I agreed to make one of the number. Nancy evinced small interest in the matter, though she agreed to go with us if her mother was willing: and as the good dame was relieved from her apprehensions on the score of Goodwin, since she had learned that he had left the village, she gave her assent. The following day was fixed upon for our little excursion; and as the weather proved fine, we accordingly went.

The wood was not far distant from the house of Mrs. Lee. It was wild, shady, and beautiful: the resort of the squirrel and the rabbit—gay with innumerable wild-flowers, and vocal with the sweet music of its feathered denizens. Numerous openings amid the thickets disclosed irregular knolls, covered with the shrubby bushes which now hung full of the purple berry of which we came in search, and whose abundance in many past years had given to this rural spot the name of Whortleberry, or in village nomenclature, Huckleberry wood. We soon met with two or three other parties on the same errand with ourselves: some acquaintances of Lizzy and Nancy were among them: we united our forces, filled our baskets with berries, and chatted and laughed the hours away.

It was about noon, when, tired and rather hungry, we concluded to seek for a shady spot where we might rest, and partake of the refreshment with which we had taken the precaution to provide ourselves. Bill, who had acted the part of master of the ceremonies during the whole of the day, now preceded us, boasting aloud of his superior skill in discovering a cool and pleasant spot for the purpose we desired. After a few turns among the bushes and underwood, we suddenly emerged upon the borders of a broad and rapid brook, which was murmuring its way most delightfully among the reeds and wild flowers that graced its margin. And here we were at a stand. To arrive at the spot designated by our young conductor, and represented by him as the best in the wood, it was necessary that we should cross the stream; but how to do so was the question. Bill suggested the placing a few large stones in the bed of the river, by means of which we might easily step across. This was accordingly done; and Bill, taking his sister by the hand, preceded the rest of the party, who paused while they marked the progress of the adventurers across their unsteady footway. As soon as they touched the opposite margin, a loud shout from Bill electrified us. "A rattle-snake! a rattle-snake! run—run for your lives!" and forgetful of the courage which I had hitherto seen him assume on almost every occasion, Bill dragged his terrified sister up the rough bank, and disappeared with her in the thick groves beyond.

The cry had affrighted all. Each one ran in a different direction from his fellow, and each thought the rattle-snake close at his heels. The panic could scarcely have been greater had a boa-constrictor appeared wreathing its voluminous folds among the branches of the beech, walnut, and oak, that rustled above our heads. It was sorrowful to see the labors of the morning scattered in a moment, for many of the well-filled baskets, overturned by their respective owners in the precipitation of their flight, poured their purple treasure among moss, lichens, and fern-blossoms.

Meanwhile, I looked in vain for the reptile which had caused this alarm, and finding myself left entirely alone, I concluded to follow the footsteps of the valorous William and his gentle sister. Crossing the stream, and clambering the bank on the opposite side, I found myself in a charming grove of tall young trees of rapid growth.

All was still, save the whistle of the robin, or the solitary call of the cat-bird. I wandered along, almost forgetful of the cause which brought me hither, when at the entrance of a thicket of young hazels, seated at the end of a fallen tree, and leisurely employed in stripping the bark from a sapling branch, which he seemed desirous of forming into something resembling a walking stick, I discovered "Our Bill."

Surprised at the quiet in which I beheld him, contrasted as it was with his late trepidation and alarm, I immediately accosted him with enquiries after his sister.

"She is n't far, I guess."

"Do you know where she is?"

"Yes."

"I wish to see her."

"Well—stop a bit."

"I want to know if she is not hurt?"

"Hurt?—what should hurt her?"

"The snake, perhaps."

The boy grinned archly.

"Bill," said I, "what has become of that snake, think you?"

"I 'm sure I don't know."

"Do you think there really was any there?"

"I 'm sartain I cannot tell."

"Well," said I, advancing, "I shall continue my search till I find Nancy."

The boy started up, and putting his fingers to his mouth, blew a shrill whistle. I looked at him, in order to discover, if I could, the end and aim of this

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new fantasy. A rustle among the bushes at a little distance was heard. I turned my eyes in the direction of the sound. There was Nancy, and by her side, one of his arms encircling her waist, stood as fine and good-looking a country youth as one would wish to see.

They were about parting,—a few more last words—a kiss and then farewell. Nancy came tripping toward the spot where she had left her brother, but on seeing me stopped and looked confused. I hastened to re-assure here; and quickly retracing our steps to the brook-side as a sort of rendezvous, we soon were joined by our companions. So much for the strategy of "Our Bill."

Gathering up our fruit as well as we were able, we pursued our way through the mazes of "Huckleberry" wood. Bill who had been for some time in advance of our party, now came running toward us announcing our near approach to the house of Betty Nares the fortune-teller. "The fortune-teller—the fortune-teller" was echoed from lip to lip. And, "who will have their fortune told?" was asked of each, by the other.

And now we came in sight of Betty's dwelling. A lowly roof it literally was; for a person would scarcely be able to stand upright except in the midst of the only apartment which it contained, so lowly and sloping was the roof,—so covered with moss and lichens, that it resembled a green hillock surrounded by trees. The interior was such as might have been expected from its outward appearance. An earthen floor; a stool with three legs; an empty barrel, the elastic end of which answered the purposes of a table; a glazed earthen pipkin; a bowl or two; a wooden platter and spoon, completed the number and variety of Betty's furniture and culinary utensils. A bundle of something indescribable—rolled up in one corner, was supposed to be the couch on which this modern sybil reposed her wearied limbs. A heap of stones formed the fireplace—and an aperture in the roof answered the purpose of a chimney in so far as a portion of the smoke occasionally made its escape thereat.

We found the mistress of this inviting retreat seated beside a few dying embers, over which she extended her withered hand, seeking to animate their torpidity by artificial heat. On seeing us she rose, and presented to our view a veritable hag-like face and form. Her garments were tattered, her shoes decayed, and her grey locks imperfectly covered by a dilapidated bonnet. She saluted us in a shrill voice, and, in no very gentle terms, demanded to know our business.

As this was a question we were not altogether prepared to answer, each looked at his neighbor, desirous that he or she should expound. Betty, finding us silent, and growing rather impatient, commenced an objurgation in a high key, accompanied by a few ominous flourishes with a stunted broom which she snatched from a corner near her fireplace. At this moment Bill stepped up to her, and in a low voice made some communication which had the effect of mollifying her at once.

"Do you wish to have your fortunes told, gentlemen and ladies?" said she, addressing us with an attempt at looking gracious. One of the village girls presented her a small piece of money, while Betty, from some private nook, brought out a terribly soiled pack of cards, the corners worn by constant attrition, and the edges blackened by frequent devotion to the service of the curious in the prescient art.

It was amusing to see the interest displayed. The cards were cut and divided. Attention became fixed. The fair enquirer into the mysteries of the future, placed before this modern oracle, looked pale and red by turns. And now we were informed of a strange man who would soon arrive and bring good news to a certain family not many miles off. And of a dark-haired woman who was a friend, and of a light-haired woman who was an enemy, to the young enquirer. How a journey would be made to a distant land, and how somebody of fair complexion and immense wealth was to come over the water and offer himself a candidate for her fair hand. There were letters to be expected without number, and presents to be sent without name. At each separate piece of intelligence sly looks were exchanged among the circle; meaning smiles, and conscious glances. "How wonderfully true!" "Surprising!" "How she could have known such or such a circumstance, it was hard to tell, but so it was. She seemed to know every thing."

Nancy Lee could not be prevailed upon to enquire into the circumstances of her future lot, and by such neglect considerably displeased Betty; and to pacify her, Bill invited her to his mother's house the following evening. To which arrangement she at last graciously consented.

We all returned home cheerful and happy; well pleased with our day's excursion.

The following evening I walked out to see Mrs. Lee, curious I must own, to learn the proceedings of Betty Nares in persuading Nancy to have her fortune told.

I found Mrs Lee as usual in her neat kitchen. She was sitting quietly there, for the business of the day was finished, and that of the evening, which consisted generally of knitting or spinning, was not yet begun. Nancy was sitting on a low stool by the side of her mother, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping. The milk pans had been placed away, filled with their simple treasure. The chairs stood aside, the hearth was swept up, and all things looked the very abode of quiet.

The last beams of the setting sun shone through the open door, and threw a soft purple tint across the humble apartment, which was reflected by a row of brightly burnished tin pans—proofs of the industry and neatness of Nancy—which decorated the opposite wall—and—just as the last tints faded away, a cricket from some crevice in the rural hearthstone commenced tuning his "tiny reed."—It was the hour of peace.

Mrs. Lee began to wonder why her son had not returned. He had been absent she said, for two hours in "Huckle-berry" wood. She wished with all her heart that the season of gathering berries was over. She dreaded every day when farmer Dawkins would get out of patience with his idling, and send him home.

While she was speaking the window became

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darkened by some opaque body, and on looking up we recognised the head of Betty Nares. Directly the fortune-teller entered, and took a seat near the fire-place.

And now Bill came in. "Well," he exclaimed on seeing Betty, "I'm glad you are here. Now mother do just let her tell Nancy's fortune. She told a power of things to Lucy Harroby and Kitty Dixon, and all of 'em came true—now do, mother."

"Don't be a simpleton, Bill. I have no faith in such stuff."

I looked at Nancy—she smiled faintly but said nothing.

"You don't believe me," said the sybil—"you won't believe me I suppose, if I tell you that you yourself are soon to be married?" I must confess that I thought this a bold and daring assertion of Betty, and calculated to strike at the root of all her hopes of success: as Mrs. Lee was known to be scrupulously correct and reserved in her deportment, most particularly since the mysterious departure of her husband. As I expected, Betty received a look of disdain.

"You need not look so scornful, Mrs. Lee," said Betty, "what I tell you is true, and you can't get aside of it. And I'll tell you more. The man you want your daughter to marry, is going to meet with a great deal of trouble in his worldly matters,—and the one you don't wish her to have is likely to be a rich man—and more—the day you give your consent that Nancy shall marry Goodwin, a stranger from across the water will come here, and give her a dowry that shall set them both well a going in the world."

Mrs. Lee in great displeasure asked Betty if she really supposed "that she had lost her senses, that she should for one minute be induced to credit such idle trash." Betty however, kept her ground, and repeated her opinions with a tenacity that surprised me. Bill still continued to entreat. Nancy hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears. Mrs. Lee scolded, and Betty solemnly shaking her head, declared she "had her knowledge from one who would not lie."

Feeling my presence, in the existing circumstances, rather an incumbrance, I rose to take leave. This I did, just as Bill was blowing a coal in order to light a candle, and Betty was beginning to shuffle her cards.

Some particular business of my own, prevented me for a few days from inquiring into the civil and domestic relations of the House of Lee. I saw however, that my friend Bill was still in action. Indeed he seemed more busy than ever. How the boy sustained such a constant course of riding and running, of chopping and lugging, of cattle-driving and hog-feeding, with numerous other et ceteras, all generally terminating—of late—in an excursion to "Huckle-berry" wood, I could scarcely imagine.

Wishing one morning to speak to my hostess, I went to the kitchen; secure of finding her there,—that being the seat of empire, with a good New-England house-wife. For once, however, I was disappointed; but there sat Bill. Returned from some nameless excursion, he was eating a late breakfast. It was rather picturesque. His naked feet, stained by the soil through which he had lately plodded, were raised upon the cross piece of his chair—his knees appearing through two very unnecessary apertures in his nether garment—his ragged hat lying on the floor at his feet, and two large house-dogs seated on the ground—one on each side, watching with eager interest each morsel that he conveyed to his lips.

I have said that I was somewhat anxious on the score of Bill's health; but when I saw the devotion with which he applied himself to his hashed pork and potatoes, and the complacency with which from time to time he eyed a smoking dish of pumpkin-pudding which stood close at his elbow, waiting his acceptance, I comforted myself with the belief that the means and appliances with which he strengthened his inward man, would abundantly enable him to sustain the labors which heaven had allotted to his share.

We had long been the best of friends, and perfectly understood each other. He looked up at me with his laughing grey eyes.

"Our Nance is going to be married."

"You don't say so—Bill, are you in earnest?"

Bill nodded, for by this time his mouth was again full, and he could not speak. He took a draught of cider from the great brown jug on the table. "Yes, it's true enough."

"And to whom is she to be married?"

"Siah Goodwin."

"Bless me, what could have brought about such a change?"

"Anan?"

"How has it all happened, Bill?"

"Why Betty Nares told Mother it *was to be*; so how could she hinder it?"

"Ah, very true. Well, when is the wedding to take place?"

"To-morrow evening—won't you come?"

"Certainly."

"Do,—we shall have a main sight of pumpkin pies; mother says it will be like a training day."

Was it possible that the artful and ignorant Betty had succeeded in imposing upon the plain good sense of Mrs. Lee. I was sure there must be more in it than at first sight appeared. However, I determined to be at the wedding. On enquiry, I found that the Dawkinses were invited, and also that they were as much surprised at the turn affairs had taken as myself.

The next evening we all repaired to the house of Mrs. Lee. On entering her little parlor, we found a few of the neighbors assembled. Nancy sat near a window, and beside her one whom I supposed to be the bridegroom. I thought that I recognised in him the same young man whom I had seen with her in Huckle-berry wood. My doubts, if I had any remaining, would soon have been dissipated by her brother, who walking up to me, and looking expressively in my face, and putting two of his fingers to his mouth, produced in a subdued tone a sound resembling the hissing of a snake. The whole truth flashed upon me at once.

The exterior of Bill himself was greatly improved, dressed as he was for the occasion, in a good suit of home-spun cloth, his feet covered with a decent

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pair of leather shoes, and his flaxen hair combed smoothly over his forehead, cut short and even all round, with the exception of two pendant locks, left as a partial covering to his ears.

Every thing was now in readiness, and we waited only for the clergyman who had been sent for to perform the marriage ceremony.

A knock came to the door. Bill flew to open it.—"Here he is." "That's he"—was whispered around—"No, not yet."—

A fidgetty restlessness took possession of the party. Steps were heard outside. The door again opened, and Bill appeared preceding a stranger. He was dressed like a plain countryman, of good-looking face and appearance, and he bore in his arms a rather unusual burthen, supposing him to be a traveller. He advanced into the middle of the room. Mrs. Lee rose from her seat and stared at him wildly. The stranger extended his hand to her smiling. "Nancy," said he, "*I 've brought in the oven-wood.*"

The poor woman gave one shriek and fell on the floor. Down went the wood on the hearth, and the stranger flew to her assistance. Slowly she regained her senses, and when she did so, she threw herself in the arms of the new comer and wept aloud. We all crowded around, eager for an explanation. It was soon given. James Lee, distressed by poverty, and worn by the fretful temper of his wife, had, on the memorable morning of his disappearance—on the impulse of the moment, resolved to quit his home and seek his fortune in a foreign clime. For this act, his only apology was the bitterness of despair. He sought the nearest port, and embarked as a common sailor on board a vessel about sailing to the West-Indies. Changing his name that he might not be traced, he made himself useful, and became a favorite with his captain: was generally esteemed, and by degrees enabled to traffic a little on his own account. He had made many voyages and been unusually successful. He had acquired a snug competence with which he now returned, for the purpose of enjoying it in the bosom of his family. As he approached his home, the recollection of the manner in which he had left it suddenly occurred to him, and when Bill opened the door, the thought struck him that he would go to the wood-pile, fill his arms with wood, and thus bring to his wife's mind, for the joke's sake, the remembrance of their parting scene, seven years before.

When he had concluded, and we had offered our congratulations on this happy event, a shrill voice was heard to exclaim,

"Did n't I tell you so—did n't I say you were going to be married Miss Lee—has n't everything I said come to pass—did n't I tell you?"—

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Lee, smiling, "you told me, as you tell others of things to happen which you take good care to find out before-hand." Betty looked rather blank when she found that no credit was allowed her for her skill in prescience, more especially as "Our Bill" in the pride and fullness of his heart unfolded the secret of his numerous expeditions to the wood. Here at Goodwin's farm which was in the immediate neighborhood, Lee had remained for a few days till the harmless plot which he laid in conjunction with the young man was ripe for development, and his wife had given her consent to his daughter's marriage with "Siah." It is scarcely necessary to say that Bill had met and recognised his father—been made privy to his and Goodwin's scheme, and in short, been active agent in the whole affair.

Several years have passed since that period. William Lee has grown to man's estate. He is married and has a snug little home of his own. He is a carpenter by trade, and fills a respectable station in the community of which he is a member.

For my own part, I love to think over the past, for many a pleasing idea is connected with the reminiscences of "Huckle-berry" wood, and "Our Bill."

New York, March, 1841.

A SLIGHTED WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOWARD PINCKNEY."

And Helen, not neglectful she
Of her proud sex's dignity,
If, in the mazes of the dance,
Perchance she met her loved of all,
You 'd think that nothing met her glance
Between her and the wall.
Her eye around is thrown so free,
Her laugh rings out so merrily:
How soon a slighted woman learns
To hide that pang, however deep,
Though in her tortured heart it burns,
Her bosom-thoughts seem all asleep:
You 'd think that peace was resting there,
With her light shawl upon her breast.
That exercise and healthy air,
And day-dreams that be wondrous fair,
With hopes that sweetest fruitage bear
Had caused the slight unrest:
Know you that her young heart bleeds—
That in this laughing mood,
The Pelican of Passion feeds
Her even hungry brood—
The two extremes approach we know
And therefore often laughs our woe;
Hers tells, that laugh which rung so loud,
Of withered hopes within their shroud.

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UNEQUALLY YOKED.

BY REV. J. KENNADAY.

"Why don't you hurry, woman? Sure it is no wonder that the child sleeps in your arms. And yourself will be asleep next, if you walk at this creeping rate."

"Be patient, William. You know that the mountain is steep; the child is heavy; and it 's but little strength I have, any way."

This was part of a dialogue I chanced to hear, while passing the parties, who were clambering up one of the most rugged roads in the Catskill mountains; a road so steep indeed, that my horse puffed at every step, and the saddle creaked beneath me as I grasped the pummel.

The man was some twelve or fifteen feet in advance of the woman, and at the sound of my horse's feet, paused till I passed, when he turned the hasty glance of his eye from me, in a heavy frown upon her whom he upbraided. A light breath of wind touching the hood, together with the effort of the woman to step aside from the road till I passed, laid open the face of the sleeping child, and gave evidence, in the fullness of its face, of the weight of its frame, and of health, derived almost at the expense of the one upon whose bosom it reposed.

Possessing an enormous and hardy frame, the man trode the mountain path almost with the step of an elephant, and appeared to require nothing but a palanquin upon his huge shoulders to enable him to carry both the mother and the babe. The woman was of small and delicate form. Her face was round and very fair, over which was cast the mildness of a bright but modest eye. Although her age was about thirty, she appeared at least fifteen years younger than her husband.

A bend in the road, and the rapid walk of my horse, soon led me so far in advance, that I ceased farther to hear a dialogue which, as far as it was heard, intimated the unfeeling character of the one, and satisfied me that the other had ample opportunity to manifest her piety in the perfect working of her patience.

In the progress of another mile of the ascending road, I came to a pass, where, in a close of about half an acre of level land, there stood a little hut, immediately on the side of the road. The building was formed of large unhewn logs, interlaid with clay. The door, swinging upon hinges made of the soles of worn-out shoes, being partially open, disclosed the scanty and mutilated furniture within. There was only one window, consisting of a slender sash, designed for four small panes of glass, but in which only two remained.

Notwithstanding the poverty indicated in the appearance of every thing presented to my view, there was a general neatness with which I was forcibly struck. A thrifty honey-suckle climbed up the little hut, and the garden was much enlivened by a variety of lovely flowers. I know not how correct the criterion may be found by others, but my observations have long since confirmed me in the accuracy of the inference that, however humble or elegant a country dwelling-house may be, wherever there is a choice collection of flowers in the garden, there is usually taste and cleanliness within the dwelling. The approach of a little boy and girl to the door of this humble hut, with coarse but well mended apparel, and the sedate and polite manner in which they expressed their obeisance as I passed, satisfied me that the mistress of this cot possessed feelings worthy of a better home. The manners of the children were the more perceptible, as they could not have been acquired at school, in as much as in this section of the mountains, schools are seldom heard of. I knew of but one school-house within a distance of three miles from these children, and that was open only during three months of the year, and when those who attended must wade through highland snows.

Another mile brought me to my place of destination, the glass-works, consisting of a low, spacious, sombre frame building, standing in a field, every where studded with the most formidable stumps of the hemlock, a tree the most common in these mountains, and the most majestic in its growth. With a trunk measuring from five to eight feet in diameter, and rising more than a hundred feet high, this tree seems the fitting plumage of the mountain it adorns. Scattered at various distances from the glass factory were a few buildings, which, from their dilapidated appearance, evidenced that their inmates would never suffer persecution for belonging to a suspected aristocracy. Perhaps, however, I ought to except one building which stood in palace-like contrast with the rest, and adjoined the "factory store." This was the mansion of my friend, Dr. ——, physician, agent of the glass works, justice of the peace, keeper of the store, and frequently member of the Legislature.

Here, with as much authority as is sometimes possessed by a continental prince, the Doctor resided, enjoying the character of a "people's-man." Strange as it might appear, yet it is certain that the glass-blowers and wood choppers seldom remove from under his "agency," without having a balance

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against them on the Doctor's book, either for rent, medical attendance, justice, groceries or gin. He, it is true, got rich, yet no one ventured to question his integrity, or to doubt his protection of the poor.

It was not until the following day that I was able to gratify my curiosity by going into the factory. The blower, at the furnace nearest to which I stood, soon gave his instrument to another, and kindly tendered his services to accompany me through the works, and to give me the information respecting the process of glass-blowing, of which I was in quest. We had passed only one or two men before I perceived, at one of the furnaces, the man whom I passed in ascending the mountain.

"Who is that man?" said I, to my guide.

"That is Bill Hunter," said he, "and a great bear he is."

"Then you know him well?"

"I' faith I do," said the man, whose broad dialect had shown before this that he was an Englishman. "I have known him this many a year. A fine woman is she, his wife, but a dog's life it is, she has with him."

"He drinks, I suspect."

"Yes, he does; but he 's a bad man when sober; and it was a dark day for her when she left her father's house for such a doit as Hunter."

"Then you know something of their history, I presume. Did you know her father?"

"What, John Shaw of Spittlefields! indeed I knew him well, and it's all good I know of him. Sure, a better man there never lived."

"My curiosity is quite awake my friend," said I, "and you will greatly gratify me by giving me a little of their history."

"Oh! but it is a sorry history for her, poor woman," said he. "Do you see, then, her father was a wealthy manufacturer, and much thought on. When Margaret was about fourteen years of age, he took this same Hunter into his factory and store to be a kind of porter or runner. For the purpose of aiding in family errands, he boarded in Mr. Shaw's house. At the end of a year, the father discovered that Margaret treated Hunter's addresses with favor, and in disgust and chagrin dismissed him from his employ; not because he was poor, but that he was so *ould*. We, who knew him, thought it was strange that the poor wench could think any thing of such a surly, selfish fellow. But then he was good-looking, and as slender as ye. It was not long before the whole town was in a stir, when it was said that Shaw's Margaret had gone to the States with Hunter. Sure enough, it was true; for it was found out that under pretended names they had sailed from Liverpool for Philadelphia. The vessel, however, went into Wilmington, in the state of Delaware, where they were married and went into the country, and found employment in a factory. He was ever a low fellow, and a fool, was Mr. Shaw, for admitting him under his roof. About three years since, he came to this place poor enough. For Margaret's sake, poor girl, whom I knew when the whole town was proud of her, I gave him an insight into this business. He scratches a scanty living, having five children, and lives in the hut that you passed down the mountain a piece. He is but a brute to her, who shares a hard life on it, poor thing; and must ever repent leaving a father's house for one so unworthy of her."

With this simple narrative I was much interested, and not the less so because it was to me an additional evidence of what I had often thought to be the case, that in the humbler walks of life, and in some of the scenes of poverty and suffering, there are those often who spend years of pain in weeping over the inadvertence of the hour in which their affections were misplaced.

March, 1841.

A PICTURE.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

And strangers gazed and wondered at the sight.
Round that lone being glowed a hallowed light;
Upon her pale, thin face a heaven-born smile
Played like a sunbeam on some lonely isle.
Yet plaintive were her tones in speech or song,
Like the low moaning winds the trees among,
And you could see her tender heart was riven,
And all the love she had, she gave to Heaven.
Oft, when the god of day had sunk to rest,
And sunlight lingered in the rosy west,
Still would she wander forth, with noiseless tread,
And, by a secret influence spirit-led,
Seek the same spot to which her steps would stray
With those she loved—but now, oh! where are they?

March, 1841.

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SELF DEVOTION.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

"Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought—without a word;
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled,—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!" *Mrs. Norton.*

"Do you believe, cousin Grace, that the world is as disinterested as it was in the days of the '*preux chevaliers, sans peur et sans reproche?*'

"I do, Frank; and even though you quote the great Edmund Burke, you will not convince me that the days of chivalry are gone! The days of knight-errantry are past away, and well is it for society that they are so, but there is as much of the true chivalric spirit now existing aswas to be found in the time of Richard of the Lion Heart."

"Do you really believe this, Grace?"

"Let me retaliate by another question, cousin Frank; do you believe that all the knights and squires of olden time were inspired purely by a noble desire to win fame and redress wrongs? Did not avarice, ambition, selfish gratification, and love of wild excitement mingle their elements then, even as they do now, in the mass of human feeling?"

"Undoubtedly the grosser passions were often commingled with the better qualities of man's nature; selfishness existed, but was not then so widely diffused."

"There we differ, Frank; the selfishness of modern times certainly shows itself in less fearful shapes."

"Because society has been compelled to make laws to protect itself against those who would sacrifice all things to their own will; 'might no longer makes right,' and therefore the selfishness of human nature is shown less in high-handed spoliations than in secret machinations."

"Well, Frank, that there is enough, aye, and to spare of selfishness on earth I do not mean to dispute; but I still adhere to my first assertion that there is no lack of the true chivalric spirit."

"And pray how does it exhibit its qualities in this very dull and prosaic world?"

"Disinterestedness, self-devotion, purity of intention, integrity of principle, delicacy of sentiment, a high-toned sense of honor, and indomitable courage—these are the essential qualities of a chivalric character; and surely, Frank, there is no want of arenas in which to exercise these virtues."

"You will find few knights ready to enter the lists if such are the requisites, cousin Grace."

"I hope you are mistaken in your estimate of men, Frank; I have a better opinion of your sex than to adopt your ideas. But if it be as you say, if selfishness be so active a principle among *men*, then have the virtues taken up their abode in the hearts of *women*."

"Do they possess the chivalric spirit, Grace?—courage and all?"

"You need not laugh, I can prove what I say."

"No, no, Grace, I am willing to allow your sex all superiority in goodness and purity of feeling, but the virtues of women are of a passive nature,—they have fortitude to suffer, patience to endure, but rarely energy to act. Men *make* sacrifices—women *suffer* them."

"How little you know of the sex when you make such an assertion, Frank. A woman's sacrifices are of daily and hourly occurrence; she lives but to minister to others, and to forget herself. If her courage is of a more passive nature it is because her sphere of action is very properly limited. She is not called to stem the tide of battle, or to face death in warrior's array; but is it nothing to look calmly upon the king of terrors in the chamber of pestilence—to wait for

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his fatal blow, with placid fortitude, when assailed by sudden peril—to gaze, unmoved, upon the weltering wave—or to perish with unquailing courage amid flames and tortures? Yet all this has been done by women. Awaken but a woman's feelings, arouse the hidden strength of her affections, and earth holds not a peril which she will not brave."

"You are eloquent, cousin Grace, but you scarcely make out your own case; according to your own evidence woman must have a personal motive for action; her strength of character must be called forth by some individual affection, or to use a less gentle term, by some selfish impulse."

"According to your way of viewing character, then, Frank, the noblest impulses of our nature arise from selfishness."

"I should like to hear you draw a parallel between the sexes, cousin Grace; you seem to be so impartial—to concede so much goodness to *man's* fallen nature, while you exalt so highly the weaker sex, that I am a little curious to know how you would distinguish them."

"You would probably only dispute my positions, and make a jest of my distinctions, Frank."

"I will promise to do neither, Grace."

"Well, then listen to the opinions of one who is content with the dispensations of Providence, and who believes that the finger of God himself has marked out the line which separates the impulses, the habits, the character of the two sexes:—Man has *vigor*—woman *refinement:* man has the *reasoning* faculty best developed—woman the *perceptive:* man has the power of *abstraction*—woman *rarely* possesses it: man is the creature of *calculation*—woman of *impulse:* man is capable of deep research, he proceeds slowly and cautiously, measuring every distance, and counting every step of his progress—woman bounds along with rapid foot, observing the most prominent objects in her path, and from them forms conclusions often erroneous, but always ingenious. The intellectual faculty in man is usually concentrated—in woman it is diffused: men of genius commonly devote themselves to some one favorite pursuit—women of genius are remarkable for their versatility. Man has the more correct *judgment*—woman the more correct *feelings.* He has a *knowledge* of right which he often forgets—she a *consciousness* of it which never forsakes her, even in the midst of crime: man possesses the stronger *passions*—woman the stronger *affections:* man has *boldness*—woman *fortitude:* man can perform heroic deeds—woman can endure the extreme of suffering: man has the more *physical* daring—woman the more *moral* courage: man controls others by the *force* of his character—woman influences by the gentleness of hers. In a word, my dear Frank, the relative position of the sexes is fixed beyond all change; their respective duties are well defined. Man has been given the weapons of moral and mental *warfare*, that he may go out into the world, and do battle with and for his fellows—while on woman is bestowed that skill in moral and mental *culture* which enables her to improve the field of duty at home."

"Very clearly defined, cousin Grace; so then you do not agree in opinion with those who are for enlarging the boundaries of woman's domain, and would fain make her a gladiator in the arena, instead of a spectator in the amphitheatre of action."

"That women have some wrongs to be redressed is an undoubted fact, but I am no friend to this new warfare for the '*rights of women*;' let the sex only do their duty at home to parents, brothers, husbands, or friends, and they will have little cause to repine that the forum, the pulpit, or the poll is closed against them. But I have not forgotten your insinuendoes respecting the selfishness of women, Frank, and I should like to tell you a story which will convince you of how much self-devotion a woman may be capable, even when the strongest passions of her nature are to be subdued.

"Fanny Wilbank was one of those patient, long suffering creatures, who seem sent into the world to fulfil the command, '*Bear ye one another's burdens*,' for from her very childhood she had borne the burdens of the whole family. Her father, one of those good-hearted, thoughtless prodigals, who, in their readiness to help other people, are apt to forget their own interests, had been all his life unfortunate. Nothing seemed to succeed in his hands—the most promising business was sure to fail if he undertook it, and as his family increased his means diminished, until they were reduced to the utmost straits to preserve that respectability of station in which they were born and bred. Fanny was the eldest of the family, and of course upon her devolved the duty of assisting her sickly mother in the care of the children, and the management of their household. Here was a wide field for the exercise of self-denial and patience. A weary lot is that of hopeless poverty, when it relies on charity alone for food and warmth and raiment; but wearier still is the lot of those, who, amid privation and want, still struggle to keep themselves from the deep abyss of beggary, and strive with decent pride still to retain their foothold in a world which too often confounds misfortune with disgrace. It was amid cares, and troubles, and anxieties of every kind that Fanny Wilbank grew up to womanhood. To say that she was beautiful would convey but little idea of the gentleness, the delicacy, the loveliness of her countenance. I might describe her soft black eyes, her full bright lips, the jetty blackness of her luxuriant tresses, the grace of her slender form, and the elastic spring of her bounding step, but it would need the painter's art to image the tender sweetness of her expression. Her face was such as one might fancy for a Madonna—pale, pensive and full of high-souled thought; but Fanny knew little of her beauty and cared less. Had she possessed the talisman of wealth she might have been the artist's model and the poet's theme; but the spell of beauty alone is powerless to unlock the treasures of earth, and Fanny was too poor to behold her own charms in the magic mirror of flattery. Indeed she never seemed to think of herself; she managed for every body, ministered to the comfort of every body, and took her share of enjoyment in beholding the gratification of others. But it must not be supposed that her beauty and goodness were unknown

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and unappreciated. Several unexceptionable offers of marriage were made to her—offers, which if accepted, would have placed her far beyond the reach of want and labor—but Fanny was not to be influenced by sordid motives in so momentous a matter, and resisting all the temptations of a life of ease, still preserved her quiet cheerfulness to illumine the home of her childhood.

"Her hour of severer trial, however, came at last. Among the few companions of her childhood was a youth of humble fortunes but of noble character, whose name I shall conceal under that of William Grey. Their regard for each other had grown up so gradually in their hearts, probably neither was aware of its strength, until the time when William was to go out into the world and strive amid his fellows to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The grief which each felt at this separation, revealed the nature of their feelings, and Fanny wondered at herself when she found how closely her love for a stranger had entwined itself with the affections which she had hitherto devoted to the claims of kindred. But they plighted faith to each other, and looking forward to a future of mutual love and quiet happiness, William obeyed the call of duty, while the gentle Fanny continued to pursue her routine of heavy cares with a cheerful and hopeful spirit.

"After an absence of two years, William full of eager anticipation returned to claim the fulfilment of her pledge, and to bear her to a humble home in another part of the country. Fanny's heart misgave her sadly, when she looked on her pale mother and thought of the burden which would fall upon her when she was gone. She half repented of her promise to William, dearly as she loved him, for she had so long been accustomed to think of the comfort of others, in preference to her own, that self gratification seemed to her almost a sin. But her scruples were soon put to rest, for her parents, unwilling to make any sacrifices on their part for their self-denying child, positively refused to listen to her lover's suit. Nay, they even accused Fanny of selfishness, and made out a charge of black ingratitude against her, for wishing to leave them. With the usual impatience of man's temper, William was deeply incensed at such treatment, and endeavored to pursuade Fanny to a clandestine marriage. Her answer to his proposal was one which might be remembered with profit by those who rush heedlessly to the altar, even when their path lies over the crushed hearts of those who watched their helpless infancy.

"'How could I hope to perform my duties to you, William,' said she, 'if I came to you with the curse of a broken commandment clinging to me? Think you a disobedient child could prove a good wife? No, dearly as you now love me, you would be the first to doubt me, were I to give you such a proof of my selfish disregard to the ties of blood. We are both young yet, let us then wait until the future shall bring us better prospects.'

"'God knows, Fanny, I would serve for you even as Jacob did for Rachel, could I but hope to see you my own, but I know not how time is to remove the obstacles which divide us,' was his reply.

"'Oh, Mary will soon be old enough to fill my place, and then I can be spared from home,' said she.

"'Alas if I am to wait till your place can be supplied by another, I shall but live on hope to die in despair,' said William despondingly; 'no one can ever be the same, thoughtful, patient, affectionate, ministering angel that you have been to all around you.' And thus they again parted, but which think you suffered most keenly from this disappointment? Was it he whose love was but the episode in the striving tale of life—who listened to the voice of affection, but as soft music played between the acts of the great tragi-comedy of existence? No! the shaft of pain sunk deepest in the heart of her who remained in the seclusion of home, shut up within the narrow circle of duties which daily, hourly reminded her of the almost hopeless nature of her feelings.

"Time sped on and brought its usual changes. The boys grew old enough to be provided with situations beyond the parental roof, and Fanny began to look forward once more to a union with her lover. But in the midst of her brightening hopes, her mother died, leaving to Fanny as her last bequest, the charge of watching over the youth of her only sister. This sacred duty was one which Fanny might easily have fulfilled without the sacrifice of a single desire of her own heart, had not Mary's failing health rendered it a task of unceasing anxiety. An accident received in infancy had slowly and insidiously undermined the once vigorous constitution of the child, and soon after the mother was laid within the tomb, an incurable disease of the spine confined Mary entirely to her bed. It was then, with a heart bleeding over the severed ties of kindred, that Fanny first taught herself to reflect upon the necessity of a final sacrifice of her hopes of happiness. Her father was fast sinking under the infirmities of age, and Mary was now helplessly dependent on her for every comfort; how then could she indulge the vain dream of being able to study her own welfare. There was a bitter struggle in the heart of the poor girl ere she could bring herself to write a letter of renunciation to William. But she swerved not her duty, however severe might be its requisitions, and while the tears fell like rain over the thoughts of her blighted hopes, not one drop was allowed to blister the page which bore him her final farewell. But Fanny was sadly mistaken when she fancied that the severest part of the conflict was past. The letter only served to bring William in person to combat the resolution she had formed, and she was now to endure the redoubled anguish of beholding her lover's sorrow. But in vain he sought to alter her decision. She knew that instead of being a helpmeet, she could now be only a hindrance to one who was obliged to labor for his daily bread, and her unselfish love taught her that it was for her

'Alone to suffer and alone to strive.'

"'My fate is fixed William,' said the hopeless girl; 'I cannot perform the duties of a poor man's wife, without neglecting my afflicted sister; her

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sufferings would mar your daily comfort, and her necessities demand my undivided attention. God knows how tenderly I have loved you, and how gratefully I feel your faithfulness, in thus abiding constant through years of absence and disappointment, but that must be at an end now, William;—our long engagement must be forgotten,—you are free—and may heaven grant you a happier destiny than to be linked with one who seems born only for sorrow.'

"Poor Fanny! how bitterly she wept as she uttered these words of self-immolation! But she knew she was right, and even William, when the first burst of grief had subsided, and he was able to reflect calmly upon all the circumstances, acknowledged within himself, that Fanny had judged wisely for both. He could appreciate the honest pride which forbade her to fill a husband's home with her own helpless relatives, and he could well understand the disinterested affection which taught her to make her own heart the victim rather than heap heavier burdens upon one with whom the world had already dealt hardly. Again they parted, but no hope of reunion now cheered their last farewell;—henceforth they were to meet as friends, but never more to exchange the sweet tones of lovers' vows. How much less heroism is required to perform noble deeds in the sight, and beneath the applause of thousands, than thus to sacrifice love, and hope, and happiness, in silence and secrecy on the altar of duty! Yet the warrior receives his meed of glory, while the woman who calmly surrenders the 'life of life' without the stimulus of fame or the hope of guerdon;—she who patiently lives on, 'in helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart,' ministering meekly to others, while a wasting grief is eating into her very soul—goes down to the grave unnoticed and unknown—perhaps regarded as a cold and eccentric being by those who cannot fathom the pure depths of such a mind.

Fanny's cheek grew pale and hollow, but she gave no other evidence of secret sorrow, for she well knew that Mary's keen eye would watch for traces of her heart's struggle, and she would not pain her suffering sister by a knowledge of the bitter price at which her comfort had been purchased. At length she heard of William's marriage, and this severed the last frail link that bound their hearts together. From that time his name was never mentioned, and resolutely forbidding her thoughts to dwell upon the past, Fanny Milbank compelled herself to cheerfulness. But a shadow had gone over her bright face, and her voice learned a new tone of melancholy pathos—*she spoke like one who often weeps*.

"The death of her father soon after left her alone with her helpless sister, and having a small apartment, Fanny now commenced the task of obtaining a livelihood for both by the labors of her needle. The constant attention which Mary required, rendered this very difficult, for many an hour which should have been employed in earning their daily bread, was spent in soothing the pangs of the afflicted invalid. It was at that period that I first met with this heroine of humble life, for what I have hitherto been telling you I learned long afterward. My mother had occasion to employ a sempstress, and Fanny Milbank having been recommended to her, I was sent to make some enquiry of her previous to giving her the work. I was a giddy school-girl at the time, but I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the neatness of the apartment, the snowy whiteness of the bed-linen, and above all, by the extreme beauty of both the females. Mary's disease did not in the least impair the bloom of her lovely countenance, and as she sate propped up in bed by pillows, she looked in far better health than her pale sister. But I soon found that her face was the only part of her frame which had escaped the distorting touch of pain, for her body was shrunken to the size of that of a child, and her limbs were sadly mis-shapen. My business with them was soon settled, but the interest which they had awakened in my bosom did not so quickly subside. My mother became one of their warmest patrons, and having heard their history from one of their early friends, I need scarcely add that we felt increased respect and regard for the self devoted Fanny Milbank."

"And did she meet with no reward for all her virtues, cousin Grace?"

"Alas! Frank, it is only in novels I fear, that we find virtue always rewarded and vice signally punished. Such things are rarely recompensed on earth, it is only in Heaven that we are told 'all tears shall be wiped away.' But I have not yet finished my story. Medical skill was procured for Mary, which, though it could not cure a disease ingrafted in her whole system, yet afforded some alleviation of her severest sufferings. Constant employment was also secured to Fanny, so that as far as pecuniary matters went, their condition was much improved; but no human hand could bring back health to the one, or restore the blighted blossoms of hope in the bosom of the other.

Some few years later I married, and accompanied my husband to Europe, and my parents having about the same time removed to the south, I lost sight of Fanny Milbank. When, however, after some years absence I returned to my native city, one of my first wishes was to learn something of her present condition. But the friends who had promised to employ her, had neglected to do so until it was too late; all trace of her had vanished, and I was left to conjecture her fate. I was one day passing a handsome house in —— street, when I heard a voice from an upper window exclaim 'Mrs. ——! I am sure it is Mrs. ——!' I looked up in surprise and beheld Fanny Milbank. The next moment the hall door opened, and Fanny hurrying down the steps, grasped my hand with the warmth of earnest affection. I followed her into a neatly furnished room, and mechanically seating myself, wondered what it all meant. Fanny divined my thoughts, for she smiled, blushed, and seemed about to tell me some news, when a little chubby boy, of some three summers, twaddled into the room and saluted her by the appellation of 'mother.' This solved the whole mystery.

"'Come into the next room, where you will find Mary,' said Fanny, 'and I will tell you all about it. For you really did not know that I was married?'

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"'No indeed,' was my reply, 'pray how long have you been a wife?'

"'Almost a year.'

"'Almost a year?' I exclaimed in stupid wonder! 'and that child?'

"'Is my husband's youngest boy.'

"'Then you married to take care of another's children.'

"'Yes, I could not refuse him,—fortune had prospered him, so that he could afford to take care of poor Mary, and I consented, though I was almost ashamed to become a bride at my age.'

"'At your age! why you look younger and prettier than ever, Fanny, in that tasteful little cap.'

"'Do not laugh at me, dear Mrs. ——, I know it was foolish to marry for love at forty-five, but William was so lonely, and his poor children were so desolate.'

"'Then it was William Grey you married?'

"'To be sure;—*did you think it could be any one else?*'

"'Ah!' said Mary smiling, "William would not have won her even now, if it had not been for his motherless children. Fanny has been so long accustomed to sacrifice her own inclinations, that she cannot be persuaded to any self-indulgence unless some duty be closely connected with it.'

"Fanny Milbank still lives; the beauty of her noble countenance has faded beneath the touch of time, and many a thread of silver is mingled with her dark locks, yet is she the centre of a circle of loving and beloved friends, still the same, patient, tender, self-forgetting being, that she was in the day of her early adversity."

"So she was at last rewarded, cousin Grace, notwithstanding your assertion to the contrary."

"And do you deem her after fortunes a fitting recompense for the trials of her youth, Frank? The bloom of youth, the freshness of feeling, the glow of hope, the buoyancy of health,—all things that give a charm to life, faded one by one from her view, even as the stars vanish in the slowly-gathering tempest cloud,—patience, long suffering, meekness, and resignation had taken the place of bright anticipation in her bereaved heart,—time had laid his cold touch upon her fair brow, aye, and upon her warm heart too, and then, at the last she was *rewarded*—how?—why forsooth, by wedding the object of her early love, after her life had 'fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,'—and thus obtaining the enviable privilege of educating the children of her predecessor."

"What became of poor Mary, cousin?"

"Do you not remember, Frank, the sick lady on whose bed you loved to clamber, when you were a merry little urchin, who used to cover your balls so neatly, and paint so many pretty devices for your kites?"

"To be sure I do;—I remember too how bitterly I cried when they told me she was dead, and I saw them bring in the small coffin for her shrunken form. You don't mean to say that was Mary Wilbank?"

"It was, cousin Frank, and in the story of Fanny Wilbank, I have been relating to you the early life of one whom you have ever loved with filial tenderness—I mean your excellent step-mother."

"She is the only mother I have ever known, cousin Grace," and you can tell me nothing good of her which I cannot readily believe; so if you take her for an example, I have no more to say against the existence of disinterestedness in this selfish world. It is only a pity there are so few like her."

A WINTER SCENE.

BY E. CLEMENTINE STEDMAN.

Unclouded the sun from his glittering throne
Looked radiantly down where the tempest had gone!
For in darkness it came with the tokens of wrath,
But fled at the dawn on its ice-covered path.
And straight in the sunbeams the forest displayed
A host in the armor of battle arrayed;
There the "helmet of brass," and the shield glistened clear,
And the bright flashing steel of the sword and the spear.
The garden, where Flora in summer is green,
At the glance of the sun was all dazzling with sheen;
And never a princess outvied, with her gems,
The jewels that hung there on numberless stems!
The lawn trees which stand in the glory alone,
Each sparkled with diamonds, like kings, on a throne,
And ne'er when o'erspread with their green foliage shade,
Were they in such beauty or splendor arrayed!

And silver and gold, as in Solomon's reign,
Were plenty as stones by the wayside again,
And bright did the spire and the roof with them glow,
While diadems shone on the tall mountain brow.
I gazed on the scene with unearthly delight,
And thought, while its radiance enraptured my sight,
Of that city, which one did in visions behold,
Whose gates were of pearl, and its streets paved with gold.
Again I looked forth, while the sunlight yet shone,
But the scene of enchantment I sought for was gone!
The sun, which had gilded each shrub with its ray,
Was melting the landscape of glory away!
Thus my hopes have dissolved, which once glistened so bright
In the sun of youth's morn, to my fanciful sight;
Their brilliancy passed off in tears,—oh! how soon!
As the sleet-jewels melt in the sunbeams of noon.

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THE DEFAULTER.

BY JOHN T. MAULL.

Où trouverez vous un homme sans défaute? *Télémaque.*

In the beautiful season of youth, when life is just budding forth in all the dewy freshness of ardent hope; when the heart is buoyant, and the energies alive, and panting after objects around which to shed the virtuous influence of their association, oh! then it is that we feel, like the harp that is delicately attuned, the full force of every impression:—of what moment, therefore, are those early connections and restraints which are voluntarily assumed to fit us for our companionship with the world, or in other words to form the character by which we are to be known and appreciated among our fellow men; but that character when formed, like the vestal fire of the ancients, demands the constant vigilance of our noblest faculties to keep alive and perpetuate.

George Morris was in his twenty-fourth year, when partly by the intercession of rich relatives, and in a great measure by the possession of personal endowments of no ordinary kind, he was called upon to assume an office of public trust. I knew him well. Gay without frivolity—proud in the consciousness of correct principle, and gifted with enviable powers of pleasing, his career, indeed, seemed to offer the rich rewards, if not of honorable fame, at least of high respectability. He loved, and after a short courtship, was wedded. Never were two hearts more willingly allied. The whole ardor of his soul was devoted to the fair being whom he had chosen for his own, and in the retirement of his home did he acknowledge his earthly happiness. Did reflection dwell on the noise and bustle of the world without, it was only to assure him of the comforts of his peaceful fireside. Thus did time glide on with silken wing, dispensing the calm and rational pleasures of domestic life, which Morris of all others was so formed to appreciate. He began his career, which it was foretold would be so honorable to him, in the capacity of one of the chief officers of an institution of public monetary trust. Here, with principles of integrity, deep rooted as the rock, he persevered in industrious habits, and by continued vigilance deservedly won the esteem of the community. His probity had been tested, and the man of business implicitly confided in him. Society courted him. Living in a populous city, as years progressed, he occupied an advanced position among his fellow men—honorable alike to himself and to a growing family: no cares had with him an abiding place, for his children, whom he dearly loved, were gladdening the father's heart, and yielding him bright hopes for the future. All was happiness—all love and tranquility. Who then would venture to disturb this domestic Eden? What baneful influence could bring desolation here? Who could wring the tear of anguish from that young and doating mother—or the helping cry from that unprotected child—who convert, as with magic wand, the happy homestead into the refuge of want and affliction? The husband! the father himself! Mystery of mysteries! yet did Morris work to himself this very ruin. Lured by the expensive fashions of the day, the splendid equipage, and the gay coterie of wealth, and desirous to equal, if not eclipse the brilliance which he saw in the circles wherein he was called to move, he had given the rein to his appetite and ambition, until he was forced to do an act—an act from which he once would have shrunk aghast, with horror and dismay. He defrauded, and was detected—he fled: but could he avoid himself? Could he escape the guilty conscience—the bitter remorse? It was in vain. Go where he would, fancy would revert to that blighted, ruined home; and the thought of that one withering act—it was insupportable—it was madness. His reputation was irrecoverably gone, and he roamed abroad far from his native land—a wandering outcast. Of what avail were now to him the common blessings of nature? the light to him was as the darkness—the very air was heavy, and laden as with the vapors of a dungeon—the world itself was one vast prison-house. Did he sleep—frightful phantoms would haunt his couch, and drive away repose; supplicating hands of beggared orphans and stricken widows would rise in airy forms, while strange, unearthly voices would cry aloud, and pierce the air in wail and lamentation, then die away as if in mock and derision.

Afar from country, relatives and friends, lived the Defaulter. Bitter was the cup which that man drained to the very dregs. Providence had set its sure seal of condemnation on his destiny, and although the laws of man were impotent, the great law of the Omniscient failed not. There was no

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retreat from that *presence*, which hath so solemnly declared "thou shalt not steal."

At length news was brought to him from afar—it told him that the wife of his bosom was dead—his children dependant upon the charity of strangers. It was upon the receipt of this intelligence that I met Morris, who was dwelling in a retired part of one of the chief cities upon the Continent. I dared not think upon what might be the probable result of my interview. Conflicting emotions were agitating my breast, but I had fully resolved on the meeting, and on my arrival accordingly, sought out his residence. It was about eight o'clock, of a summer's night, that, in an abstracted mood, I sauntered leisurely toward the house. Having presented myself, I was admitted to a small chamber, neatly furnished, where I found him alone. I knew not how to begin, how to address myself to my early friend—so altered. He was lying on a couch, evidently in the last stage of a fever. You felt at once he was a dying man. His presence bewildered me; the hollow and glassy eye rivetted my gaze, until recollecting myself, in a subdued tone I spoke of the country I had left—my object in travelling—my desire to obtain tidings of himself; and then ventured to recall his memory to the many happy days we had spent in each others society.

"Gone, gone!" said he, groaning aloud, and seeming to awaken from a listless reverie. In a moment he continued. "Will not one human creature compassionate George Morris?—a stranger in a strange land! My Julia—my wife—the mother of my little ones, they tell me is dead; and I, who loved her so, poor thing, they say was her destroyer. Oh, God! have mercy on thy creature, I feel thy indignation, and am smitten in the dust. Come death, come the grave—welcome your embraces! But I cannot—cannot endure the iron that is now thrusting itself in my soul."

There is something grand and terrible in the moral subjugation of man.

"L——," he faintly articulated, after a pause, during which he wept—yes, wept for the first and *last* time, "I feel that I am dying—thank God! for his mercy; forgive, my friend, the weakness of these tears—they are of contrition—of—of penitence."

Exhausted by this effort, he sank into my arms.

"L——," continued he, reviving, and raising his voice—"do you not see her—there L——, there she is, she 's beckoning to me—she looks the same as on that bridal night—she smiles, too, upon me—and look, L——, look, she forgives me—I come! we were sundered once, but now they cannot disunite us."

A struggle ensued, but it was short; a moment more, and he was *dead*.

The flickering flame of the taper had gone out; the moonlight rested upon the pale features of the corpse; and the soul of the Defaulter had sped to its eternal reckoning.

March, 1841.

COMPARISONS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

A leaf upon the stream,
  When the brook is rushing by
In its glorious summer dream,—
  Such am I.—

A feather in the air,
  When the autumn breeze is high,
Driven here and driven there,—
  Such am I.—

A wild flower in the glade,
  Where the quiet Zephyrs sigh,
Most happy in the shade.—
  Such am I.—

As the aspen among trees,
  Where the sleeping waters lie,
Stirred by every passing breeze,—
  Such am I.—

But the leaf will find a shore,
  The feather cease to fly,
And both be seen no more,—
  So will I.—

The flower soon will fade,
  And the aspen's leaves be dry,
Both forgotten in the glade,—
  So am I.—

March, 1841.

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THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

It is not improbable that a few farther steps in phrenological science will lead to a belief in the existence, if not to the actual discovery and location of an organ of *analysis*. If this power (which may be described, although not defined, as the capacity for resolving thought into its elements) be not, in fact, an essential portion of what late philosophers term ideality, then there are indeed many good reasons for supposing it a primitive faculty. That it may be a constituent of ideality is here suggested in opposition to the vulgar dictum (founded, however, upon the assumptions of grave authority,) that the calculating and discriminating powers (causality and comparison) are at variance with the imaginative—that the three, in short, can hardly coexist. But, although thus opposed to received opinion, the idea will not appear ill-founded when we observe that the processes of invention or creation are strictly akin with the processes of resolution—the former being nearly, if not absolutely, the latter conversed.

It cannot be doubted that the mental features discoursed of as the analytical are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play. He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics—exhibiting in his solutions of each and all a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension præternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty in question is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random—I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully taxed by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, that which is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for that which is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen. To be less abstract. Let us suppose a game of draughts, where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some recherché movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect. Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not unfrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into miscalculation or hurry into error.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what are termed the calculating powers; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly taxing the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player of chess—but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources (whatever be their character) from which legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe

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attentively is to remember distinctly; and so far the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing. But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule where the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So perhaps do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the falsity of the inference as in the quality of the observation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump, and honor by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression of certainty, of surprise, of triumph or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit. He recognises what is played through feint by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford to his apparently intuitive perception indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often utterly incapable of analysis. I have spoken of this latter faculty as that of resolving thought into its elements, and it is only necessary to glance upon this idea to perceive the necessity of the distinction just mentioned. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater indeed than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than profoundly analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there contracted an intimacy with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent, indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the quondam energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and upon the income arising from this he managed, by means of a vigorous economy, to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all the candor which a Frenchman indulges only when self is his theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading—and above all I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor, and what I could only term the vivid freshness, of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and, as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visiters whomsoever. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrerie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with an utter *abandon*. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always, but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building, lighting a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these

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we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation would afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise, if not exactly in its display; and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was but the result of an excited, or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words—

"He is a very little fellow, that 's true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I, gravely, "this is beyond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of ———?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

———"of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a quondam cobler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crebillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for God's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there be—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that in fact a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we now stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatânerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the rencontre with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichol, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued—

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C——. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did—but observation has become with me of late a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing with a petulant expression at the holes and ruts in the pavement, (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones) until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured to yourself the word 'stereotomic.' You continued the same inaudible murmur, with a knit brow, as is the custom of a man tasking his memory, until I considered that you sought the Greek derivation of the word 'stereotomy.' I knew

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that you could not find this without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and as, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great nebula in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I now was assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's '*Musée*,' the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a very peculiar Latin line upon whose meaning we have often conversed. I mean the line

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion; and from certain pungencies connected with this explanation I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait—but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as in fact he *was* a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétiés*."

Not long after this we were looking over an evening edition of "Le Tribunal," when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS.—This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased; but as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices in angry contention were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and every thing remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story, (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open) a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an ear-ring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *metal d'Alger*, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau*, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead.) It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but, an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fire-place, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and upon the throat dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without farther discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off, and rolled to some distance. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clew."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

"*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.* Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair." [The word '*affaire*' has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us,] "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

Pauline Dubourg, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate toward each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

Pierre Moreau, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of

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tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who under-let the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connexions of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house—not very old.

Isidore Musèt, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way up stairs. Upon reaching the first landing heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacré*' and '*diable*.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

Henri Duval, a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Musèt in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

—— *Odenheimer*, restaurateur. This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—sometimes quick, sometimes deliberate—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly '*sacré*,' '*diable*,' and once '*mon dieu*.'

Jules Mignaud, Banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine. Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year —— (eight years previously.) Made frequent deposites in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

Adolphe Le Bon, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a bye street—very lonely.

William Bird, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly '*sacré*' and '*mon dieu*.' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Every thing was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows both of the back and front room were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on

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the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four story one, with garrets, (*mansardes*). A trap door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

Alfonzo Garcio, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed up stairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

Alberto Montani, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

Several witnesses recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up stairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

Paul Dumas, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about day-break. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eye-balls protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced apparently by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left tibia much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron, a chair, any large heavy and obtuse weapon, would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

Alexandre Etienne, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony, and the opinions, of M. Dumas.

Nothing farther of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clew apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments whatever. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting it.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering it an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much extolled for acumen, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but not unfrequently these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his *robe-de-chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique*. The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter, as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact as regards the more important knowledge I do believe that she is invariably superficial. The

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depth lies in the valleys where we seek her and not upon the mountain tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a side-long way by turning toward it the exterior portions of the retina (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior) is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought—and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, and too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement," [I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing] "and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G——, the *Prefet de Police*, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

This permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, for this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house we readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge*. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went up stairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had as usual been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the "Tribunal." Dupin scrutinized every thing, not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a gendarme accompanying us throughout. Our examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that—*Je les menagais*:—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor now to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until after we had taken a bottle of wine together about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed any thing *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said, "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"Le Tribunal," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But we will not revert to the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself—but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered up stairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust with the head downward up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen, of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary, that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search after the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred which has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in exact ratio with its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment. He continued.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some

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one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was peculiar in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Re-employing my own words, I may say that you have pointed out no prominence above the plane of the ordinary, by which reason may feel her way. Yet there *was* something to be pointed out. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that *of a foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish*.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter*.' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German*.' The Spaniard 'is sure' that it is that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, '*as he has no knowledge of the English*.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but '*has never conversed with a native of Russia*.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice is that of an Italian; but, *not being cognizant of that tongue*, is like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognise nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will just now merely call your attention to three points which have relation to this topic. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and *unequal*.' No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should bias, or give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions;' but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions were the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arose *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that with myself it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to that chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that we neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the dark deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek for issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress by means already stated being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these 'impossibilities' are not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former

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was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside as they were found fastened,—(the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter). Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the backing of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but if you think so you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result—and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the head, with about the eighth of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust) and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete. I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassins had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon their exit (or perhaps purposely closed by them) it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there ran a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door, (a single, not a folding door) except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open—that is to say they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth, (as they must have done) they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet firmly against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

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"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a very unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished:—but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*—the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case,' I should rather undervalue, than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition, that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend—as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert in fancy to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive* engendered in the brains of the police, by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it,) happen to each and all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even a momentary notice. Coincidences in general are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing, and care less, of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré*—something altogether irreconcileable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, what must have been the degree of that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down!* Turn now to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses, very thick tresses—of gray human hair. These had been *torn out by the roots*. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body. The instrument was a mere razor. Here again we have evidence of that vastness of strength upon which I would fix your attention. I wish you also to look, and to look steadily, at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor, Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of a strength superhuman, an agility astounding, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men

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of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I shuddered as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Santé*."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such hair as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from among the tresses remaining upon the head of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Good God," I said, completely unnerved, "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it was," said he, "but before we decide upon this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch which I have here traced upon this paper. It is a fac-simile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another, (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne,) as 'a series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "you will perceive that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt now to place all your fingers, at one and the same time, in the impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Assuredly it is not," replied Dupin; "read now this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-Outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of yellow hair is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were two voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice,—the expression, '*mon Dieu!*' This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner,) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Ourang Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to this chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have re-captured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more than guesses—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another than myself. We will call them guesses then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question be indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of 'Le Monde,' (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought for by sailors,) will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:—

CAUGHT—*In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the — inst.*, (the morning of the murder,) *a very large, tawny-colored Ourang-Outang of the Bornese species. The owner, (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel,) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —, Rue — Faubourg St. Germain—au troisieme.*

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do *not* know it," said Dupin. "I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which has evidently, from its form, and from its greasy appearance, been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in stating what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right—a great point is gained. Cognizant of the murder, although not guilty, the Frenchman will

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naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Ourang-Outang. He will reason thus:—'I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-Outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clew. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance. Above all, *I am known*. The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great a value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement—get the Ourang-Outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.'"

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither show them nor use them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visiter had entered without ringing or rapping, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up quickly, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

The visiter entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking man, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by a world of whisker and *mustachio*. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatel-ish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin, "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone,—

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh no—we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Could n't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, any reward in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what reward ought I to have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about that affair of the murder in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said these last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked towards the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up with an ungovernable tide of crimson. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat trembling convulsively, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a single word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing certainly which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all that you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all that I know about this affair;—but I do not expect you to believe one half that I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

I do not propose to follow the man in the circumstantial narrative which he now detailed. What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in

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Paris, where, not to attract towards himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night, or rather in the morning of the murder, he found his prisoner occupying his own bed-room, into which he had broken from a closet adjoining, where he had been, as it was thought, securely confined. The beast, razor in hand, and fully lathered, was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which he had no doubt previously watched his master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a strong wagoner's whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair—the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at his pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with him. He then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light (the only one apparent except those of the town-lamps) gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, he perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means swung himself directly upon the head-board of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-Outang as he entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the ape, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what the brute might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. Their backs must have been towards the window; and, by the time elapsing between the screams and the ingress of the ape, it seems probable that he was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter they would naturally have attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic beast had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair, (which was loose, as she had been combing it,) and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-Outang into those of ungovernable wrath. With one determined sweep of his muscular arm he nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed his anger into phrenzy. Gnashing his teeth, and flashing fire from his eyes, he flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded his fearful talons in her throat, retaining his grasp until she expired. His wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which those of his master, glazed in horror, were just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into dread. Conscious of having deserved punishment, he seemed desirous to conceal his bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an apparent agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as he moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, he seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, with which he rushed to the window, precipitating it immediately therefrom.

As the ape approached him with his mutilated burden, the sailor shrunk aghast to the rod, and rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. He must have closed the window as he passed through it. He was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for him a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*. Le Bon was instantly released upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the *Prefet de police*. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two, in regard to the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having

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defeated him in his own castle. In truth, he is too cunning to be acute. There is no *stamen* in his wisdom. It is all head and no body—like the pictures of the goddess Laverna—or at least all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good fellow, after all. I like him especially for one master stroke of cant, by which he has attained that reputation for ingenuity which he possesses. I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*'"

Philadelphia, March, 1841.

AN APRIL DAY.

THE spring has come, the low south wind
Is breathing sweet,—
The showers are patt'ring in the wood,
Like fairy feet.

Hark! in yon silent grove a bird
Pours out its lay,—
Such strains, I ween, have not been heard
For many a day.

The feath'ry clouds scud o'er the sky,
The sun between,—
A thousand rain-drops glisten bright,
Upon the green.

And such is life—an April morn,
A changing sky,—
To mingled joy and grief we 're born,
And born to die.

A. A. I.

Philadelphia, March, 1841.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

SAY magic strain—from whence thy wild note straying?
Comes it in sadness, or in raptured glee?
Art thou a thing of earth, that sweetly playing,
Blends in each fitful blast, so tenderly?

Or, art thou from the star-gem'd vault of Heav'n,
Perchance the music of some distant sphere,
That faintly echoes on the gales of even,
To claim from earth—grief's solitary tear?

Art thou the revelling of some fairy sprite,
Tripping the dewy world fantastically,
To keep its tryst beneath the clear moonlight,
Awak'ning tones of deepest minstrelsy?

Or, art thou, breathing from a holier clime,
A voice, that calleth tremulously low;
To lure the enraptured soul to things divine,
Far from deluding joys it meets below?

Thou com'st with inspiration 'mid thy sighing,
A melody, unearthly and unknown;
A mingled strain, that on the night-breeze dying,
Wakens the heart-strings to thy thrilling tone.

Recalling wanderings of the spirit-past,
The wayward visions of our fleeting youth;
The ling'ring day-dreams that in mem'ry last,
Untouch'd by Time's realities of truth.

Again we roam where forest-shadows blending,
Ring with the gladness of our playful hours,
Along the murm'ring stream once more we 're wending,
Lured by the sunny mead, soft winds, and flowers—

Or, oft renew the link that death hath broken,
The cherish'd dead—again recall to view;
Hear 'mid thy varied tones, the fond words spoken,
That erst from sorrow's fount deep anguish drew.

And fairest visions float through Fancy's fane,
Caught from the soul's illuminated shrine;
Elysian forms, that purer realms retain,
Thoughts of the blest, ethereal, and divine.

Earth too is mingling with her mortal hours,
The touching softness of her gentle things;
And Love—deep-gushing Love—with winged powers,
Chimes with the ecstacy each wild note brings.

Hast thou not sounds to rouse the soul to madness,
To flattering joys—emotions long enshrined;
Deep silent melodies of youthful gladness,
That spring unbidden to the raptur'd mind?

This, then thou art—the power of plaintive measure,
To call forth passion by the wind-swept wire;
To mingle Hope, with memory's sad pleasure,
This is thy power—Oh! sweet Æolian lyre.

A. F. H.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE MESS ROOM.

It is scarcely necessary to detail the occurrences of that celebrated cruize. Success appeared to follow us wherever we went. After our escape from the man-of-war,—which we subsequently learned to be the Solebay, mounting twenty-eight guns—we ran farther eastward, and soon fell in with several prizes. One morning, however, our look-out detected a strange frigate hovering upon the seaboard, nor was it long before we discovered her to be an enemy. We made her out, by the aid of our glasses, to be a light frigate, pierced for sixteen guns on a side. Every rag that would draw was instantly set. With equal alacrity the stranger followed our example, and a running fight was commenced, which lasted nearly the whole day; for our daring leader, finding that we could easily outsail the enemy, kept just out of range of her guns, so that, although she maintained a constant fire, every shot fell short. Toward night-fall, however, we gave full rein to our gallant craft, and, to the astonishment and chagrin of the Englishman, left him hull down in a few hours.

After hauling aboard our tacks, we ran up toward Canseau, and for some time inflicted serious damage upon the enemy's fishermen, around the coast of Nova Scotia. Having finally captured no less than sixteen sail, some of them very valuable, we left the scene of our late exploits, and swept down the coast toward Montauk.

It was a cloudless afternoon when we made Block Island, and, as the sun set behind its solitary outline, tinting the sky with a thousand varied dyes, and prolonging the shadow of the coast along the deep, we beheld a small schooner, close-hauled, opening around the northern extremity of the island. In less than a half hour she was close to windward of us. As it was the first friendly craft we had seen for weeks, we were all naturally anxious to learn the state of affairs on land. Paul Jones himself leaped into the rigging and hailed,

"Ahoy! what craft is that?"

"The Mary Ann of Newport," answered a nasal voice from the low deck of the stranger, "what vessel air you?"

"The Providence continental sloop—come to under our lee and send a boat aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the same voice, but in an altered tone, and with the ready alacrity of a true seaman, "round her to, boys; but may be," continued he, again addressing us, "you hain't heerd the news yet. I calculate it 'll make the British think we Yankees ain't to be made slaves of arter all—*independence is declared*."

"What!—the Congress declared itself independent of Great Britain?" asked Paul Jones, quickly.

"Yes! by —," but the half muttered oath of the seaman died away in a prolonged whistle, as he remembered how unbecoming an oath would be from a deacon of the church. For an instant there was a profound silence, while we gazed into each other's faces, with mingled wonder, delight, and pride. The news was not wholly unhoped for, though we had scarcely ventured to expect it. A topman was the first to speak. Forgetting every thing in his enthusiasm, he shouted,

"Three cheers, my boys, for freedom,—huzza!"

And, suiting the action to the word, he broke into a thundering shout, which, taken up by our own crew, was answered back by that of the schooner, until the very heavens seemed to echo the sound. It was a stirring moment. A universal transport appeared to have seized upon our gallant fellows; they threw up their hats, they shook each other's hands, they laughed, they swore, and the more volatile even danced; while Paul Jones himself, with a flushed cheek and kindling eye, timed the huzzas of his patriotic crew.

Before twenty-four hours we were at anchor in Newport, and almost the first craft that I beheld in the harbor, was the saucy little FIRE-FLY. The welcome I received from my shipmates I will not attempt to describe. Over our cold junk and Jamaica, I listened to the narrative of their adventures since our parting, and rehearsed in return my own. My arrival was opportune, for the schooner expected to sail in less than a week, and had I been delayed many days longer, I might have found it impossible to have rejoined her during the war. The little time that we remained in port after my arrival, was spent in a constant round of amusements, such only as a set of gay reckless reefers know how to indulge in. Many a gay song was trolled, and many a mirthful tale related by lips that have long since been stilled in death.

But what of Beatrice? Had she forgotten me? No—the dear creature had availed herself of one

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of the rare opportunities which then presented themselves occasionally of communicating with the north, to answer a long epistle I had transmitted to her, by a chance vessel, we met a few days after leaving Charleston. Oh! with what simple, yet nervous eloquence did she assure me of her unabated love, and how sweetly did she chide me for the doubts I had—sinner that I was—whispered respecting it. I kissed the dear missive again and again; I read it over and over a thousand times; I treasured it the more because I knew not when the chances of war would suffer me to hear from her again. I feared not now the influence of her uncle: I felt in my inmost soul that Beatrice was too pure, too self-devoted in her love ever to sacrifice it for lucre. And as I felt this it flashed across me that perhaps she might have heard of my being lost overboard from the merchantman; and who knew but that even now she might be mourning me as dead? Happily a brig was now in port about to sail for Charleston. I seized the opportunity, and wrote to inform Beatrice of my safety.

In a few days our outfit was completed, and bidding adieu to my friends on board the Providence, we set sail from Newport. The day was bright and glorious, and the sunbeams danced merrily upon the waves. A light breeze murmured through the rigging; the gay song of the sailors from the merchantmen in port floated softly past; and the scream of the sea-birds broke shrilly over us, high in the clear blue sky.

As the day advanced, however, a thin, gauze-like vapor gradually spread over the horizon, deepening before four bells in the afternoon watch to an impervious canopy of black, which stretching from pole to pole, obscured the whole firmament, and threw a premature and sickly gloom over the deep beneath. The wind, too, began to rise, blowing in irregular puffs, and whitening the surface of the sea in patches over the whole of its wide extent; while occasionally a low, half-smothered murmur, as if arising out of the very heart of the ocean, betokened that the elements of the storm were at work far down in their wild recesses. As the day advanced the sky became even more ominous, until long before nightfall its weird-like grandeur excelled any thing I had ever beheld. By this time, too, the wind had increased almost into a hurricane, and with every thing trimmed down, we were cleaving through the fast whitening billows with an exhilirating velocity that only a sailor can appreciate. The rain meanwhile was falling fast. As night came on the watch was set, and most of us went below, so that all off duty were soon congregated in our mess-room.

"A wild night," said the last comer, as he shook the wet from his shaggy jacket, "and I see you 're determined to make the most of it, my boys—push us the Jamaica, Parker, and don't forget the junk in passing. Here 's to the thirteen united colonies, hurrah!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hip—hip—hurrah!" rung around the crowded room, as we drank off our bumpers.

"Can't you give us a toast, O'Shaughnessy?" sung out Westbrook.

"Shure and what shall it be?" said he, with humorous simplicity. A general roar of laughter followed.

"Any thing, my hearty," said Westbrook, cramming a piece of junk into his mouth as he spoke.

"Arrah thin, and ye 'll not refuse to dhrink the memory of our gallant comrade," said he, looking hard at me, "present this blessed minit, who fought, bled, and died at Fort Moultrie—Misther Parker, I mane, boys."

The explosions of laughter which followed this speech, like successive peals of thunder, were enough to lift the deck of the schooner off bodily from overhead. But the most laughable part of all was the amazement of poor O'Shaughnessy, who, unable to understand this new burst of merriment, looked from one to another, in humorous perplexity. As soon, however, as the company could compose itself, the toast was drunk amid a whirlwind of huzzas. I rose to return thanks.

"Hear him—hear him," roared a dozen voices. I began.

"Honored as I am, gentlemen, by this token of—of," but here I was interrupted by the entrance of the purser, who, poking his head through the narrow doorway, said,

"Gentlemen, the captain must be informed of this riot if it continues."

The purser was a stiff, starch, precise old scoundrel, with a squint in his eye, a nasal twang, and an itching after money beyond even that of Shylock. To make a dollar he would descend to the meanest shifts. But this would not have irritated the mess so much, even though he had at one time or another fleeced every member of it, had it not been his constant practice to inform on such of the tricks inseparable to a set of youngsters as came under his notice. He was, in short, a skulking spy. Added to this he was continually affecting a strictness of morals which was more than suspected to be hypocritical.

"And who made you keeper of the skipper's conscience?—eh! old plunderer," said Westbrook, as he shied a biscuit at the purser's head.

"Really, gentlemen, really—I—I must—"

"Come in, or you 'll catch cold in the draught," sung out our reckless comrade, "your teeth chatter so now you can't talk. Haul him in there, O'Shaughnessy."

Quick as the word the unlucky interloper was dragged in, the door shut, and he stood turning from one to another of our group in speechless amazement. We were all ready for any mischief. The rattling of the cordage overhead, the thunder of the surge, and the deafening whistle of the hurricane we knew would drown all the uproar we might occasion, and afford us impunity for any offence. Besides it was no part of his duty to be intruding on our mess, and threatening us with punishment. We had a long account to settle with our extortioner.

"Hope you find yourself at home—take a sociable glass, that 's a good fellow—glad to see you amongst us," sung out as many voices as biscuit after biscuit was sent at the purser's head, while

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Westbrook mixing a stiff tumbler of salt and water proffered it to our victim to drink.

"Spu—spu—gentlemen, spu, I promise you—the utmost penalty of—of the regulations—you shall be mast-headed—disrated—you shall, so help me God."

"A penalty! a penalty! the worthy man is profane: how shall we punish such immorality?".

"Cob him," said one.

"Keel-haul him," said another.

"Make him receipt for his bill," roared a third.

"Give him the salt and water," chimed in Westbrook, and the salt and water it was agreed should be the penalty. Three stout reefers held the loathing victim fast, while Westbrook proceeded to administer the draught.

"Gentlemen—I—I—protest—a—gainst—you shall suffer for this—you shall—"

"Aisy, you spalpeen you, aisy," said O'Shaughnessy, giving the purser a shake.

"Mr. Westbrook, I warn you—I warn you," said the purser raising his voice.

But our comrade was not to be intimidated. Taking the glass in one hand, he placed himself at a proper distance in front of the struggling man, and gravely commenced haranguing him on the enormity of his offence.

"It pains me, indeed, Mr. Sower," and here Westbrook laid his hand upon his heart, "to hear a man of your character use such language as you have been convicted of, especially in the presence of these misguided young reprobates," here there was a general laugh, "example, example, my dear sir, is every thing. But the deed is done: the penalty alone remains to be paid. With a heart torn with the most poignant anguish I proceed to execute your sentence."

"Mr. Westbrook, again I warn you—spe—e—u—uh."

But in vain the purser kicked, and struggled, and spluttered. The mess was too much for him. One seized him by the nose, a second forced open his mouth, and Westbrook, with inimitable gravity, apologising for, and bemoaning his melancholy duty, —as he called it—in the same breath, poured the nauseating draught down the victim's throat, amid roars of laughter.

"D——n, I'll make you pay for this—I will—I will," roared the purser, almost choked with rage.

"Open the door and let him run," laughed Westbrook.

The mandate was obeyed, and with one bound the purser sprang out of the mess-room, while his merry persecutors, holding their sides, laughed until the tears ran out of their eyes.

"A song—give us a song, Westbrook!" shouted the one at the foot of the table, as soon as the merriment, ceasing for a while, but renewed again and again, had finally died away.

"What shall it be?" said our jovial messmate, "ah! our own mess-room song, Parker has n't heard it yet—shove us the jug, for I'm confoundedly dry."

Having taken a long draught, Westbrook hemmed twice, and sang in a fine manly tenor, the following stanzas:

"Oh! what is so gay as a reefer's life!
With his junk and Jamaica by him,
He cares not a fig for the morning's strife.
He seeks but the foe to defy him;
He fights for his honor and country's laws,
He fights for the mother that bore him,—
And the hireling slave of a tyrant's cause
Will quail, like a coward, before him.

The deep may unfetter its surges dread,
The heavens their thunders awaken,
The tempest howl as it sweeps overhead,—
He smiles at all danger unshaken;
With an unblenched eye, and a daring form
He fearlessly gazes before him,
Though he fall in battle, or sink in the storm,
His country, he knows, will weep o'er him.

In her sun-lit vallies are daughter's fair
To greet us from battle returning,
With their song and smile to banish each care
By the hearth-fire cheerily burning.
Oh! who would not fight for beings like these,
For mothers, for grandaires hoary!
Like a besom we 'll sweep the foe from the seas,
Or die, in the strife, full of glory."

"Bravo! three times three!" and the triple sound rolled stunningly from our throats.

"Hark! was n't that the boatswain's whistle?" said I, and for a moment we paused in our applause to listen. But the tumult of the storm drowned everything in its fierce uproar.

"Again, boys—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and the cheers were renewed with redoubled vigor.

"Gentlemen, all hands on deck," said the quarter-master, opening the door at this moment.

"Ay! ay! sir," was the simultaneous response of every member of the mess, and in less than a minute our late noisy apartment was as quiet as the tomb, and we had each taken his post on deck. Such is discipline.

The spectacle that met our vision as we reached the deck, drove at once, all the excitement of our potations off; and we were as calm and collected in a second after leaving the gang-way, as if we had kept above during the whole evening. Never can I forget that moment. The rain was pouring down in torrents, not perpendicularly, however, but slantwise, as it was driven before the hurricane. Now it beat fiercely into our faces, and now was whirled hither and thither in wild commotion. Around, all was dark as pitch. We could not see a dozen fathoms in any direction, except where the white crests of the surges flashed through the gloom. These could, however, be detected close under our lee glancing through the darkness, while the dull continued roar in that quarter, betokened our immediate vicinity to breakers. They were in fact, close aboard. Had they not been detected the instant they were, we should have run on to them the next minute, and perished to a soul. Happily we had just room to wear. This had been done before we were summoned on deck. We had now close-hauled every thing, and were endeavoring, as our only hope, to claw off the shore.

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The next fifteen minutes were spent in that agonising suspense, far more terrible than death itself, which man experience when the king of terror smiles grimly in their faces, and yet withholds the blow. As we gazed out, through the driving rain, upon the dimly seen breakers on our starboard beam, and heard their wild monotonous roar as of hounds yelling for their prey, a sense of inexpressible awe stole upon our minds, which, though totally devoid of fear, was yet appalling. Who knew but that, before another hour, aye! before a quarter of that time, our mangled bodies might be floating at the mercy of the surge? Every moment deepened our anxiety, for though our little craft breasted the waves with gallant determination, sending the spray as high as her mast head at every plunge, yet there was no perceptible increase in our distance from the shore. Fierce, and fiercer, meanwhile, grew the tempest. The surge roared under our lee; the wind howled by like the wailings of the damned; and the occasional lightnings, which now began to illuminate the scene, lit up the whole firmament a moment with their ghastly glare, and then left it shrouded in darkness deeper than that of the day of doom. At intervals the thunder bellowed overhead or went crackling in prolonged echoes down the sky. The schooner groaned and quivered in every timber. Now we rose to the heavens; now wallowed in the abyss. The men, grasping each a rope, looked ominously at the scene around, or cast hurried glances aloft as if fearful that our masts would not stand the strain.

"Hark!" said Westbrook, who stood beside me, "was not that a gun?—there again?"

As he spoke the sullen roar of a cannon boomed across the deep, and for several successive minutes, in the intervals of the thunder, followed the same awful sound. We looked at each other.

"They are signals of distress," I ejaculated, "God have mercy on the sufferers! for man can afford them no help."

I had scarcely ceased speaking when a succession of rapid, vivid flashes of lightning, illumined the stormy prospect for several minutes, as with the light of day; and for the first time we caught a glimpse of the rocky coast, on our lee, against which the surge was breaking in a hurricane of foam. But fearful as was the spectacle of our own danger, it was surpassed by the sight which met our eager gaze. About a cable's length ahead, and a few points on our lee bow, was a tall and gallant bark, dismantled and broached to, upon a reef of jagged rocks, now buried in foam. Her weather quarter lay high upon the ledge, and was crowded with unfortunate human beings, men, women and children, over whom the surges broke momentarily in cataracts. I hear now their wild despairing cries, although years have passed since then. I see their outstretched hands as they call on heaven for mercy. I feel again the cold chill, freezing up my very blood, which then rushed across my heart, as I thought of their inevitable doom, and knew not but that in a few moments I should share its bitterness with them. I was startled by a deep voice at my side. It was that of an old warrant officer. The tears were streaming down his weather-beaten cheeks, and his tones were husky and full of emotion as he said,

"It's a sad spectacle that for a father, Mr. Parker."

"It is, Hawser—but why do you shed tears?—cheer up, man—it 's not all over with us yet," said I.

"Ah! sir, its not fear that makes me so, but I was thinking what my little ones, and their poor mother would do for bread to eat, should I be taken away from them. You are not a father, Mr. Parker."

"God forgive me, Hawser, for my suspicion. I honor your emotions," said I, pressing his horny hand, and turning away to conceal my own feelings. But as I did so, I felt something hot fall upon my finger. It was the old man's tear.

"We must give her another reef, I fear," said the captain, as he saw how fearfully the vessel strained, "no, no," he added, as he glanced again at the rocky coast, "it will never do. Keep her to it," he thundered, raising his voice, "keep her to it, quarter-master."

"Ay, ay, sir."

We were now almost abreast of the ill-fated wreck. Driving rapidly along, the dark waters sinking in foam beneath our lee as we breasted the opposing surge, our fate promised soon to be the same with that of the wretches on the reef. The crisis was at hand. We were in dangerous proximity to the dismantled ship; and the least falling off would roll us in upon her. It was even doubtful whether we could weather the reef, should we still hold our own. At this moment a ray of hope appeared. We perceived that the shore shelved in just beyond the wreck, and that, if we could escape the ledge, our safety would be ensured. The captain took in at a glance this new situation of affairs, which, by holding out hope, redoubled every motive to action.

"How bears she?" he anxiously inquired.

The man answered promptly.

"Hard up—press her down more," he shouted, and then muttered, between his teeth "or we are lost."

"She is almost shaking."

"How does she bear?"

"A point more in the wind's eye."

"Harder yet, harder."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How now?"

"Another point, sir."

The crisis had now come. Bending almost to the horizon, under the enormous press of her canvass, the schooner groaned and struggled against the seas, and for one moment of intense agony, during which we held our breaths painfully, and even forgot the cries of the sufferers upon our lee, we thought that all was over; but, although the schooner staggered under the successive shocks, she did not yield, and as the last billow sank away, whitening beneath her lee, and we rose gallantly upon its crest, the rocky reef shot away astern, and we were safe. As the wreck vanished in the gloom behind, the cries of her despairing passengers came mingled with the roar of the tempest, in awful distinctness, to our ears.

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THE OUTLAW LOVER.

BY J. H. DANA.

Chapter I.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady!
Comus.

It was a summer afternoon, and the sunlight, glimmering through the branches of the old oak trees, fell with a rich glow upon the green sward beneath, lighting up the dark vistas of the forest, and disclosing long avenues of stately trees, through which the deer trotted in the distance, presenting altogether a picture of woodland scenery such as the eye rarely beholds, when two females might have been seen sauntering idly along, listening to the gay echoes of their own voices as they conversed in those light-hearted tones, which only youth and innocence employ. The foremost of the two, by the stateliness of her mien, and the richness of her dress, appeared to be of higher rank than her companion; and as she turned occasionally to converse with her attendant, she disclosed one of the most beautiful countenances that poet ever dreamed of, or painter pictured. A noble contour; a snowy forehead; a finely chiselled mouth; and a pair of dark lustrous eyes that shone like a cloudless night into the gazer's soul, made up a face of surpassing loveliness. And as she conversed, each successive thought would flash up into her countenance, making it, as it were, the mirror of the pure soul beneath, and giving it an expression, such as the pen would find it impossible to describe.

"Ruth! Ruth!" said this fair vision, suddenly pausing, "hear you nothing—surely that was the cry of dogs—can we have wandered so far from the lodge?"

The color faded from the attendant's cheek as her mistress ceased speaking, and the deep bay of approaching hounds floated down the avenues of the forest.

"Let us fly—fly, dear lady," said the terrified girl, "or the stag will be upon us."

The words had scarcely left her mouth before a crashing was heard in a neighboring thicket, and before the females could move more than a few steps from their position, a huge antlered stag, dripping with blood and foam, burst out of the copse, and made toward them. The attendant shrieked, and clasping her mistress' robe, stood unable to move. Had the maiden been equally paralysed, their destruction would have been unavoidable. But in that moment of peril, though the cheek of the lady Margaret became a trifle paler than usual, her presence of mind did not desert her. Seizing her attendant's arm energetically, she dragged her toward a huge oak behind them, whose giant trunk would afford a momentary barrier against the infuriated animal. Had the lady Margaret been alone and unencumbered, she would have succeeded in her endeavor, but her nearly senseless companion so retarded her progress that the stag had almost overtaken them while yet several paces from the tree. Another instant and their fate would be sealed. But at that crisis she heard a whizzing by her ear, and an arrow, sped by an unseen hand, pierced the heart of the stag, who leaping madly forward with a last effort, fell dead at her feet. At the same moment a light and active form, arrayed in a dress of Lincoln green, sprang out from a neighboring copse, and lifting his cap to the ladies, begged to enquire after their affright, in a tone so courtly for one of his apparent station, that Margaret involuntarily looked closer at the stranger.

He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, with an open and generous countenance, enlivened by one of those merry blue eyes which were characteristic in those days, of the pure Saxon blood of their possessor. A jaunty cap, with a long white feather drooping over it, was set upon the stranger's head; while a green coat, made somewhat after the fashion of a hunting frock of the present day, and crossed by a wide belt from which depended a bugle, set off his graceful form. Altogether the intruder was as gallant a looking forester as ever trod the greensward.

"The hounds are in full cry," continued the stranger, without shrinking at the scrutiny of the lady, "and will soon be upon us. Will you suffer me to be your protector from this scene?"

The lady Margaret bowed, and pointing to her attendant, who had now fainted, thanked their preserver for his offer, and signified her willingness to accept it. The youth made no answer, but seizing the prostrate maiden in his arms, he pointed to the copse from which he had emerged, and hastily followed Margaret into it. The branches, where they passed in their retreat, had scarcely ceased vibrating, when the hounds dashed into the space they had left, and in a moment after a gay train of hunters followed with horn and halloo.

Meantime the young stranger, bearing the form of Ruth in his arms, hastily traversed the forest, by

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paths that others could scarcely have detected, until he reached the margin of an open glade, at whose extremity stood a low-roofed lodge, such as was then used for the residence of a keeper of the forest. Here the stranger hesitated a moment, but finally perceiving that no one was in sight, he pressed across the glade, and only paused when he had deposited his now reviving burden on a cot in the lodge. The next moment he turned to depart.

"May—may we know to whom we are indebted for this timely aid?" faltered the lady Margaret, crimsoning as she spoke, with an agitation of manner unusual to the high-bred heiress.

The youth hesitated a moment, looked wistfully at the maiden, and seemed on the point of answering, when footsteps were heard approaching. Hastily bowing to Margaret, he ejaculated,

"We may meet again, farewell!" and vanished from the portal. His form disappeared in the forest as the keeper entered and saluted the lady Margaret and his daughter.

Chapter II.

Cel. Soft! comes he not here? *As you like it.*

The Earl of Mountfort's only daughter, the lady Margaret, was at once an heiress and a beauty. Early deprived of a mother's care; buried in the seclusion of her father's various castles; and knowing nothing of the great world without, she had attained the age of eighteen, without suffering any diminution of that enthusiasm which is so beautiful in early youth, but which a few year's collision with mankind wears off.

From her earliest childhood Ruth Herewood, the forester's daughter, had been her bosom companion; for in that day, when young females of noble rank could rarely associate together, their handmaidens were often their sole confidants. Ruth, moreover, was a foster sister to the lady Margaret, and the tie, therefore, which bound them together was one not lightly thought of, nor easily severed. It was no unusual thing for the young heiress, at least once a year, to spend a fortnight or even more at the lodge of Mr. Herewood, who held the office of a keeper in one of the king's forests. At such times she was unattended, except by a few faithful servants. It was during one of these visits that her life had been preserved in the manner we have related. With these explanations let us return to our story.

A significant sign from her mistress put Ruth upon her guard, and as the stranger had disappeared before her father's entrance, Mr. Herewood remained in ignorance of the danger from which the females had escaped. The motives which prompted Margaret to this concealment we shall not attempt to divine. Perhaps it was only a passing whim; but if so it was changed into a settled resolution, when, on the following morning Ruth's father acquainted them with the fact that a stag had been found shot in the forest by the royal hunting party, and that so daring a breach of the forest laws would assuredly be punished with the utmost penalty that rigorous code afforded. Alarmed and perplexed, Margaret determined to conceal all knowledge of the stranger, lest, by her means, he might be detected; for she feared that her rescuer was one of those outlaws who were known to infest the forest, and that though he might find immunity for that particular offence, he could not escape being convicted of others as heinous.

Yet Margaret could not forget her preserver. In her waking or sleeping dreams his manly form was ever before her, looking as it did when he sprang from the copse to her rescue; and as often as the vision recurred to her memory she owned to herself that she had never seen any one of such rare manly beauty. She strolled oftener than ever into the forest, and Ruth noticed—for are not all women quick to notice such things?—that whenever her theme of conversation was their unknown preserver, her mistress listened to her with more than common interest.

Several days had now elapsed since their escape from the stag, when, one afternoon, Margaret and Ruth, found themselves in that portion of the forest where their fright had occurred. As it was some distance from the lodge, they felt fatigued by their walk, and sitting down on a shady knoll, naturally fell into a conversation on the stranger who had so opportunely come to their aid. But a few minutes had thus passed when a light step was heard approaching, and as the females hastily arose, the stranger stood before them.

"Be not alarmed, fair lady," said he, lifting his cap, and addressing Margaret, "I said when we parted the other day that we might meet again. I redeem my word. But if my presence affrights you I retire."

The maiden blushed deeply at this address, so unlike that of one in the speaker's sphere of life. Her bosom was agitated, meanwhile, with contending emotions, which produced a momentary embarrassment and confusion in her countenance, only serving to heighten her beauty in the stranger's eyes. At length she spoke.

"But, sir stranger, do you not run a risk by this? Believe me I would not have you come to ill, but I know that danger besets your footsteps. Then," she added, more earnestly than the next moment she thought maidenly, "fly from the forest."

The stranger smiled as he answered.

"You think that the outlaw's life is hazardous; but I have only to sound this," and he lightly touched his bugle, "and a score of stout arms are around me."

There was something so fascinating in the stranger's manner that, despite her better judgment, Margaret felt chained to the spot. Nor did Ruth show any greater disposition to depart. Before five minutes had elapsed, Margaret found herself conversing with the gallant outlaw as freely as if she had known him for months. If, for a moment, she would think such conduct improper, the next reflection would be had he not saved her life? Besides was not Ruth at hand? Is it a wonder, therefore, that the grateful girl suffered the stranger to linger by her side for nearly an hour, or that after they had parted, she thought of him oftener

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than she would have been willing a week before to admit she could ever think of any one except her father? Is it a wonder that she often strolled into the forest with Ruth, and that she never returned without having seen the outlaw? In a word is it any wonder that she loved?

Chapter III.

Never met, or never parted,
They had ne'er been broken-hearted. *Burns.*

There is nothing in this care-worn world so sweet and innocent as a young girl's first love. Then—when the heart is fresh, when every thought is pure, when the poetry of life has not yet been crushed out of the soul, when as we are nearer to our childhood we are nearer to heaven—then it is that we love with an intensity such as we never love with again. And thus Margaret loved. She knew it not until it was impossible for her to drive away her passion. It had crept on her, slowly but surely, and oh! how sweetly, until it became a part of her being, and the day in which she did not see her lover, passed tediously and mournfully to her.

Yet though loving as few love, even in the fervor of a first passion, Margaret was still ignorant of her lover's name. Often would she be tortured by fears lest he might have already forfeited his life in the career of an outlaw, but as often would she quiet her alarm by reflecting how impossible that a mere freebooter should be so courteous and even refined. In all this there was a mystery which did but feed the love of her highly imaginative mind, and though, day after day, would she resolve to question her lover so closely respecting himself that he could not evade her inquiries, yet, day after day, would she be diverted from, and forget it.

Nearly three weeks had now elapsed, and the period limited for her stay at the lodge had passed, when a messenger arrived from her father, to conduct her to one of his castles in the vicinity of London. Who can tell her feelings at receiving this summons?—a summons which would tear her from her lover, perhaps forever. But it opened to her more fully than ever the state of her heart, convinced her of her imprudence in suffering herself to love an unknown stranger, and determined her to learn that very day from her lover's lips his name and station in life. Ah! pitiable indeed were her feelings as she reflected on her folly. But a flood of tears afforded her partial relief, and calling for Ruth to accompany her she set forth into the forest.

What a glorious old place was that royal hunting ground. For miles before you stretched a succession of hills and dales, covered with venerable and gigantic trees, or spreading out into rich meadows; while herds of deer might be seen trotting far off through the vistas of the forest, and here and there a cottage peeping out from beneath the verdant foliage. In some places the dark overshadowing trees completely obscured the light of day, and in others, the sunbeams struggling between the leaves gilded the greensward beneath. Such was the scene through which Margaret took her way, until she reached the open glade, where, of late, she had met her lover. Scarcely had she emerged from the surrounding woods before he sprang to her side, and in a moment she was in his arms.

"We meet again, dearest," said he, kissing the fair cheek that blushed crimson at his caress.

"And I fear, for the last time," said Margaret, "my father has sent for me, and to-morrow I leave this place. Oh! when," and she looked into his eyes with all a woman's tenderness, "shall we meet again?"

"Going?—and so soon!" muttered her lover, abstractedly, "why dearest, why did you not tell me of this before?"

"It was but this morning that I heard of it. Alas! that we should part so soon."

"But how know you, sweet one, that we must part?" said her lover half smilingly. It recalled to Margaret's mind her determination to learn her lover's history.

"Why," said she, "are you not a mere," and her voice faltered, "a mere soldier of fortune, perhaps—," and again she faltered and looked down, "an outlaw? Can you follow me? Oh! would you could," and the unhappy maiden burst into tears.

"And why not, dear Margaret? Have not good men and true, at times, been driven to the greenwood for a temporary livelihood. Know you not how the good Earl of Huntingdon long kept wassail under the trees of old Sherwood with his merrie men?"

"Oh! then say you are like him—say you are not an outlaw! Did you but know how my heart reproves me for all this—how I weep to think that my father will never forgive me—and how my only consolation is in your love—did you know all this, you would keep me in suspense no longer!"

Her lover was deeply moved by her passionate entreaties, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed the tears from her cheek, and soothed her agitation by those words of kind endearment which are so eloquent when coming from one we love. He seemed too about to speak; but if so, he was prevented by a sudden baying of hounds, mingled with loud and approaching shouts, and directly a couple of dogs, followed by three keepers dashed out of the neighboring copse. Margaret, terrified and agitated, hastily followed whither her lover pointed, and retreated into the shadow of a cluster of oaks, followed by Ruth. She had scarcely done so unperceived, when the keepers rushed upon her lover, shouting,

"Down with him—the outlaw—down with him."

Frightened almost out of consciousness, she could only see that her lover attempted what resistance he could, and that after a short but fierce contest he was overpowered, almost unarmed as he was, and borne to the ground. With all a woman's devotion she rushed forward to his protection. But she had scarcely made a step, before she staggered and fainted. Ruth, too, was so alarmed as to be of little service; yet while, with trembling hands, she assisted to recover her mistress, so fearful was she of being discovered, that she would scarcely suffer herself to breathe.

"Oh! Ruth," were the first audible words of

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her mistress "what have they done with him? Are they gone? Why did you not try to save him?"

"Alas! dear lady, it would have been in vain," said Ruth, mingling her tears with those of her mistress, "what could I, or both of us have done, for one who had broken the forest laws?"

Chapter IV.

I'll call thee, Hamlet. *Shakspeare.*

Hurried away early on the ensuing morning, Margaret had no opportunity of learning the fate of her lover. She only knew that all delusion was at an end, and that—alas! for her future happiness—she had bestowed her affections on an outlaw, one who might soon suffer the penalty of his transgressions.

On her arrival at Mountfort castle, she learned that her father had determined to celebrate the approaching anniversary of her birth, by a tournament to be given to all comers at his castle. The preperation for this festivity, though it partially diverted her mind, could not drive away her melancholy. Often would she steal away with Ruth, to find a mournful pleasure in conversing of the happy days they had spent at her father's lodge. Such conversations would generally end in a flood of tears, in which the tender-hearted hand-maiden would share. Yet never, not even for one moment, did Margaret suffer herself to dream of again meeting her lover, for well she knew that such a thing would call down upon her the eternal displeasure of her parent. Let it be recollected that in that age the distinctions of rank were almost as impassable as the grave. Nevertheless, the worm had fastened itself upon her heart, and like thousands before and since, the heiress found how fearful it was to love without hope.

Meantime the preperetions for the tournament proceeded, and on the morning of the expected day, crowds thronged to the plain in front of the castle, on which the lists had been erected. The unrivalled beauty of the heiress in whose honor the festivities were to be given, had drawn together the chivalry of the realm, and a series of courses was expected to be run such as had not been heard of for years. But especially every tongue was loud in the praise of the young Earl of Hastings, who, had just returned from the Holy land, where he had been since boyhood, with the reputation of the best lance of the army. There were many, however, of the competitors who sneered at his pretensions, and promised themselves to unhorse him at the first shock.

"Margaret," said her father, on the morning of the tournament, "you will see lord Hastings in the lists to-day, and I wish you to mark him well, for having heard of you by report, he has solicited your hand. Such an alliance would raise higher than ever our noble house. I did not hesitate. But now never blush, sweet one,—you maidens are ever thus,—what! in tears. Go to your bower, child, and get ready for the pageant. Many a proud dame will envy your lot to-day."

Little did the inflexible, though affectionate father know of the agony he was inflicting on that young heart. Margaret saw that her doom was sealed, and she knew her parent too well even to expostulate. She went to her chamber, but it was to weep. All hope was over. She had nourished the romantic idea of continuing faithful to her unhappy lover by refusing every alliance, never dreaming that her father would interfere. Short-sighted girl! Already had he chosen for her, and she knew that the decrees of fate were less inflexible than her parent.

At length, however, she aroused herself and proceeded to the lists, in all the pomp of the heiress of her father's vast possessions. How few knew the heavy heart which throbbed in agony beneath that jewelled boddice. The lists were gorgeously fitted up. A gallery in their centre, opposite to where the shock of the combatants would take place was appropriated to Margaret, who was to preside as queen of the festivities. Around were her father's countless guests, numbering half the nobility of the realm, their wives and daughters flashing with jewels, and all envying the fortunate being, who, at that moment, would willingly have exchanged her rank and splendor for the peasant's garb, if it came attended by happiness.

The tournament began. Several courses had been run with various success, when a herald rode into the lists and proclaimed that three courses yet remained, all of which Sir Robert De Laney, a renowned knight, would engage in with any three combatants, until overpowered or victorious. Several knights instantly presented themselves. The lot fell upon three, the Earl of Warren, Sir Edward Sidney, and lord Hastings. At once the challenger presented himself for the first antagonist. But the the skill of his opponent was in vain. Lord Warren was hurled bleeding to the ground.

The Earl of Hastings now rode into the lists, and at his appearance a buzz of admiration ran around the spectators. His mien, his horsemanship, his comparative youth, and the renown he had brought with him from the east, enlisted the popular wish in his favor. Nor did he disappoint it. At the first shock he splintered his lance against his antagonist's front, while De Laney's shaft just grazed by him The older knight reeled in the saddle, and scarcely saved himself from falling. A shout of general applause rewarded the young Earl's skill.

But there yet remained an equally renowned competitor with whom to contend. By the laws of the tournament, Sir Edward Sidney had a right to contest with the conqueror for the honors of the day, a privilege of which he instantly signified his intention of availing himself. With equal readiness the young Earl prepared for the contest. The combatants took their places, and after a breathless hush of an instant the signal was given, and they vanished from their stations. The shock of their meeting was like that of an earthquake. The knight directing his lance full at his adversary's breast, aimed to bear him by main force to the ground, but at the very instant of meeting, the young Earl bent in the saddle to evade the blow, and altering the direction of his own lance as he did so, he bore it full upon the breast of his antagonist, striking him with such force as to hurl him from the saddle like a stone from a sling. The discomfited knight fell heavily to the earth, and was

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borne off by his squires; while the victor swept onward amid the acclamations of the spectators. The heralds now proclaimed lord Hastings the conqueror of the day, and led him toward the lady Margaret to receive the prize.

Who can tell her feelings as she beheld the gallant train approaching? She saw before her, her destined lover, and however she might have admired his gallant exploits had her heart been disengaged, could she—loving another as she did—look upon him with aught but aversion? But though her emotion nearly overpowered her, she composed herself sufficiently to go through with her approaching duty. As the victor knelt at her feet, what sudden feeling was it which shot through her bosom? Why did her cheek crimson, her breath come quick, her heart flutter wildly? And why, as the helmet was removed from lord Hastings, did she drop the crown with which she was to reward him, and with a half suppressed scream, faint away? Why! but that in the victor of the tourney she recognised her own outlaw lover.

The joy of the reviving maiden when she found her preserver bending over her, and conjuring her to speak to him once more and forgive his stratagem, we shall not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that the day of the tourney which opened as the darkest, set as the brightest, in her life.

The young Earl happening to see his mistress accidently had imbibed the romantic idea of wooing her as an unknown and untitled stranger. For this purpose he had secretly followed her down to the lodge, and attired in an outlaw's dress, had hovered around her path, waiting for a fitting opportunity to introduce himself. The manner in which he was at length favored by circumstances, as well as his subsequent success in his suit, the reader has seen. But his pretended character was not without its evils. He was seen, suspected, and captured by the forest keepers in the way we have described. He only escaped by revealing his rank. After his recovery from the wound he had received on that occasion, he had arrived at lord Mountfort's castle, determining to contest the prize in the approaching tourney, and then reveal himself to his mistress.

It was but a few weeks after the fete, when the young Earl of Hastings led to the altar the fair daughter of the house of Mountfort, who never forgot, in her titled husband, the unknown OUTLAW LOVER.

OLD MEMORIES.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

How swiftly do old memories float about our riper hours!
They 're like the fragrant breath that fills the vase of perish'd flowers;
They bear an unextinguish'd ray, a light that never dies,
A borrow'd radiance gilding earth with lustre from the skies.

The joys that gather round us now, with all their rainbow beams,
Are bright, but evanescent, as the shadows in our dreams;
They pass before us like the leaves swept by the autumn's blast,
Alas! too fragile for the earth—too beautiful to last.

We see the human flowers cut down, the kindred ones of home,
Whose garden was the loving heart, where storm clouds seldom come,
Making within that temple fair, a wilderness of woes,
A desert drear of that which once could "blossom as the Rose."

We see the clasping chains unloose, and sever link by link,
Till hope turns shudderingly away, from sorrow's fearful brink,
The band of sweet relationship, of close unwoven ties,
Is broken here—to reunite forever in the skies.

But memory with her guardian care, hath linger'd o'er each scene,
To paint them on the heart again when long years intervene.
When life's bright summer days have gone, and all their beauty fled,
It brings us back the halcyon hours, that perish'd with the dead.

Oh! soft as music's dying fall, from some loved voice's tone,
Thine influence, mild and gentle power, across my mind is thrown;
Upon the harp strings of my heart, thine angel spirits play,
While fond old memories light its gloom, with many a moonlit ray.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISER.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104.

PART III.

"THAT man," says Theophrastus, "is justly called a lover of filthy lucre, to whom the relish and value of a gain are enhanced by the baseness of the means that have been employed in its acquisition." I had failed in my designs; but my brutal triumph over the cause of this failure was almost equal in effect to success. I did not relent; I felt no remorse; I would have acted the same part again: parental affection was irrevocably dead. I enjoyed a kind of secret satisfaction at the awful result of my violence. A long and lingering illness, augmented by the horrors of our parting interview, had brought Valeria to the verge of the grave. She had given birth to a son. Poverty had sternly asserted its supremacy over the happiness of the young couple. Though since the rupture between us had taken place, I had never visited or enquired about her, there were many interlopers sufficiently officious to convey to me news of her approaching dissolution. These hints I would have disregarded, but for the sinister reports which from this time forth were so liberally circulated to my disadvantage. A note hastily placed in my hands one evening by a muffled figure, in whom, notwithstanding the attempted disguise, I fancied I recognised the manly form and contour of Da Vinci, confirmed me in my determination to witness the results of my violence. It was traced in a tremulous hand, and read as follows:—

"Father!—for Christian meekness and humanity, still compel me to call you by the endearing name—will you not soften your heart toward one, who, by all the laws of nature and of man, should be its solace and its idol; and whose last wish is that death should separate us in amity and mutual affection? Will you not, now at least, when she, who was once the delight of your old age, and the comforter of your bereaved heart, is on the bed of death,—will you not hearken to her dying wish, and grant the boon she so eagerly desires? O, have some mercy, my father—my benefactor! Hasten to the death-bed of your wretched—wretched daughter! May God forgive you, is the prayer of your erring VALERIA."

Two motives induced me to comply with the request contained in this note. First, I was anxious to avoid the contumely of those who watched my actions; and secondly, I felt a fiendish desire to behold the consummation of my revenge. Throwing a hasty disguise over my person I sallied out, and rapidly pushed my way through the thoroughfares of Venice, to a remote part of the city called *Francesco della Vigna*. Here, in an obscure lane, and surrounded by filth and poverty, I traced my way to the wretched tenement of Da Vinci and Valeria. A kind of involuntary sickness came over me as I ascended the stairs leading to the miserable loft in which they lodged. It proceeded not from remorse; it was not prompted by humanity; it was instinct conquering nature. With some hesitation I entered the apartment of the dying woman. A spectacle, which to any one but myself, would have appeared heart-rending, caused me to shudder for the immensity of my guilt.

The haggard and wasted form of Valeria was stretched on the bare floor. Her half-furnished infant lay upon her breast. She breathed with difficulty. Her eyes were sunken, her complexion pallid and unearthly. Her features betrayed evidences of the most intense agony, both mental and physical.

But the most shocking part of the scene was the ghastly semblance of Da Vinci, as he sat by the bed-side of his dying wife. His hands were crossed—his knees drawn together; his elbows rested on a broken table; his hair fell in long and matted locks from his head; his skin was ashy and squalid; and in place of the manly beauty which every lineament of his countenance had once betrayed, his features were now haggard and care-worn, and his once mellow and intellectual eye, was fixed with an unmeaning stare on the wretch before him. Three days had scarcely elapsed since I had recognised him in the strength and beauty of manhood, but, oh, how changed! how fallen! how wretched!

On drawing near this afflicted group, I was startled and alarmed at the change that came over the countenance of Da Vinci. At first the bereaved man fixed upon me a stupid and sullen gaze; but on recognising the author of his misery, his eyes flashed with maniacal ferocity; his lips became pale and compressed; the large veins on his temples swelled, and throbbed violently; and he exhibited the most alarming symptoms of madness. I endeavored to draw back; but I was too late. His deadly purpose was fixed. With a wild,

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shrieking laugh he sprang upon me. In an instant his nails were buried in my neck. I struggled with desperate energy. Incontinence and debauchery had sapped my vital principle, and age had laid his searing hand on my frame; but I contended for life, and I was powerful. On the other hand, Da Vinci, nerved by the delirium which had taken possession of him, was irresistible.

"Fiend!" he shouted—"die!—die!—die!"

"You will murder me!" I groaned, already suffocating under his vice-like grasp, "have mercy, for God's sake!"

"You showed *her* none!" he answered hoarsely.

"I repent—I shall make amends."

"Too late—she is dying."

"Oh, God, stop!—you strangle me! I am not fit to die."

"So much the better. Die—villain, die!" and with a desperate exertion he bore me to the floor. I essayed in vain to release myself from his deadly grasp. A moment more, and death would have rescued me; but the Almighty ordained that I should live to reap the fruits of my crimes. Involuntarily, as the agonies of dissolution came upon me, my hand sought one of those small daggers, with which an Italian is never unprovided. I drew it from my bosom. I raised it to strike. Da Vinci saw his danger; but he was too late. With irresistible strength I plunged it in his side. He uttered no groan; he rolled from my person a dead man. I stooped over the bleeding corpse in mute horror. The eyes were fixed upon me with a glassy gaze. It was a fearful spectacle—one which was well calculated to strike awe into the bosom of a murderer.

I turned a searching eye toward the prostrate form of my daughter. It was inanimate. No sign of life or recognition illumined her ghastly countenance. She had evidently swooned. As if in mockery of the dreadful tragedy which had just transpired, the infant boy slumbered peacefully by her side. The reproach was more than I could bear. Guilt—guilt was whispered in my ear by a thousand voices. I rushed from the blood-stained spot. I hurried to my desolate home. Here new miseries awaited me. I bolted the doors; but they afforded me no security. I drank deeply—but inebriation came not. I endeavored to sleep; but my horrors were increased. This fearful state drove me to desperation. I tried to pray: the Almighty heard me not. My heart was too black—too guilty. Night had come. My sufferings were too intense for human endurance. The lonely and ruinous garret in which I lay, augmented the dreadful vividness with which I created the most revolting phantasmas in every recess and corner; and the hollow moaning of the wind against the roof filled my soul with ominous and harrowing sensations. A strange—an indefinable desire to return to the scene of death, took possession of my mind. It became too absorbing—too interminable to be resisted. The moon had by this time ascended her throne in all her queenliness and majesty. I rushed rapidly through the empty streets to the quay for the night-gondoliers; and aided by the moonlight, soon succeeded in reaching *San Francesco della Vigna*. Hastily dismissing the gondolier, I won my way to the abode of the dead. An ominous silence reigned around it. I shuddered—I turned pale; but I did not hesitate. Up the tottering stairs I rushed; the door of the death-room was open; and my eyes at once fell upon a picture which is indelibly engraved on my memory.

Valeria had, on recovering her senses, crept to the body of her husband. She held the slumbering babe in one arm, while with the other she raised the head of the dead man and reclined it on her bosom. She knew he was dead—that he would never wake again; she saw the life-blood oozing from his heart; but her devotion was superior to the evidence of her senses; her constancy to the sword of death. She chafed his temples; she fondly smoothed his hair; she kissed again and again his icy lips; and she fervently prayed for the salvation of the dead. A pale, unearthly glow was thrown over the group by occasional glances of the moon-beams; and everything conspired to strike me with awe and remorse. But I was not susceptible of the better feelings of humanity. I possessed no refined sensibility. Whatever I felt was common to the lowest of God's creation.

"Why," I cried in a hollow voice, "why must this be? Why must my peace be blasted by such scenes as these? I murdered him—is it not enough that he should die? I seek nothing from him after death. Why—why do you persecute me, Omnipotent God!"

"See!" shrieked a piercing voice, "see what you have done!"

For a moment I could not answer. The anguish of the accuser deprived me of speech. But at length I stammered out,

"I did but defend my life."

"You drove him mad."

"He ruined, deceived, beggared me."

"It is a calumny!" said Valeria, with flashing eyes, seeming for an instant to forget her grief in indignation at the charge, "he honored you!"

"I forgive him."

"He is dead."

I was silent. The last words were said in a voice of such exquisite anguish that they went to my heart—stony as it was. If ever a pang of remorse vibrated in my soul it was then. Valeria regarded me with an expression more of sorrow than of anger. She clasped the infant to her arms as if it were now her only solace; and burst into a flood of tears.

"Father," she murmured, when her agitation had in some measure subsided; "the hand of death is upon me. God in his infinite goodness has given you the means of atonement for your crimes. A few hours and I shall be no more. Take my child—you are rich—rich in worldly things—take him, and have him brought up as he should be. I rely on you—I beseech you—I command you! You cannot be so utterly callous to humanity, as to refuse; let him not die in this miserable place. O, be kind to him—be more merciful to him than you were to my poor, dead husband!"

Exhausted and heart-broken, the young mother sank upon the corpse of the murdered man. Her

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eyes grew dim; her breathing became short and violent; her hands and lips seemed bloodless; and after a few spasms she lay still. I approached her. I placed my hand upon her heart. Already her skin was cold and clammy. The sufferer was dead!

A chill crept over me as I stooped to examine the corpse. It seemed as if the ghastly expression of the countenance was but the effect of some horrible incubus—so vivid—so real—so revolting was it to the observer. Fearfully did the presentiment of future retribution come upon me at that moment. I was no longer the proud politician, concerting magnificent schemes; I had nothing left of the bold and desperate gambler; the greatness of purpose and energy of execution which had hitherto marked my career, were at an end. I was now, what my crimes had made me—an abject, guilty wretch. I shuddered to think of my awful destination; I felt how terrible would be the punishment I so richly merited; but remorse—penitence—sorrow—entered not my obdurate heart.

Necessity compelled me to comply with the dying request of Valeria. I was aware that my conduct had excited much suspicion. It therefore became my policy to avoid public attention; and I took the earliest opportunity to have the unfortunate objects of my malevolence interred, and the infant orphan confided to the care of a nurse. No suspicion was excited at first; but strange things soon began to be whispered by the individuals who occupied the lower part of the tenement in which the tragedy had been enacted. The storm gradually gathered its forces for a general explosion. Rumors, so liberally circulated at my expense, reached the ears of the official authorities under the Doge. Manini was not predisposed to turn a deaf ear to anything pertaining to my downfall. His suspicions relative to my integrity had long been confirmed. Enemies and interlopers were not wanted to construe every thing into its most criminal aspect. The result was such as might be expected. I was arrested by the city functionaries, on a charge of murder. Universal horror was expressed when my crimes were made known. It was evident that I had nothing to expect from public sympathy.—How many are there who profess benevolence and charity, ever ready to persecute the unfortunate with the most unmitigated severity! I experienced the full effects of this human failing. My trial was long and doubtful. Everything in the shape of evidence, however trivial or absurd, was adduced in order to convict me. But nothing of a positive nature could be brought up against me. It was true I had treated my daughter with severity and inhumanity; but I could not be found guilty on so general a charge. It was also true that a noise had been heard in the apartment of Da Vinci a few hours before his corpse had been discovered by the lower tenants of the house; but I was not seen. The whole affair then though well understood, was in the eye of the law, uncertain and inconclusive. Public opinion in a case like mine was not regarded as having any weight. I was dismissed. My persecutions, however, did not end so soon. A few devoted minions of the Doge, glad to have an opportunity of satisfying their resentment for my former conduct toward them, followed me unceasingly, and spared no pains to ensure my self-conviction.

But I baffled them. My life, however, became one of extreme misery and watchfulness. I feared to sleep lest I should be robbed or assassinated. I dreaded a sight of the human countenance; for in every man I fancied I recognised an enemy. Neither could I hide myself in solitude—my guilt was too fearful—too relentless. I dared not walk in the public thoroughfares; for the utmost detestation was pictured in every face; and my ears were assailed with reproaches and contumely. I could not roam the most obscure parts of the city, without being dogged and persecuted by the blood-hounds of Manini. It was a miserable situation. Health—comfort—happiness, were gone forever. Not even the common enjoyments of life fell to my lot. I could not sleep—I knew no pleasure in drink—I was too decrepid and impotent to enjoy artificial stimulants: what then must have been the depth of my misery? It was too great to be borne. I resolved to leave the theatre of my misfortunes; and to bury myself in the busy haunts of the great English metropolis. In the costume and character of a Jew, I embarked for the city of my destination. Arrived there, I set up a small establishment as a usurer. My thirst for accumulation was not satisfied by my crimes; nor did my honesty profit by inaction. The great object was, however, in some measure effected. I enjoyed as the guilty may enjoy the security of my secluded situation. I passed many years in a state of negative happiness. My internal miseries lost none of their poignancy; but they caused me no physical inconvenience. I was free from immediate conviction; and had every prospect of continuing unmolested. Time soothed my terrors, though I still looked forward with fear and anxiety to the day, when something worse might turn up, than mere imaginary fears.

Age and imbecility have come upon me. I have spun out nearly the remains of my guilty existence, in security and prosperity. I have acquired riches; but have never enjoyed them. I have sinned and suffered; but my crimes are not atoned for. A day will come when the fearful debt must be paid. I await it with calmness. I repent of nothing that I have done. I ask forgiveness neither of God nor of man. Let the full measure of His retribution be my eternal ruin. I am content to die as I have lived—fearless—guilty—unrelenting.

Here ends the Autobiography of this false and evil man. It is a highly-colored, but we trust, not an extravagant picture of the effects of avarice. The moral remains to be told. If, in the sequel or fourth part, we can show that sooner or later retribution will fall upon the guilty; we may say of our hero what Scott quotes of Charles the Twelfth:—

"He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale."

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CHIMES OF ANTWERP.

One, two, and three, with measured stroke and numbers on they go,
For Ghentish Charles 't was thus they woke, for blood-stained Alva so,*
And still from out their airy cage of wreathed and trelliced stone,
They tell us of our pilgrimage another hour has flown.

They float above the Place de Mer, and o'er thy roofs and towers,
Fair Antwerp, with thy solemn air and antique Flemish bowers;
And sweet and stately is the sound, and melancholy too,
As it should be where Memory the fabler dwells with you.

One, two, and three, with measured strokes and numbers they awake!
'T was thus on Rubens' ear at eve their sounds were wont to break;
And still o'er his best monument, with monumental tone,
They tell us of our pilgrimage another hour has flown.

J. H.

A WINTER SCENE.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Oh how magnificent. How beautiful
The old grey wood appears. Each sturdy tree
Crown'd with a glorious diamond diadem
Of wreathen plumes and garlands. Every bush
And slender sapling, bending with the weight
Of its bright ornaments, seems to the view
Like youthful genius shrinking and o'erwhelm'd
With the chill weight of the cold world's applause.
The sun is rising now, and every spray,
And feathery evergreen, grows radiant
With more than earthly glory. One might deem
Each twig a chain of gold profusely set
With ruby, emerald, and amethyst,
Sapphire and living diamond, splendid all
And dazzling past description. Yet there lives
No balm, no melody of loving birds
Amongst the icy branches; grandeur reigns
And frigid beauty, without life or joy.
No gentle breezes woo the branches now,
To bend and kiss their sweetly sighing lips,
And fling a cloud of incense, and bright flow'rs
Upon their lingering pinions. No young fruits
Lie in their curtain'd cradles, rocking soft
To the glad lullaby which smiling Hope
Sings round the fragrant clusters. No young birds
Lie chirping in their nests amongst green leaves.
No passing streamlet lingers in the bow'rs,
Forgetting, for a while, its morning hymn,
To touch the rich lip of the fragile flower
That lives upon its love one summer day,
Then lays the dying head so gently down
Upon its bosom, while the trembling depth
Reflects with sympathy the blighted gem,
And murmurs promise of another life,
And blest re-union at return of spring.
No young fawns gambol through the silent wood,
In the delight of life's first consciousness
Of freedom, strength, and beauty. No fair child
Crushes the sweet buds with its little feet,
While bounding after the bright butterfly
Which floats upon its rich, brocaded wing
In graceful carelessness from bloom to bloom.
No merry laughter, no light-hearted lay,
No lover's whisper floats among the bowers;
But all is icy beauty, cold and still,
Radiant and passionless, and void of bliss;
A glory that will quickly melt away
And leave no trace behind.
And such I deem
Is life within a nunnery; pure and bright
With heaven's reflected glory; but all cold
And destitute of the fond sympathies
That are at once the bliss, the ornament,
And agony of life.

Liberty, Pa. March, 1841.

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OH! GENTLE LOVE.

SUNG BY

MR. WILSON,

IN AUBER'S OPERA OF LESTOQ.

ARRANGED BY

T. COOKE.

Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. No. 184 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.



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Or as the dew upon the flowrets sleeping,
Over the leaves a distillation rains,

Which tho' the day dissolve its pearly weeping,
Still in their heart reviving them remains.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

CONCLUDED.

UNLESS there be continual rain, or it be the depth of winter, birds will visit their basking place some time in the course of the day, whether the sun shine or not. The basking-place is generally, but not invariably, on the sunny side of the hedge. Birds may be most easily approached in fine weather. All kinds of birds lie better in small enclosures than in large ones, that is, when the cover in each is alike. It need scarcely be added, that the more bushy the brambles, or the higher the grass the more closely will lie the game.

A person who knows how to walk up to a bird will obtain more shots than one who does not, especially in windy weather. Birds will not only allow the shooter to approach nearer to them when he faces the wind, but they present on rising, a fairer mark.

When the legs of a bird fired at fall, it is almost a certain proof that it is struck in a vital part. A bird so struck should be narrowly watched, when, in most instances, it will be seen, after flying about a hundred yards if a grouse, or fifty yards if a partridge, to tower or spire in the air, and fall down dead. When only one leg falls, the bird should be watched, but in the latter case, it generally happens that the leg or thigh only has been struck. Any bird that flinches, on being fired at, or whose feathers are in the least disordered, should be marked down, and followed. Grouse more frequently fly away wounded than partridges. Grouse are often recovered several hundred yards from the gun.

Until November or December, young grouse, black-game, partridges, and pheasants, may be distinguished from old ones by the lower beak not being strong enough to bear the weight of their bodies. The lower beak of an old partridge is strong enough to sustain the weight of a brace of birds; but a young bird cannot be raised by the lower beak without the lower beak bending under the weight.

The number of birds in a covey varies much, perhaps the average may be from ten to fifteen. In some years, when the coveys are larger after a fine hatching season, it is not uncommon to see upward of twenty birds in a covey; and sometimes after a wet season, ten birds may be deemed a fair covey. Birds are most numerous after a dry summer. When there are thunder-storms about midsummer, great numbers of young birds are drowned. The young birds have many enemies besides the elements, such as cats, young dogs, hawks, foxes, and vermin of different descriptions. When the eggs are taken, or the young birds destroyed soon after leaving the shell, there will be a second hatch. Sportsmen often meet with second hatches in September, when the old birds rise screaming, and generally alight within fifty yards, as if to induce the young birds to follow. In that case the fair sportsman will not fire at the old birds, but will call in his dogs and leave the ground. At such times he should look well after the young dogs, as, when they see the birds running, they are apt to snatch up such of them as cannot get out of the way. The very young birds are called cheepers, from their uttering a scream as they rise. Full grown birds never scream as they rise, except when the young ones are helpless, nor do young birds after they are large enough for the table.

There are shooters who acquire an unsportsmanlike habit of firing at a covey immediately as it rises, before the birds are fairly on the wing, and, thus without aiming at any individual bird, bring down two or three. And sometimes they will make a foul shot by flanking a covey; the birds being on the wing, come upon them suddenly, and make a simultaneous wheel; they take them on the turn, when, for a moment—and but for a moment—half the covey are in a line, and floor them rank and file. These are tricks allied to poaching, and almost as reprehensible as shooting at birds on the ground, which is nothing less than high treason.

The cock partridge is distinguished from the hen by the brown feathers which form a crescent, or horse-shoe, as it is sometimes called, on the breast.

The pointer is decidedly the best dog for partridge shooting.

The dog should fall when the gun is fired, and remain down until he is told to seek, when he should point the dead bird. A pointer that drops to shot, becomes an excellent retriever.

The dog should be taught to obey the eye and the hand, rather than the voice. A dog that will do so is invaluable, in open grounds, when birds are wild.

Whenever speaking to a dog, whether encouragingly or reprovingly, the sportsman should endeavor to *look* what he means, and the dog will understand him. The dog will understand the look, if he does not the words. The sportsman should never, with a smile on his countenance, punish a dog; nor commend him when he has done well, but with an apparent hearty good will: the dog will then take an interest in obeying him.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"Night and Morning." A Novel. By the author of Pelham, Rienzi, Eugene Aram, &c. 2 vols. Re-published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Right Hon. Charles Leopold Beaufort, of Beaufort Court, England, a proud and misanthropical old bachelor, with a rental of twenty thousand pounds, has two nephews, Philip and Robert Beaufort. The former, who is the elder of the two, and heir-apparent to the uncle's estate, is thoughtless and generous, with unsteady principles. The latter is a crafty man-of-the-world, whose only honesty consists in appearing honest—a scrupulous decorist. Philip, in love with Catharine Morton, the daughter of a tradesman, and in fear of his aristocratic uncle's displeasure, is married clandestinely, in a remote village of Wales, by a quondam college friend, to whom he had presented a living—the Rev. Caleb Price. The better to keep the secret, a very old Welshman, certain soon to die, and William Smith, Philip's servant, are the sole witnesses of the ceremony. This performed, Smith is hired to bury himself in Australia until called for, while the deaf man dies as expected. Some time having elapsed, Philip, dreading accident to the register, writes to Caleb for an attested copy of the record. Caleb is too ill to make it, but employs a neighboring curate, Morgan Jones, to make and attest it, and despatches it, just before dying, to Philip, who, fearing his wife's impatience of the concealment required, deposites the document, without her knowledge, in a secret drawer of a bureau. The register itself is afterwards accidentally destroyed. Catharine has soon two children—first Philip, the hero of the novel, and then Sydney. For their sakes she bravely endures the stigma upon her character. She continues to live openly with her husband as his mistress, bearing her maiden name of Morton; and the uncle, whose nerves would have been shocked at a mis-alliance, and who would have disinherited its perpetrator, winks at what he considers the venial vice. The old gentleman lives on for sixteen years, and yet no disclosure is made. At last he dies, bequeathing his property to his eldest nephew, as was anticipated. The latter prepares forthwith to own Catharine as his wife; relates to his brother the facts of the clandestine marriage; speaks of the secreted document, without designating the place of deposit; is disbelieved by that person entirely; mounts his horse to make arrangements for a second wedding, and for proving the first; is thrown, breaks his neck, and expires without uttering a word. Catharine, ignorant of the secret drawer (although aware that a record had been secreted), failing to find William Smith, and trusting her cause to an unskilful lawyer, is unable to prove her marriage, but in the effort to do so makes an enemy of Robert Beaufort, who takes possession of the estate as heir at law. Thus the strict precautions taken by the father to preserve his secret during the uncle's life, frustrate the wife in her attempts to develope it after his death, and the sons are still considered illegitimate. This is the pivot of the story. Its incidents are made up of the struggles of the young men with their fate, but chiefly of the endeavors of the elder, Philip, to demonstrate the marriage and redeem the good name of his mother. This he finally accomplishes, (after her death, and after a host of vicissitudes experienced in his own person) by the accidental return of William Smith, and by the discovery of an additional witness in Morgan Jones, who made the extract from the register, and to whom the rightful heir is guided by this long-sought document itself, obtained from the hands of Robert Beaufort, (who had found it in the bureau,) through the instrumentality of one Fanny, the heroine, and in the end the wife of the hero.

We do not give this as the plot of "Night and Morning," but as the ground-work of the plot; which latter, woven from the incidents above mentioned, is in itself exceedingly complex. The ground work, as will be seen, is of no very original character—it is even absurdly common-place. We are not asserting too much when we say that every second novel since the flood has turned upon some series of hopeless efforts, either to establish legitimacy, or to prove a will, or to get possession of a great sum of money most unjustly withheld, or to find out a ragamuffin of a father, who had been much better left unfound. But, saying nothing of the basis upon which this story has been erected, the story itself is, in many respects, worthy its contriver.

The word "plot," as commonly accepted, conveys but an indefinite meaning. Most persons think of it as of simple *complexity*; and into this error even so fine a critic as Augustus William Schlegel has obviously fallen, when he confounds its idea with that of the mere *intrigue* in which the Spanish dramas of Cervantes and Calderon abound. But the greatest involution of incident will not result in plot; which, properly defined, *is that in which no part can be displaced without ruin to the whole.* It may be described as a building so dependently constructed, that to change the position of a single brick is to overthrow the entire fabric. In this definition and description, we of course refer only to that infinite perfection

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which the true artist bears ever in mind—that unattainable goal to which his eyes are always directed, but of the possibility of attaining which he still endeavors, if wise, to cheat himself into the belief. The reading world, however, is satisfied with a less rigid construction of the term. It is content to think that plot a good one, in which none of the *leading* incidents can be *removed* without *detriment* to the mass. Here indeed is a material difference; and in this view of the case the plot of "Night and Morning" is decidedly excellent. Speaking comparatively, and in regard to stories similarly composed, it is one of the best. This the author has evidently designed to make it. For this purpose he has taxed his powers to the utmost. Every page bears marks of excessive elaboration, all tending to one point—a perfect adaptation of the very numerous atoms of a very unusually involute story. The better to attain his object he has resorted to the expedient of writing his book backwards. This is a simple thing in itself, but may not be generally understood. An example will best convey the idea. Drawing near the *dénouement* of his tale, our novelist had proceeded so far as to render it necessary that means should be devised for the discovery of the missing marriage record. This record is in the old bureau—this bureau is at Fernside, originally the seat of Philip's father, but now in possession of one Lord Lilburne, a member of Robert Beaufort's family. Two things now strike the writer—first, that the retrieval of the hero's fortune should be brought about by no less a personage than the heroine—by some lady who should in the end be his bride—and, secondly, that this lady must procure access to Fernside. Up to this period in the narrative, it had been the design to make Camilla Beaufort, Philip's cousin, the heroine; but in such case, the cousin and Lord Lilburne being friends, the document must have been obtained by fair means; whereas foul means are the most dramatic. There would have been no *difficulties* to overcome in introducing Camilla into the house in question. She would have merely rung the bell and walked in. Moreover, in getting the paper, she would have had no chance of getting up a scene. This lady is therefore dropped as the heroine; Mr. Bulwer retraces his steps, creates Fanny, brings Philip to love her, and employs Lilburne, (a courtly villain, invented for all the *high* dirty work, as De Burgh Smith for all the *low* dirty work of the story,) employs Lilburne to abduct her to Fernside, where the capture of the document is at length (more dramatically than naturally) contrived. In short, these latter incidents were emendations, and their really episodical character is easily traced by the critic. What appears first in the published book, was last in the original MS. Many of the most striking portions of the novel were *interleaved* in the same manner—thus giving to afterthought that air of premeditation which is so pleasing. Effect seems to follow cause in the most natural and in the most provident manner, but, in the true construction, the cause (and here we commit no bull) is absolutely brought about by the effect. The many brief, and seemingly insulated chapters met with in the course of the narrative, are the interposed afterthoughts in question.

So careful has been our author in this working-up of his story—in this nice dovetailing of its constituent parts—that it is difficult to detect a blemish in any portion. What he has intended to do he has done well; and his main intention, as we have before hinted, was *perfection of plot*. A few defects, indeed, we note; and note them chiefly to show the skill with which that narrative is wrought, where such blemishes are the sole ones.

In the first place, there are some descriptive passages such as the love adventures of Caleb Price, the account of Gawtrey's early life, prefaced by that of his grandfather, and the dinner-scene at Love's, which scarcely come within the category of matters tending to develop the main events. These things, in short, might have been omitted with advantage (because without detriment) to the whole.

At page 254, vol. 2, we perceive the first indications of slovenliness, (arising no doubt from the writer's anxiety to conclude his task) in an incident utterly without aim, and composed at random. We mean the relapse of Philip into a second illness when nursed by Fanny through the first, at the house of old Gawtrey.

At page 21, vol. 1, we are told that Caleb Price, having received from his friend Beaufort a certain letter (whose contents would have been important in the subsequent attempts to establish Catharine's claim) held it over the flame of the candle, and that "as the paper dropped on the carpetless floor, Mr. Jones prudently set thereon the broad sole of his boot, and the maid servant brushed it into the grate."

"Ah, trample it out; hurry it among the ashes. The last as the rest," said Caleb, hoarsely. "Friendship, fortune, hope, love, life—a little flame—and then—and then—"

"*Do n't be uneasy—it 's quite out,*" said Mr. Jones.

Now this is related with much emphasis; and, upon reading it, we resolved to hold in memory that this important paper, although torn, was still unburned, and that its fragments had been thrown into a vacant grate. In fact, it was the design of the novelist to re-produce these fragments in the *dénouement*—a design which he has forgotten to carry out.

We have defined the word "plot," in a definition of our own to be sure, but in one which we do not the less consider substantially correct; and we have said that it has been a main point with Mr. Bulwer in this his last novel, "Night and Morning," to work up his plot as near perfection as possible. We have asserted, too, that his design is well accomplished; but we do not the less assert that it has been conceived and executed in error.

The interest of plot, referring, as it does, to cultivated thought in the reader, and appealing to considerations analogous with those which are the essence of sculptural taste, is by no means a popular interest; although it has the peculiarity of being appreciated in its atoms by all, while in its totality of beauty it is comprehended but by the few. The pleasure which the many derive from it is disjointed, ineffective, and evanescent; and even in the case of the critical reader it is a pleasure which may be purchased too dearly. A good tale may be written without it. Some of the finest fictions in the world have neglected it altogether. We see nothing of it in Gil

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Blas, in the Pilgrim's Progress, or in Robinson Crusoe. Thus it is not an essential in story-telling at all; although, well-managed, within proper limits, it is a thing to be desired. At best it is but a secondary and rigidly artistical merit, for which no merit of a higher class—no merit founded in nature—should be sacrificed. But in the book before us *much* is sacrificed for its sake, and every thing is rendered subservient to its purposes. So excessive is, here, the involution of circumstances, that it has been found impossible to dwell for more than a brief period upon any particular one. The writer seems in a perpetual flurry to accomplish what, in autorical parlance, is called "bringing up one's time." He flounders in the vain attempt to keep all his multitudinous incidents at one and the same moment before the eye. His ability has been sadly taxed in the effort—but more sadly the time and temper of the reader. No sooner do we begin to take some slight degree of interest in some cursorily-sketched event, than we are hurried off to some other, for which a new feeling is to be built up, only to be tumbled down, forthwith, as before. And thus, since there is no sufficiently continuous scene in the whole novel, it results that there is not a strongly effective one. Time not being given us in which to become absorbed, we are only permitted to admire, while we are not the less chilled, tantalised, wearied, and displeased. Nature, with natural interest, has been given up a bond-maiden to an elaborate, but still to a misconceived, perverted, and most unsatisfactory Art.

Very little reflection might have sufficed to convince Mr. Bulwer that narratives, even one fourth so long as the one now lying upon our table, are *essentially* inadapted to that nice and complex adjustment of incident at which he has made this desperate attempt. In the wire-drawn romances which have been so long fashionable, (God only knows how or why) the pleasure we derive (if any) is a composite one, and made up of the respective sums of the various pleasurable sentiments experienced in perusal. Without excessive and fatiguing exertion, inconsistent with legitimate interest, the mind cannot comprehend at one time, and in one survey, the numerous individual items which go to establish the whole. Thus the high ideal sense of the *unique* is sure to be wanting:—for, however absolute in itself be the unity of the novel, it must inevitably fail of appreciation. We speak now of that species of unity which is alone worth the attention of the critic—the unity or totality *of effect*.

But we could never bring ourselves to attach any idea of merit to mere *length* in the abstract. A long story does not appear to us necessarily twice as good as one only half so long. The ordinary talk about "continuous and sustained effort" is pure twaddle and nothing more. Perseverance is one thing and genius is another—whatever Buffon or Hogarth may assert to the contrary—and notwithstanding that, in many passages of the dogmatical literature of old Rome, such phrases as "*diligentia maxima*," "*diligentia mirabilis*," can be construed only as "great talent" or "wonderful ability." Now if the author of "Ernest Maltravers," implicitly following authority like *les moutons de Panurge, will* persist in writing long romances because long romances have been written before—if, in short, he cannot be satisfied with the brief tale (a species of composition which admits of the highest development of artistical power in alliance with the wildest vigor of imagination)—he must then content himself, perforce, with a more simply and more rigidly narrative form.

And here, could he see these comments upon a work which, (estimating it, as is the wont of all artists of his calibre, by the labor which it has cost him,) he considers his *chef d'œuvre*, he would assure us, with a smile, that it is precisely because the book is *not* narrative, and *is* dramatic, that he holds it in so lofty an esteem. Now in regard to its being dramatic, we should reply that, so far as the radical and ineradicable *deficiencies* of the drama go—it is. This continual and vexatious shifting of scene, with a view of bringing up events to the time being, originated at a period when books were not; and in fact, had the drama not preceded books, it might never have succeeded them—we might, and probably should, never have had a drama at all. By the frequent "bringing up" of his events the dramatist strove to supply, as well as he could, the want of the combining, arranging, and especially of the *commenting* power, now in possession of the narrative author. No doubt it was a deep but vague sense of this want which brought into birth the Greek chorus—a thing altogether apart from the drama itself—*never* upon the stage—and representing, or personifying, the expression of the sympathy of the audience in the matters transacted.

In brief, while the drama of colloquy, vivacious and breathing of life, is well adopted into narration, the drama of action and passion will always prove, when employed beyond due limits, a source of embarrassment to the narrator, and it can afford him, at best, nothing which he does not already possess in full force. We have spoken upon this head much at length; for we remember that, in some preface to one of his previous novels, (some preface in which he endeavored to pre-reason and pre-coax us into admiration of what was to follow—a bad practice,) Mr. Bulwer was at great pains to insist upon the peculiar merits of what he even then termed the dramatic conduct of his story. The simple truth was that, then as now, he had merely concentrated into his book all the *necessary evils* of the stage.

Giving up his attention to the one point upon which we have commented, our novelist has failed to do himself justice in others. The overstrained effort at perfection of plot has seduced him into absurd sacrifices of verisimilitude, as regards the connexion of his *dramatis personæ* each with each, and each with the main events. However incidental be the appearance of any personage upon the stage, this personage is sure to be linked in, will I nill I, with the matters in hand. Philip, on the stage-coach, for example, converses with but one individual, William Gawtrey; yet this man's fate (not subsequently but previously) is interwoven into that of Philip himself, through the latter's relationship to Lilburne. The hero goes to his mother's grave, and there comes in contact with this Gawtrey's father. He meets Fanny, and Fanny happens to be also involved in his *destiny* (a pet word, conveying a pet idea of the author's)

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through *her* relationship to Lilburne. The witness in the case of his mother's marriage is missing, and this individual turns up at last in the brother of that very Charles De Burgh Smith with whom so perfectly accidental an intimacy has already been established. The wronged heir proceeds at random to look for a lawyer, and stumbles at once upon the precise one who had figured before in the story, and who knows all about previous investigations. Setting out in search of Liancourt, the first person he sees is that gentleman himself. Entering a horse-bazaar in a remote portion of the country, the steed up for sale at the exact moment of his entrance is recognised as the pet of his better days. Now our quarrel with these coincidences is not that they sometimes, but that they everlastingly occur, and that nothing occurs besides. We find no fault with Philip for chancing, at the identically proper moment, upon the identical men, women, and horses necessary for his own ends and the ends of the story—but we do think it excessively hard that he should *never happen upon anything else.*

In delineation of character, our artist has done little worth notice. His highest merit in this respect is, with a solitary exception, the negative one of not having subjected himself to dispraise. Catharine and Camilla are—pretty well in their way. Philip is very much like all other heroes—perhaps a little more stiff, a little more obstinate, and a little more desperately unlucky than the generality of his class. Sydney is drawn with truth. Plaskwith, Plimmins, and the Mortons, just sufficiently caricatured, are very good outline copies from the shaded originals of Dickens. Of Gawtrey—father and son,—of De Burgh Smith, of Robert Beaufort and of Lilburne, what is it possible to say, except that they belong to that extensive firm of Gawtrey, Smith, Beaufort, Lilburne and company, which has figured in every novel since the days of Charles Grandison, and which is doomed to the same eternal con-figuration till romance-writing shall be no more?

For Fanny the author distinctly avows a partiality; and he does not err in his preference. We have observed, in some previous review, that *original* characters, so called, can only be critically praised as such, either when presenting qualities known in real life, but never before depicted (a combination nearly impossible) or when presenting qualities which, although unknown, or even known to be hypothetical, are so skilfully adapted to the circumstances around them, that our sense of fitness is not offended, and we find ourselves seeking a reason why those things *might not have been* which we are still satisfied *are not.* Fanny appertains to this latter class of originality—which in itself belongs to the loftier regions of *the Ideal.* Her first movements in the story, before her conception (which we have already characterized as an after-thought) had assumed distinct shape in the brain of the author, are altogether ineffective and frivolous. They consist of the unmeaning affectation and rhodomontade with which it is customary to invest the lunatic in common-place fiction. But the subsequent effects of love upon her mental development are finely imagined and richly painted; and, although reason teaches us their impossibility, yet it is sufficient for the purposes of the artist that fancy delights in believing them possible.

Mr. Bulwer has been often and justly charged with defects of *style*; but the charges have been sadly deficient in specification, and for the most part have confounded the idea of mere language with that of style itself, although the former is no more the latter, than an oak is a forest, or than a word is a thought. Without pausing to define what a little reflection will enable any reader to define for himself, we may say that the chief constituent of a good style (a constituent which, in the case of Washington Irving, has been mistaken for the thing constituted) is what artists have agreed to denominate *tone.* The writer who, varying this as occasion may require, well adapts it to the fluctuations of his narrative, accomplishes an important object in style. Mr. Bulwer's tone is always correct; and so great is the virtue of this quality that he can scarcely be termed, upon the whole, a bad stylist.

His mere English is grossly defective—turgid, involved, and ungrammatical. There is scarcely a page of "Night and Morning" upon which a school-boy could not detect at least half a dozen instances of faulty construction. Sentences such as this are continually occurring—"And at last silenced, if not convinced, his eyes closed, and the tears yet wet upon their lashes, fell asleep." Here, strictly speaking, it is the eyes which "fell asleep," and which were "silent if not convinced." The pronoun, "he," is wanting for the verb "fell." The whole would read better thus—"And at last, silent, if not convinced, he closed his eyes, and fell asleep with the tears yet on the lashes." It will be seen that, besides other modifications, we have changed "upon" into "on," and omitted "wet" as superfluous when applied to tear; who ever heard of a dry one? The sentence in question, which occurs at page 83, vol. I, was the first which arrested our attention on opening the book at random; but its errors are sufficiently illustrative of the *character* of those faults of phraseology in which the work abounds, and which have arisen, not so much through carelessness, as from a peculiar bias in the mind of the writer, leading him, per force, into *involution*, whether here in style, or elsewhere in plot. The beauty of simplicity is not that which can be appreciated by Mr. Bulwer; and whatever may be the true merits of his intelligence, the merit of luminous and precise thought is evidently not one of the number.

At page 194, vol. I, we have this—"I am not what you seem to suppose—exactly a swindler, certainly not a robber." Here, to make himself intelligible, the speaker should have repeated the words "I am not," before "exactly." As it stands, the sentence does not imply that "I am not exactly a swindler, &c." but (if anything) that the person addressed, imagined me to be certainly not a robber but exactly a swindler—an implication which it was not intended to convey. Such awkardness in a practised writer would be inconceivable, did we not refer in memory to that moral bias of which we have just spoken. Our readers will of course examine the English of "Night and Morning" for themselves. From the evidence of one or two sentences we cannot

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expect them to form a judgment in the premises. Dreading indeed the suspicion of unfairness, we had pencilled item after item for comment—but we have abandoned the task in despair. It would be an endless labor to proceed with examples. In fact it is folly to particularize where the blunders would be the rule, and the grammar the exception.

Sir Lytton has one desperate mannerism of which we would be glad to see him well rid—a fashion of beginning short sentences, after very long ones, with the phrase "So there," or something equivalent, and this too, when there is no sequence in the matter to warrant the use of the word "So." Thus, at page 136, vol. I,—"So there they sat on the cold stone, these two orphans;" at page 179,—"So there by the calm banks of the placid lake, the youngest born of Catharine passed his tranquil days,"—and just below, on the same page,—"So thus was he severed from both his protectors, Arthur and Philip;" and at page 241, vol. II,—"So there sat the old man," &c. &c.—and in innumerable other instances throughout the work.

Among the *niiiseries* of his style we may mention the coxcombical use of little French sentences, without the shadow of an excuse for their employment. At page 22, vol. 2, in the scene at the counterfeiter's cellar, what can be more nonsensical than Gawtroy's "*C'est juste; buvez donc, cher ami*,"—"*C'est juste; buvez donc, vieux rénard*,"—and "*Ce n'est pas vrai; buvez donc Monsieur Favart!*" Why should these platitudes be alone given in French, when it is obvious that the entire conversation was carried on in that tongue? And, again, when, at page 49, Fanny exclaims—*Méchant*, every one dies to Fanny!"—why could not this heroine have as well confined herself to one language? At page 38, the climax of absurdity, in this respect, is fairly capped; and it is difficult to keep one's countenance, when we read of a Parisian cobler *breathing* his last in a garret, and screaming out "*Je m'étouffe*—Air!"

Whenever a startling incident is recorded, our novelist seems to make it a point of conscience that somebody should "fall insensible." Thus at page 172, vol. 1,—"'My brother, my brother, they have taken thee from me,' cried Philip, and he fell insensible,"—and at page 38, vol. 2, "'I was unkind to him at the last,' and with these words she fell upon the corpse insensible," &c. &c. There is a great deal too much of this. An occasional swoon is a thing of no consequence, but "even Stamboul must have an end," and Mr. Bulwer should make an end of his syncopes.

Again. That gentlemen and ladies, when called upon to give alms, or to defray some trifling incidental expense, are in the invariable habit of giving the whole contents of their purses without examination, and, moreover, of "throwing" the purse into the bargain, is an idea most erroneously entertained. At page 55, vol. 1, we are told that Philip, "as he spoke, *slid* his purse into the woman's hand." At page 110, "a hint for money restored Beaufort to his recollection, and he *flung* his purse into the nearest hand outstretched to receive it." At page 87, "Lilburne *tossed* his purse into the hands of his valet, whose face seems to lose its anxious embarrassment at the touch of the gold." It is true that the "anxious embarrassment" of any valet out of a novel, would have been rather increased than diminished by having a purse of gold tossed at his head—but what we wish our readers to observe, is that magnificent contempt of filthy lucre with which the characters of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer "fling," "slide," "toss," and tumble whole purses of money about!

But the predominant and most important failing of the author of "Devereux," in point of style, is an absolute mania for metaphor—metaphor always running into allegory. Pure allegory is at all times an abomination—a remnant of antique barbarism—appealing only to our faculties of comparison, without even a remote interest for our reason, or for our fancy. Metaphor, its softened image, has indisputable force when sparingly and skilfully employed. Vigorous writers use it rarely indeed. Mr. Bulwer is all metaphor or all allegory—mixed metaphor and unsustained allegory—and nothing if neither. He cannot express a dozen consecutive sentences in an honest and manly manner. He is the king-coxcomb of figures-of-speech. His rage for personification is really ludicrous. The simplest noun becomes animate in his hands. Never, by any accident, does he write even so ordinary a word as time, or temper, or talent, without the capital T. Seldom, indeed, is he content with the dignity and mysticism thus imposed;—for the most part it is TIME, TEMPER and TALENT. Nor does the common-place character of anything which he wishes to personify exclude it from the prosopopeia. At page 256, volume 1, we have some profound rigmarole, seriously urged, about piemen crying "all hot! all hot!" "in the ear of Infant and Ragged Hunger," thus written; and, at page 207, there is something positively transcendental all about LAW—a very little thing in itself, in some cases—but which Mr. Bulwer, in his book, has thought proper to make quite as big as we have printed it above. Who cannot fancy him, in the former instance, saying to himself, as he gnaws the top of his quill, "that is a fine thought!" and exclaiming in the latter, as he puts his finger to the side of his nose, "ah, how *very* fine an idea that is!"

This absurdity, indeed, is chiefly observable in those philosophical discussions with which he is in the wicked habit of interspersing his fictions, and springs only from a rabid anxiety to look wise—to appear profound—even when wisdom is quite out of place, and profundity the quintessence of folly. A "still small voice" has whispered in his ear that, as to the real matter of fact, *he is shallow*—a whisper which he does not intend to believe, and which, by dint of loud talking in parables, he hopes to prevent from reaching the ears of the public. Now, in truth, the public, great-gander as it is, is content to swallow his romance without much examination, but cannot help turning up its nose at his logic.

"The men of sense," says Helvetius, "those idols of the unthinking, are very inferior to the men of passions. It *is* the strong passions which, rescuing us from Sloth, can alone impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts"—Understanding the word "efforts" in its legitimate force, and not confounding it altogether with achievements, we may well apply to Mr. Bulwer the philosopher's remark, thence deducing the secret

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of his success as a novelist. He is emphatically the man "of passions." With an intellect rather well balanced than lofty, he has not full claim to the title of a man of genius. Urged by the burning desire of doing much, he has certainly done something. Elaborate even to fault, he will never write a bad book, and has once or twice been upon the point of concocting a good one. It is the custom to call him a fine writer, but in doing so we should judge him less by an artistical standard of excellence, than by comparison with the drivellers who surround him. To Scott he is altogether inferior, except in that mock and tawdry philosophy which the Caledonian had the discretion to avoid, and the courage to contemn. In pathos, humour, and veritimilitude he is unequal to Dickens; surpassing him only in general knowledge, and in the sentiment of Art. Of James he is more than the equal at all points. While he could never fall as low as D'Israeli has occasionally fallen, neither himself, nor any of those whom we have mentioned, have ever risen nearly so high as that very gifted and very extraordinary man.

In regard to "Night and Morning" we cannot agree with that critical opinion which considers it the best novel of its author. It is only not his worst. It is not as good as Eugene Aram, nor as Rienzi—and is not at all comparable with Ernest Maltravers. Upon the whole it is a good book. Its merits beyond doubt overbalance its defects, and if we have not dwelt upon the former with as much unction as upon the latter, it is because the Bulwerian beauties are precisely of that secondary character which never fails of the fullest public appreciation.

"Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France." Translated by R. M. Walsh. Lea and Blanchard.

The public are much indebted to Mr. Walsh for this book, which is one of unusual interest and value. It is a translation from the French, of fifteen biographical and critical sketches, written, and originally published in weekly numbers at Paris, by some one who styles himself "*un homme de rien*"—the better to conceal the fact, perhaps, that he is really *un homme de beaucoup*. Whatever, unhappily, may be the case with ourselves, or in England, it is clear that in the capital of France, at least,—that hot-bed of journalism, and Paradise of journalists—nobody has any right to call himself "nobody," while wielding so vigorous and vivacious a pen as the author of these articles.

We are told in the Preface to the present translation that they met with the greatest success, upon their first appearance, and were considered by the Parisians as perfectly authentic in their statement of facts, and "as impartial in their appreciation of the different personages sketched as could be desired." "As impartial, &c." means, we presume, entirely so; for in matters of this kind an absolute impartiality, of course, is all, but still the least "that could be desired."

Mr. Walsh farther assures us that Châteaubriand wrote the author a letter "of a highly complimentary tenor" which was published, but of which the translator, "unfortunately, does not happen to have a copy in his possession." A more unfortunate circumstance is that Mr. W. should have thought it necessary to bolster a book which needs no bolstering, by the authority of any name, however great; and the most unfortunate thing of all, so far as regards the weight of the authority, is that Châteaubriand himself is belauded *ad nauseam* in those very pages to the inditer of which he sent that letter of the "complimentary tenor." When any body shall puff *us*, as this *Mr.* Nobody has bepuffed the author of *The Martyrs*, we will send them a letter "of a complimentary tenor" too. We do not mean to decry the general merit of the book, or the candor of him who composed it. We wish merely to observe that Châteaubriand, under the circumstances, cannot be received as evidence of the one, nor his biography as instance of the other.

These sketches of men now playing important parts in the great drama of French affairs would be interesting, if only from their subjects. We have here biographies, (sufficiently full) of Thiers, Châteaubriand, Laffitte, Guizot, Lamartine, Soult, Berryer, De La Mennais, Hugo, Dupin, Béranger, Odillon Barrot, Arago, George Sand, and the Duke De Broglie. We are most pleased with those of Thiers, Hugo, Sand, Arago, and Béranger.

Among many good stories of Thiers, this is told. A prize had been offered by the Academy of Aix for the best eulogium on Vauvenargues. Thiers, then quite a boy, sent a M. S. It was deemed excellent; but the author being suspected, and no other candidate deserving the palm, the committee, rather than award it to a Jacobin, postponed their decision for a year. At the expiration of this time our youth's article again made its appearance, but, meanwhile, a production had arrived from Paris which was thought far better. The judges were rejoiced. They were no longer under the cruel necessity of giving the first honor to a Jacobin—but felt bound to present him with the second. The name of the Parisian victor was unsealed. It was that of Thiers—Monsieur Tonson come again. He had been at great pains to mystify the committee; (other committees of the same kind more frequently reverse affairs and mystify the public) the M. S. had been copied in a strange hand, and been sent from Aix to Paris and from Paris to Aix. Thus our little friend obtained both the main prize and the *accessit*.

An anecdote somewhat similar is related of Victor Hugo. In 1817, the Academy offered a premium for the best poem on the advantages of study. Hugo entered the lists. His piece was considered worthiest, but was rejected because a falsehood was supposed to be implied in the concluding lines, which ran thus:—

> Moi qui, toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,
> De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours.

The Academy would not believe that any one under twenty-five years of age had written so fine a poem, and, supposing a mystification designed, thought to punish the author by refusing him the prize. In-

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formed of the facts, Hugo hastened to show the certificate of his birth to the reporter, M. Raymouard; but it was too late—the premium had been awarded.

Of Laffitte many remarkable incidents are narrated evincing the noble liberality of his disposition.

In the notice of Berryer it is said that, a letter being addressed by the Dutchess of Berry to the legitimists of Paris, to inform them of her arrival, it was accompanied by a long note in cypher, the key of which she had forgotten to give. "The penetrating mind of Berryer," says our biographer, "soon discovered it. It was this phrase substituted for the twenty-four letters of the alphabet—*Le gouvernement provisoire.*"

All this is very well as an anecdote; but we cannot understand the extraordinary penetration required in the matter. The phrase "*Le gouvernement provisoire*" is French, and the note in cypher was addressed to Frenchmen. The difficulty of decyphering may well be supposed much greater had the key been in a foreign tongue; yet any one who will take the trouble may address us a note, in the same manner as here proposed, and the key-phrase may be either in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin or Greek, (or in any of the dialects of these languages), and we pledge ourselves for the solution of the riddle. The experiment may afford our readers some amusement—let them try it.

But we are rambling from our theme. The genius of Arago is finely painted, and the character of his quackery put in a true light. The straight-forward, plainly-written critical comments upon this philosopher, as well as upon George Sand, and that absurd antithesis-hunter, Victor Hugo, please us far more than that mere cant and rhapsody in which the biographer involves himself when speaking of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. We have observed that all great authors who fall occasionally into the sins of ranting and raving, meet with critics who think the only way to elucidate, is to out-rant and out-rave them. A beautiful confusion of thought of course ensues, which it is truly refreshing to contemplate.

The account of George Sand (Madame Dudevant) is full of piquancy and spirit. The writer, by dint of a little chicanery, obtained access, it seems, to her boudoir, with an opportunity of sketching her in dishabille. He found her in a gentleman's frock coat, smoking a cigar.

Speaking of the equivocal costume affected by this lady, Mr. Walsh, in a foot-note, comments upon a nice distinction made once by a soldier on duty at the Chamber of Deputies. Madame D., habited in male attire, was making her way into the gallery, when the man, presenting his musket before her, cried out "*Monsieur, les dames ne passent pas par ici!*"

But we regret that our space will not allow us to cull even a few of the good things with which the book abounds. The whole volume is exceedingly *piquant*, and replete with that racy wit which is so peculiarly French as to make us believe it a consequence of the *tournure* of the language itself. But if a Frenchman is invariably witty, he is not the less everlastingly bombastic; and these memoirs are decidedly French. What can we do but smile when we hear any one talk about Chateaubriand's *Essay upon English Poetry*, with his *Translation of Milton!* as a task which he alone was qualified to execute!—or when we read page after page in which Lamartine is discoursed of as "a noble child, with flaxen locks," "disporting upon the banks of the Seine," "picking up Grecian lyres dropped by the mild Chenier," "enriching them with Christian chords," and "ravishing the world with new melodies!" What can we do but laugh outright at such phrases as the "sympathetic swan-like cries," and the "singular lyric precocity of the crystal soul"—of such an ass as the author of Bug-Jargal?

So far as mere translation goes, the volume now before us is, in some respects, not very well done. Too little care has been taken in rendering the French idioms by English equivalents; and, because a French writer, through the impulses of his vivacity, cannot avoid telling, in the present tense, a story of the past, it does not follow that such a misusage of language is consonant with the graver genius of the Saxon. Mr. Walsh is always too literal, although sufficiently correct. He should not employ, however, even in translation, such queer words as "to legitimate," meaning "to legitimatize," or "to fulmine," meaning "to fulminate."

At page 211, the force of the compound "*l'homme-calembourg*" is not conveyed by the words "*the* punster," even when we italicize *the*. *The walking-pun*, perhaps, is an analogous phrase which might be more properly employed.

There is some odd mistake at page 274, where the translator speaks of measuring the diameter of the earth by measuring its *rays*. We presume the word in the original is *rayons*; if so we can only translate it by the Latin *radii*. No doubt a radius, literally, is a ray; but science has its own terms, and *will* employ them. We should like to see either Mr. Walsh or Monsieur Arago (or both together) trying to measure a *ray* of the earth.

The mechanical execution of the book is good, saving a thousand outrageous typographical blunders, and *that* lithograph of Thiers. We have no doubt in the world that this gentleman (who ran away during the three days and hid himself in the woods of Montmorency), is a somewhat dirty, insignificant little fellow, and so he it; but we will never be brought to believe that any individual in Christendom ever did or could look half as saucy, or as greasy, as does "Monsieur Mirabeau-mouche" in that picture.

"*Heads of the People: or Portraits of the English.*" *Drawn by Kenny Meadows. With Original Essays by Distinguished Writers. Carey & Hart.*

The design of this book is among the number of those which are *obviously* good—and the book itself is, upon the whole, an amusing one. It might have been better, no doubt. With designs by Cruikshanks, and letter-press by *the best* of the English literati, how glorious a work might have been concocted "upon this hint!" Not that some of the names here found are *not* among the best—but we should have had the *Dii majorum gentium* exclusively—one paper from each. These papers, too, should have been written

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with some uniformity of manner, or of plan, and have confined themselves to racy and truthful delineation of that character which is *peculiarly* British, while the engravings should have been careful embodiments of the text. As it is, the publication has something of a hap-hazard, and, if the truth must be told, of a catchpenny air, which makes very much against it, notwithstanding the exceeding merit of several of the essays, and of three or four of the designs. The preface seems to have been written by some one who had a proper sense of what the volume *should be*, but affords no indication of what it really *is*.

There are twenty-six "Heads" in all. Some of them are pure caricatures without merit—"The Creditor," for example, and "The Debtor," (injudiciously placed as frontispieces), The "Diner-Out," The "Sentimental Singer," "The Man of Many Goes" and "The Printer's Devil." Others are equally caricatures, but of so vivid and truth-preserving an exaggeration, that we admire without scruple:—we allude to "The Lion of the Party," "The Waiter," "The Linen-Draper's Assistant" and "The Stock-Broker." Some are full of natural truth—for instance "The Young Lord," "The Dress-Maker," "The Young Squire," "The Basket Woman," "Captain Rook" and "Mr. Pigeon." "The Last Go" is the best thing in the volume—combining the extreme of the ludicrous with absolute fidelity. "The Fashionable Authoress," "The Cockney" and "The Family Governess" are tame and unmeaning. The rest have no particular merit or demerit. About the whole there is a great deal of bad drawing, which we know not whether to attribute to the designer or engraver.

The same variety of value is observable in the text. In general the articles are not very creditable; although one or two are of surpassing excellence. The longest called "Tavern Heads" (illustrated by seven or eight sketches) is a rambling, disjointed narrative in imitation of Dickens, and written probably by the author of a clever production entitled "Pickwick Abroad," never yet republished, we believe, in this country. The paper called "Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon," and superscribed with the name of William Thackeray, is one of the finest specimens of easily-mingled humor and wit we have ever had the pleasure of perusing.

"*The Flying Dutchman.*" *By the author of Gentleman Jack. 2 vols. Carey & Hart.*

The legend of the Flying Dutchman has long since been worn out, and its attempted resuscitation by this author has, as he should have known, proved an entire failure. Indeed we have rarely read a less creditable novel than this. The characters are strange; the incidents unnatural; and the descriptions of the mighty deep surpassed by nine out of ten of our ordinary sea-writers. The tyranny which formerly existed, and indeed still exists in a measure, in the British navy is, however, sketched with a bold pencil; but with this single redeeming trait, the public, much less the critics, will scarcely be satisfied. The desertion of Ramsay on the Island; his miraculous meeting with the very one he wished to meet, Angela; the whole farcical story, of the deception practised in the appearance of the Flying Dutchman's frigate; the singular preservation of Capt. Livingston from drowning, when cast overboard unseen at night; and the clap-trap of the trial scene, when the aforesaid captain and the corporal appear so unexpectedly, furnish a series of improbabilities only to be endured by a novel-reader of sufficient voracity to gorge, shark-like, any and everything, no matter what.

"*Patchwork.*" *By Capt. Basil Hall. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard.*

Captain Hall is one of the most agreeable of writers. We like him for the same reason that we like a good drawing-room conversationist—there is such a pleasure in listening to his elegant nothings. Not that the captain is unable to be profound. He has, on the contrary, some reputation for science. But in his hands even the most trifling personal adventures become interesting from the very piquancy with which they are told.

The present work is made up of a series of desultory sketches of travels, in every quarter of the globe, and extending through a period of nearly thirty years. You almost forget yourself as you read, and fancy that you are listening to an oral narrative from Capt. Hall in person. In the most charming manner possible you are transported from the glaciers of the Alps to the waters of the Pacific, and then whisked back again to old Europe, and hurried to Vesuvius, Malta, and Etna in pleasing succession. The descriptions of these various places, mingled with scientific observations, and narratives of personal adventures, form altogether one of the pleasantest books for after-dinner perusal, especially on a sunny April day, when, reposed at length upon a sofa, beside an open casement, with the birds carrolling without, and the balmy spring breathing across us, we forget, for a while, the dull business of life.

"*Georgia Illustrated.*" *W. & W. C. Richards. Penfield, Ga.*

This is a praiseworthy work, and reflects high credit on all concerned in it. The views are selected with taste, and give us a high opinion of the scenery of Georgia. They are accompanied by a letter-press description, from the pen of the editor, W. C. Richards. The engravings are executed in excellent style by Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Smillie. Such works cannot be too extensively patronised. They encourage the arts; foster a love for the beautiful; and acquaint the public with some of the loveliest gems of our native scenery. Was it not a disgrace to our country that both "Hinton's Topography" and the still later "American Scenery," emanated wholly from England—the capital embarked, the sketches and engravers employed, and even the place of publication being English?

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1841. No. 5.

THE MOTHER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

How beauteous is childhood—how blessed, how calm,
An eye full of sunshine—a bosom all balm—
A free gushing heart of unfetter'd delight,
Like a fount of pure water, untroubled, and bright.

Such—such is the morning of innocent youth,
When hope's every promise seems gilded with truth,
When flowers lay scatter'd in heaps 'neath our feet,
And each passing gale brings its odorous sweet.

How fair to that baby—in half-dreamy rest
Reclining its head on a fond mother's breast,
Looks the whole outward world to those soft smiling eyes!
How cloudless its visions—how brilliant its skies!

How clear the blue heaven, whose bright borrow'd gleams
Are reflected far, far o'er the sun-lighted streams!
How gentle the music of low melody
That is whisper'd from blossom, and flower, and tree!

The earth, like an Eden, is glowing with joy,
No serpent hath enter'd its peace to destroy,
A heaven-mission'd Angel—still watches the whole,
'T is the spirit of God, in that baby's pure soul.

Well, well may that mother look anxiously there
On that fair, snowy brow, all unshadow'd by care;
Then turn to the future with wondering gaze,
To trace on its pages its fast coming days.

How long will her ringlets of raven-like fold,
Lie darkly amid its thick tresses of gold?
That seem in their beauty of darkness, and light,
Like the sunlight of morning in dalliance with night.

She gazes upon him—her idol, her joy,
The hope of her bosom—her sunny-haired boy,
And feels the whole world in its domain so wide,
Hath nought in its gift, like her darling, her pride.

She thinks of the days when a glad little child,
Her heart, as her baby's, was playfully wild—
Of her own watchful mother—her blessing, her prayer,
Who guarded those days from the footsteps of care.

Her far smiling home rises full on her view,
When she—like a blossom of summer growth, grew.
The fields where she roved in her innocent mirth,
And her indoor enjoyments around the old hearth.

Those days have departed—their sunlight has fled,
And pale is the ray that gleams over the dead;
The stateliest tree may be felled to the ground,
And its branches unguarded, be scatter'd around.

Her household is broken—her father no more
Recounts to his children the bright days of yore;
'T is broken and dreary—her fond mother lies
Encircled by earth, and watch'd o'er by the skies.

She sees the old grave-yard—each white gleaming tomb,
And the forms that are slumbering in darkness and gloom,
And a tear of remembrance, and sadden'd regret
She sheds for the homestead she ne'er can forget.

These dreamings are casting their shadows o'en now,
And dimming the gladness that erst deck'd her brow—
Her heart wanders back—when to all things beside
She was like her own baby—a dear mother's pride.

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WORTH AND WEALTH,

OR THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"And so you intend to marry Lucy Warden—eh! Harry. What on earth has put you in such a notion of that girl?" said Charles Lowry, to his friend Henry Bowen, as they sat together, cracking almonds after dinner.

"And why not marry Lucy Warden?" quietly said his friend.

"Why? oh! because she 's not worth a sous; and besides I 've heard she 's the daughter of a brick-layer. You know, any how, that her mother kept a little retail dry-goods store until an uncle left Mrs. Warden that annuity on which they now just manage to subsist."

"A formidable array of evils, indeed; but still they do not dishearten me. As for money I do not look for it in a wife, because I should never feel independent if I was indebted to a bride for my bread. Besides an heiress is generally educated in such expensive habits that it requires a fortune to satisfy her luxurious wishes. As a mere matter of business this marrying for money is nine times out of ten a losing speculation. You are forced to live according to your wife's former style, and being thus led into expenses which your income will not afford, you too often end by becoming bankrupt. Then, too late, you discover that your wife is fit only for a parlor; she becomes peevish, or wretched, or sick, and perhaps all together. Domestic felicity is at an end when this occurs—"

"But her birth!"

"A still more nonsensical objection. It is one of the prejudices of the old colonial times, and was imported from England by the servile adorers of rank, who came over the Atlantic to assume airs in the provinces which they dared not assume at home, and to sneer at the honester members of society, who, instead of being like themselves drones in the public hive, earned their bread fairly. It is this latter class to which our country is indebted for its subsequent prosperity—a prosperity which all the aristocrats of Europe could not have bestowed upon it. The revolution, while it made us politically equal, did not destroy this social aristocracy. The same exclusiveness prevails now as then, but with even more injustice, for it is opposed to the whole spirit of our republican institutions. Nor is this all: the prejudice itself is ridiculous. How can people, who scarcely know their own ancestors beyond one or two generations, and whose blood has been derived from every nation and occupation on the globe, talk with any propriety of birth? Why, there is scarcely a man or woman of our acquaintance, who is not an example of this pie-bald ancestry. Take, for instance, Walter Hastings, who, you know, boasts of his family. I happen to know all about him, for he is a second cousin to myself. His father made a fortune, and married into our family. But who was he? The son of a German redemptioner. Hastings' mother, it is true, is the grand-daughter of an English baron, and the sister—a far higher glory—of a signer of our Declaration of Independence. Such is a fair sample of our best families. Why I would undertake to furnish from the ancestry of any of them either a peasant or a peer, either a laborer or a drone. Birth, forsooth! The only persons who boast of it in this country are generally those who have the least claim even to an honest parentage; and the noisiest pretender to blood I ever met with was the grandson of a fellow who was hung fifty years ago for forgery."

"Well, you 're really getting quite *low* in your notions, Harry—where, in the world, did you pick up such vulgar opinions? *You*, a gentleman and a lawyer, to marry such a girl! She 's pretty enough I grant—amiable no doubt—can sing and draw passably—and makes, I hear, a batch of bread, or does dirty house-work as well as a common kitchen girl. But perhaps that is what you want her for?"

"Your sneer aside, yes! It is because Lucy Warden is a good house-keeper, that I intend to marry her. Not that I would have a bride *only* because she could, as you say, make a batch of bread. Education, amiability, a refined mind, and lady-like manners are equally necessary. But a knowledge, and a practical one too, of house-keeping is no slight requisite in a good wife. I know such knowledge is scarce among our city ladies, but that is the very reason why I prize it so highly. Believe me, refinement is not incompatible with this knowledge."

"Pshaw, Harry; but granting your position, what is the *use* of such knowledge?"

"It is of daily use. Servants will always impose on a mistress who knows nothing of her duties as

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the domestic head of the house. You are an importer; but how long, think you, would you prosper if you left every thing to the care of clerks, who would naturally take advantage of your carelessness to fleece you? A mistress of a house ought to oversee her establishment in person. This she cannot do unless—to use a mercantile phrase—*she understands her business.* If she does not do this, nothing will be well done. The whole evil, believe me, arises from the desire of our women to ape the extravagance of the English female nobility, whose immense wealth allows them to employ substitutes to oversee their domestic establishments. But even had we incomes of hundreds of thousands of dollars we could not carry out the plan, owing to the total absence of good servants of this character in our country; and in this opinion I am borne out by Combe, Hamilton, two of the most observant and just of English travellers."

"Well, Harry, you were born for a barrister, or you could not run on so glibely. But it 's a shame that a gentleman who might command the choice of the market, and marry the richest heiress in Walnut street, should throw himself away upon a girl without a sixpence. Now there 's Charlotte Thornbury and her sister who are co-heiresses,—why can't you take the one and I the other?"

"Merely because I love another. You smile; but despite the sneer I am a believer in love. Of Charlotte I have nothing to say, except that she is beautiful. You know how often we have discussed the matter. I only hope she will make you a good wife."

"*Allons!* the ladies are awaiting us. You and I will never, on this question, agree."

The foregoing conversation has given our readers a pretty accurate idea of the two young men to whose acquaintance we have introduced them. Henry Bowen was a young lawyer, with a small annual income, but of—what is called—an unimpeachable family. This, with his acknowledged talents, would have procured for him the hand of many a mere heiress, but he had wisely turned away from them all, and sought a companion for life in one, without name or fortune, but who, in every requisite for a good wife, was immeasurably their superior.

Charles Lowry, on the contrary, was a dashing young merchant, who by dint of attention in the counting-house, could afford to be luxurious in his style of living. He had imbibed many of the false notions of fashionable society, and among others the idea that a rich wife was indispensible. His sole object was to secure an heiress, as much for the *eclat* of the thing as for her fortune, although this latter was no slight temptation to the young merchant. And he had finally succeeded. Amid a host of rivals he had won the prize. Need we say that Charlotte Thornbury, the beautiful, the gay, but the careless heiress, was the guerdon?

The two friends were married in the same week. The one took his wife to a small, but neat and convenient house in one of our less fashionable streets,—while the other entered at once into a splendid mansion in Walnut street, whose furniture and decorations were the theme of general envy and admiration. The one bride kept but a single servant, the other had several. Yet the mansion of Mrs. Lowry, though always magnificent, was never tidy, while the quiet home of Mrs. Bowen was a pattern of neatness and simple elegance. The young merchant never went home without finding that his wife had been out all day either shopping, or making calls, and was in consequence tired and silent, or perhaps out of humor; while the young lawyer always found a neat dinner and a cheerful wife to welcome him. As for Charles, he had always sneered at love, and having married from motives of vanity and interest, a woman whose mind he despised, he had nothing of sympathy with her, nor was it long consequently before he found her society irksome. When the toils of the counting-house were over he went home, because it was the custom, but not because he expected to derive any pleasure from the conversation of his vain and flippant wife. He was glad when the season commenced with its round of dissipation, because then he found some relief in attending the fashionable entertainments of his own and his wife's acquaintance. Since his marriage he had never enjoyed a single hour of real domestic felicity.

How different was the wedded life of Henry and his bride. All through the tedious duties of the day, the recollection of his sweet wife's greeting at night, cheered the young lawyer on in his labors. And when evening came, and he had closed his office for the day, how smilingly, and in what neat attire, would Lucy preside at the tea-table, or, after their meal had been disposed of, bring out her work-stand, and sew at something, if only at a trifle for a fair, while Henry read to her in his rich, mellow voice. And then, sometimes, they would sit on the sofa, and talk of a thousand plans for the future, when their income should be extended, or, if it was in summer, they would stroll out for a walk, or call upon some one of their few intimate friends.

"Dear Henry," said Lucy, one evening to her husband, as they sat talking together after tea, "how wearied Mr. Lowry looks of late. I think he must be in bad health. How glad I am you are always well. I know not what I should do if you were to be taken sick."

"May that day be long averted, my own Lucy," said the husband, as he kissed her pure brow, "but I have noticed something of the same look in Lowry; and have attributed it to the cares of business. His wife is a woman, you know, who could do little to alleviate a husband's weariness."

"Oh! how can she be a wife, and not wish to soften her husband's cares. Indeed, indeed, if you only look the least worried I share your trouble until your brow clears up."

"And it is that which makes me love you so dearly," said the husband, as he pressed her to his bosom. "Ah!" he continued to himself, "if Charles saw me to-night I wonder whether he would not envy me?"

That evening there was a brilliant party at the house of Mrs. Lowry, who was smiling upon her guests in all the elation of gratified pride. Never had she appeared more happy. But even the envied

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mistress of the revel was not without her care. One or two favorite guests whom she had invited did not come, and she could not help overhearing some of the ill-natured remarks of her neighbors. Her only gratification was in listening to the flatteries of others of her visitors, who were either more fawning, or more deceitful. At length, however, the entertainment was over, and wearied and dispirited she paused a moment in the deserted parlors before retiring. He husband was there.

"Well, Mrs. Lowry," said he, with a yawn, "so this grand affair is over at length, and a pretty penny it has cost I do not doubt"—Charles had latterly found that his income was frightfully beneath his expenses, and had begun to wish his bride less extravagant—"But why did you purchase those new ottomans—and these candelabra—and that," and here he used an oath, "expensive set of mirrors? I told you the old ones were good enough, and here, when I come home, I find you have purchased them in defiance of my orders. Why, madam, an earl's fortune would not sustain you in your extravagances."

"And whose fortune, I wonder, buys these things?" said the passionate beauty, "you would n't let me have the common comforts of life if you had your way."

"Pshaw! madam, none of your airs. But I tell you this extravagance I neither can nor will submit to."

"You 're a brute," said the wife, "so you are. Do you—you think" she continued, bursting into tears, "I'd ever have married you, when I might have had so many better husbands, if I'd thought you 'd have used me this way?"

"Well, madam, so you 've got up a scene," cooly said the husband, "all I wish is, that you had married some one of your other suitors."

"You do—you insult me—I won't live with you a day. Oh! that I should be abused in this way," and the now really wretched woman burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"As you please madam!"

But we omit the rest of this scene, which ended with a fit of hysterics on the part of the wife, and a volley of curses on that of the husband. The difficulty was the next day made up between the newly married couple; but from that hour their altercations were frequent and bitter. Charles began to think as his old friend had told him, that there was a great difference betwixt marrying for love or for money.

Three years passed. At the end of that period, how altered were the circumstances of Charles and his friend!

The expenses of his establishment had increased upon the former until his fortune not only staggered but gave way under the pressure, and, after several ineffectual attempts to retrieve it by speculations, which, ending abortively, only increased his embarrassments, Charles found himself upon the brink of ruin. In these circumstances he found no consolation in the sympathy of his wife. She rather upbraided him with the loss of her fortune, forgetting how much of it she had squandered in her fashionable entertainments. Their altercations, moreover, had increased in frequency and violence ever since the scene we have recorded above, until Charles, unable to find even quiet at his own fireside, sought for relief in the club. Hither he was led, moreover, by the desire of retrieving his fortune, for his embarrassments were still unknown to the world, and he trusted that by a lucky chance he might place himself once more in security. Vain hope! How many deluded victims have indulged in the same delusion before. His course from that hour was downward. He became a gambler; he neglected all business; he lost; his engagements failed to be met; and in a few weeks he was bankrupt.

Meantime the husband of Lucy had been steadily gaining in reputation, and increasing his business, so that at the end of the third year the young couple were enabled to move into a larger and more elegant house, situated in a more desirable quarter. This change of location materially strengthened the business of the young attorney; he became known as one of the *rising young men*; and he looked forward with certainty to the speedy accumulation of a competency.

"Have you heard any thing farther?" said Lucy, one evening to her husband, as he came in from a day's hard work, "concerning poor Mrs. Lowry or her husband?"

"Yes! my love," said he, "and it is all over."

"What! has any thing alarming happened?" said Lucy, anxiously.

"Sit down, dearest, and don't tremble so," said her husband, tenderly, putting his arm around her waist, and drawing her to the sofa, "and I will tell you the whole of the melancholy story.

"After his bankruptcy last week, some days elapsed before any thing was known of the place to which my unfortunate friend had gone. It was supposed at first that he had fled with what funds he could lay his hands on. This was the more credible from the ignorance of his wife as to whither he had gone. She, cold-hearted thing, seemed to care little for his loss, but appeared to be chiefly affected by her deprivation of fortune. She even upbraided her husband publicly, and it is said, when some forgeries which he had perpetrated were discovered, and a strict search set on foot after the criminal, she went so far as to hope he might be taken and brought to condign punishment. But you know they never lived happy together.

Well, every attempt to trace the fugitive having failed, the search was about being given up in despair, when intelligence was brought to the city this morning, that a dead body, answering to the description of that of Mr. Lowry, had been washed ashore, a few miles down the river. You may well look alarmed, for the intelligence was too true. It was the body of my poor friend. It is supposed that grief, shame at his bankruptcy, and perhaps remorse for his crime, led him to commit suicide. Poor fellow! his sad fate may be traced to his ill-assorted marriage. He chose a woman whose extravagance always outstripped her fortune, and who, from having brought him wealth, considered him beneath her. He did not know the difference in a wife between WORTH and WEALTH.

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THE DUSTY WHITE ROSE.

BY MRS. VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

This is not thy place—oh! thou dusty white rose,
  This is not thy place, by the dusty highway,
Thou shouldst bud where the murmuring rivulet flows,
  And sings itself off through the meadows away.

Yes—there is thy place, on the distant green lea,
  Where the sweet hawthorn blossoms, and wild warblers sing.
There, fanned by the zephyr, and woo'd by the bee,
  Thou mightst rival thy fair sister buds of the spring.

Jackson, Md. 1841.

Thou remindest me much, oh! thou poor blighted flower,
  Of a fair human blossom, I met on life's way;
She struggled and liv'd through dark Destiny's hour,
  But like thine, has her young bloom all wilted away.

In life's rugged pathway, it is not the bright,
  Lovely blossoms of beauty that soonest depart,
Far more do I grieve how soon sullies the light,
  The pure and untainted,—the bloom of the heart.

THE VOICE OF THE SPRING TIME.

BY MARTIN THAYER, JR.

I come! I come! from the flowery South,
With the voice of song and the shout of mirth;
I have wandered far, I have wandered long,
The valleys and hills of the South among;
On woodland and glen, on mountain and moor,
I have smiled as I smiled in days of yore;
In emerald green I have decked them forth,
And I turn again to my home in the North.

I have roved afar through the storied East,
And held on her hills my solemn feast;
Through her cypress groves my voice was heard,
In the music sweet of my fav'rite bird;
Each plain I have clothed in sunlight warm,
And slumbered in peace 'neath the desert palm;
A garment of light to the sea I gave,
And melody soft to each rushing wave.

O'er the isles that gem the Ægean sea,
I sported and flew with frolicksome glee;
'Round the ruins grey of the olden time,
Bright garlands I hung of the creeping vine;
Ah little they thought, who slumber beneath,
That the warrior's plume, and the victor's wreath,
Would fade like the blossoms that spring-time flings,
'Round the cotter's grave, and the tombs of kings.

O'er Marathon grey I walked in my pride,
And smiled o'er the plain where the brave had died.
On the field of Platæa I laid me down,
'Neath the shadows deep of old Cithæron's frown.

Full soundly I ween doth the Persian sleep,
When the fir trees mourn, and the wild flowers creep;
His requiem soft I sang as I lay,
And dreamed of the glory won on that day.

O'er Italia's hills soft sunlight I poured,
And her olive groves bloomed wherever I trod;
A coronet green to the mountains I gave,
And a robe of blue to each laughing wave;
With verdure I clothed each mouldering pile,
And laughed at the glory of man the while,
For I thought how old Time had trampled in scorn,
O'er the monuments proud of yesterday's morn.

I come! I come! with the song of the thrush,
To wake with its sweetness the morning's blush;
To hang on the hawthorn my blossoms fair,
And strew o'er each field my flowrets rare.
The lark, he is up, on his heavenward flight,
And the leaves are all gemm'd with diamonds bright;
The hills are all bathed in purple and gold,
And the bleating of flocks is heard from the fold.

Go forth! go forth! for the spring-time is come,
And makes in the North his bright sunny home;
The sky is his banner—the hills his throne—
Where in sunshine robed, he sits all alone;
In the depths of the woods his footsteps are seen
By each moss-covered rock and tell-tale stream;
And his voice is heard through each leaf-clad tree,
In the plaint of the dove and the hum of the bee.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE SEA-FIGHT.

"SAIL ho!" sung out the look-out, one sunny afternoon, as we bowled along before a pleasant gale. In an instant the drowsiest amongst us was fully awake. The officers thronged the quarter-decks; the fore-top-men eagerly scanned the horizon; the skulkers stole out from beneath the bulwarks where they had been dozing, and the late quiet decks of the schooner, which but a moment since lay hushed in the drowsy silence of a sultry afternoon, now swarmed with noisy and curious gazers.

"Whereaway?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Broad on the weather-beam."

"Can you make her out?"

"A heavy square-rigged vessel."

"Do her royals lift?"

"Aye, sir; but only this moment."

"How does she bear?"

"West and by west sou' west."

"A West Indiaman, perhaps."

"Ay, sir, I can see her to'-gallants now: they belong to a heavy craft."

"Pipe all hands to make sail, boatswain."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"The strange sail is hauling up into the wind," sung out the look-out.

"Ay—take the glass, Mr. Parker, and spring into the cross trees to see what you can make of her. All hands aloft—loose and sheet home fore and maintopsails. Merrily, there. How does she look, Mr. Parker?"

"She seems a heavy merchant-man by her rig: ah! now her topsails lift, large and square, with a cross in them. It 's not the rig of a man-o'-war."

"Ease off the sheet—man the lee-braces—hard down the helm."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the quarter-master, as he whirled around the wheel, and the gallant craft danced lightly up into the wind, like a racer beneath the spur; while the men stood at their respective stations eagerly waiting the command.

"Round there, with the foretop-sail—haul in fore and aft—belay all!" came in quick succession from the quarter-deck, as we bowed before the breeze, and dashing the spray on either side our cutwater, went off almost dead in the wind's eye. The sharp wind, as it sang through our cordage, and the momentary dashing of the sea across our bows, as we thumped against the surges, afforded a pleasant relief to the occasional creaking of the shrouds, or the dull monotonous sounds of the water washing lazily alongside, which we had been listening to for the last hour. The change had an exhilirating effect upon our spirits, which was perceptible as well among officers as among men. Besides, we were all eager for a prize. Every man, therefore, was at his station, and a hundred eager faces looked out from the forecastle, the tops, or wherever their owners chanced to be. The captain, too, was upon deck, scanning the stranger with a scrutinising eye.

"Can you see her hull yet, Mr. Parker?" he asked.

"No, sir—her courses show to the very foot—but here it comes—six ports on a side, sir, though they look like painted ones."

"She 's setting her light sails."

"Every one of them, sir: and wetting down their mainsail."

"How are her decks?"

"Crowded, sir. There 's the glancing of a musket as I live; ah, of a dozen. She carries troops, sir, I fancy."

"A transport?"

"Aye, sir!"

The interest had gone on deepening, during these rapid questions and answers, until at my last reply a suppressed buzz ran around the ship. No one spoke, but each looked into his messmate's face, and it was obvious that the question, "could we capture our opponents, or would we ourselves become the prey?" was uppermost in every mind. But the person most interested in the event was apparently the least concerned of any; and without moving a muscle of his face, the captain leisurely closed his glass, and turning, with a smile, to his lieutenant, said,—

"We shall be likely to have a sharp brush, Mr. Lennox; in fact our men are getting rusty, and we want something of a close-contested battle to burnish them up. We shall open the magazine, and go to quarters directly."

Every thing that could be made to draw, was by this time set, and we were eating into the wind after the stranger with a rapidity that promised even to the most sanguine of us a speedy realisation of

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our hopes. As we gained upon the merchantman, the crowded state of his decks became more and more apparent, and we could plainly detect, by means of our glasses, that every exertion, even to wetting down the sails to the royals, was being made on board of him to escape. But all was in vain. Few vessels afloat could beat us on the tack we were now going, nor was it long before we had the chase within range of our long Tom.

"She has n't shown her bunting as yet:" said Captain Stuart, "but we 'll throw a shot across her, run up our flag, and see what answer she makes."

The long gun was cast loose, the foot of the foresail lifted, and the gunner applying the match, the ball went whizzing on its way; while at the same moment our flag was run up to the gaff, and blowing out to leeward, disclosed the arms of our colony.* For a few minutes the shot might have been seen richochetting along the waves, until it plunged into the sea a few fathoms on the larboard of the stranger. Still, however, no ensign was shown by the chase.

"Pitch a shot into her this time, Mr. Matchlock," ejaculated the skipper, addressing the gunner, "and see if that will bring her out."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old fellow, squinting along his piece, and aware that he was one of the best marksmen afloat in any service, "ay, ay, we 'll awake them to a sense of their condition presently; we 'll drive the cold iron through and through the reprobates: too high, a little more starboard—steadily all, and mark the mischief," cried the old fellow, applying the match. The rest of the sentence was lost in the deafening report of the cannon; a sheet of fire was seen streaming out an instant from the mouth of the piece; and as the pale white smoke sailed slowly eddying away to leeward, the old gunner might have been discerned, bending eagerly forward, and shading his eyes with his hands, as he gazed after the path of the ball.

"By the Lord Harry how it makes the splinters fly!" said the old fellow, as the shot, striking full on the quarter of the chase, went through and through her deck.

"And there goes her flag at last," said Westbrook, as the ensign of England flonted from the quarter of the merchantman, while at the same moment a cloud of smoke puffed from his stern, and a shot, skimming along the deep, toward us, plunged into the waters a cable's length ahead.

"We 're beginning to make him talk, eh!" chuckled the gunner, waxing warm in his work. "Let him have it again now—ah! that will bring out his teeth—give it to 'em, you old sea-dog," he continued, familiarly patting his piece, "and by the continental Congress, he 's got it among his sky-scrapers. There come his to'-gallant sails—hurrah!"

* The present national flag, consisting of the stars and stripes, was not adopted until 1777, when Congress passed a resolution to that effect. Prior to that time each commander used whatever device suited his fancy. The first ensign of Paul Jones is said to have been a pine tree, with a rattle-snake coiled at the foot, about to strike, and the motto, "don't tread on me." The arms of a colony, as in this instance, were often used.—Eds.

The fight now became one of intense interest, for the merchantman perceiving that escape was impossible, seemed determined to resist to the last, and kept up a brisk and well-directed fire upon us from his stern-guns. Their range not being, however, so great as that of our piece, we were enabled after a while to regulate our distance so as to cripple the chase effectually without sustaining any damage ourselves. But it was not long that we were suffered to maintain the combat on our own terms. Worried beyond endurance by the havoc made among his spars, the chase soon put his helm up, wore round, and hauling up his courses in gallant defiance, came down boldly toward us.

"We shall have it now," whispered Westbrook as he stood by the division where he commanded, "they must outnumber us two to one—but we 'll give them a lesson for all that."

"Ay! hand to hand, and foot to foot, will be the struggle, and God defend the right."

No sooner had the chase altered his course, and shown a determination to accept our challenge, than the firing on both sides ceased, and the two ships steadily but silently approached each other.

The eve of a battle is a solemn time. However men may talk in their jovial hours, or feel amid the maddening excitement of the contest itself, there is something inexpressibly awe-inspiring in the consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in deadly hostility against our fellow-creatures; and now as I gazed along the silent decks, and beheld our brave fellows gazing, as if spell-bound, upon the approaching foe, I perceived that their emotions were akin to my own. Yet there was nothing of fear in those hardy bosoms. There was a compression of the lip, an occasional flashing of the eye, and a half-suppressed word now and then among the men, which showed that amid all their other feelings, a deep, unflinching detestation of their tyrants was uppermost in their hearts. At times their eyes would glance proudly along our sanded deck, with all its apparatus of cutlasses, boarding pikes, and cannon balls, and then turn indignantly, and almost triumphantly, toward the enemy, now bearing down upon us. Meantime a death-like silence hung upon them; not a sound was heard except the sighing of the winds through the hamper, and the dash of the waters under our bows.

The chase had now approached almost within musket shot, and yet no demonstration of an attack had been made. We could see that the chase was alive with men. From every port, and look-out, and top, a score of faces warned us of a bloody battle. Each man was at his post, determination stamped on his countenance. As I gazed upon this formidable array of numbers, and beheld the comparatively gigantic hull of our adversary, steadily advancing on us, like some portentous monster of the deep, I almost trembled for our victory; but when my eye fell again on the brawny chests, and determined visages, of our gallant crew, I felt that nothing but extermination could prevent them from hoisting our own flag above the proud ensign of our foe which now flapped lazily in the breeze. But my reverie—if such it might be called—was cut short by perceiving a sheet of

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flame rolling along the Englishman's side, and, while his tall spars reeled backward with the recoil, a shower of shot came hurtling toward us. In an instant the gaff of our mainsail fell; our sails were perforated in various places; and a cannon ball striking us amid-ships, cut through both bulwarks, and laid one poor fellow dead upon the deck. The men started like hounds when they see their prey.

"Stand to your guns—my men!" thundered the captain in this emergency, "let not a shot be fired until I give the word. Bear steadily on your helm, and lay us across their bows."

The moments that elapsed before this endeavor could be consummated seemed to be protracted into an age. Our gallant fellows could, meanwhile, scarcely be restrained within the bounds of discipline. As shot after shot came whizzing over us, the crew grew more and more restive, casting uneasier glances at our commander at every successive fire. Several of the spars had by this time been wounded, and our hull showed more than one evidence of the foe's skill in gunnery. At length a shot came tearing through the bulwark but a short distance from where I was stationed, and after knocking the splinters wildly hither and thither, struck a poor fellow at his quarters, and laid him mangled and bleeding across his gun. I ran to him. One of his shipmates had already lifted the man's head up, and laid it carefully in the lap of a comrade. The face was dreadfully pale—the features unnaturally distorted. Agony, intense and irresistible, was written in every line of the face. The motion, however, revived him, and he opened his eyes with a groan. Unsettled as was their gaze, they took in the anxious group around him. He saw, on every face, the deepest commisseration. His glazing eye lightened for a moment.

"How are you, Jack?" said the shipmate, in whose lap he lay.

The dying man shook his head mournfully.

"Don't you know me, Jack?" said his messmate. There was no answer. The eyes of the sufferer were closed. "God knows I little thought you were to die thus!" continued his shipmate, with emotion. "For twenty years, in gale and calm, in winter and summer we have sailed together, and now you 're going to part company, without being able even to bid an old messmate farewell," and he wiped the cold sweat from the dying man's brow. "Jack, Jack, don't you know me? Can I do nothing for you?"

The sufferer opened his eyes, and made a gesture as if he wished to be lifted up. His desire was gratified. He looked around eagerly until his eyes fell upon the enemy.

"Bury—me," he faintly articulated, "after you 've—hauled—down her flag. And—and Rover," and his voice, for an instant, became stronger, "send the prize-money to the old woman—and—a—e." He gasped for breath.

"What?—in God's name what?" But the senses of the dying man began to wander.

"Speak!—Jack—for the love of God!"

"A—alls—we—e—el!" murmured the man, brokenly. He ceased. A quivering motion passed across his face. His shipmate gently laid his head upon the deck.

"He 's dead—and now boys, for revenge!" said Rover, as he started to his feet.

The crisis had come. So rapidly had the foregoing scene passed, and so intently had we all been gazing upon the dying man, that, in the interval, the schooner had gained a position on the bow of the enemy, and as the sturdy seaman rose up from beside his murdered companion, we ran short across her in a raking position; and before the words had died upon the air, the long-expected command came from the quarter deck, to open our fire.

"Fire!" shouted our leader, "one and all—pour it into them—remember you fight for your all!"

"Give it to 'em like h—l, my boys," thundered the gunner, "that's it; there goes her sprit-sail yard—hurrah!"

It was a terrific scene. No sooner had the signal been given, than, as with one accord, our gallant fellows poured in their deadly fire. Every shot told. Stung almost beyond human endurance by the restraint in which they had been kept, and maddened by the spectacle of a messmate slain at his post before he could fire a shot, our crew fought like demons rather than men, jerking their guns out as if they were playthings in their hands. Nothing could withstand them. Not a shot was wasted on the rigging of the foe: every one was driven along her crowded decks. The slaughter was immense. Man and boy, sailor and marine, officers and crew went down before that murderous, incessant fire. The flashes of the cannon, the roars of the batteries, the crashing of spars, and the shrieks of the wounded and the dying rose up together in terrific discord. Meanwhile the thick clouds of smoke settling down upon us, hid the hull of the enemy completely from sight. Nothing but her masts, rising tall and gallantly above the dim canopy of her decks, could be seen. Directly one of these was seen to stagger; then it swayed to and fro a moment; and directly giving a lurch, the whole lofty fabric of spars and hamper went tumbling over her side.

"Hurrah, boys! we have her now," shouted the captain of a gun near me, "there goes her foremast—let her have it again," and, jerking out his piece at the word, another deadly discharge of grape was sent hurtling along the enemy's decks.

By this time the two vessels had got afoul, the bowsprit of the foe having become entangled with the shrouds of our main-mast. Unable longer to resist the whirlwind of grape poured along their decks, the crew of the enemy determined on making a desperate effort to retrieve the tide of battle by boarding, and gathering suddenly forward, at the call of their leader, they made an instantaneous rush upon us. But their attack was as quickly met. A momentary vacillation of the veil of smoke hanging over the deck of the foe, by disclosing the numbers gathering upon her forecastle, betrayed to our gallant leader the intention of the enemy. He saw at a glance that the attack must be repulsed speedily or that we were lost. The vessels were already rapidly swinging around side to side, and in a few moments the overwhelming

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numbers of the Englishman would be enabled to leap upon our decks, with almost as much ease as if we were moored along side of their craft in port. Not a moment was to be lost. Either the enemy must be repulsed at once, and so promptly as to preclude all future attempts of the like character, or else we must lose every advantage we had already gained, and be overpowered finally by the mere force of numbers. What I have taken so long to describe, flashed through our minds with inconceivable rapidity. The captain did not hesitate a moment. Waving his sword aloft he thundered,

"Boarders ahoy! muster at the main—to beat back the enemy," and then in a lower tone he added, "charge the long gun to the muzzle with grape—"

Obedient at the word our gallant fellows hurried to their stations, and stood eagerly awaiting the onset of the foe; who having, by this time, mustered on the fore part of their craft, stood ready to spring upon our decks at the first opportunity. That was now at hand. The two ships, which had momentarily receded, now rolled together, and every man of the enemy's crew strained his muscles to their utmost tension, as he prepared to spring on our decks.

Never shall I forget that sight. Clustered around the fore-shrouds and on the cat-head, and covering the whole space between, were the dense masses of the enemy, their dark frowning countenances, and glittering weapons forming prominent objects in the spectacle. They had sprung up, as if by magic, from a score of lurking places, and gathering at the call of their commander, now stood with threatening numbers about to leap upon us. To resist such a whirlwind of cutlasses with our little crew was well nigh madness. But our leader had already determined to make their very numbers the cause of their ruin. At this moment, when the two ships approached each other, he turned rapidly to the gunner, and shouted,

"Give it to them with the long gun—fire!"

The effect was electric. With a noise, like the bursting of a volcano, the instrument of death went off, belching forth its fiery torrent with resistless fury. An avalanche could not have swept off its victims more ruthlessly than did that discharge disperse the foe. Nothing could withstand that hurricane of grape. Its effect was awful. Clearing a lane through and through the crowd upon the forecastle of the enemy, it tore its passage onward amid the spars and hamper of the ship with resistless violence, almost drowning the shrieks of the dying, and the curses of the wounded in its terrific crash. The enemy's boarders staggered and fell back, and before they could rally the two ships fell asunder. While they were still wavering, our hamper became disentangled, and we once more floated free of the enemy. As we passed along her side our fire was renewed with redoubled impetuosity, while the Englishman, crippled as he was by our last frightful discharge, could only feebly reply.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the gunner again, "and we 'll soon bring her to quarters—give it to 'em now, for the honor of old Plymouth."

"God save the king;" came hoarsely back from the enemy, "blow the rebels out of water."

The speaker was standing just abaft the mainmast, and had distinguished himself, during the attempt to board us, by his vehement gestures, and apparent influence over the men. I noticed that the eye of Westbrook watched him keenly as he spoke. Suddenly an officer approached and gave him an order. He looked around, started from his protected situation, and dashed up the main-shrouds, with the intention, as we now perceived, of reeving a rope which had been shot away, and the loss of which prevented the main-topsail from being hoisted to the cap.

"They 're about to make off," said I to Westbrook, "he 's a daring fellow to go aloft in this fire, any how."

"He 's not so sure of success," said Westbrook, "for they 'll have a shot at him from the forecastle."

The man had by this time, with almost inconceivable rapidity, effected his purpose, although more than one musket had been fired at him from our craft. He now turned to descend, but proud of his achievement, he could not resist the temptation of a momentary bravado. He took off his hat and gave a hurrah,

"It 's your last boast," coolly said Westbrook, as he snatched a musket, and lifting it to his shoulder, glanced his eye along the barrel, and fired. I shuddered involuntarily, even though an enemy was the victim, for I knew Westbrook's deadly aim. My presage was true. The man staggered on his footing an instant; made an abortive grasp at the air instead of a rope; and falling backward, struck the shrouds, and re-bounded into the sea. He squattered a moment on the water like a wounded duck, and then sank forever, leaving only a small dark stain of blood upon the wave to tell where he disappeared.

By this time the fire of the enemy had almost ceased, and, even amid the smoke of battle, we could see that her scuppers were literally running with blood. An ineffectual attempt was now made to escape from us, but we ran down upon the enemy at the first symptom, and re-commenced our fire with unabated fury. Their rigging was soon terribly cut up, as we now aimed principally at that. As a few moments removed all possibility of an escape on the part of the Englishman, and as we had suffered ourselves in our hamper somewhat from his fire, we then ran off a short distance, and began to repair our damages. An hour and a half sufficed to place us in nearly as good a condition as before going into battle, when running down upon the enemy we once more opened our battery. The first gun, however, had hardly been fired, before the British ensign, which had doggedly been kept flying, was hauled down. I was despatched to board the capture. As I stepped upon her decks a scene of desolation met my eye. My path was literally slippery with blood. Scarcely a man was on deck. The helmsman, a single officer, two marines, and a few common seamen, were the only ones, of all that numerous crew, who were not wounded or dead. God knows a more terrific slaughter I had never participated in! I think I behold it at this day.

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THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

On the brow of a lofty and rugged hill, which overlooks the Rhine, stand the ruins of the ancient Castle of Ehlendorf. The ivy has clambered over its crumbling towers, as if to shield them from the destructive hand of time, and bind with its creeping tendrils the wounds which he has made. Once its halls resounded with the mirth of the young and gay, of brave knights and ladies fair, while the songs of minstrels, and tales of heroic enterprize, whiled away the hours of night, until the purple light of dawn appeared. Now it has fallen to decay: the race of its noble possessors has become extinct; and the ivy grows, and the owl hoots amid its deserted courts.

At the time when our tale commences, it was in the possession of Conrad, Baron of Ehlendorf, the remaining scion of that noble family. His brother had died in Palestine, leaving to him the title and all the vast estates of his ancestors. In early life he had wedded the beautiful Elfrida, of Aldenburg, and never was a purer gem more dearly valued than the young bride of Ehlendorf by her doting lord. Years of bright, unclouded happiness rolled over their heads; and if unalloyed pleasure has ever dwelt on earth, it was the portion of Conrad, of Ehlendorf, when he looked upon his angel bride and their little Katrine, scarcely knowing which was the loveliest, the mother or the child. Often as he saw their fair offspring, with bounding footsteps, dimpled cheeks, and laughing eye, throwing back her golden curls, and rushing with playfulness and love into her mother's arms, he felt that without her his treasures were but glittering dust.

Like the other barons of ancient times, his retinue was composed of a vast number of armed retainers, and his power and wealth were unequalled by any other of equal rank in the country. His kindness and hospitality were every where proverbial, and the noblest of the land delighted to gather round his festive board. Thus, love, wealth and beauty conspired to fill the heart of Ehlendorf with joy, and nought could dim his happiness till his loved Elfrida was called from earth to blossom in a fairer clime. Sad and afflictive was this bereavement to the young baron, overthrowing as it did the dreams that he had been weaving through eight bright years of wedded happiness. Still, as he turned in anguish from the lifeless form of the object of his heart's best affections, one ray of hope enlivened the surrounding gloom. His lovely Katrine grew more and more beautiful day by day, and in her he felt that he possessed a purer treasure than wealth could afford. In his constant watchful care over her helplessness, and the fond confiding affection with which she repaid his tenderness, he found forgetfulness of every sorrow.

As successive years rolled on she grew more and more lovely, and new charms in her unfolded daily. No opportunity had been neglected which would tend to her intellectual advancement; and at the age of sixteen she possessed the charms of beauty, and an intellect of the highest degree. Their castle was thronged with young cavaliers, eager to win so lovely a prize,—and though her smiles were bestowed on all, yet no one of the noble train had received any evidence of her preference. Happy in the fondness, nay, almost idolatry of her father, she remained insensible to any other than paternal affection. The baron, though still in the pride of manhood, had never indulged serious thoughts of a second union, and when bright eyes beamed on him, and silvery voices fell in tones of melody upon his ear, he had only to look upon the face of Katrine, where every feature of her sainted mother was reflected as in a faithful mirror, and his heart was steeled against every attraction.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of June, when the baron and his daughter went forth for their accustomed ride. The air was balmy; the fragrance of the flowers was borne upon the breeze, and the groves were vocal with the melody of the feathered songsters. Suddenly dark clouds obscured the sky, and foretold a coming tempest. They hurried on, but when they arrived at the castle, the storm-clouds hung darkly and fearfully over its rugged towers. Then loud thunders rent the sky; gleams of lightning darted from pole to pole. The rain fell in torrents from the darkened sky, hour after hour, incessantly; the swollen waves of the Rhine beat in fury upon their rugged banks. Katrine was seated at her chamber window, watching the raging billows as they rushed in wild commotion against the rocks. Suddenly her attention was attracted by the sight of a cavalier upon the opposite shore. The vision was transient, for scarcely had he appeared ere his fiery charger leaped from the towering height of the rock into the boiling waves below. The baron's sturdy vassals had witnessed his disaster, and rushed forth to rescue him if possible. Urged on by impassioned signs from Katrine, they put forth every effort. For awhile he struggled successfully against the foaming billows,

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but was at length thrown with violence against the rocks, and when the vassals of the castle had succeeded in bearing him to the shore, he was insensible. Hour after hour the baron and Katrine hung anxiously over his couch, watching for signs of returning consciousness, but he remained pale and motionless as the work of a statuary; his faint breathing and a slight pulsation alone giving evidence that life was not extinct. At length a delicate flush overspread his marble countenance; his eyelids gently raised, and he gazed in bewildered astonishment on all around him.

"Fear not," said the baron, "you are with friends, who will watch over you carefully, until you have recovered from your late disaster."

The following morning he was able to relate the circumstances which had led him there. He gave his name as Hildebrand, a young knight of Hanover. He had been engaged in the chase, the day before, and had followed the deer so far that he lost sight of his companions, and wandered through the intricate mazes of the forest, not knowing whither his way might lead. Soon the tempest arose, and as he reached the opening of the forest, he spurred on his charger, ignorant of his proximity to the Rhine, until he was precipitated down the frightful chasm. He expressed his gratitude in the highest terms to his noble host for his kindness, and a wish to leave the castle as soon as possible. The extreme debility resulting from his late accident, however, precluded the possibility of his immediate departure. Besides, the ravages of the storm had rendered the highways impassable.

During this time the fair Katrine left no means untried to cheer the lingering hours. Her harp beguiled those moments which would otherwise have been tedious, and her voice, whose melody was unrivalled, seemed even more sweet than it was wont to be, as she sung the wild and beautiful legends of their country. Charmed by her beauty, her accomplishments, and filial affection, young Hildebrand became daily more and more attached to Katrine, while she returned his affection with fond idolatry. Thus passed day after day in peace and happiness, and the only sorrow which dimmed Katrine's pleasures was the thought of parting, and his wish that their engagement should be concealed from her father, until he should return to claim his affianced bride. Sincere and trusting, she yielded to the conviction that he was urged to this wish by powerful motives, then unknown to her, nor allowed the slightest suspicion of his constancy to enter her mind.

One bright morning three weeks after his arrival at the castle, a courier alighted with despatches for Hildebrand. As he perused them, a cloud rested upon his brow, and he hastened to find Katrine. He told her that his presence was demanded at court, but with many promises of a speedy return, he bade her a fond farewell. Weeks, nay, even months passed away, and still Katrine received no tidings from her stranger lover. She had withdrawn herself from gay society, and her gladsome laugh no longer resounded through the silent halls. Her anxious parent saw with anguish the sorrow of his child, and finally won from her the tale of her love. In vain he used every endeavor to find the retreat of their guest. The name of Hildebrand was unknown to any of the barons of the vicinity, and he was forced to relinquish his fruitless inquiry. At length it was announced that a tournament was to be held at the capital, in honor of the nuptials of the Elector of Hanover, and the baron hoping that this scene of gaiety would dissipate her melancholy, won the consent of Katrine to accompany him. The morning of the day appointed dawned with unusual splendor, and the eye of Katrine beamed with the light of hope, as she took her place in a gallery commanding a full view of the field of action. "Surely," she thought to herself, "when the bravest of the land are about to signalise themselves, Hildebrand will not desert the noble band."

The field was elegantly prepared; and the tents, glittering with all the splendor of martial panoply, added double richness to the scene. On either side of the lists were galleries of blue and red and purple silk, crowded with the beauty of the land. All was anxious expectation. Soon a shout of joy from the assembled multitude announced that the elector and his young bride were approaching. Mounted on a fiery charger, which he managed with perfect skill, his noble form appeared to the best advantage. His bride rode a beautiful white palfrey, and though there was something noble in her flashing eye and masculine firmness, still her beauty could not be compared, without disparagement, to the angelic loveliness of Katrine. As they advanced near the place where Katrine was seated, an undefined horror thrilled through her frame, yet her eyes remained fixed upon the prince. Surely it was the same noble form. Could it be Hildebrand? He turned his dark eye upon her and met her anxious glance; the color receded from his cheek. She uttered a faint cry of agony, pronounced the name of Hildebrand, and fell senseless into the arms of her attendants.

The tale can be told in a few words. Her faithless lover had been summoned from his delightful retreat at Ehlendorf by the duties of state; and ambition had led him to form an alliance from which his heart revolted. In the cares of state and the hilarity of his nuptials he had in a measure drowned the memory of Katrine, but now she seemed to rise like a gentle spirit to reprove his falsehood. The arrows of remorse had entered his soul and poisoned his enjoyment. Though surrounded by all the honors and dignities of this world he found no peace. Katrine was borne by her afflicted parent to their once happy home, but the light of existence had fled forever, and the house of Ehlendorf was soon to be remembered as among the dead. A few sad years rolled on. The baron was borne to his last resting place. Katrine with her attendants alone remained within the castle walls. At length she yielded up her vast domains in favor of a distant relative, with this restriction, that the old castle should remain undisturbed, and as it was reported, retired to a convent in Switzerland. From this period the old fortress was left to the ravages of time, uninhabited by any mortal, though the superstitious inhabitants of the vicinity declared it to be the abode of supernatural beings.

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A tall form according to the neighboring villagers, robed in white, had been seen upon the battlements at midnight, while strains of wild unearthly melody were heard floating on the breeze; and when the storm was raging, the same spirit form was seen hovering over the yawning chasm and keeping its fearful vigils where no mortal foot durst approach. The benighted traveller turned away, choosing to wander through the mazes of the forest, rather than pass the fearful place, and even the adventurous mountain boy fled in terror from its lonely walls.

Years had rolled on, when the Elector of Hanover chanced in hunting to pass through the domains of Ehlendorf. One of his followers related to him the superstitions concerning the castle, and despite their entreaties he insisted upon exploring its recesses. He reached it just as its towers were gleaming in the pure moonlight; and the waters of the Rhine flowed gently on, while each tiny ripple wore its glittering coronet of moonbeams. How vividly bright the visions of the past rose in his memory, as he entered once more through the castle's lonely gates. Just as he passed the threshold the notes of an Æolian harp sent a thrill of superstitious terror through every vein. He opened the door which led to Katrine's boudoir, when a sight met his eye which caused him to recoil with terror. Extended on a couch, and guarded by an old attendant, was the form of the once beautiful heiress of Ehlendorf. The deep flush of agitation overspread her cheek as she recognised him and said,

"Why intrude upon the sanctity of one devoted to Heaven, or strive to bind a heart to this earth which its sorrows have broken?"

These words assured him that the true Katrine and not the spirit was before him, and he slowly approached her saying,

"I come, to crave the boon of pardon from one so deeply injured as you have been."

A sweet smile beamed on her placid countenance as she said,

"It is granted, and may kind Heaven forgive all your wanderings, as freely as I now forgive your falsehood. I have found the bitterness of earthly sorrow, and for awhile brooded sadly over disappointed love, but the deep dream now is past. For years my hopes have been fixed upon a brighter world, and not one lingering trace of earthly idolatry has mingled in my devotions. I would have secluded myself in the sacred walls of a monastery, but my heart clung with fondness to my father's halls. I have traced the Creator's power in the starry heavens and stolen abroad to view the glories of nature in the pure moonlight. This has given rise to the superstitions of the peasantry, and I have carefully avoided undeceiving them lest they should intrude upon my retirement. And now, farewell. My sands of life are well night spent, and I shall soon join my sainted parents in Heaven. Leave me in solitude, I entreat you, lest the lingering spell be thrown again upon me. Once more farewell."

Thus saying she motioned to the door where he had entered, and he retired in sadness of spirit. A few weeks after, the form of Katrine was deposited in the family vault, and the castle remained untenanted. The peasantry still call it the Haunted Castle, asserting that the fair lady of Ehlendorf is seen to wander by moonlight over its crumbling towers.

EMMA.

Female Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y. 1841.

ALETHE.

BY J. S. FREELIGH.

I saw Alethe—she was young and fair:
A rose-bud op'ning to the balmy spring;
And as she knelt in holy, fervent prayer,
Her youthful heart to God surrendering,
The music of her voice in murmurs low,
Sounded like tones of sweetest melody,
Half-waking heard—or like the silver flow
Of some lone woodland stream—she seem'd to be
A type of perfect beauty—Heav'nly symmetry.

Again I saw Alethe.—It was where
Dwelt sickness, poverty, and misery deep—
Where prison-walls enclos'd a parent dear;
And like an angel, she had come to keep
Watch while he slept—to comfort him—to pray.
In innocence she came, like Mercy's dove,
With healing balm, to sooth his care away!
Oh! such sweet tenderness—such holy love,
Must be akin to that in the bright world above!

Once more I saw Alethe—at her breast
Hung a sweet infant, and the radiant smile
That revell'd round its lips while calm at rest,
Was like the smile of cherubs,—free from guile.
Ethereal—bright—surpassing Fancy's dreaming,
The mother shone—for Fancy ne'er could paint
Aught so much like a guardian Angel beaming
In full beneficence upon a saint
As sweetly innocent—as free from earthly taint.

St. Louis, 1841.

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MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

"Well, well," said my grandfather, "sit down, girls, and I will tell you all about it."

Cousin Sarah and myself accordingly got our work, and sitting down at a proper distance, assumed the attitude of earnest listeners.

"If you had ever been in France," he commenced, "I could make you understand my story much better, but your little rustic American imaginations can never conceive any thing like the refinement, and yet freedom of society in that polished country; the softness and beauty of the earth and sky; or the striking magnificence of the old ruinous chateaux; but as it is I shall be very brief in my sketches of these things."

"Oh, no, no, grandfather," we both exclaimed at once, "you must be the more particular in your description; for being strange to us they are the more interesting."

"Well," he replied, "I will as much as I can, without making a long story of it; but do not interrupt me, for that will utterly break the chain of my recollections.

"First, you must consider that although I am an old American citizen, I was once a young French nobleman; and your grandmother whom you see busied in household duties is a Stuart, of the royal blood of Scotland. The estate of my ancestors lies in view of the ancient and noble city of Lyons, stretching from the beautiful Rhone west to the Cervennes mountains. A fine chateau near the river is the modern residence of our family; but its ancient strong-hold is a rude and magnificent old castle, built on the rocky summit of a mountain which stands alone in its majesty, looking down with seeming scorn on the proud city, and the river which can never more than kiss its feet. My noble grandsire had two sons, of whom my father was the younger. My uncle, of course, inherited the title and estate, and was sole lord of the old castle; although my father occupied magnificent apartments in the chateau. I remember when quite a child, accompanying my father in his visits to my uncle, at such seasons as he chose to reside on the mountain. My awe and admiration of the dark, old structure were boundless. There it sat, firm as the eternal rock to which it was secured, utterly inaccessible on the side toward the river; and scarcely approachable in any direction, save by an expensively constructed road, dug or built along the margin of a brook which flows at the bottom of a ravine, down the mountain, toward the river. This traversed ravine presented to my eyes a thousand wild, beautiful, and romantic spots. I had not then seen the forests, and mountains, and wild glens, of this panorama of nature's most grand and beautiful works; this land of the majestic and the terrible; the lovely and the sweet; from the savage chieftain beside the soul-stunning Niagara, to the enameled humming bird kissing the blossoms that overhang the silver fountain. Oh! this is a glorious country; but it is not my native France.

"In that dear land every perpendicular rock, every babbling cataract, every gnarled tree, or ragged shrub was a picturesque and wonderful object to my young imagination; and to be allowed to visit my uncle at the castle was the highest reward at which my efforts were aimed. My uncle was a widower. At thirty years of age he married a beautiful child of seventeen, whom he fervently idolised: but in less than two years the fair creature began to fade. He carried her to balmy Italy, but he returned alone. From that time he was sad and gloomy, almost morose. He never left the castle, except to ramble over the mountains, among the wild recesses of which he often spent whole nights, and I sometimes shuddered as I heard the domestics hint that he was or would be utterly crazed. Such was my uncle's condition, when on a beautiful summer morning my father set out with me toward the castle. I was eight years of age, and had just been made master of a fine sleek mule, which I was permitted to ride by the side of my father's noble Arabian horse. That was a proud day to me. Never since have I felt myself of as much consequence as then. My uncle's steward who saw in me the future lord of the estate, always paid me great deference, and I was an idol in his family. Of course I spent the time of my visits with them, after paying my respects to my uncle, who always saluted me with grave courtesy, and then turned sorrowfully away. I was an especial pet of the steward's daughter, a pretty girl of about seventeen, who always treated me with choice cakes and delicious fruits. On this day she spread a table in a garden arbor with her choicest viands, adding rich creams and sweet-meats, to which we sat down joyfully. But she soon made me sad by saying that in all probability I should not soon dine with her again. She was about to be married, and go far away. But she wished to tell me something of great importance, only she feared that I was too young to have discretion sufficient to manage so

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strange an affair.' This mysterious prelude wrought my curiosity to the highest pitch. I protested and promised every thing she required of me, and so she began:

"'You see the square tower all covered with ivy that stands on the angle of that perpendicular rock. Did you ever notice how lonely it is; how small and high the windows are, and that there is no way of getting to it from without? Well, you see it is only connected with the rest of the building by one long, dark gallery; the other sides being closed up with strong walls. This tower has been called the Haunted Tower these hundred years. I used to be afraid to go near it. You were a very little baby when your beautiful aunt died abroad, and your uncle came home a mourner to this place. I was then about as old as you are now. I cried bitterly for the loss of my young lady, and pitied my lord exceedingly. I observed that he went frequently to that tower, and remained for hours within it. Once I ventured to follow him. I know not what impelled me; but I was surprised when I entered the hall. It was tastefully furnished, and adorned with the most beautiful and fragrant exotic and native plants and shrubs. I stood a moment lost in admiration, when I thought I heard low voices in conversation. I listened; I distinctly heard my lord speaking, and detected the murmur of a soft female voice. A door on one side the hall stood partly open. I approached it stealthily, and saw my lord kneeling before a most beautiful woman, who sat upon a low seat, resting her face upon her hand, seemingly in deep sorrow. She was dressed in black, and her hair was of the same dark hue, while her hands, face, and shoulders were white as alabaster. I did not look long, but I saw my lord press her hand to his lips, when she suddenly withdrew it with a shudder, and bending down placed both her hands over her face and wept. I stole away; but whether I was observed, or my intrusion suspected, or from some other cause, my lord ever after secured the door behind him, so that I entered there no more. Yet often in the mellow twilight I have heard strains of solemn music, so soft and sorrowful that I have sat down and wept until the melody ceased. But I never saw the lady since that time. I have heard others assert that they have seen an apparition, which they say is like our deceased lady, and that while they gazed it vanished away. But the person whom I saw was as unlike my lady as possible, and as to vanishing, as these sights were always seen in the evening, I suppose she wore a white dress and a black mantle, which on being alarmed she drew around her, and so became invisible. Now who she is, or how she came here, or why she keeps herself concealed I cannot guess. I have kept it secret out of respect to your uncle, but I thought as you will be lord here after his death, and as he is slowly wasting away, I would tell you, and so when you come to the estate you will examine into it. But do not mention it until then; for I am sure that any discovery or investigation would greatly afflict your poor uncle, whose melancholy I am sure is connected with this mystery.'

"Now, girls," said my grandfather, "if you can tell me how such a piece of information would make you feel, I shall have no need of telling you the wonder, the terror, the curiosity and anxiety which it awakened in my mind. Sleeping or waking my thoughts were full of Annette's story. Once I ventured to ask my mother why people thought my uncle's castle haunted? 'It is a common thing,' she replied," for the vulgar to tell marvellous tales of old buildings, castles in particular; but I hope that you will show your superior breeding, by never giving heed to such tales. Your father has been there much by day and night, and he never saw any thing wonderful; and it would grieve him if he knew that you had been listening to stories of supernatural agency.' I assured her that I did not believe in ghosts; and I never again ventured to propose the subject. As years passed on, the impression became less vivid, until Annette's tale of wonder seemed to me like some old familiar legend. I was about eighteen when I was suddenly summoned from the University to attend my uncle's death-bed. When I found myself again in that old familiar place, although the old steward had died, and his place was filled by a stranger, the story of the old tower came first among the recollections of the past. My uncle was so wan and wasted that I should not have known him, yet he seemed exceedingly glad to see me. In the night as I sat beside his bed, he dismissed the nurse, saying that she must need rest and sleep. He then said that as I was his kinsman and successor, he hoped that he might confide to me something which nearly concerned his honor. I remarked that as his honor was mine he need be under no apprehension. So he commenced.

"'I was, according to custom, betrothed in my boyhood to a sweet little babe almost as soon as she saw the day. Our fathers were sworn friends, and I saw the little Adela frequently, and loved her as a dear sister. But when I began to consider myself a man, I sometimes felt as if I could not wait for her, for she was much younger than I. Being fond of reading, and naturally romantic, I drank in with avidity every wild and passionate legend, and longed for some thrilling adventure. My alliance was tasteless, because it lacked the excitement of adventure or opposition. And yet when weary of noise and pleasure, I found it sweet to pass an hour in her society; she was so gentle, unassuming, and affectionate. At the age of twenty-five I departed on my travels, with a soul thirsting for adventure. I pass over all, however, until I arrived at [illegible] people. Here among the licentious I felt that [illegible] passions of man's nature had full licence. I shall not carry you by my details into scenes by which I pray God you may never be polluted. Suffice it that a young and tender creature, whose innocence and fond confiding [illegible]ould have respected, forgot her alliance to her natural lord, and became mine with a fervor of affection which is never equalled, or even understood in these cold climes. I thought only of dallying with her awhile when I first sought to win her; but there was an enchantment about her which I often fancied to be in reality the magic of which I had often read. At length the time of my

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sojourn in that unequalled city was expiring. I sought to tear myself away, for I never dreamed of taking Alma with me. But she would not leave me. I felt embarrassed as to the manner in which I should dispose of her if she accompanied me to France. But my hackneyed heart felt no compunction for the deceit I had practised upon her; and I resolved formally to retain her, keeping her, if possible, in ignorance of our laws and customs, and of Christianity of course; and to marry Adela according to contract. So I gave myself up to the pleasures of her society; and she dreamed not of the workings of the heart which she fondly considered all her own.

"'Arrived at home, I placed her in an elegant mansion, furnished her with attendants, and every elegance and luxury of life; and while preparations were going forward for my union with Adela, found my highest enjoyment in the society of the ardent Alma. She was a perfect contrast to Adela in every particular. I loved them both, just as you may admire the lily and the rose. The wedding day arrived, and I pledged to Adela a perjured vow.

"'I had been married one year when my wife enquired of me who the beautiful girl was whom I was in the habit of attending to places of public amusement. I was prepared for this, and told her that it was a Turkish lady, the wife of a sea captain, a particular friend of mine, who was absent at sea. Adela insisted on being introduced to her, for she said she felt a great curiosity to look on the woman whose beauty had become the theme of every tongue. Here was a dilemma for which I was utterly unprepared. I could make no reasonable excuse, and the hesitancy and embarrassment of my manner excited or confirmed suspicion. It seemed that Adela was completely a woman, and determined to gratify her curiosity, although by so doing she made herself wholly miserable. When I next visited Alma I found her sorrowful and pale. She had been visited by a lady, whom, from her description, I knew to be my wife, who had drawn from her artless tongue her whole history, and then set before her the ignominy and sinfulness of her present situation. These were strange words for the poor girl's ear, yet I succeeded in calming her mind, and left her with emotions of such sorrow as I never felt before. I fully comprehended the wrong that I had done her, and the anguish that must from this time be her portion. I felt angry at Adela, and yet how could I blame her. She discovered a coldness and restraint in my manner, and became herself cold and restrained; in short, we were all three wretched. Adela in her zeal employed her confessor to teach Alma the mysteries of religion. Alma was ever in tears; and Adela began to pine and waste away. At length she became so ill that the physician declared that nothing could help her unless it were a journey and short residence in Italy. But before I set forward I conveyed Alma to this castle, and placed her in the tower which superstition had cast a spell around; entrusting her to the sole care of an aged female domestic, lest during my absence she should be persuaded to enter a convent.

"'I came home widowed, but not in heart. I flew to Alma, and told her there was no drawback on our happiness now; that she should now possess both hand and heart. She wept long and agonisingly upon my bosom, and then told me that the magic glass of life was broken. That the clear cold light of reality now lay upon all the ways of love. That earth to her was no longer a blissful paradise. And finally, that she had resolved to enter a nunnery. Oh! the agony of that hour. I sought by every argument to divert her from her purpose, but she was unyielding. For a long time I refused to let her go, and kept her prisoner in the tower. But when I could by no means move her, when she turned ever weeping from me, or kneeling besought me no longer to keep her from the court of heaven, I gave her the keys of her prison, and left the castle. I returned after a few days. She was gone. I was desolate; and from that hour I have been dying.

"'Last week my confessor put a letter into my hand, observing that it was given him by one who said that it required no answer as the writer was dead. It was from Alma. She said she must be brief, for her minutes on earth were few. She bade me reproach myself on her account no more, as she was passing away to heaven, leaving me her prayers and blessings. She had loved me ever and alone. She begged that I would freely pardon her if she had done me wrong. But her chief object in writing was to entreat my protection for *our child*. Oh! my God, how that word thrilled me. I had not dreamed of such a thing. Yet she said that during my absence with my *injured wife* she had borne a female child. That she had concealed the circumstances from me, lest it should be made an impediment to her becoming a nun. That the child was named Adela, was now in the convent, and was ignorant of her parents. She desired me to suffer her to continue so, if she should prefer to remain and take the veil; but if she should leave her sanctuary, she besought me to be her guardian. I visited the convent; I knelt on the cold marble that lies above my Alma's colder bosom—I saw my daughter; she told me that she would take the veil. I passed as her mother's uncle; told her that she was an orphan, and offered her protection if she would leave the convent. She replied that as she had no earthly parents she would never leave her present place of refuge. I came home and lay down to die.

"'I have now, my dear nephew, told you that which I had thought would never pass my lips; but it is for the sake of my poor child. My heart bleeds for her, orphan, and pennyless as she is. I could not speak of her to your father; but you are young, and your heart is as yet uncallouced. You will eventually succeed to these estates. Albert, I do not wish my child to become a nun; I will give you a letter and casket; you will find them in that bureau; take them to her when I am no more. Say I bade you deliver them only to her. You will thus obtain an interview with her. I am sure you will love her, for she is the image of her mother. If so, take her from the convent, and make her your wife. Promise to do this and I will die content. Your relationship need be no obstacle,

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for it is known only to yourself. Will you promise?' 'I swear to do all you ask, provided Adela is willing.' 'Thank you, my son. Now I can depart in peace.'

"My uncle died, and was laid in the stately mausoleum of the family. I went to execute his commission to my cousin. As I looked upon her face and figure I no longer wondered that my uncle loved her mother. She was beautiful beyond all description. No eye could scan her features, for her face was like a pellucid fountain, in which all ovely objects of earth and heaven were constantly and changefully reflected.

"As she was not of the sisterhood I was allowed to see her daily, and converse with her through the grate, and I need not tell you that I loved her madly. She confessed that her heart was mine, and promised to leave the convent and become my wife. I was now obliged to go on business into Germany. I told Adela that I would be back in eight weeks.

"I wrote to her frequently, and at length despatched a letter naming a day for our meeting. Soon after I had mailed it, I fell on the ice and broke my leg, beside injuring my head so severely that I was unconscious of my own existence for nearly three weeks. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered I wrote an account of the accident to Adela, and continued to write at short intervals until I was able to travel.

"I arrived at home after an absence of four months, and flew to the convent to see my soul's delight once more. Judge of my agony when I was told that I could not see her, and that she had taken the veil. I felt as if the whole beautiful world had become a miserable chaos, amid the horrors of which I was eternally lost. At length I began to hope. I got a letter conveyed to her, in which I pictured as forcibly as language could, the distraction of my mind, and besought her to give me some consolation. She sent me an agonising reply. She had ever been taught that men were false, and that love was sin. When I failed in my return these precepts were enforced, and she gave them renewed credence. She saw no letter from me afterward, and being urged to join the sisterhood, in her despair and agony consented, and was now lost to me forever. But I could not so resign her. I plead with her that her promise to me being prior made her monastic vows null; and I urged her to elope with me to America.

"She at length gave a reluctant consent. I gathered up a large sum of money, and we soon found ourselves on ship-board, and plying from our native land. 'Think you that I was then happy? Alas for human hopes and passions! I was in possession of my adored and beautiful Adela, but I was a fugitive from my country, I was fleeing like a felon from my father's house, and I felt that I had left mourning and bitterness in the places where I should have been diffusing peace and joy. Of the rank and wealth that I had relinquished I thought little, for poverty and contempt had not then taught me to value them. But I was sad even in the hour in which I had attained that for which I would freely have given life itself. Adela and I were united by the chaplain of the ship, on board of which we sailed, but he was a Protestant. Poor Adela scrupled at the validity of a ceremony thus performed; and the prejudices of her education, with the vows she had broken, were persecuting spirits ever torturing her heart, and mixing gall and venom forever with the cup of joy. Her eyes lost their lustre, and her smile was sorrowful; I saw it, and my heart grew sad. I had one hope left, that she would regain her spirits when we should arrive amid the novel and beautiful scenes of the New World; and then I hoped that she would become a Protestant, in which case she would cease to agonise over her monastic vows. The chaplain, at my request, used every argument with her in vain; her distress augmented and ere we had been one month at sea she was attacked by a violent fever.

"Oh! the bitter, dreadful agony with which I watched beside her couch. Her pains of body were intense, but her distress of mind was more terrible still. At length her reason failed her, and her death-bed scene was indeed agony. But as death approached more nearly, her pains remitted, and her phrenzy passed away. She said that she was forgiven, and ready to appear before God, leaning on the mercy of her Redeemer. She besought me to seek His consolations, and bidding me a fond farewell, her young spirit passed away.

"And now what remained to me of all my treasures? I had bartered every thing for her; and a cold and rigid form was all that I had left. Terrible and hideous as death had come to her, I longed to feel his hand upon me also. But he turned from me. I was obliged to live and see my poor Adela cast into the deep sea, almost as soon as her spirit had departed. My misery was now overflowing. I was bereft, and alone in the world. I dared not return to France, for I feared the power of the religion whose sanctuaries I had feloniously invaded. I assumed the name which I and all my descendants bear, and landed in Philadelphia a heart-broken and sorrowing stranger. I was greatly disappointed; for I had been taught to believe America a beautiful paradise, in which wealth and happiness awaited every adventurer who was so fortunate as to set his foot upon its shores. But I learned in time to procure a decent livelihood; the romance of youth was dissipated; I became a reasonable creature; I married your good grandmother with rational expectations, and now I am an old man, surrounded by a numerous progeny, and almost ready to depart in peace. And now girls that I have told you the story of my life, which you have entreated of me so often, I hope you will find instruction in it, and learn to value the frail and evanescent things of time, less than the peace of others, and the approbation of your own mind. Now go, and leave me to seek the repose which agitation of mind occasioned by retracing the scenes of my youth renders so necessary for me."

Liberty, Pa. April, 1841.

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THE PARSONAGE GATHERING.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

The last Sabbath of the year 18— was far spent, and the little band of worshippers who had assembled in the village church of ——, were preparing to return to their respective homes, and digest the homily of their worthy pastor; when deacon Gravely advanced toward the altar, with all the dignity of official-bearing in his step, where pausing in the measured tones of one who is in authority, he requested the congregation to "tarry a moment." There was a sudden revolution of faces—a quick rustling of cloaks, and rattling of foot-stools, and then all was so still, one might have heard a pin drop, and every eye bent with eager curiosity on the speaker; who only wished to remind them that the annual visit to their "beloved pastor" would take place as usual on January first, and it was hoped there would be a general attendance on the occasion.

An instantaneous gleam of pleasure ran over the faces of the audience, followed by a motion for the door, which was obstructed here and there by the meeting of female friends, who kept impatient footsteps in the rear, whilst in audible whispers, they exchanged opinions touching the sermon, the proposed visit, and their various domestic grievances. But the little church was at length empty, and the sexton proceeded to extinguish the fire in the stove, and close its sacred doors against any week-day intruders. It would be detracting from the solemnising-powers of the respected dominie, to say that the few words spoken by the deacon, had been more effectual than his well-written discourse on the departure of the year, and uncharitable to suppose that the church-going villagers thought more and talked more on their way home, of visiting their minister, than of attending to the admonitions he had that day given them; and though I am telling a true story, it does not follow that the *whole* truth must be told; so let me pass on to the following Monday, which dawned without a cloud.

There was an earlier stirring than usual in the village, particularly among the farmers' wives, who must needs get their week's-washing out of the way as soon as possible, that preparations might commence for the anticipated visit, which was to take place on Wednesday. The city-reader may not be aware that it is a custom in country villages throughout many of the older states, to atone somewhat for the meagre salaries allotted to the ministerial department, by donations from those whose hearts are opened to give of such things as they have, to him who breaks the "Bread of Life" to their souls. Furthermore, it is so arranged by the considerate deacons' wives, that these donations shall be sweetened on the part of the donors, by a social cup of tea at the parsonage; which certainly cannot be considered as among "The multitude of Sins" which need the mantle of charity for a covering.

By the hasty moving to and fro of the villagers through Monday and Tuesday, it was evident that until their memories were jogged by deacon Gravely, they had thought nothing of, nor made any reservations for the annual gathering: but to their credit be it said, that they were not slow to act on this occasion, and designed having everything in "apple-pie order." The farmer unlocked the rich treasures of his granary, corn-crib and fruitery: wheat in "good measures, pressed down" and overflowing, was laid aside; the best of the yellow corn was selected; the golden pippins packed systematically, and even the more solid wealth of the pork barrel gave of its abundance to complete the New Year's offering. The axe too of the woodman resounded through the neighboring forests, and many a sturdy hickory and oak bowed the willing head, at the bright promise of adding cheerfulness and comfort to the parsonage hearth. Nor was the ambitious house-wife to be out-done by her lord: from the "wool and the flax," which she had sought and worked "willingly with her hands," a worthy portion was chosen for the pastor's wife and her nursery-flock. And the store-room held out its donation of butter and cheese; not forgetting that weightier matter of economy, yclept "*black*-butter" —so indispensible to the farmer's table! (being a mixture of quinces and apples, boiled down to sauce in sweet cider, and eaten on bread by the children, instead of butter.) Nor was this all: Doughnuts and twisted cakes were soon dancing merrily over the fire, plumcakes swelling in the oven, and many a little delicacy contrived by the inventive geniuses that were busy on the occasion; —for it is understood that these gatherings are to be no source of trouble or expense to the minister's wife. One of the neighboring house-wives is appointed to the high office of mistress of ceremonies, and some half dozen others move at her beck and call through the parsonage-house, making all needful arrangements, while the lady herself is but an admiring spectator of the scene, and has only to dress and receive her *profitable* visiters.

The farmers were not alone in their "labors of love," for the enterprising shop-keepers were as busy on their part in preparation. "Dry goods and Groceries," read their signs, and "the signs of the times," were read in the liberal offerings that were made ready for the day, each having the savor of their trade withal.

And *the* day at length arrived! A New Year's

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sun enlivened the spirits of the villagers, (albeit, they knew nothing of fashionable "calls" on Time's natal day,) and threw open the gates of the parsonage. At an early hour might be seen gliding over the polished surface of a late fallen snow, the farmer's sled, bearing its ponderous load of wood; here and there, wheel-barrows and hand-barrows, groaning with the burden of such variety as would puzzle any head to remember, all wending their way to the pastor's dwelling. Two o'clock, P. M. found the elder portion of his congregation, having sent their gifts as a passport, preparing to appear in person before their minister. For once, the "Sunday suit" of true blue and shining gilt, was put in requisition on a *work*-day; and the buxom dame came forth from her toilet in her "best" gown and cap, and when in addition, the "meeting-bonnet" and hat were donned, away trudged the farmer and his "better half," leaving the care of the homestead to the young folks, who were to take their turn at candle-light; when it was understood that the old folks were to return, and give them a chance by themselves.

Ye who love the cheerful, unostentatious scene, peep with me in imagination into the minister's parlor:—see that weather-beaten group of farmers in the corner, animated by the light of each other's countenances, while the crops of the late season are compared, and the improvements in modern husbandry denounced as "innovations," and hostile to the wisdom and practice of their respected forefathers. Or if you would hear of broken banks and money-matters in general, listen to that trio, which comprises the chief of the village merchants: and then pass to those social wives and spinsters who are rocking, knitting and gossiping, all most industriously at the same moment. The latter accomplishment they evidently excel in; as can be proved by their remarks on the domestic qualifications of Mrs. Tidifield; the lax government of Mrs. Gadabroad; the inferior household management of Mrs. Carelittle, and the "high notions" of Mrs. Citybred, (a late comer among them,) which they "*guess* will have to come down, after she has lived in the country awhile," &c. &c. But as these industrious *ladies* had no ill *meaning* in this species of detraction, and would do "a good turn" for any of their erring neighbors before mentioned, we must attribute this propensity for scandal, to the "original sin" which is inherent to their sex. The tea "goes off" in old presbyterian style, and each discovers something of her own handiwork amid the variety spread before them. * * * But alas! all earthly pleasures must terminate. As the evening shades gather without, there is a breaking up of the gathering within, and the afternoon visiters disperse to the "quickstep" of "Homeward bound."

The first light that gleamed through the parsonage-windows was a signal, that seemed well understood by the belles and beaux of the village; who light of heart and light of step, hurried in blooming clusters to the evening gathering, evidently reckoning on a merry-making of no common order. But after the excitement of arriving was over, and the last guest had been ushered into the presence of the company, there arose a question in the minds of some, as to what they had met together for; and in sooth no one seemed exactly to know. On one side of the ample apartment, in bright array, were seated all the fair of the neighborhood, in blushing, simpering silence! While opposite, in formidable rows, sat the young farmers and shop-keepers of the village, as "slick" as pomatum and starch could make them, twisting their thumbs one way for lack of thought, and the other way, for lack of talk; but not daring to cross the dividing-line, into "*fairer* realms beyond."

"The awful pause" was at length broken by a proposition which came from some unknown source, to "get up a play," and many were the bright smiles that responded to it. Every one knows, that when the young folks of a village once throw off the stiffness of distance, and mingle in the unrestrained mirth of a rustic game, they are the happiest of the happy! On this New Year's evening, they would have had a regular "*jollification*," but for the timely caution of deacon Gravely, who remained to sustain the dignity of his office, by keeping the lambs of the flock within due bounds; reminding them that they were at the *minister's house:* a fact which they seemed quite willing to forget.

The deacon's notice proved something of a damper upon their gaiety; but after all was far less *effectual* than that given on the preceding Sunday; as many a chasing for the kiss which was to redeem a pawn, and loud bursts of merriment testified; much to the discomfiture of the deacon. But there were at the party *two* who kept themselves aloof from the festivities of the evening, and were observed to sit in a corner together, engaged in conversation and apparently unconscious of the merry scenes around them. They were none other than the daughter of Mrs. Citybred, and the intelligent young physician of the village. It was evident that they had been accustomed to the refinements of education and good society, and were for the first time in their lives at a parsonage gathering. Many were the sly jokes and whisperings interchanged by the company touching these *exclusives;* but of none effect on the doctor and his unsuspecting companion.

What they conversed *about* is none of our business; but certain it was that the lady's countenance glowed with pleasure; and it was observed by all that the doctor never looked happier before. On the breaking up of the party, it did not escape observation nor remark, that the doctor waited on Mrs. Citybred's daughter home.

What the effect of such an agreeable meeting was, none could say decidedly; but as they were afterward seen riding together several times in a very *exclusive* looking vehicle; and as the doctor has never before been known to ride out with a lady alone, since he settled in the village, of course there were *rumors* of a wedding to take place before the next gathering, and much commiseration wasted on the doctor in anticipation of his "extravagant wife." But as the next New Year's day found him still a bachelor, it yet affords matter for gossip and conjecture among the villagers whether the Dr. and Mrs. Citybred's daughter will ever be married or not.

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TO AN OLD ROCK.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Well! hands of friends have all been pressed—
My mother's kiss is on my cheek—
My father's hands and eyes have blessed
His first-born—though he could not speak!
And now I break the ties that bind
Me to the last of my own kind.

But yet, to thee, my old grey rock,
I hasten as in days of yore;
And memories sweet and pleasant flock
In throngs around me, as I pour
My last heart-gushes over thee,
Friend of my wayward infancy!

For oft ere yet my tongue expressed
The wild emotions of my soul,
And strange, proud feelings heaved my breast,
Like tides beneath the moon's control,
I 've wandered to this cool retreat,
The Spirit of the place to meet.

And often in the solemn night,
While kissing winds slept on the lake
Which murmurs at thy base, and light
And starry music kept awake
The thronging fires of thought within,
I 've stolen to thee an hour to win

From all the carking care which rushed
Over my untamed spirit's mood,
And leaned on thee, like infant hushed,
And felt, as thus secure I stood,
The god whose shrine was in my brain,
Return to his old haunts again!

And when the friends of youth grew cold,
And loving eyes were turned away,
And even Hope was growing old,
And all my heart-flowers withered—aye,
I turned to thee, my firm old rock,
And learned, like thee, to bear the shock.

But now, I go—Old Rock, farewell!
And thou my tiny lake, adieu!
Proud Hope my wandering steps impel
O'er yonder mountain calm and blue.
When fame is won and withered too,
Old friends! I will return to you.

TO THE "BLUE-EYED LASSIE."

BY THE LATE J. G. BROOKS.*

They tell me thine eyes are blue, lassie,
They tell me thy cheek is fair.
May grief never spoil its hue, lassie,
Nor give its bloom to the air.

The world lies before thee now, lassie,
And when time rolls a few more years
Its troubles may blight thy brow, lassie,
And dim thy blue eyes with tears.

Thou art come to a stormy life, lassie,
Where often the hurricanes lower—
Where wild are the waves of strife, lassie,
And strong is affliction's power.

Where flowers soon fade away, lassie,
And strew their leaves to the blast—
Where one moment the sky is gay, lassie,
The next with clouds overcast.

Thou art the new-born rose of spring, lassie,
As soft, as fair, and as frail—
The hands of the storm oft fling, lassie,
The rose of spring to the gale.

May that hand never fall on thee, lassie,
To blight thy rose in its pride,
Mayst thou glide o'er a sunny sea, lassie,
On a calm and gentle tide.

May the cup of thy life never cloy, lassie,
May thy heart e'er be light and gay;
Mayst thou meet with the smile of joy, lassie,
And a blest, and a cloudless day.

* Through the kindness of the mother of the poet, (the well-known and lamented *Florio*) we are enabled to present our readers with the above sweet little poem—one of his earliest compositions, and certainly not one of his worst. By mere accident it has hitherto remained unpublished.—Eds.

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LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

THE ROBBERY AND MURDER.

Macd. O, horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive nor name thee! *Macbeth.*

"JAMES," said a mild but feeble voice, "cheer up, God will yet send us relief. Has he not said that he heareth even the young raven's cry, and think you that he will suffer us to starve? Oh! no," continued the sick wife, forgetting her own sufferings in those of her husband, "believe it not. Succor will yet come: we shall once more see happy days—"

"Ay!" answered the husband, bitterly, "when we are in our graves. Ay! when want has driven the nails in our coffins: but not till then. My God!" he exclaimed suddenly, with the fierceness of despair, "was it for this I was sent into the world?"

"Oh! James," said the meek wife, bursting into tears, "I can bear all except such terrible repinings. Father," she continued, raising her streaming eyes to heaven, "forgive him, for he knows not what he says."

The husband was moved. He turned his head away from his wife, perhaps to hide a tear; but if so, his weakness vanished as he gazed upon the ruinous and desolate apartment to which poverty had driven them, while all the bitterness of his soul once more lowered on his face.

The room was a low garret, black with age, and tottering to ruin. In its best days it had been at most but a wretched apartment, for at its highest part it would scarcely admit of a man standing upright, while on the opposite side the cracked and leaky ceiling shelved down until it met the floor. The walls had once been plastered, but age had long since pealed them nearly bare; and the time-stained beams of which the building had been constructed—it was a wooden one—now gaped through many a crevice. In several places even the weather-boarding without had given way or rotted off, admitting in copious draughts, the biting wintry blast which roared around the house. A solitary candle burned in the room, flaring wildly as the gusts whirled through the apartment. There was no fire-place in the garret—God knows it was well enough!—for the poverty-stricken inmates had not wherewithal to purchase food, much less fuel. No furniture was in the room, except an old chest, a broken cup or two, and the ricketty bedstead, on which, with a mattrass of straw beneath her, lay that suffering wife. She was pale, emaciated, and evidently ill, but, amid it all, you could see on her wasted countenance, traces of the rarest beauty. The marble forehead; the classic eyebrow; the Grecian contour of face; the finely chiselled mouth and throat; and above all, the dark blue eye, its chastened expression lighting up the whole countenance as with an angel's purity, told what must have been the loveliness of the sufferer, before care, or poverty, or woe had driven their iron ploughshares through her soul. Oh! well might it fill her husband's heart with agony to look upon her now, and think of the day when in far different circumstances, he led her a blushing bride, to his home. But if such were his feelings when gazing on his angelic wife, how far more poignant did they become as his eye fell upon the almost famished babe lying in her arms. Poor little thing! it had fallen asleep at length, after crying long for that sustenance which its mother had not to give, although she would have drained her heart's blood, if, by so doing, she could have appeased the hunger of her babe. By its side lay a boy, apparently about four years of age, his little delicate face worn with hunger and privation, and his thin fingers tightly grasping the bed-clothes, as though he feared lest some one should snatch the scanty covering from around his form. Alas! he had been early introduced to misfortune. Often had he gone supperless to bed of late, forbearing even to ask for food, because he knew his mother had it not, and that it would only pain her to refuse him; and often, too, when her husband being absent in the vain search after employment, his mother would indulge freely in the tears she checked in his presence, her little boy would climb upon her knee, and throwing his wan arms around her neck, kiss her and tell her not to cry. At such times the mother's tears would only fall the faster, and clasping her babes convulsively to her bosom, she would find a melancholy pleasure in the sympathy of her child. But all these things were now forgotten by the boy. He lay in the deep sleep of infancy; and as he slumbered a smile played across his little face. Perhaps he was dreaming of the angels in heaven.

James Stanhope was a young man of good family, a fine personal appearance, and the manners of a gentleman. Destitute, however, of a fortune, he obtained a livelihood by acting as a clerk in a public office. He moved in good society, and en-

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joyed a moderate income, which, by proper economy afforded him, at least once a year, the means of spending a fortnight at one of those public places of amusement to which beauty, wealth, and fashion annually resort. During a visit to one of these summer pleasure haunts he met, and formed an acquaintance with Miss Howard, a young lady, scarcely seventeen, a beauty, and an heiress, who was spending a month at the watering-place, with a maiden cousin for a chaperon. An intimacy was the result of a casual introduction, which soon ripened into that most dangerous of all things to two young hearts—an acknowledged friendship. In one short word, they loved, and loved as few have done. But Stanhope, while he addressed the younger, did not neglect the older cousin; and the consequence was that the simple-hearted spinster fancied that it was her company to which the handsome young stranger was attracted. She thus shut her eyes effectually to the increasing intimacy between the young people, and their love had become not only unconquerable, but so evident as to be the theme of general remark, before the deluded chaperon, became aware of Miss Howard's entanglement. She was then thunder-struck at her own indiscretion. She was more: she was enraged at the deception which had been practised upon her, or rather which she had practised upon herself. Dreading, moreover, the consequences of Mr. Howard's displeasure, she determined at once, by flying from the place, to escape the attentions of Stanhope. Her carriage was instantly ordered to the door, their baggage hastily collected, and with scarcely an hour's warning, Miss Howard was torn from her lover's presence, without a moment being afforded her to communicate with him. She was not able even to waive him a silent adieu, as he was absent that morning on a ride. Disturbed by a thousand fears lest her lover should think her faithless, and compelled to listen to the bitter recriminations of her cousin, when sympathy was rather needed for her tortured mind, the poor girl lay back in the corner of the carriage and wept with a bitterness of heart such as she had never experienced before. Oh! who can picture the agony of one thus rudely torn from the object of her love. Life seemed to her to have lost its charm. Death, in those first moments of crushing anguish would almost have been welcome.

But if such were Miss Howard's feelings, what were those of her lover when, on returning from his ride, he learned her sudden departure! A thousand doubts tortured him. At length, however, he gleaned enough of the real cause of Miss Howard's disappearance, to convince him that her flight did not, as he had at first feared, originate in herself. Oh! the joy, the bliss of that knowledge. Ellen still loved him, loved him as warmly as ever. But here another reflection shot across his mind. With the sanguine temper of youth he had indulged the hope that his want of fortune would be overlooked by Mr. Howard, especially as his cousin had suffered the intimacy between his daughter and Stanhope to continue so long unopposed; but now —how could he resist the intimation so plainly given to him? Few can tell the agony of the lover's feelings who have not passed through the same terrible ordeal.

"I will follow her," at length he said, "I will see her once more. To live without beholding Ellen is more than I can endure," and having come to this conclusion the ardent young man set out within a day to the city which was the residence alike of himself and his mistress.

We will not detail the progress of these two young beings' passion. As in every like case opposition only fanned their love. Young, ardent, and uncalculating they had already exchanged those vows, which are only less lasting and holy than the marriage ones,—and the pure mind of Miss Howard looked upon it as sacrilege to break her troth, even had her heart whispered a willing assent thereto. But, on the contrary, all that was said against her lover, only increased her admiration of his character, and consequently heightened her affection. There is nothing like injustice to draw a woman's heart closer to that of her lover. In vain they originated slanders to lower him in her eyes; in vain they even brought pretended letters to convince her of his infidelity; she remained inflexible, for every one, who knew Stanhope, joined in asserting his innocence, and it was impossible to conceal this from her without secluding her wholly from society. How often does a woman, in some trying circumstances, rise above herself, and display a sudden energy of character which those who had known her for years had thought foreign to her. Thus it was with Miss Howard. How long this reliance in her lover's unabated integrity might have continued, if she had remained without meeting him, we know not; but Stanhope soon found a means to open a communication with his mistress, which effectually checked all danger, and deepened incalculably their mutual love.

Foiled in his attempts to obtain an interview with his mistress, Stanhope had found out the church which she attended, and thither he resorted every Sunday, to enjoy the happiness of at least, beholding, if he could not address her. It was not long before Ellen detected his presence, and the stolen glances they exchanged across the church, were mutual assurances of their unabated love. How Stanhope's heart fluttered as he saw her enter the church, and move up the aisle to her father's splendid pew. And if, perchance, when the family turned to depart, Ellen could, unobserved, give him a smile and a nod of recognition, how would he long to clasp the dear girl to his arms, and thank her for her kindness. Weeks passed in this manner, however, before the two lovers found an opportunity for an interview. At length one Sunday morning Ellen came alone. As Stanhope beheld her enter the door unattended, he could hardly contain himself in his seat, so great was his joy. The moment the service was over he hurried down stairs, and amid the crowd in the vestibule, with a beating heart, awaited her. Her agitation was scarcely less than his own, as he addressed her. A thousand eyes seemed to her fancy to be bent upon her, and she turned pale and trembled by turns. They had proceeded some distance down the street before either could speak more than the

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common words of salutation. At length Stanhope broke the silence.

"Ellen, dear Ellen, do we meet at last?" he said, in a low tone, "oh! how can I describe the joy of this moment. Since we last parted what agony have I not endured: doubt, fear, hope, despair have all succeeded each other in my mind."

"How could you be so unjust?" said the sweet girl, reproachfully, "oh!" she thought to herself, "if he only knew what I have suffered for his sake."

"Pardon me, dear Ellen, but though I felt convinced of your truth, yet I knew not what false accusations might be made against me. It was that which troubled me. I never doubted you, believe me. But oh! you cannot know how terrible it is to be forever excluded from your presence. How often have I watched your window at night, hoping to catch even a glimpse of your shadow, and how long and hitherto how fruitlessly have I waited for this blessed opportunity, if only to assure you of my unabated love, and to ask if you are still my own Ellen. Answer me but once more, dearest: let me hear it from your own lips again."

The arm of Ellen trembled within her lover's during this passionate address, and, as he continued, her agitation increased so visibly that when he ceased, and looking up into his face, she essayed to answer him, for a moment, she could not speak. At length she murmured brokenly.

"Why do—you ask me—such a cruel question?" and giving her lover a look of mingled reproach and affection that dissolved him with tenderness, she continued, "you know I love you!" and overcome, by her emotions, and even forgetting her public situation, she burst into tears.

If Stanhope could have that moment clasped her to his arms, and poured forth upon her bosom his thanks for her renewed avowal, what would he not have given! But he could only press her arm as it lay within his own, and murmur his gratitude. Oh! the ecstacy of that moment: it repayed him for all he had suffered during the months he had been separated from Ellen.

Their conversation was long and full of moment to their future lives. Urged passionately by her lover, and half persuaded by her own heart, Ellen consented at length to meet Stanhope in her morning walks; and then, bursting afresh into tears, left him at the corner of the street, not far from her father's princely dwelling, and hurried home. It was a hard task for her that day at the dinner table to conceal her emotion; but she did so. When the meal was over, she hurried to her room to indulge in her feelings. Had she done right in thus consenting to meet her lover clandestinely? Her heart answered yes—her reason no. A fresh flood of tears came to her relief, and thus tortured by conflicting emotions, she sank toward morning into a troubled sleep.

Well—they met—once—twice—daily. It was a dream of bliss, but it could not last. Every time they saw each other their love grew stronger. Yet Ellen, although urged by her lover to elope, was unwilling to consent to it. Indeed on this point she was inflexible. With tears she said to herself in the solitude of her chamber, that if she had erred at first through her inexperience, and allowed her affections to be placed irrevocably on one whom her parent even unjustly disapproved of, she would not go farther on the path of disobedience. She was young, and she *hoped*. She trusted that time would make all right. But a bolt was about to fall upon her head, which, for the honor of human nature, we would gladly escape recording.

We have said little as yet directly of Mr. Howard, though a glimmering of his character must have been perceptible in the foregoing pages. Mean, crafty, purse-proud, haughty, and inflexible to obstinacy, he had nothing in common with his daughter, except the tie of relationship. Ellen was like her mother in every thing, but that mother had been long since dead,—and could the secrets of her grave have been unfolded, perhaps it might have been seen that she died of a broken-heart. Yes! her husband was her destroyer. But he did nothing which made him amenable to the law. No. He was always outwardly respectful to his wife. It was only at home that his brutality broke forth; and Mrs. Howard was too meek and forgiving to publish her own sufferings. And thus like too many gentle beings in our midst she drooped, and sickened, and died; and when they laid her in her gorgeous coffin, and bore her to her tomb, amid all the splendor of wealth, how little did they think that she had been murdered—aye! murdered by her husband's brutality. God help the thousands who thus die of a broken heart!

With such a father had Ellen now to do. He had forbidden her all communication with her lover as soon as he suspected that they met, threatening to disown her at once if she disobeyed, and Ellen was returning from a parting interview with Stanhope, in which she had told him of her father's commands, and rejecting every proposal to elope, had signified, with a burst of tears, her determination to obey her parent, when on reaching the door-step she met Mr. Howard. He was in a towering passion, though he affected at first to conceal it.

"Very well, Miss, very well. You 've seen fit to disobey my orders," he commenced, "have you? I 've watched you, you hussy, myself," he continued, following his daughter into the hall, and closing the door, "what have you to say?"

Ellen made a vain attempt to speak, but her emotions overpowered her, and looking up imploringly into his face, she burst into tears.

"By G—, Miss, I 'm not to be answered this way," said Mr. Howard, no longer affecting to conceal his rage, and brutally seizing his daughter's arm he shook it violently, "why don't you speak? None of your whining: Answer me!" and again he shook her.

Never before had her parent used her thus. This personal indignity, added to his brutal language, cut her to the heart, and brought on a fresh flood of tears, which only increased her father's rage. By this time, too, the servants had gathered in the hall, and were witnesses of the whole of this deplorable scene.

"D—n it," he said, his face flushing with passion,

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as he again shook her violently, "I 'll bring an answer out of you—I will. Ain't you going to speak? I told you I 'd disown you for this,—and," here he muttered an oath I dare not repeat, "I will. You and your beggarly, upstart paramour"—oh! had that father a heart?—"may go to the alms house together. Out of my door this instant. You are no daughter of mine. Out, I say. Open the door, John."

The man hesitated an instant. It only increased the rage of Mr. Howard.

"Open the door, I say. By G— am I to be disobeyed by all of you. I 'll remember you for this, you villain—you—"

"I 'm sure I don't care," said the man, almost crying; for he had lived in the family since Ellen was a babe, and loved her as his own, "for if you are going to turn my poor dear mistress out of doors the sooner I follow the better. I 'd not live with such a brute," continued he, boldly, "for millions."

"Out of the house, both of you, out, I say," roared Mr. Howard, with a volley of curses, for he was now stung to an ungovernable rage, and cared not what he did, "begone!" and taking his daughter by the shoulders he pushed her violently toward the door.

Up to this period of the scene, the events of which had passed in less time than we take to describe them, Ellen, stupified and astonished, had been unable to utter a word. Her father's unparalelled barbarity called forth continued floods of tears. But she now spoke.

"Oh! father," she said, "do not turn me from your doors. You are my only parent, and I will, I would have told you all. I only went to bid farewell to him—indeed, indeed I did"—

"You met him, you own to it," said Mr. Howard, almost choked with rage, "before my face. This is too much—out I say."

"Father! Father!" said Ellen, falling on her knees, "do not cast me off. For the love of heaven do not. I will be all you ask. I will never see him again: I have parted with him forever—oh! father! father—"

"Yes! you may father, father me now till you are tired; but it's too late. Go, and see if your beggar of a clerk can help you. Go, and God's and a father's curse go with you!" and, with the fury of a madman the brutal parent seized his daughter by the arms, lifted her up, and pushing her so violently from the door that she went reeling down the steps, slammed it to after her. Ellen was alone—no! not alone, for the faithful John, who had sacrificed his place for her was at her side, and as the innocent outcast looking wildly up at the portal which was thus forever closed upon her, gave a faint cry, and fell insensible to the pavement, he caught her in his arms, and bearing her to a neighboring shop, gave her in charge to the females there, to restore her.

Shall we pursue the details of this melancholy story? Oh! let us rather hurry to its close. It terminated as might have been expected. Thrust from her father's doors, dreading his brutality even if she could return, and knowing not where to seek protection in this sudden emergency, Ellen yielded to the solicitations of her lover, and was married. Poor girl! though she never looked lovelier than on her wedding-day, in her pale, sweet face might be seen the traces of that sorrow which had already begun to darken her life.

From the hour when Mr. Howard so inhumanly turned his daughter from his doors, he never was heard to make the slightest enquiry respecting her. He seemed to have discarded her forever from his mind. He never even mentioned her name; he appeared to feel no remorse for the deed into which his passion had hurried him. Not that his conscience never smote him. God knows that would have displayed a malignity of heart worthy of a fiend. But no one ever saw these visitings of remorse,—for his pride forbade him to betray them, as much as it hindered him from re-opening his doors to his daughter. Yet day by day he grew more irascible. The worm was at his heart: he felt, though he would not own its sting.

And for awhile the young pair was supremely happy, or if a care did cloud the young wife's brow when she thought of her father's curse, it was kissed away by her adoring husband. They had enough to provide them the necessaries, and they cared little for the superfluities of life. The birth of a charming boy only served to knit their hearts closer to each other.

The first spring after their marriage Stanhope embarked in business, for he found his salary insufficient for the wants of a family. And for three years he seemed to prosper. But then came reverses. The times were critical; even heavy capitalists could scarcely weather the storm; and, in a word, Stanhope was compelled to fail, after having sunk all he had embarked by heavy losses. Had he been a large trader, and becoming bankrupt, dragged scores into ruin with him, he would have been universally pitied, and perhaps his creditors would have yielded up to him from the wreck of millions a sufficiency for the rest of his life; but as he was only a poor man his case met no commisseration. He determined, however, to pay every debt. The endeavor exhausted almost literally his last dollar. He had barely a sufficiency left to transport his family to the village of ——, having been offered a situation as a clerk in a store in that obscure hamlet. Before leaving the city, however, his sweet wife, believing that under such circumstances her father must relent, had, without informing her husband of her intention, sought admittance at her parent's mansion, determining to fling herself at his feet, and solicit his forgiveness and aid. But she was repulsed—my pen shakes as I record it—she was repulsed like a common beggar from her own father's door.

Let us hurry on. Have we not often seen how misfortune when it once begins to lower on a man, will sometimes continue its pitiless shower without intermission, until it has laid its victim in his grave? Well! every day beheld Stanhope, in despite of his utmost exertions, sinking lower and lower into distress. His scanty salary barely afforded his family the coarsest food, and even this was lost within a year, and directly after the birth

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of a daughter, by an illness which incapacitated him from labor, for so long a period that his employer was forced to discharge him, and procure a substitute. At length he recovered; but how fearfully was he in debt! A year's labor at his late scanty pittance would scarcely discharge his liabilities. Ellen had foreseen this, and ventured to write to her father, but the letter was returned unopened. To add to Stanhope's distress, after various efforts to procure steady employment, which only resulted in constant disappointment, his furniture was sold under a distress, and his now alarmed creditors falling like vultures on what remained, left him with nothing but the bedding on which they slept, and the clothes which they wore, with the few other articles protected by the law from an execution. These, however, he was soon forced to dispose of to gain sustenance for his family. In this strait they had found shelter in the crumbling garret, where they now were,—and though a month had elapsed, and every thing they had to part with was sold, Stanhope was still without employment. His wife, after bearing up till nature could endure no longer, had for several days been lying on a bed of sickness; and that night they had—oh! God can it be true?—gone dinnerless and supperless to bed.

Until within a few days Stanhope had breasted the storm with unshrinking firmness, although, at times, when he looked upon his angelic wife and little ones, suffering the full horrors of poverty, his resolution had almost given way. But even he could not withstand the accumulated miseries which now beat so bitterly upon his unsheltered head. Let it not be thought that we exaggerate his misfortunes. God forbid! Even in our boasted city, and at this day, too, when *charity has become fashionable*, more than a dozen die annually from sheer starvation. Stanhope saw nothing but this before them. He could not seek employment in other places, for how would his family subsist in his absence?—nor could he take them with him, for alas! he had not the money to transport them. Broken in spirits and maddened with despair, the thoughts which rushed through his mind as he gazed around the room can be easier imagined than described. In that moment his whole life passed before him as in a panorama. He thought of his happy boyhood; of the bright hopes of his youth; of his first sanguine love for Ellen; of the bitter disappointment which followed; of the hopes, and fears of their separation, and the joy of their first meeting afterward; of the tumult of feelings, all, however extatic, with which he welcomed the houseless wanderer to his own humble home; of the three bright and happy years which, like a dream of heaven, followed their union; and finally of the series of misfortunes, heaped one upon another, and growing daily more and more intense, which had closed the whole, and brought him down to abject poverty. Had he been alone in the world he could have borne it all without a murmur. But to see his darling uncomplaining Ellen, his little Henry, his innocent babe, starving before his eyes! Oh! it was too much. Frenzied with agony he started from his seat, placed his hand to his brow, and gazing a moment wildly around the room, rushed from the house.

Hour after hour passed, and still he returned not. His wife grew alarmed. She had noticed his wild air as he left the room; she had seen that his soul was tortured almost to madness; and she now trembled lest he might in his despair have made away with himself. But no!—it could not be. Her Stanhope would never do that. Yet it was almost dawn and he was still absent. She rose painfully from her bed, and staggered to the door to look out. A light snow covered the ground to the depth of an inch; and the whole landscape was as silent as death, except when the wind moaned out a moment in the neighboring forest. For some moments she gazed vainly through the twilight, but could perceive no one. At length her straining eyes detected the outlines of a form, and—could it be?—yes! it was her husband. She rushed into his arms, almost fainting with joy, as soon as he reached the threshold, murmuring,—

"Thank God, dear James! you are returned—oh! how glad, how glad I am," and then burst into tears.

"Thank God! too, Ellen for I have brought you money—I begged it—we shall not starve, no matter at what cost it was gained," said her husband wildly, as he flung a small purse upon the floor. Ellen scarcely noticed the manner or the tone of the speaker in her joy at his return.

The night passed away rapidly: indeed the day was breaking when Stanhope returned. She still wept on her husband's bosom. At length they returned up stairs, when the contents of the purse were examined. They were not very valuable; yet they sufficed to ensure that family from starvation, mind, only *from starvation*, for at least a fortnight. Such a timely relief seemed indeed providential, and once more they suffered themselves to hope.

"Did I not tell you God would not utterly forsake us," said the sweet wife. "Oh! let us thank him, dear James," and falling upon her knees, while her agitated husband followed her example, that angelic being poured out her gratitude before her maker. Stanhope was deeply affected, and he sobbed aloud. When, at length they arose, they saw that their sweet boy, who had awoke in the interval, had also fallen on his little knees beside them. They clasped him to their arms, and wept afresh. But they were tears of joy—the first they had shed for weeks. Alas! they were destined to be but too short lived.

That morning the whole village was thrown into consternation, by the intelligence that the mail had been robbed, and a passenger murdered, just before daybreak, and within a mile of the hamlet. After the first burst of horror had passed, measures were taken to ferret out the perpetrators of this awful deed. The nearest magistrate entered promptly upon this duty; witnesses of all kinds were examined; and after a laborious, though secret investigation of several hours, a warrant was issued for the apprehension of JAMES STANHOPE charged with the double crime of mail-robbery and murder. Do not start reader! When you shall have heard the evidence which led to this fearful accusation you

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will yourself have painful doubts. And yet *could* the generous, the noble, the high-minded Stanhope be a *murderer*? Listen.

It appears that the mail-coach, on that calamitous night, had but three passengers besides the driver. The snow was falling fast, but evidently subsiding, when, about a mile from the village, and in sight of the turnpike-gate light at its hither extremity, three men, emerging from a hedge by the road side, had stopped the horses, cut the traces, knocked down the driver, and after rifling the mail-bags, had proceeded to rob the passengers, who, all this while, guarded by one of the robbers with a pistol in either hand, had been forced to look upon the perpetration of this enormous felony in silence. At this point, however, when each robber was occupied with his man, one of the passengers, thinking he could overpower his antagonist, attempted to escape. In the scuffle he was thrown down; oaths ensued; and the robber exclaiming suddenly, "Is that you, then by G— take this!" was seen at the word to shoot him through the brain. All this had passed so rapidly that the other robbers had not even time to interfere; but no sooner was the deed done, than apparently alarmed lest the report of the pistol should bring up succor, they sprang into the hedge and disappeared. The two passengers were so paralysed by the murder of their comrade, that they stood for some minutes, without making an effort to follow the robbers—and even when they recovered their presence of mind, they were afraid to make any pursuit until they had first obtained aid from the village. One of them therefore mounted a leader, and aroused the inmates at the turnpike gate, and in the neighboring houses. Before a sufficient force could be collected, day had broken; but as the snow had ceased falling immediately after the flight of the robbers, it was not difficult to trace their retreat. This was done for nearly half a mile to a bye-road, back of the village, where the footsteps divided—two of the robbers appearing to have turned off to a stream down which they continued their way, while the other one struck across to the village. This latter trail was followed in mute horror; and though at intervals it was almost obliterated by the drifts, yet its course could still be distinctly traced, up to the very door of the building in whose garrett James Stanhope lodged.

"Now, gentlemen," said the magistrate, "if any one left that house last night, or if any one entered it near daybreak, he is the man."

This was soon settled. The landlord of poor Stanhope, who occupied the lower stories, deposed, that being kept awake nearly all night, by a violent tooth-ache, he had heard some one descend the stairs after midnight, and, from the heavy step, supposed it to be Mr. Stanhope. Just before daylight he heard another person come down stairs, when his curiosity being excited, he arose and peeped through the bowed shutters. He saw Mrs. Stanhope standing at the front door, as if looking for some one. In a few minutes her husband returned. He thought even then that there was something wild in his tenant's appearance; and his attention was particularly called to it by seeing Stanhope place, or rather fling, a small purse into his wife's hands, exclaiming, "Here is money, we shall not starve, no matter how it was got," or words to that effect. They then went up stairs, and he retired, wondering, to bed. As soon as he heard of the catastrophe of the night, he determined on acquainting the magistrate with his suspicions.

"It does seem, gentlemen," said the justice, taking his spectacles from his eyes, and looking around at the astonished listeners, when the witness had concluded his testimony "as if the finger of God had pointed us directly to the perpetrator of this enormous felony and murder. James Stanhope was always a beggar, and no honest man need be so in this highly-favored country."—The magistrate forgot that but a week before he had refused to engage his victim as a common day-laborer, because he said Stanhope's late sickness had left him too weak to work with any profit to his employer.—"Let three or four of you get ready to accompany me, for the murderer may prove desperate. I 'll take my father's pistols he wore at Princeton."

Meanwhile, the coronor, having been sent for by express, had arrived and impanelled a jury, in the language of the law, "*super visum corporis*." The murdered man was identified as a passenger, and his name, on searching his pockets, discovered to be *Mr. Howard*. A verdict, that the deceased came to his death by the hands of a person or persons unknown, was given in, and the jury adjourned. Could it be that the deceased was Ellen's parent? Alas! subsequent investigations proved it to be too true, and the village was in a few days thunderstruck with the intelligence that Stanhope had murdered his own father-in-law. But we anticipate.

Meanwhile, the victim of these investigations, exhausted by his last night's watching, was lying in his crazy garret, in a calm deep sleep. His wife sat beside him, leaning her head on her hands, and gazing into her husband's face, as his features smiled in slumber; while now and then, as her little boy would steal up to her for a kiss or a caress, she would drop a tear of mingled happiness and love upon his face. Sweet, noble woman! As she looked upon that calm, chiselled face, and thought of all her husband had suffered for her sake, how her heart swelled with emotions of tenderness toward him. His pale, high brow was partly shaded by the dark locks which curled around it. On every line of its broad surface could be seen the traces of care. Ellen stooped and kissed it. At that moment the door was suddenly opened, and a crowd of men broke rudely into the apartment. The noise awakened the sleeper, and he started half up and gazed around him, while the frightened little fellow ran and clung to his mother's side, peeping tremblingly at the strangers. Ellen sprang to her feet equally alarmed, gazing with an ashy cheek on the intruders.

"There he is—seize him, seize him," said the magistrate.

Three of the officers rushed forward, but Ellen instinctively interposed between them and her husband. One of the men attempted to thrust her aside. Quick as lightning the indignant husband felled the wretch to the floor.

"He resists the law," shouted the magistrate,

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"down with him—shoot him if he don't instantly surrender."

"The law!—what authority have you produced for this insulting entrance on my privacy?" said Stanhope, placing himself before his wife and child, and frowning sternly on the intruders.

"*I* have authority," said the magistrate, advancing, "you are my prisoner!"

"Your prisoner!—for what?" said the astonished husband.

"For the robbery of the mail, and the murder of a passenger."

One long piercing shriek rang through that apartment as the wife of his bosom fell fainting to the floor. The next moment, despite his entreaties, despite his struggles when he found his prayers unsuccessful, despite even the petitions of his little son which might have moved a heart of stone, he was torn from his senseless wife, and borne in triumph to the village jail. When, through the humane attentions of a poor neighbor, Ellen revived, it was only to learn that her husband had been rent from her to await—perhaps the scaffold.

A few days brought the intelligence that Mr. Howard had died intestate, and that consequently his daughter was now his sole heir. His untimely fate had frustrated his design of disinheriting his only child. But oh! at what a cost had Ellen purchased his fortune. Could wealth bring any joy to that almost heart-broken wife? Willingly would she have surrendered it to have been as they were the day before, poor but unsuspected. Not that for a moment she doubted her husband's innocence—no! she felt that the bosom on which she had so often leaned could never have been that of a murderer—but she saw that the evidence, so circumstantially adduced against him, was almost unanswerable. Alas! the public sentiment sufficiently forewarned her of her husband's fate. No one even whispered the possibility of his innocence. One universal cry of indignation attested the horror with which the crime, and he as its reputed author, were regarded.

But how did Stanhope deport himself in these trying circumstances? From the first he had asserted his innocence, and accounted for the tracks leading to his house, by stating that he had met three men, whom he supplicated, in his agony, for aid,—and that one of them had hurriedly thrown him the purse which he brought home. Every one shook their heads at this story. Yet the general incredulity did not produce any show of weakness in Stanhope. His character seemed to rise in majesty as his fortunes grew darker, and he prepared himself to breast the storm with fortitude at least, if not with resignation. Yet the sight of his sweet wife, almost unnerved him at times; and his greatest consolation was in reflecting that, if he should perish ignominiously, she would not be left a penniless outcast. And oh! how bitterly, and with what scalding tears did that wife weep upon his bosom.

Meantime, however, another examination of Stanhope's case was to take place, preparatory to fully committing him for trial at the next oyer and terminer. It was at this stage of the transaction that I was called in as counsel for the accused. We had known each other in society, in our younger days, and nothing ever more startled me than the news of his arrest. I could not believe him guilty of such an appalling crime. And yet I had fearful doubts. Could it be, that, stung to madness by approaching starvation, and recognising the author of his miseries in Mr. Howard, he had yielded to a momentary hallucination, and become a murderer?

Never shall I forget my first interview with him in my new capacity of his counsel. It was in a damp, narrow cell, little better than a dungeon. I had not seen Stanhope for years. When we last met it had been in a gay ball-room, where my poor client was "the admired of all observers." Now how changed. His face no longer wore the hue of health; care had ploughed his brow across with many a furrow; and his wan cheek told of the long hours of agony through which he had passed. Yet his mien was collected, even lofty. I felt an innate conviction of his innocence, and hastened to assure him that I came not only as a professional adviser, but as a friend. He grasped my hand eagerly, but could not for a moment speak. At length he said with a faint smile in reply,

"We meet under far different circumstances than when we met last."

"Yes!—but we shall soon, I hope, acquit you," said I, expressing what I scarcely believed. "There is some extraordinary mistake in this matter."

"Oh! can you indeed save us?" said his wife, eagerly advancing—I had only noticed that a female was in the back-ground of the cell, and never having seen Stanhope's bride, I did not know her until she spoke—"God in heaven bless you, if you can!" and after a vain effort at composure, the sweet being burst into tears, and fell upon her husband's bosom. Stanhope did not speak; he bent over her and folded her to his heart; and I thought I saw a tear-drop fall sparkling upon her dark raven hair. My own eyes were scarcely dry.

But why protract these painful scenes? Suffice, it to say that I retired from that solitary cell, more than ever convinced of my client's innocence, and full of admiration at the generous devotion of that sweet, angelic wife.

The examination of Stanhope took place on the next morning—and it was only then that I became fully aware of the terrible evidence against him. Indeed the chain of testimony was so thoroughly welded together in every link, that, for a moment, I not only despaired, but almost recanted my belief in the prisoner's innocence. I am sure that I was the only one present who did not believe him guilty.

The evidence against him was much the same as that given on the morning after the murder. Many additional facts, however, were elicited, which materially strengthened the case for the prosecution. A purse which was found on Stanhope's person at the time of his arrest was identified, by a passenger, as having been seen in Mr. Howard's hands on the evening of the murder, when he paid for a bottle of wine which they drank together. Mr. Howard's house-keeper also knew the purse. Neither of the passengers could

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recognise the murderer's countenance; but both concurred in making oath that the figure of the murderer was similar to that of Stanhope. Here was a mass of testimony which was sufficient, if unanswered, to condemn any man; and when the personal interest which Stanhope had in Mr. Howard's death was taken into consideration, was not his situation really alarming? And what had he to oppose to this? Nothing, positively nothing, except his oft repeated explanation, and his continued asseverations of innocence.

Meanwhile I spared no effort to elucidate the mystery which seemed to hang over this catastrophe. Believing, as I did, in Stanhope's innocence, I longed for some clue which might lead to the detection of the real murderer. But in vain. As a last resort I wrote a letter to the most eminent counsel at the —— bar, earnestly urging him to join me in the case. He replied favorably.

"Speak to me freely, D——," said Stanhope to me, the day before his trial, "for my wife is absent now, and I can hear the worst. Am I without hope? God knows it is hard enough to part with all you love; it is hard for an innocent man to die a felon's death; it is hard to leave behind you a stain on your children's name,—but yet, if it is to be, let me not be deceived. As you would, in my situation, wish to be done by, so do by me. Tell me frankly—tell me all."

I hesitated; I evaded his question.

"It is enough, D——," said he, with a quivering lip, "God help my wife and little ones," and, overcome by his emotion, he buried his face in his hands. It was the first time I had seen him give way to his feelings. But it was soon past. He looked up, "This is weakness,—it is over now. My enemies shall not, at least, triumph in beholding my agony."

This stoicism was even more affecting than his agitation. My eyes involuntarily filled with tears, and I pressed his hand in silence.

"God bless you," said he, with renewed emotion, "except my poor family you are my only friend."

The morning of the trial dawned without a cloud. Never had such an excitement pervaded the village. The atrocity of the deed; the standing of the parties; the high talent arrayed on the part of the prosecution; and a rumor which had got afloat that the prisoner intended to confess his guilt, had awakened such an intense interest, that, long before the hour of trial, the court room was crowded to overflowing. The whole town seemed alive. From every lane and street, from every house and hovel, they poured along, rich and poor, old and young, crowding and jostling each other, until the court-room was densely packed with the spectators, and farther admittance was impossible. The windows were blocked up with the multitude; the bar, and even the bench were full of people; and hundreds of eager faces, peered one above another in the back-ground, until they terminated in the gallery above. The hall without was noisy with the populace, and crowds, unable to obtain an entrance, waited breathlessly in the yard to learn, by the murmurs from within, the fluctuations of the trial.

The prisoner entered with a firm, composed bearing, and bowing to the bench, glanced a moment round the room. There was a lofty pride in his demeanor which I shall never forget. A death-like silence pervaded the hundreds there, and scarcely an eye but quailed beneath that fearless glance. He then took his seat. A murmur ran around the room. The impression made by the prisoner's demeanor was evidently favorable. Pity usurped the place of idle curiosity. His sweet wife's presence did not lessen this favorable sentiment. She had insisted on being present during the whole of the trial, and she now sat beside her husband, clasping his hand in hers, and looking up into his face with a glance which told, that whatever others might think, she at least knew him to be innocent. Thank God! there is such a thing in this world as woman's love.

The jury was impanelled; the indictment read; and the prisoner pleaded "not guilty," putting himself, in the words of the law, "upon God and his country." The attorney general then arose and opened his case; and rarely have I listened to a more artful address. The history of the prisoner's love, his marriage with the daughter of the deceased, the separation which had ever since existed betwixt the families, and the natural irritation which the accused must have felt toward the murdered man, and which might have led to the sudden sacrifice of his life in a moment of passion, even without any premeditated design against him, were all worked up with such consummate skill, that, when the evidence came to be detailed, the jury looked knowingly at each other, as if satisfied that the prisoner was the only person who could have been guilty of the murder. Indeed the circumstances were unanswerable. Look at them. Here is a man wronged, deeply wronged by the deceased—that man is stung to madness by the horrors of approaching starvation—he leaves his house at the dead of night and does not return until morning, and he brings with him on his return a purse which is subsequently identified as having been in the possession of the murdered man. Nor is this all. The murderer obviously committed the crime under a sudden impulse, for on recognising the deceased he made a passionate exclamation, and discharged his pistol. After the deed, he, as well as his companions, terrified at what had been done, fled in dismay. They are tracked until one of their number left them, and the footsteps of that one led to Stanhope's door. What could be more conclusive? Such was the substance of the argument against the prisoner, an argument so compact, candid, and devoid of declamation as to be irresistibly convincing; and when it was finished I trembled—and not without cause—for the life of the accused.

The evidence was the same as that upon the examination prior to the commitment of the prisoner. There was no discrepancy in the statements of the witnesses. All was clear, truth-like, and irresistible. Even the talents of my colleague failed to elicit any thing material on the cross-examination, although he subjected the witnesses severally to as severe a scrutiny as I ever saw exercised. The man especially who testified to having examined the tracks of the robbers in the snow under-

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went the most searching probing. The efforts of the defence were directed to establish the possibility that there might have been three fugitives on the first track even after the separation—in short, to overthrow the view taken by the prosecution that the robbers seperated at this point.

"Did you," said my colleague, "inspect the tracks of the larger body of fugitives after the supposed defection of one of their number?"

The man answered in the affirmative, and said that he was certain there could not have been more than two, by the number of foot-marks.

"How far did you follow the tracks?"

"To the neighboring creek."

"And why did you not pursue them farther?"

"Because the creek being frozen over, the ice was what is called glip, and the wind had consequently so drifted the snow off from the surface, that we lost all sight of the path pursued by the robbers."

"Did you examine the opposite bank in order to recover the trail?"

"Yes!—for a quarter of a mile, but to no purpose." My colleague was foiled.

We opened our case as we best could. The gigantic difficulties against which we had to contend almost disheartened us; but one look at the prisoner and his sweet wife inspired us with renewed energy. Poor Ellen! how eagerly she hung on every word, gazing now on her husband and then on the speaker, and seeming to say in every look, that though all the world might desert the accused, she at least would cling to him to the last.

Our evidence was confined almost wholly to the character of the accused, although the account which he gave of himself on the night of the murder was skilfully introduced by my colleague, as a portion of a conversation between the prisoner and one of the commonwealth's witnesses, which had been given only in part by the prosecution. It was in substance as follows:

Stung to madness on the night of the murder, by the horrors of approaching starvation, Stanhope had left his home, scarcely knowing whither to bend his steps for aid. For several hours he wandered about in the wintry night, and at length found himself on the borders of the creek, back of the village. While standing there moodily, it began to snow. All was silent around. As the white flakes drove in his face, and the biting air swept over his cheek, his feelings became gradually less excited, and he was on the point of returning home, when he perceived three men rapidly approaching through the snow-storm. For the first time in his life he stooped to beg. The nearest man turned sharply around on him as he spoke, seemed to hesitate a moment, and then, as if by a sudden impulse, flung him the purse, which was subsequently identified as Mr. Howard's. The men then dashed down the bank toward the stream, and vanished as rapidly as they had appeared.

Such was the substance of our defence. It met with nothing but sneers from the prosecuting officer, who, in his address to the jury, treated it as a story fabricated solely for the occasion. Too many of the spectators appeared to agree with him, and when he sat down, the ominous faces of the jury chilled my very heart. At this moment, however, my colleague rose to reply.

Never shall I forget the impression made by this rejoinder. Few men of his day possessed so much eloquence, and on the present occasion it was exerted to the utmost. Skilfully availing himself of the course of argument adopted by the attorney general, he drew in the darkest colors, the unnatural conduct of Mr. Howard to his daughter, and her subsequent destitution owing thereto, and then, by one of those bursts of passion for which he was remarkable, picturing her as she now sat, almost heart-broken, by her husband's side, he succeeded in awakening the deepest pity in his audience toward the accused. Then, by a sudden transition, he seized upon the testimony of the last witness of the prosecution, and in a few rapid, lightning-like sentences, tore it into shreds. "Yes! gentlemen of the jury," continued my impassioned colleague, "there is no evidence whatever to criminate the defendant. The grand error of all prosecutions is in thinking a certain man guilty, and then proceeding to account for his conduct. But you must proceed in a manner directly the reverse of this. You must start with the murder and trace up, from that point, the perpetrator. Take the present case, dismiss the idea that Stanhope is the murderer—start afresh on the search after the guilty man—follow up the fugitives to the moment when these other footsteps are met with, and then before God and your own consciences, is there any proof—I repeat it, is there any *proof*, that James Stanhope left the path, or even whether any man left it? You start. But here is the gist of the argument. Here is the broken link in the chain of testimony against us. Unless you are satisfied that some one of the robbers *did* leave the gang, you must acquit the prisoner. Might not the unfortunate man at the bar have been, as he says, on the spot when these men passed? The finding of the purse on the prisoner proves nothing, for might he not have obtained it in alms? Would not the murderer, indeed, gladly rid himself of this tell-tale, in order to divert suspicion from himself? The character, the relationship, the honor, the common sense of my client forbid the supposition that he would commit so frightful a crime, and yet instantly seek his home, although the ground was covered with snow, and he knew that detection, under such circumstances would be inevitable. Gentlemen, it could not be. On your oaths you will say it could not be. And as you value a fellow creature's life, as you value your eternal peace, I conjure you to remember that the least doubt must acquit the prisoner. Convict him—and you destroy an innocent man. Acquit him—and you give peace to a broken-hearted wife. If you condemn him, oh! what will be your pangs of remorse when the real criminal is detected. I leave you to your God and yourselves. I implore heaven to guide you aright."

He took his seat. A dead silence hung over the vast assembly. The effect was too deep for words. At length a heavy, long-protracted sigh was heard throughout the crowd, as if men had held their breaths in awe, and found relief, only that moment,

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from the spell which bound them. Oh! how I longed that the verdict might then be taken. The sweet wife of the prisoner felt a hope which hitherto she had scarcely ventured to cherish, and clasping her husband's hand, looked up into his face with a love no language can express, while the tears rolled fast and thick down her cheeks.

At length the attorney general rose to reply. Guarding the jury against being led away by their feelings, he plunged as soon as possible into the argument, and keeping constantly before their minds the fact of the possession of Mr. Howard's purse by the accused, and the exclamation used by the murderer at the moment of committing the deed, he soon succeeded in removing from their minds at least, the impression of the prisoner's innocence. How my heart sickened as I saw them turn from one to the other, with those significant glances. And when the prosecuting officer sat down, after his adroit and effective harangue, I felt almost as if my own doom was at hand.

The judge proceeded to charge the jury. Long afterward that judicial effort was talked of as a model of clear and comprehensive logic. It was as I feared. He bore terribly upon the prisoner, treated the story of the accused as of no credibility, and concluded by a powerful appeal to the jury not to be misled by the eloquence of counsel. Yet, even when thus performing what he deemed his duty, his eye happened to fall upon the prisoner's wife, and I noticed that his lip quivered.

The jury arose and retired. The anxiety, not to say excitement of the spectators, was wound up to an unusual pitch, and increased momentarily. Whatever might be the sentiment of those who were the arbiters of the prisoner's fate, but one feeling seemed to pervade that vast assembly—and a deep, intense sympathy for the accused, had supplanted the almost universal opinion of his guilt with which the trial had opened. Men eagerly leaned forward to catch a sight of the proud bearing of Stanhope, or the touching demeanor of his wife, and more than one hand brushed away a tear as its owner beheld that melancholy group, awaiting the decision of its fate. As time passed on, the audience grew restless with impatience, glancing now at the clock and now at the door where the jury were expected to enter,—and when at length the bearers of the prisoner's fate entered, one by one, with slow and solemn steps, like mourners on the shores of Styx, a deep-drawn breath of mingled dread and curiosity, was heard throughout the room. It was an ominous sign to me that every man of the jury avoided looking at the prisoner.

As the accused was ordered, according to the usual form, to stand up and look upon the jury, I glanced at the face of his wife. It was pale and red by turns. She seemed fainting. But the bearing of my client was as calm and collected as a Roman martyr's. Save a slight flushing of the face, he betrayed no emotion. The audience, however, was lost in the most intense curiosity. Judge, officers, attorney-general—all gazed anxiously at the foreman. Bending eagerly forward, they breathlessly awaited the verdict. The silence of the dead reigned in the room.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, "is James Stanhope, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty, in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

There was a thrilling suspense of a moment, which seemed protracted into an age. Then came, in a low but fearfully distinct voice, the answer of the foreman, as, laying his hand upon his heart, he said,—

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

A half-suppressed cry shot wildly throughout the apartment, and then followed a heavy sob at my side. It was the prisoner's wife who had fainted, and would have fallen, had I not caught her.

"And so say you all?" asked the clerk.

The jury nodded, and while the foreman handed in the verdict, prepared to take their seats, when suddenly, in one corner of the apartment, a commotion arose, as if some person was endeavoring to make way through the crowd, but was resisted. The opposition, however, was only momentary, for after a murmured altercation, cries arose of "pass her on—make way," ending at length in a prolonged huzza, and before the astonished officers of the court could move toward the scene of the uproar, or be heard commanding silence in the din, the form of a woman was seen hurried through an opening in the crowd, and in an instant she stood within the bar. She was evidently highly excited.

"Stop!" she said, turning to the foreman, "in God's name stop—don't hand in your verdict—the prisoner is innocent—I can point out the murderer."

If I could live, throughout an eternity, I should never forget that moment. Every man started to his feet. Without waiting for an explanation, the crowd caught at her assertion, with an eagerness which could not have been surpassed had their own fate depended on its truth. A universal frenzy seized on the spectators, which showed itself in long and reiterated shouts, lasting for several minutes. Even the officers caught the excitement. The judge himself was visibly agitated. The prisoner, for the first time, turned pale as death, and gasped convulsively, while his poor wife, recovered from her momentary shock, grasped my hand as if in a vice, and trembled violently.

"Mr. Clerk—don't record the verdict yet!" said the judge, with an excited voice. "Let us hear the woman first. Swear her!"

As soon as silence could be procured, the woman was sworn. She proved to be the mistress of the real murderer, and had intended preserving silence, but her conscience, not yet altogether seared, would not suffer her to stand by, and see an innocent man convicted, when a word from her might save him. She was cognizant of both the robbery and murder, and now offered to turn state's evidence. The murderer had confessed to her his meeting with Stanhope, and exulted in having given him the purse of the murdered man.

The exclamation of the criminal on discharging his pistol was accounted for by his having formerly been a clerk in the employment of Mr. Howard, who had turned him off on suspicion of a robbery of which he averred he was innocent. But the

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imputation could not be shaken off, and he was eventually driven in reality to crime. On thus suddenly discovering his old master, he had yielded to a long-cherished thirst for revenge, and murdered him in the impulse of the moment.

"All this will be clear," said the judge, "if you produce the real criminal. I cannot suffer the jury again to retire until you have thus corroborated your story."

"Let your honor send a couple of officers to my house. Nat Powers, whom every one knows, is the man."

In less than a minute a posse had set forth, every one wondering that suspicion had passed over the most notorious character in the neighborhood, and who had not left the penitentiary a twelvemonth. Before an hour the guilty man was produced in court. He maintained his dare-devil expression of countenance until he saw by whom he was accused, when he turned pale as death, and muttered a curse on her treachery.

The real murderer was subsequently tried, found guilty, and hung. The disclosures he made after sentence led to the arrest of one of the mail robbers, who suffered also. Yet no one would ever have suspected them, if the murderer's leman had kept silence. Thus closely allied in appearance are often innocence and guilt.

Need I say that a verdict was returned unanimously acquitting the prisoner—or that the joy of that sweet wife was past utterance? Stanhope, who had stood all till now, wept like a child. God knows their after felicity was dearly purchased by the agony of that day. D.

I CLING TO THEE.

BY T. G. SPEAR.

'T is sweet, belov'd, to have thee nigh,
In pleasant converse thus with me,
For while these social moments fly,
I feel my heart-strings cling to thee—
Yes, cling to thee with stronger ties
Than e'er I felt or knew before,
As day by day some charm supplies,
That makes me bless thee more and more.

Though love may be a troubled stream,
And oftimes seek a troubled sea,
I find the passage like a dream,
In sailing down its tide with thee;
And feel resigned amidst the roar
That would against our barque prevail,
Till every idle gust is o'er
That hangs around its bridal sail.

I cling to thee, by night by day—
With all a wife's affection tried,
And bless thee fondly when away,
And when reclining at my side.
I think of thee where'er thou art,
Nor can forget thee though unseen—
Thou beacon of my trusting heart!
That cheer'st it through each passing scene.

In doubt—in transport—or distress,
My soul reclines itself on thee,
Whose words are ever quick to bless—
And being blessy'd it clings to thee.
It clings around the cherished name
It first rejoic'd to know was thine—
In bliss or sorrow—wrong or shame,
For ever yours—for ever mine.

I cling to thee as guide and friend—
The plighted guardian of my heart—
Whose presence doth a brightness lend,
That leaves a sadness when apart.
The love I know, the joy I feel,
As closely with thy fate entwin'd—
And time cannot thy memory steal,
From out the chambers of my mind.

I cling to thee in calm or storm—
In terror—torture—bond or free,
My love from out its fountain warm,
Still rolls in tranquil rills to thee.
For thee it pours the fervent prayer—
The morning hymn—the evening lay—
That thou mayst never know despair,
Nor fell Misfortune's friendless sway.

I cling to thee as clings the vine
Around some noble forest tree—
And when thou shalt thy strength resign,
I too would fall and sleep with thee;—
Yes, 'neath you bright and flaming sun,
And this our own dear native sky,
We long have liv'd and lov'd as one,
And would as one together die.

Thou'rt dear to me through all of time—
And in that hour when life takes wing,
The thought serene—the hope sublime—
Departing still to thee shall cling.
But shouldst thou, love, first sink to sleep,
And light my worldly path no more,
My soul shall wait, and watch, and weep,
And cling to thee, though gone before.

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A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he, at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a very old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest, that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. No consideration would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

"We are now," he continued, in that particularising manner which distinguished him—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so—and look out beyond the belt of vapor beneath us into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian Geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of irredeemable gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at the distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little, except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Kieldhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places—but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all, is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear any thing? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke I became

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aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into phrensied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray—but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I, at length, to the old man—"this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence, or of the horror of the scene—or of the wild bewildering sense of *the novel* which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time—but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver (Vurrgh) this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel, without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equalled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts; the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently, that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-ström must be immeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ship of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me suffi-

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ciently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments."—These are the words of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack-water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a mis-calculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of every thing, (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that at length we fouled our anchor and dragged it) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the grounds'—it is a bad spot to be in even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all is said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, P. M. and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before, and I began to feel a little uneasy without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the

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point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seamen in Norway never experienced any thing like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but at the first puff both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once—for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that'—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up every thing about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers as if to say '*listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob—it was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than a mill-race is like the whirl as you now see it. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in a wilderness of foam. The

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boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl, and I thought of course that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed aft under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went, myself, astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel prodigious in circumference, immeasurable in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parrallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the

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very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I will not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was very perceptible, but slow.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. "This fir tree," I found myself at one time saying, "will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,"—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me—but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent—the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed was with the sphere—the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station. I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing, my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which

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I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The froth and the rainbow disappeared. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew feeble and fluctuating—then ceased altogether—then finally reversed themselves with a gradually accelerating motion. And then the bottom of the gulf uprose—and its turgid aspect had in great measure departed. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been*. It was the hour of the slack—but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the "grounds" of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions—but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair had been raven-black the day before, and now it is white as you see. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*—and you will put no more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

BY PLINY EARLE, M. D.

'T is nearly past—this fitful dream,
Whose phantoms dazzle to deceive,
Like glittering bubbles on the stream,
Or meteors in a summer eve;
And now, half-opening to my sight,
I see the realms of lasting Light.

These feeble pulses speak of death;
This clouded vision bids me look,
With the undaunted eye of faith,
To climes for which Elijah took
From Carmel's cliffs his joyous way—
Translated to eternal day.

The blood which, in my childhood, rushed
Like mountain torrents in the isles
Where earth with constant life is flushed,
And everlasting summer smiles,
Now struggles in its sluggish flow,
Like streams through Greenland's bank of snow;

Yet not all frozen,—if a beam
Of light return from earlier years,
If, from the spell of childhood's dream,
Triumphant over grief and tears,
One bright, enchanting moment come,
Like a lost, loved one welcomed home,

The loosened current, warmed anew,
Hurries along these frigid veins,
As the hot Geyser rushes through
The frozen banks on Iceland's plains;
And, all forgetful of my years,
I yield again to child-like tears.

Go, tell me not of loving earth;
Tell me not life is fraught with joy;
Say not this world has given birth
To happiness without alloy;
Too subtle is the spirit's bliss
To stay in atmosphere like this.

There's not a pang that rends the heart,
In the long catalogue of woe,
Of which I have not shared a part,
In this, my pilgrimage below;
I've quaffed at sorrow's bitter cup,
And drank its turbid waters up.

And now I wish to lay me down,
My mother, Earth, upon thy breast,
When the green turf, with flowers o'ergrown,
Shall flourish o'er my couch of rest;
Gladly would I resign this trust,
And dust consign to native dust.

Why should I not? my former friends
Have fallen round me, one by one,
As fall the leaves when autumn sends
His breezes through the forests dun.
The grave has garnered all my love,
Why, why remain its walls above?—

Here do I stand alone—alone—
As stands the stern and sturdy oak,
When all its forest-frères are gone,
Before the woodman's fatal stroke,
Or wintry tempest sweeping by,
With the leagued legions of the sky.

Then speed thou home, my wearied soul,
On angel-pinions; bend thine eye,
Unmoved, upon the glorious goal
That waits thy coming in the sky.
Ho, for the waters which arise
At Zion's foot, in Paradise!

There shall thou lift thy spirit-tongue,
In praises, that thy bonds are riven,
As, by the fountain, Miriam sung
Hosannahs to the God of Heaven,
When Israel, freed from Pharoah's hand,
Departed for the promised land.

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MAY-DAY.

A RHAPSODY BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

It is April, and the rain is pattering against our window as we write, with a low monotonous tinkle like the far-off music of an evening bell. How every thing has changed since yesterday! The sunlight no longer floods the hill-side—the birds sing not their jocund lays—the brooklet by our window no more goes frolicking onward in its glittering sheen. The sky is dun, spongy, and covered with flitting clouds. The fields are drenched by last night's rain, and the cattle cower under the sheds in the barn-yard. Yet the south wind has a warmth and freshness in its touch delicious to the fevered brow of a student, and as it breathes through the casement the blood dances more merrily along our veins and we feel a new life within us.

It is April, fickle fooling April, but already one begins to dream of May. And soon it will be here. Oh! how we long for its bright sunshine, its budding flowers, its delicious perfumes, its breezy mornings and its starry nights, reminding us of that better country where the streams sing on forever, where the spring-time never fades, and where all the sainted ones we have loved on earth, purified and made more glorious than ever, await us with their seraphic smiles. May!—bright, beautiful May!—what is like to thy loveliness? The Summer may be full of maturer beauty, the Autumn more like a matron in her queenliness, but thou art as a young and innocent bride, all blushing and trembling in thy tearful gladness. And of all days in May give us the first—the vesperus of her sky—the proudest gem in her coronal.

Is there any thing so exquisite in the older poets as their habit of constantly alluding to the merry sports with which our English ancestors were accustomed to celebrate the first of May! Is there any thing more captivating to the lover of green and sunshiny fields and antique customs, than the dance around the flower-decked pole of the village, with the rosy-cheeked maidens for partners, and the hobby-horse, the morrice-crew, and the combatants of the ring around? Alas! the day for these spectacles has gone forever. Even in merry England the first of May has lost its popularity, and it is only in some quiet dell, secluded among the hills, far away from the metropolis, that the May-pole is wreathed with garlands on the eventful morning, and the blushing beauty is crowned with flowers as queen of May. How many kindly feelings, how many happy hours, how many holy associations have been lost to us by the neglect of this simple rural custom! Far away from home and friends, in lands remote even from his native continent, the sight of a pole decked out with flowers for some pagan festival, has recalled to the wanderer's mind the happy days of his youth, when he sported with his gay companions on the village lawn, or slily kissed some blushing little beauty who had been his partner on the first of May.

We wish this good old custom could be revived among us, not with its grotesque maskers, but as a day for greenwood sports. We sing "Io Pæn" at the few celebrations which are vouchsafed to us in these degenerate days. Your crabbed utilitarians may talk of its uselessness, and sneer at it as a childish pastime, but who that has a soul for the beautiful in nature can fail to love this merry-making on the greensward? Give us the pure canopy of heaven for our ball-room ceiling—let us dance where the birds may carol around us and the balmy breath of flowers kiss our cheeks. Let us welcome in the blushing month with the young, and beautiful, and gay, feeling as we partake in their sports, as if old Spenser had dreamed of the fair ones around us, when he drew that immortal picture of May:

"Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flow'res out of her lap around:
Upon two brotheren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their Soveraine Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttered all in green."

Exquisite! "The fayrest mayd on ground!" Have you ever been on a May party? Then do you not remember that blue-eyed one, with the golden tresses, and that small fair hand, whom your eyes followed throughout the whole bright day, and whom you could have gone on your knees and sworn to be not only the loveliest flower of the group, but of the county, aye! for that matter, of the world? You were just nineteen then, and she was in her sixteenth spring, by our faith! You had never met before, but long ere nightfall,—what with wandering through the wood together, or

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plucking flowers for each other, or lifting her over the pebbly little brook clear and musical as her own pure heart—you have come to feel as if you had known each other for years. And that night you cannot sleep for thinking of her, or if toward morning you drop into a doze, you dream—oh! how sweetly—of your little partner; so sweetly that when you awake, you sigh, and close your eyes, and would give the world if you could only sleep and dream thus of her forever. And you get up and feel even melancholy, wishing all the while that every day was the first of May, and that—for why not?—your golden-haired darling was your constant partner. And that very morning you chance, mind! only chance—to have some business that takes you down the street where she resides, and you happen so accidentally to meet her as she comes forth, looking to your eyes, with her snowy virgin robe, and her blooming cheek, and her neat chip bonnet wreathed around with flowers, more beautiful than ever—aye! more beautiful than you had imagined aught earthly could be, even though "Deckt all with dainties of the season's pryde." And so you can but address her—and she happens to be going your way too—and nothing can be more natural than that you should talk about yesterday—and thus you go on smiling and chatting and feeling so joyous withal, that in the very gladness of your heart you can almost carol aloud with the happy birds, or "leap and daunce as you had ravisht beene!" Ah! verily young May-goer thou hast lost thy heart.

And so it proceeds. And you call upon her—as *of course* you must—to ask her whether she overfatigued herself on May-day, you having forgotten altogether in your *casual* meeting to propound to her that question. And when thus calling you find she has a harp or a piano, and as you play on the flute, it is the most natural thing in the world to practise duetts together. Or perhaps you are both learning French, or reading Goethe in the original, or doing something else—no matter what!—which can be better done in company. And by and bye you get so used to these visits, that not an evening passes without beholding you together; and gradually you forget your studies and care less for them, though all the while perhaps you are learning a sweeter lesson; and your golden-haired partner will sigh now—most singular!—so very often; and you yourself will begin to feel your heart flutter when her soft blue eye meets your own by chance, for of late you do not look into each other's faces as you used to; and so by and bye—heaven only knows how—you will find yourselves sitting side by side on the sofa; a few smothered words will be whispered; you will draw her with a holy embrace toward you; her head will sink upon your bosom; and thus for—it may be five minutes, it may be longer—you will sit in silence, a deep sacred silence, with your hearts quick beating against each other in a rapture no words can tell. And at length you will whisper her name; and with a happy sigh she will look up "smiling tearfully," as the blind old Sciote has it; and again you will press her to your bosom, breathing your deep deep love in every word; and she will murmur back your vows, at length, with maidenly whispers, blushing to her bosom the while, and speaking lower than an angel might be thought to sigh. And so—and so—years after, when she sits beside you at your household hearth, with that fair-haired little one smiling on her knee, you will bless God that ever you went a-Maying. Ah! give us the love which comes in the freshness and innocence of youth.

But May-Day is not all that charms us in the blushing month. All through its sunny days there is the song of birds, and the odor of flowers, and the waving of green grass, the more beautiful because we have just emerged from the snows of Winter, the blustering winds of March, and the fickle skies of April. Everything is budding and breaking into life. If you go out into the fields you can almost hear the grass growing. The garden has a thousand colors, and they all mingle in harmony. The birds greet you at morning beneath your window, and your favorite steed gambols at your approach in wanton joy. The winds murmur low like rushes by the river side, the hills are covered once more with verdure, and the delicious greenness of the meadow land is past the poet's pen. And most of all, the ONE whom for years you have loved, seems to grow more beautiful daily, smiling and carolling around you, to your eyes more lovely than when you first won her for your bride. May! bright beautiful May, why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? J. S.

April, 1841.

LIFE.

Oh! life is but a dream,
A sunbeam's play,
A flower on a stream
Passing away.

A song upon the air,
A festal gay,
A something wondrous fair
Passing away.

A prison-house of woe,
A wintry day,
A dark gulf's ceaseless flow
Passing away.

A bird upon the wing,
A meteor ray,
A wild mysterious thing
Passing away. R. E. J.

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THE

SWEET BIRDS ARE SINGING:

A MUCH ADMIRED DUETT;

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY

J. MOSCHELLES.

Philadelphia, John F. Nunns, 184 Chesnut Street.



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2

Our dear girls to meet us,
Are now on their way,
With garlands to greet us,
And songs of the May.
Sing shepherds, &c. &c.

3

The cattle are lowing,
Come! up from your hay,
Lads! let us be going,
The morning is May.
Sing shepherds, &c. &c.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

DOG BREAKING.

To ensure good sport, the shooter must be provided with good dogs. However *abundant* game may be, there can be no real sport *without* good; and however *scarce* game may be, a good day's sport is attainable *with* good dogs, by a person who feels what sport is, and who does not look upon filling the game-bag and loading the keepers with game, as the sole end and aim of the sportsman's occupation. The mere act of killing game no more constitutes sport, than the jingling of rhyme constitutes poetry. Since, then, good dogs contribute to good sport, the shooter should be careful to whom he entrusts the breaking of them. Bad habits, by dogs, as well as by bipeds, are sooner acquired than got rid of. If it suit his convenience, the shooter should frequently accompany the breakers when practising his dogs: he should direct them to make use of few words, and those words should be the same that *he* is in the habit of using. A multiplicity of directions only serves to puzzle a dog, as a person's speaking Irish, Scotch, and Welsh alternately would perplex a Spaniard!

In common with other sports, shooting has a vocabulary of its own. We subjoin a list of some of the words made use of by breakers and sportsmen to dogs, many of them being any thing but euphonious to the unaccustomed ear. *To-ho* spoken in an under tone, when the dog is ranging, is a warning to him that he is close upon game, and is a direction to him to stand. There is no necessity for using it to a dog that knows his business. Spoken in a peremptory manner, it is used to make the dog crouch when he has run up game, or been otherwise in fault. *Down-charge*, or *down-to-charge*, is to make the dog crouch while the shooter charges. *Take-heed*, and *be-careful*, are used when the dog ranges over ground where it is customary to find birds. *Take-heed*, is a word of correction; *be-careful*, of encouragement. The former is used by way of caution or notice to prevent the dog putting up birds by running over the ground too fast; the latter is likewise a caution, but used when the dog beats slowly or carelessly. *Back*, is used to make a dog follow at heel. *Ware fence*, is used to prevent dogs passing a fence before the gun. The dog should never, on any account, leave an enclosure until its master has left it. *Ware* or *beware*, is used to rate a dog for giving chase to a hare, birds, or cattle, or for pointing larks, or approaching too near the heels of a horse. *Seek*, is a direction to the dog to look for a dead or wounded bird, hare, or rabbit. *Dead*, is to make a dog relinquish his hold of dead or wounded game. The dog should not touch a dead bird, but should retain possession of wounded game until it is taken from him; for should he suffer a bird that is only slightly wounded to disengage himself from his grasp, another *seek* becomes necessary, and the bird is either lost, or despoiled of its plumage by the catching and re-catching.

A dog-breaker who has not a good temper, or what is tantamount thereto, a plentiful store of patience, should never be employed, or he will ruin any really valuable dog entrusted to his care. Dog-breakers are an impatient race of people, and it is but natural that they should be so, since nothing tries the patience more than the management of a number of young dogs of different dispositions, except shooting over bad ones.

A young dog that carries his head well up when beating, should be chosen in preference to one that hunts with his nose on the ground. It is not only the best dog that carries his head up, but game will suffer him to approach nearer than one that *tracks* them. The handsomest dog is that which shows the most breed; the most valuable that which affords the sportsman the greatest number of shots.

It is more desirable to break young dogs in company with a pointer than with a setter. The former makes a more decided point than the latter.

The dog should be taught to quarter his ground well. He should cross over before the shooter continually, at not more than twenty paces distance in advance, ranging about thirty paces on either hand, and leaving no part of his ground unbeaten. If in company with other dogs, he should not follow them, but each dog should beat independently.

The dog may be taught to back or back-set, by the breaker holding up his hand and crying *to-ho!* when another dog makes a point. A well-bred dog will invariably back-set instinctively. To back-set instinctively is the distinctive characteristic of a promising young dog; indeed, it is the only safe standard by which the shooter may venture to prognosticate future excellence. A dog's pointing game and larks the first time he is taken out, is no certain criterion of merit: but there is no deception in a dog's backing instinctively the first time he sees another dog make a point. It is a proof that he is a scion from the right stock.

The shooter should kill nothing but game over a young dog, or the dog will never learn his business. He should of all things avoid shooting larks and field-fares. When the shooter is in the habit of killing small birds, such as larks sometimes, and at

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other times is in the habit of correcting him for pointing them, the dog becomes confused, and is puzzled when he comes upon a snipe, whether to point or not. Where game is scarce, the best dogs will occasionally point larks: and it requires much time to teach a young dog that they are not game, and to break him of pointing them when once he has acquired the habit.

When punishing a dog, it is better to beat him with a slender switch than with a dog-whip. But whether a switch or dog-whip be used, the dog should be struck across, not along, the ribs; or, in other words, the switch or lash should not be made to lap round his body, but the blow should fall on the whole length of his side. A dog should never be kicked, or shaken by the ears. When the shooter is unprovided with a switch or dog-whip, he should make the dog lie at his foot several minutes, which the dog, eager for sport, will consider a severe punishment, and it is a sort of punishment not soon forgotten.

The following is the routine of dog-breaking. We very much approve of the system. The first lesson, and the one on which the breaker's success chiefly depends, is that of teaching the dog to drop at the word "*down*;" this must be done before he is taken into the field. Tie a strong cord to his neck, about eighteen yards long, and peg one end into the ground. Then make the dog crouch down, with his nose between his front feet, calling out in a loud voice "*down*." As often as he attempts to rise, pull him to the ground, and repeat the word "*down*" each time. When he lies perfectly quiet while you are standing by him, walk away, and if he attempt to follow you, walk back, and make him "*down*" again, giving him a cut or two with the whip. This lesson must be repeated very often, and will take some trouble before it is properly inculcated. When once learned it is never forgotten, and if properly taught in the beginning, will save an infinity of trouble in the end. He ought never to be suffered to rise, until touched by the hand. This lesson should be practised before his meals, and he will perform it much better as he expects his food, and never feed him till you are perfectly satisfied with his performance. After you have been flogging him, always part friends, and never let him escape while you are chastising him, at least, if he does, do not pursue him, as if he sees (which he soon will) that he is the quicker runner of the two, all discipline will be at an end.

When he has become tolerably steady, and learned to come in to the call, and to drop to the hand, he must be taught to range and quarter his ground; a thing which is seldom seen in perfection. On some good brisk morning choose a nice piece of ground, where you are likely to find. Take care to give him the wind, *i. e.* to let him have the wind blowing in his face, wave your hand with "hey on good dog," and let him run off to the right hand to the distance of about eight yards. (We suggest thirty.) Call him in, and, by another wave of the hand, let him go off to the same distance to the left. Walk straightforward with your eye always on him. Go on and let him keep crossing you from right to left, and *vice versâ*, calling him in when at the limit of his range. This is a difficult lesson, and requires great nicety in teaching. Never let him hunt the same ground twice over. Always have your eye on him, and watch every motion.

A fortnight's attention to diet, bedding, and exercise, will bring a dog into condition, however lean or cumbrous he may be, if not diseased. Dogs should be allowed plenty of exercise. They cannot be too often taken out, either with or without a gun, by a person who understands their management, and is disposed to attend to them. Their kennels should be warm and *dry*, and, if not under cover, should be placed in sheltered situations. The straw should be often changed, as cleanliness is indispensible to health. They should be kept free from ticks: when a dog is tormented with these troublesome creatures, he should be well rubbed with a mixture of train oil and spirit of turpentine, which may be washed off the next day with soft soap.

The dog seems to be endued with some instincts for the exclusive service of man; whereas the instincts of all other animals are conducive to the supply of their individual wants, and their usefulness to man is secondary thereto. It would be difficult to controvert the argument, that the pointer's instinct was given for the purpose of aiding men to capture or kill game, by means of such engines as nets or guns. This, we are aware, may be a doubtful position to maintain; but who can say for what other apparent purpose this peculiar faculty was given? It may, indeed, be urged, that the propensity to point, in the pointer, is a means ordained by Providence for his subsistence in a wild state, by enabling him to approach within reach of his prey, and thus to accomplish, by another species of stealth, what the tiger and other animals of the cat tribe effect by ambuscade. Such an argument, however, is presumptively rebutted by the fact, that all existing races of wild dogs are gregarious, and resort to the chase for food; nor is there any record of the existence of dogs in a state of nature, except those calculated for the chase. It is therefore gratuitous to assert, that the instinct or faculty of pointing was bestowed upon the pointer as a means of subsistence, since he has ever been dependant on man for food.

It is strongly argued, that all dogs have descended from one common stock, and that by difference in food, climate, and training, they have become what they are at present; nor is it more improbable that such is the fact, than that the human race are descended from one common parent; for dogs are not more dissimilar than the various tribes of men, who differ not only in outward form, but morally and intellectually, as much as dogs vary in size, shape, temper, and sagacity. Those animals which can be domesticated improve by acquaintance with man, as the wild fruits by cultivation. All wild dogs have some qualities in common; but their instincts are somewhat limited or not called forth. It is only in its domesticated state that we find the various qualities which render the dog so useful a servant to man. Wild dogs are, in comparison with domesticated dogs, what savages are to civilised society; for wherever savages are found, they bear some resemblance to each other, and are engaged in similar pursuits.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"*The Old Curiosity Shop, and other Tales.*" *By Charles Dickens. With Numerous Illustrations by Cattermole and Browne. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*

"*Master Humphrey's Clock.*" *By Charles Dickens. (Boz.) With Ninety-one Illustrations by George Cattermole and Hablot Browne. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*

What we here give in Italics is the duplicate title, on two separate title-pages, of an octavo volume of three hundred and sixty two pages. Why this method of nomenclature should have been adopted is more than we can understand—although it arises, *perhaps*, from a certain confusion and hesitation observable in the whole structure of the book itself. Publishers have an idea, however, (and no doubt they are the best judges in such matters) that a complete work obtains a readier sale than one "to be continued;" and we see plainly that it is with the design of intimating the *entireness* of the volume now before us, that "*The Old Curiosity Shop and other Tales,*" has been made not only the primary and main title, but the name of the whole publication as indicated by the back. This may be quite fair in trade, but is morally wrong not the less. The volume is only one of a series—only part of a whole; and the title has no right to *insinuate otherwise*. So obvious is this intention to misguide, that it has led to the absurdity of putting the inclusive, or general, title of the series, as a secondary instead of a primary one. Anybody may see that if the wish had been fairly to represent the plan and extent of the volume, something like this would have been given on a single page—

"*Master Humphrey's Clock. By Charles Dickens. Part I. Containing The Old Curiosity Shop, and other Tales, with Numerous Illustrations, &c. &c.*"

This would have been better for all parties, a good deal more honest, and a vast deal more easily understood. In fact, there is sufficient uncertainty of purpose in the book itself, without resort to mystification in the matter of title. We do not think it altogether impossible that the rumors in respect to the sanity of Mr. Dickens which were so prevalent during the publication of the first numbers of the work, had some slight—some very slight foundation in truth. By this, we mean merely to say that the mind of the author, at the time, might possibly have been struggling with some of those manifold and multiform *aberrations* by which the nobler order of genius is so frequently beset—but which are still so very far removed from disease.

There are some facts in the physical world which have a really wonderful analogy with others in the world of thought, and seem thus to give some color of truth to the (false) rhetorical dogma, that metaphor or simile may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiæ*, for example, with the amount of *momentum* proportionate with it and consequent upon it, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true, in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent impetus is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more extensive in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and are more embarrassed and more full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. While, therefore, it is not impossible, as we have just said, that some slight mental aberration might have given rise to the hesitancy and indefinitiveness of purpose which are so very perceptible in the first pages of the volume before us, we are still the more willing to believe these defects the result of the moral fact just stated, since we find the work itself of an unusual order of excellence, even when regarded as the production of the author of "Nicholas Nickleby." That the evils we complain of are not, and were not, fully perceived by Mr. Dickens himself, cannot be supposed for a moment. Had his book been published in the old way, we should have seen no traces of them whatever.

The design of the general work, "Humphrey's Clock," is simply the common-place one of putting various tales into the mouths of a social party. The meetings are held at the house of Master Humphrey—an antique building in London, where an old-fashioned clock-case is the place of deposit for the M. S. S. Why such designs have become common is obvious. One half the pleasure experienced at a theatre arises from the spectator's sympathy with the rest of the audience, and, especially, from his belief in their sympathy with him. The eccentric gentleman who not long ago, at the Park, found himself the solitary occupant of box, pit, and gallery, would have derived but little enjoyment from his visit, had he been suffered to remain. It was an act of mercy to turn him out. The present absurd rage for lecturing is founded in the feeling in question. Essays which we would not be hired to read—so trite is their subject—so feeble is their execution—so much easier is it to get better information on similar themes out

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of any Encyclopædia in Christendom—we are brought to tolerate, and alas, even to applaud in their tenth and twentieth repetition, through the sole force of our sympathy with the throng. In the same way we listen to a story with greater zest when there are others present at its narration beside ourselves. Aware of this, authors without due reflection have repeatedly attempted, by supposing a circle of listeners, to imbue their narratives with the interest of sympathy. At a cursory glance the idea seems plausible enough. But, in the one case, there is an actual, personal, and palpable sympathy, conveyed in looks, gestures and brief comments—a sympathy of real individuals, all with the matters discussed to be sure, but then especially, *each with each*. In the other instance, we, alone in our closet, are required to sympathise *with* the sympathy of fictitious listeners, who, so far from being present in body, are often studiously kept out of sight and out of mind for two or three hundred pages at a time. This is sympathy double-diluted—the shadow of a shade. It is unnecessary to say that the design invariably fails of its effect.

In his preface to the present volume, Mr. Dickens seems to feel the necessity for an apology in regard to certain portions of his commencement, without seeing clearly what apology he should make, or for what precise thing he should apologise. He makes an effort to get over the difficulty, by saying something about its never being "his intention to have the members of 'Master Humphrey's Clock' active agents in the stories they relate," and about his "picturing to himself the various sensations of his hearers—thinking how Jack Redburn might incline to poor Kit—how the deaf gentleman would have his favorite, and Mr. Miles his," &c. &c.—but we are quite sure that all this is as pure a fiction as "The Curiosity Shop" itself. Our author is deceived. Occupied with little Nell and her grandfather, he had forgotten the very existence of his interlocutors until he found himself, at the end of his book, under the disagreeable necessity of saying a word or two concerning them, by way of winding them up. The simple truth is that, either for one of the two reasons at which we have already hinted, or else because the work was begun in a hurry, Mr. Dickens did not precisely know his own plans when he penned the five or six first chapters of the "Clock."

The wish to preserve a certain degree of unity between various narratives naturally unconnected, is a more obvious and a better reason for employing interlocutors. But such unity as may be thus had is scarcely worth having. It may, in some feeble measure, satisfy the judgment by a sense of completeness; but it seldom produces a pleasant effect; and if the speakers are made to take part in their own stories (as has been the case here) they become injurious by creating confusion. Thus, in "The Curiosity Shop," we feel displeased to find Master Humphrey commencing the tale in the first person, dropping this for the third, and concluding by introducing himself as the "single gentleman" who figures in the story. In spite of all the subsequent explanation we are forced to look upon him as two. All is confusion, and what makes it worse, is that Master Humphrey is painted as a lean and sober personage, while his second self is a fat, bluff and boisterous old bachelor.

Yet the species of connexion in question, besides preserving the unity desired, *may* be made, if well managed, a source of consistent and agreeable interest. It has been so made by Thomas Moore—the most skilful literary artist of his day—perhaps of any day—a man who stands in the singular and really wonderful predicament of being undervalued on account of the profusion with which he has scattered about him his good things. The brilliancies on any one page of Lalla Rookh would have sufficed to establish that very reputation which has been in a great measure self-dimned by the galaxied lustre of the entire book. It seems that the horrid laws of political economy cannot be evaded even by the inspired, and that a perfect versification, a vigorous style, and a never-tiring fancy, may, like the water we drink and die without, yet despise, be so plentifully set forth as to be absolutely of no value at all.

By far the greater portion of the volume now published, is occupied with the tale of "The Curiosity Shop," narrated by Master Humphrey himself. The other stories are brief. The "Giant Chronicles" is the title of what appears to be meant for a series within a series, and we think this design doubly objectionable. The narrative of "The Bowyer," as well as of "John Podgers," is not altogether worthy of Mr. Dickens. They were probably sent to press to supply a demand for copy, while he was occupied with the "Curiosity Shop." But the "Confession Found in a Prison in the Time of Charles the Second" is a paper of remarkable power, truly original in conception, and worked out with great ability.

The story of "The Curiosity Shop" is very simple. Two brothers of England, warmly attached to each other, love the same lady, without each other's knowledge. The younger at length discovers the elder's secret, and, sacrificing himself to fraternal affection, quits the country and resides for many years in a foreign land, where he amasses great wealth. Meantime his brother marries the lady, who soon dies, leaving an infant daughter—her perfect resemblance. In the widower's heart the mother lives again through the child. This latter grows up, marries unhappily, has a son and a daughter, loses her husband, and dies herself shortly afterward. The grandfather takes the orphans to his home. The boy spurns his protection, falls into bad courses, and becomes an outcast. The girl—in whom a third time lives the object of the old man's early choice—dwells with him alone, and is loved by him with a most doting affection. He has now become poor, and at length is reduced to keeping a shop for antiquities and curiosities. Finally, through his dread of involving the child in want, his mind becomes weakened. He thinks to redeem his fortune by gambling, borrows money for this purpose of a dwarf, who, at length, discovering the true state of the old man's affairs, seizes his furniture and turns him out of doors. The girl and himself set out, without farther object than to relieve themselves of the sight of the hated city, upon a weary pilgrimage, whose events form the basis or body of the tale. In fine, just as a peaceful retirement is secured for them, the child, wasted

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with fatigue and anxiety, dies. The grandfather, through grief, immediately follows her to the tomb. The younger brother, meantime, has received information of the old man's poverty, hastens to England, and arrives only in time to be at the closing scene of the tragedy.

This plot is the best which could have been constructed for the main object of the narrative. This object is the depicting of a fervent and dreamy love for the child on the part of the grandfather—such a love as would induce devotion to himself on the part of the orphan. We have thus the conception of a childhood, educated in utter ignorance of the world, filled with an affection which has been, through its brief existence, the sole source of its pleasures, and which has no part in the passion of a more mature youth for an object of its own age—we have the idea of this childhood, full of ardent hopes, leading by the hand, forth from the heated and wearying city, into the green fields, to seek for bread, the decrepid imbecility of a doting and confiding old age, whose stern knowledge of man, and of the world it leaves behind, is now merged in the sole consciousness of receiving love and protection from that weakness it has loved and protected.

This conception is indeed most beautiful. It is simply and severely grand. The more fully we survey it, the more thoroughly are we convinced of the lofty character of that genius which gave it birth. That in its present simplicity of form, however, it was first entertained by Mr. Dickens, may well be doubted. That it was *not*, we are assured by the title which the tale bears. When in its commencement he called it "The Old Curiosity Shop," his design was far different from what we see it in its completion. It is evident that had he now to name the story he would not so term it; for the shop itself is a thing of an altogether collateral interest, and is spoken of merely in the beginning. This is only one among a hundred instances of the disadvantage under which the periodical novelist labors. When his work is done, he never fails to observe a thousand defects which he might have remedied, and a thousand alterations, in regard to the book as a whole, which might be made to its manifest improvement.

But if the conception of this story deserves praise, its execution is beyond all—and here the subject naturally leads us from the generalisation which is the proper province of the critic, into details among which it is scarcely fitting that he should venture.

The Art of Mr. Dickens, although elaborate and great, seems only a happy modification of Nature. In this respect he differs remarkably from the author of "Night and Morning." The latter, by excessive care and by patient reflection, aided by much rhetorical knowledge, and general information, has arrived at the capability of producing books which might be mistaken by ninety-nine readers out of a hundred for the genuine inspirations of genius. The former, by the promptings of the truest genius itself, has been brought to compose, and evidently without effort, works which have effected a long-sought consummation—which have rendered him the idol of the people, while defying and enchanting the critics. Mr. Bulwer, through art, has almost created a genius. Mr. Dickens, through genius, has perfected a standard from which Art itself will derive its essence, in rules.

When we speak in this manner of the "Old Curiosity Shop," we speak with entire deliberation, and know quite well what it is we assert. We do not mean to say that it is perfect, as a whole—this could not well have been the case under the circumstances of its composition. But we know that, in all the higher elements which go to make up literary greatness, it is supremely excellent. We think, for instance, that the introduction of Nelly's brother (and here we address those who have read the work) is supererogatory—that the character of Quilp would have been more in keeping had he been confined to petty and grotesque acts of malice—that his death should have been made the *immediate* consequence of his attempt at revenge upon Kit; and that after matters had been put fairly in train for this poetical justice, he should not have perished by an accident inconsequential upon his villany. We think, too, that there is an air of *ultra*-accident in the finally discovered relationship between Kit's master and the bachelor of the old church—that the sneering politeness put into the mouth of Quilp, with his manner of commencing a question which he wishes answered in the affirmative, with an affirmative interrogatory, instead of the ordinary negative one—are fashions borrowed from the author's own Fagin—that he has repeated himself in many other instances—that the practical tricks and love of mischief of the dwarf's boy are too nearly consonant with the traits of the master—that so much of the propensities of Swiveller as relate to his inapposite appropriation of odds and ends of verse, is stolen from the generic loafer of our fellow-townsman, Neal—and that the writer has suffered the overflowing kindness of his own bosom to mislead him in a very important point of art, when he endows so many of his *dramatis personæ* with a warmth of feeling so very rare in reality. Above all, we acknowledge that the death of Nelly is excessively painful—that it leaves a most distressing oppression of spirit upon the reader—and should, therefore, have been avoided.

But when we come to speak of the excellences of the tale these defects appear really insignificant. It embodies more *originality* in every point, but in character especially, than any single work within our knowledge. There is the grandfather—a truly profound conception; the gentle and lovely Nelly—we have discoursed of her before; Quilp, with mouth like that of the panting dog—(a bold idea which the engraver has neglected to embody) with his hilarious antics, his cowardice, and his very petty and spoilt-child-like malevolence; Dick Swiveller, that prince of good-hearted, good-for-nothing, lazy, luxurious, poetical, brave, romantically generous, gallant, affectionate, and not over-and-above honest, "glorious Apollos;" the marchioness, his bride; Tom Codlin and his partner; Miss Sally Brass, that "fine fellow;" the pony that had an opinion of its own; the boy that stood upon his head; the sexton; the man at the forge; not forgetting the dancing dogs and baby Nubbles. There are other admirably drawn characters—but we note these for their remarkable originality, as well as for their wonderful keeping.

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and the glowing colors in which they are painted. We have heard some of them called caricatures—but the charge is grossly ill-founded. No critical principle is more firmly based in reason than that a certain amount of exaggeration is essential to the proper depicting of truth itself. We do not paint an object to be true, but to appear true to the beholder. Were we to copy nature with accuracy the object copied would seem unnatural. The columns of the Greek temples, which convey the idea of absolute proportion, are very considerably thicker just beneath the capital than at the base. We regret that we have not left ourselves space in which to examine this whole question as it deserves. We must content ourselves with saying that caricature seldom exists (unless in so gross a form as to disgust at once) where the component parts are *in keeping*; and that the laugh excited by it, in any case, is radically distinct from that induced by a properly artistical *incongruity*—the source of all mirth. Were these creations of Mr. Dickens' really caricatures they would not live in public estimation beyond the hour of their first survey. We regard them as *creations*—(that is to say as original combinations of character) only not all of the highest order, because the elements employed are not always of the highest. In the instances of Nelly, the grandfather, the Sexton, and the man of the furnace, the force of the creative intellect could scarcely have been engaged with nobler material, and the result is that these personages belong to the most august regions of the *Ideal*.

In truth, the great feature of the "Curiosity Shop" is its chaste, vigorous, and glorious *imagination*. This is the one charm, all potent, which alone would suffice to compensate for a world more of error than Mr. Dickens ever committed. It is not only seen in the conception, and general handling of the story, or in the invention of character; but it pervades every sentence of the book. We recognise its prodigious influence in every inspired word. It is this which induces the reader who is at all ideal, to pause frequently, to re-read the occasionally quaint phrases, to muse in uncontrollable delight over thoughts which, while he wonders he has never hit upon them before, he yet admits that he never has encountered. In fact it is the wand of the enchanter.

Had we room to particularise, we would mention as points evincing most distinctly the ideality of the "Curiosity Shop"—the picture of the shop itself—the newly-born desire of the worldly old man for the peace of green fields—his whole character and conduct, in short—the schoolmaster, with his desolate fortunes, seeking affection in little children—the haunts of Quilp among the wharf-rats—the tinkering of the Punch-men among the tombs—the glorious scene where the man of the forge sits poring, at deep midnight, into that dread fire—again the whole conception of this character; and, last and greatest, the stealthy approach of Nell to her death—her gradual sinking away on the journey to the village, so skilfully indicated rather than described—her pensive and prescient meditation—the fit of strange musing which came over her when the house *in which she was to die* first broke upon her sight—the description of this house, of the old church, and of the churchyard—every thing in rigid consonance with the one impression to be conveyed—that deep meaningless well—the comments of the Sexton upon death, and upon his own secure life—this whole world of mournful yet peaceful idea merging, at length, into the decease of the child Nelly, and the uncomprehending despair of the grandfather. These concluding scenes are so drawn that human language, urged by human thought, could go no farther in the excitement of human feelings. And the pathos is of that best order which is relieved, in great measure, by ideality. Here the book has never been equalled,—never approached except in one instance, and that is in the case of the "Undine" of De La Motte Fouqué. The imagination is perhaps as great in this latter work, but the pathos, although truly beautiful and deep, fails of much of its effect through the material from which it is wrought. The chief character, being endowed with purely fanciful attributes, cannot command our full sympathies, as can a simple denizen of earth. In saying, a page or so above, that the death of the child left too painful an impression, and should therefore have been avoided, we must, of course, be understood as referring to the work as a whole, and in respect to its general appreciation and popularity. The death, as recorded, is, we repeat, of the highest order of literary excellence—yet while none can deny this fact, there are few who will be willing to read the concluding passages a second time.

Upon the whole we think the "Curiosity Shop" very much the best of the works of Mr. Dickens. It is scarcely possible to speak of it too well. It is in all respects a tale which will secure for its author the enthusiastic admiration of every man of genius.

The edition before us is handsomely printed, on excellent paper. The designs by Cattermole and Browne are many of them excellent—some of them outrageously bad. Of course it is difficult for us to say how far the American engraver is in fault. In conclusion, we must enter our solemn protest against the final page full of little angels in smock frocks, or dimity chemises.

"*Writings of Charles Sprague.*" *Now first collected. Charles S. Francis, New York.*

In the "publisher's preface" to this volume (which is a handsome octavo) we are told that it has been printed partly with a view of anticipating a similar design from another quarter—"one which was not likely to be accomplished in a manner satisfactory to the friends of the author"—and also that Mr. S. has done "nothing to promote" the present publication, which he has "only not forbidden." About the whole of this prolegomena there is much of unnecessary rigmarole, not to say of superfluous humbug. If the facts are as stated, and Mr. Francis has really made himself so busy as to force the gentleman into press, will I nill I: we can only say that he has been guilty of a singular piece of impertinence. But if Mr. Sprague, on the other hand, was privy and a party

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to the issuing of the book (as we believe he was, and as the preface intimates he was not) it may then be remarked that since the poet of the "Shakspeare Ode" is not ashamed of his efforts, and has no reason to be ashamed of them, it is but a weak affectation to counterfeit a modesty which he does not feel, and to sneak forth into the light of the public eye, wrapped up in that flimsiest of all veils, the veil of a "publisher's preface."

The volume embraces, we believe, all the best compositions of Mr. Sprague—certainly all the best of his poems. These latter have had a wide circulation, and are well known. Some of the pieces have attained a reputation—in some measure deserved—for example "The Shakspeare Ode," "The Winged Worshippers," the "Lines on the Death of M. S. C," and "I See Thee Still." Others have acquired a notoriety which is any thing but desirable fame. We speak of the Prize odes for Festivals and Opening Nights of new theatres—a species of literature almost beneath contempt, and whose *sine qua non* of success is pedantic common-place. Who believes that a really good poem would even be glanced at a second time by any one of a committee appointed to decide upon such things as "Opening Addresses?"

The "Shakspeare Ode" of Mr. Sprague is, after all, scarcely an exception to our general rule in this case. We may, perhaps, modify matters so as to admit that while all prize articles are bad *ex officio*, the Shakspeare Ode is the best of them. It carries the essential error to the height of its perfection—that is precisely what we mean. Farther than this no man should go. We allow that public opinion is here against us, and that the poem in question is generally considered as a "brilliant production." Public opinion, however, is a certain intangible something of which we have no opinion at all. By this we mean what is *called* public opinion; for the true unbiassed judgment of the majority is a different thing, but can never be accurately ascertained. If it could, it would nearly always be found in accordance with critical decision. We must keep in mind the distinction when we read the words of Chamfort. "*Il y a à parier*," says he, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise; car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*"

In fact all that a just criticism can say in favor of this Ode, is that its versification is of the highest order of excellence (it includes finer lines and even finer entire paragraphs than are to be found elsewhere) and that its imagery is scrupulously accurate and well-sustained:—its imagery such as it is. What indeed can be more outrageously absurd than an obstinate persistence, at this epoch, in the mawkish allegory of ancient theology—a thing, which in its origin, and under the best circumstances, never had—never *could* have had, from its very nature, the slightest effect or force, beyond that of an inane assent to its ingenuity. We say nothing of the imitation of Collins' "Ode to the Passions"—this is too obvious to need a word of comment.

"Curiosity," the longest poem in the volume is entitled just to that amount of praise which we have awarded to the "Shakspeare Ode"—while its defects (of a similar character with those upon which we have commented) are scarcely so glaring. Its versification is superb—nothing could be better. Its thoughts are tersely put forth. The style is pungently epigrammatic. Upon the whole, it is fully as good a poem as Pope could have written, upon the same subject, in his finest hour of inspiration. We must bear in mind one important distinction, however. With Pope the ideas and the management of the piece would have been original—with Mr. Sprague they are Pope's. We will end our comments upon "Curiosity" with the general remark that didactic subjects are utterly *beyond*, or rather beneath the province of true poesy.

The "Lines on the Death of M. S. C." are distinguished by all the minor beauties for which Mr. S. is so remarkable, while they abound in merit of a better, although still not of the highest order. They are pathetic and simple—but evince little ideality.

"The Winged Worshippers" is, beyond question, a beautiful little poem, and relieves us from a distressing doubt we had begun to entertain—a doubt whether we should not, after all, be forced to look upon Mr. Sprague as merely a well-educated poetaster, of what is (satirically?) called *classical* taste, of accurate ear, and of sound *negative* judgment.

"The Sovreignty of Mind." A Poem delivered before the Philomathean Society of Pennsylvania College, February 16, 1841. *By John N. McJilton. Joseph N. Lewis, Baltimore.*

Mr. McJilton is a gentleman for whose talents we have much respect—far more than for his performances. Indeed, while there is indication of genius in almost every thing he writes, he has yet written very little worth reading. We remember a short poem from his pen, first published in the "Casket," and entitled "Serenade," which was truly beautiful—but beyond this we can call to mind none of his compositions which, as a whole, are even tolerable. There are always fine imaginative passages:—but their merit is scarcely discernible through the clouds of verbiage, false imagery, bad grammar, and worse versification in which they are enveloped.

We are grieved to see Mr. McJilton occupied in "delivering" poems to order before Philomathean societies. It is a *business* in which no man of talent should be employed—in which no man of genius could hope to succeed. As for The "Sovreignty of Mind" it is a hackneyed subject, and he has handled it in a hackneyed manner. It has some glowing paragraphs—but abounds in all the worst faults of the author. We do not feel justified in speaking of it at greater length.

Notices of "Charles O'Malley, vol. I;" "The Dowager;" "Combe's tour through the U. States;" "Ranke's History of the Popes;" "Earle's visit to thirteen Insane Asylums;" "The Quadroone," and other works, have been crowded out.

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This idea, having once seized upon my fancy, greatly excited it, and I lost myself forthwith in reverie. "If ever island were enchanted,"—said I to myself,—"this is it. This is the haunt of the few gentle Fays who remain from the wreck of the race. Are these green tombs theirs?—or do they yield up at all their sweet lives as mankind yield up their own? In dying, do they not rather waste away mournfully; rendering unto God their existence little by little, as these trees render up shadow after shadow, exhausting their substances unto dissolution? What the wasting tree is to the water that imbibes its shade, growing thus blacker by what it preys upon, may not the life of the Fay be to the Death which engulfs it?—but what fairy-like form is this which glides so solemnly along the water?"

As I thus mused, with half-shut eyes, while the sun rapidly sank to rest, and eddying currents careered round and round the island, bearing upon their bosom large, dazzling white flakes of the bark of the sycamore—flakes which, in their multiform positions upon the water, a quick imagination might have converted into anything it pleased—while I thus mused, it appeared to me that the form of one of those very Fays about whom I had been pondering, made its way slowly into the darkness from out the light at the western end of the island. She stood erect in a singularly fragile canoe, and urged it with the mere phantom of an oar. While within the influence of the lingering sunbeams, her attitude seemed indicative of joy—but sorrow deformed it as she passed within the shade. Slowly she glided along, and at length rounded the islet and re-entered the region of light. "The revolution which has just been made by the Fay,"—continued I musingly—"is the cycle of the brief year of her life. She has floated through her winter and through her summer. She is a year nearer to Death; for I did not fail to see that as she came into the shade, her shadow fell from her, and was swallowed up in the dark water, making its blackness more black."

And again the boat appeared, and the Fay;—but about the attitude of the latter there was more of care and uncertainty, and less of elastic joy. She floated again from out the light, and into the gloom, (which deepened momently) and again her shadow fell from her into the ebony water, and became absorbed into its blackness. And again and again she made the circuit of the island, (while the sun rushed down to his slumbers;) and at each issuing forth into the light, there was more sorrow about her person, while it grew feebler, and far fainter, and more indistinct; and at each passage into the gloom, there fell from her a darker shade, which became whelmed in a shadow more black. But at length, when the sun had utterly departed, the Fay, now the mere ghost of her former self, went disconsolately with her boat into the region of the ebony flood—and that she issued thence at all I cannot say,—for darkness fell over all things, and I beheld her magical figure no more.

Philadelphia, May, 1841.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"Whence comest thou, wind, in thy rapid flight,
Or the balmy play of the zephyrs light?
Hast thou breathed o'er the freshness of myrtle bowers,
And laden thy wings from the orange flowers?
Or pierced the darkness of distant caves,
Whose depths resound with the ocean's waves?
Yet bring me no shadows of grief or woe,
'T is only earth's beauties I fain would know."
"I come in mirth," said the gentle breeze,
"To bring the murmurs of distant seas;
I passed o'er the regions of fairest bloom,
Till my pinions were laden with soft perfume;
Where the dulcet tones of the wild bird's note,
In the boundless regions of ether float.
I have come from the land of Olympus' pride,
Where the Spartan fought, and the Persian died:
But prostrate palace, and fallen fane,
Of its grandeur and beauty alone remain.
I waved the boughs of the clustering vines,
As their shadows fell o'er the mouldering lines,
Which mark the spot of the warrior's tomb,
In that home of glory and land of bloom.
And I kissed the brow of the dark-eyed girl,
As I stirred with my pinions each raven curl.
Nay, ask not a tale of unmingled joy,
For earth has no pleasure without alloy;
The widow's moan, and the orphan's wail,
Are often borne on the sighing gale.
When the clarion's voice, and the cannon's roar,
Bear terror and ruin from shore to shore.
I come in wrath, and the storm-clouds fly,
In blackening folds through the darksome sky;
And the mariner wakes from his joyful dream,
Midst the tempest's roar, and the lightning's gleam;
In the fathomless vaults of the ocean's caves,
He must rest mid the tumult of angry waves.
I am fearless of sky, or of earth or sea,
But soar over all with pinions free;
I sport with the curls of the laughing child,
With the bandit play, or the maiden mild;
From the fragile flower to the lofty tree
All bend in submission and yield to me." Emma.

Yonker's Female Seminary, 1841.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE SHIP'S BOY.

"HILLO!" said Westbrook, "who 's skulking here?" and he pushed his foot against a dark heap, huddled up under the shade of one of the guns. As he did so, a slight, pale-faced, sickly-looking boy started up. "Ah! its you, Dick, is it?—why I never before thought you 'd skulk—there, go—but you must n't do it again, my lad."

The boy was a favorite with all on board. He had embarked at Newport, and was, therefore, a new hand, but his quiet demeanor, as well as a certain melancholy expression of face he always wore, had won him a way to our hearts. Little was known of his history, except that he was an orphan. Punctual in the discharge of his duties, yet holding himself aloof from the rest of the boys, he seemed to be one, who although he had determined to endure his present fate, was yet conscious of having seen better days. I was the more confirmed in my belief that he had been born to a higher station from the choice of his words in conversation, especially with his superiors. His manner, too, was not that of one brought up to buffett roughly against fortune. That one so young should be thrust, unaided, out into the world, was a sure passport for him to my heart, for his want of parents was a link of sympathy uniting us together; and we had, therefore, always been as much friends as the relative difference of our situations, on board a man-of-war would allow. Yet even I, so great was his reserve, knew little more of his history than the rest of my shipmates. Once, indeed, when I had rendered him some little kindness, such as an officer always has it in his power without much trouble to himself, to bestow upon an inferior, his heart had opened, and he had told me, more by hints though than in direct words, that he had lost his father and mother and a little sister, within a few weeks of each other, and that, houseless penniless and friendless, he had been forced to sea by his only remaining relatives, in order that he might shift for himself. I suspected that he did not pass under his real name. But whatever had been his former lot, or however great were his sufferings, he never repined. He went through his duty silently, but sadly, as if—poor child!—he carried within him a breaking heart.

"Please, sir," said he, in reply to Westbrook's address, "its but a minute any how I 've been here."

"Well, well, Dick, I believe you," said the warm-hearted midshipman. "But there go eight bells, and as your watch is up, you may go below. What! crying—fie, fie, my lad, how girl-hearted you have grown."

"I am not girl-hearted always," sobbed the little fellow, looking up into his superior's face, "but I could n't help crying when I thought that to-night a year ago my mother died, and I crept under the gun so that no one might see and laugh at me, as they do at every one here. It was just at this hour she died," he continued, chokingly, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, "and she was the only friend I had on earth."

"Poor boy! God bless you!" said Westbrook, mentally, as the lad, finishing his passionate exclamation, turned hastily away.

It was my watch, and as Westbrook met me coming on deck, he paused a moment, and said,

"Do you know any thing about that poor little fellow, I mean Dick Rasey? God help me I 've been rating him for skulking, when the lad only wanted to hide his grief for his mother from the jests of the crew. I would n't have done it for any thing."

"No—he has always maintained the greatest reserve respecting himself. Has he gone below?"

"Yes! who can he be? It 's strange I feel such an interest in him."

"Poor child!—he has seen better days, and this hard life is killing him. I wish he could distinguish himself some how—the skipper might then take a fancy to him and put him on the quarter deck."

"What a dear little middy he would make," said Westbrook, his gay humor flashing out through his sadness, "why we havn't got a cocked-hat aboard that would n't bury him up like an extinguisher, or a dirk to spare which is n't longer than his whole body."

"Shame, Jack—its not a matter for jest—the lad is dying by inches."

"Ah! you 're right, Parker; I wish to heaven the boy had a birth aft here. But now I must go below, for I 'm confoundedly sleepy. You 'll have a lighter watch of it than I had. The moon will be up directly—and there, by Jove! she comes—look how gloriously her disc slides up behind that wave. But this is no time for poetry, for I 'm as

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drowsy as if I was about to sleep, like the old fellow in the Arabian story, for a matter of a hundred years or more, or even like the seven sleepers of Christendom, who fell into a doze some centuries back, and will come to life again the Lord knows when," and with a long yawn, my mercurial messmate gave a parting glance at the rising luminary, and went below.

The spectacle to which Westbrook had called my attention was indeed a glorious one. The night had been somewhat misty, so that the stars were obscured, or but faintly visible here and there; while the light breeze that scarcely ruffled the sea, or sighed above a whisper in the rigging, had given an air of profound repose to the scene. When I first stept on deck the whole horizon was buried in this partial obscurity, and the view around, excepting in the vicinity of the Fire-Fly, was lost in misty indistinctness. A few moments, however, had changed the aspect of the whole scene. When I relieved the watch the eastern horizon was shrouded in a veil of dark, thick vapors—for the mists had collected there in denser masses than any where else—while a single star, through a rent in the midst of that weird-like canopy, shone calmly upon the scene: but now the fog had lifted up like a curtain from the seaboard in that quarter, and a long greenish streak of light, stretching along for several points, and against which the dark waves undulated in bold relief, betokened the approach of the moon. Even as Westbrook spoke, the upper edge of her disc slid up above the watery horizon, disappearing and appearing again as the surges rose and fell against it, until gradually the huge globe lifted its whole vast volume above the seaboard, and while the edge of the dark canopy above shone as if lined with pearl, a flood of glorious light, flickering and dancing upon the billows, was poured in a long line of molten silver across the sea toward us, bathing hull, and spars, and sails in liquid radiance, and seeming to transpose us in a moment into a fairy land. Such a scene of unrivalled beauty I had never beheld. The contrast betwixt the dark vapors hanging over the moon, and the dazzling brilliancy of her wake below was indeed magnificent. I looked in mute delight. The few stars above were at once obscured by the brighter glories of the moon. Suddenly, however, as I gazed, a dark spec appeared upon the surface of the moon, and in another instant the tall masts and exquisite tracery of a ship could be seen, in bold relief against her disc, the fine dark lines of the hamper seeming like the thinnest cobwebs crossing a burnished shield of silver. So plainly was the vessel seen that her minutest spars were perceptible as she rose and fell gallantly on the long heavy swell.

"Ah! my fine fellow," I exclaimed, "we have you there. Had it not been for yonder pretty mistress of the night you would have passed us unseen. Make all sail at once—and bear up a few points more so as to get the weather gauge of the stranger."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How gallantly the old schooner eats into the wind," I said, gazing with admiration on our light little craft. I turned to the chase. "Has the stranger altered her course?" I asked, looking for her in the old position, but finding she was no more visible.

"No, sir, I saw her but an instant ago: oh! there she is—that fog bank settling down on the seaboard hid her from sight. You can see her now just to leeward of the moon, sir."

I looked, and as the man had said, perceived that the dark massy bank of vapors, which had lifted as the moon rose, was once more settling down on the seaboard, obscuring her whole disc at intervals, and shrouding every thing in that quarter in occasional gloom. For a moment the strange sail had been lost in this obscurity, but as the moon struggled through the clouds, it once more became visible just under the northern side of that luminary. Apparently unconscious of our vicinity the stranger was stealing gently along under easy sail, pitching upon the long undulating swell, while, as he lay almost in the very wake of the moon, every part of his hull and rigging was distinctly perceptible. Not a yard, however, appeared to have been moved: not an additional sail was set. Occasionally we lost sight of him as the moon, wading heavily through the sombre clouds, became momentarily obscured, although even then, from beneath the frowning canopy of vapors above, a silvery radiance would steal out at the edges of the clouds, tipping the masts and sails of the stranger with a soft pearly light that looked like enchantment itself, and which, contrasted with the dark hues of the hull and the gloomy deep beneath, produced an effect such as I have never seen surpassed in nature or art.

Meanwhile the wind gradually failed us, until at length it fell a dead calm. All this time the fog was settling down more heavily around us, not gathering in one compact mass however, but lying in patches scattered over the whole expanse of the waters, and presenting a picture such as no one, except he is familiar with a tropical sea, can imagine. In some places the ocean was entirely clear of the fog, while a patch of cold, blue sky above, spangled with innumerable stars, that shone with a brilliancy unknown to colder climes, looked as if cut out of the mists, which on every hand around covered the sky as with a veil. At times a light breeze would spring up ruffling the polished surface of the swell, and, undulating the fog as smoke-wreaths in the morning air, would open up, for a moment, a sight of some new patch of blue sky above, with its thousand brightly twinkling stars, reminding one of the beautiful skies we used to dream of in our infant slumbers, and then, dying away as suddenly as it arose, the mists would undulate uncertainly an instant, roll toward each other, and twisting around in a thousand fantastic folds, would finally close up, shrouding the sky once more in gloom, and settling down bodily upon the sombre surface of the deep. At length the moon became wholly obscured. A few stars only could be seen flickering fainter and fainter far up in the fathomless ether, and finally, after momentarily appearing and disappearing, they vanished altogether. A profound gloom hung on all around. The silence of death reigned over our little craft. Even the customary sounds of the swell rippling

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along our sides, or the breeze sighing through the hamper faded entirely, and save an occasional creaking of the boom, or the sullen falling of a reef-point against the sail, not a sound broke the repose of the scene. The strange sail had long since been lost sight of to starboard. So profound was the darkness that we could scarcely distinguish the look-out at the forecastle from the quarter-deck. Silent and motionless we lay, shut in by that dark shroud of vapor, as if buried by some potent enchanter in a living tomb.

"Hist!" said a reefer of my watch to me, "don't you hear something, Mr. Parker?"

I listened attentively, and though my hearing was proverbially sharp, I could distinguish nothing for several moments. At length, however, the little fellow pinched my arm, and inclining my eye to the water, I heard a low monotonous sound like the smothered rollicking of oars that had been muffled. At first I could not credit my senses, but, as I listened again, the sound came more distinctly to my ears, seeming to grow nearer and nearer. There could be no mistaking it. Directly, moreover, these sounds ceased, and then was heard a low murmured noise, as if human voices were conversing together in stifled tones. At once it flashed upon me that an attack was contemplated upon us—by whom I knew not—though it was probable that the enemy came from the strange sail to starboard. It was evident, however, that the assailants were at fault. My measures were taken at once. Hastily ordering the watch to arm themselves in quiet, I ordered the men to be called silently; and, as by this time the look-outs began to detect the approach of our unknown visitors, I enjoined equal silence upon them, commanding them at the same time, however, to keep a sharp eye to starboard, in order to learn, if possible, the exact position of the expected assailants.

In a few minutes the men were mustered, and prepared for the visitors, whether peaceful or not. Most of the officers, too, had found their way on deck, although as it was uncertain as yet whether it might not be a false alarm, I had not disturbed the skipper. Westbrook was already, however, prepared for the fight, and as I ran my eye hastily over the crew I thought I saw the slight form of Dick Rascy, standing amongst them.

"Can you hear any thing, Westbrook?" said I.

"It 's like the grave!" was his whispered answer.

"Pass the word on for the men to keep perfectly quiet, but to remain at their stations."

"Ay, ay, sir."

For some minutes the death-like silence which had preceded the discovery of our unknown visitors returned, and as moment after moment crept by without betraying the slightest token of the vicinity of the assailants, I almost began to doubt my senses, and believe that the sounds I had heard had been imaginary. The most profound obscurity meantime reigned over our decks. So great was the darkness that I could only distinguish a shadowy group of human beings gathered forward, without being able to discern distinctly any one face or figure; while the only sound I heard, breaking the hush around, was the deep, but half-suppressed breathing of our men. Suddenly, however, when our suspense had become exciting even to nervousness, a low, quick sound was heard right off our starboard quarter, as if one or more boats, with muffled oars, were pulling swiftly on to us; while almost instantaneously a dark mass shot out of the gloom on that side, and before we could realise the rapidity of their approach, the boat had struck our side, and her crew were tumbling in over the bulwarks, cutlass in hand. Our preparation took them, however, by surprise, and for a moment they recoiled, but instantly rallying at their leader's voice, they poured in upon us again with redoubled fierceness, cheering as they clambered up our sides, and struggled over the bulwarks.

"Beat them back, Fire-Flies!" I shouted, "give it to them with a will, boys—strike."

"Press on, my lads, press on—the schooner's our own!" shouted the leader of the assailants.

Levelling my pistol at the advancing speaker, and waving our men on with my sword, I gave him no answer, but fired. The pistol flashed in the pan. In an instant the leader of the foe was upon me, having sprung over the bulwarks as I spoke. He was a tall, athletic man, and lifting his sword high above his head, while in his other hand he presented a pistol toward my breast, he dashed upon me. I parried his thrust with my blade, but as he fired I felt a sharp pain in my arm, like the puncture of a pin. I knew that I was wounded, but it only inspired me with fiercer energy. I made a lunge at him, but he met it with a blow of his sword, which shivered my weapon to atoms. Springing upon my gigantic adversary, I wreathed my arms around him, and endeavored to make up for the want of a weapon, by bearing him to the deck in my arms; but my utmost exertions, desperate as they were, scarcely sufficed to stagger him, and shortening his blade, he was about plunging it into my heart, when a pistol went off close beside me, and my antagonist, giving a convulsive leap, fell dead upon the deck. I freed myself from his embrace and sprang to my feet, just in time to see little Dick, with the smoke still wreathing from the mouth of his pistol, borne away by the press of the assault. In the next instant I lost sight of him in the melee, which now became really terrific. Hastily snatching a brand from one of the fallen men, I plunged once more into the fight, for the enemy having been by this time reinforced by another boat, were now pouring in upon us in such numbers that the arm of every man became absolutely necessary. It was indeed a desperate contest. Hand to hand and foot to foot we fought; desperation on the one hand, and a determination to conquer on the other, lent double fury to our crew; while the clash of swords, the explosion of fire-arms, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, gave additional horror to the scene. By this time our captain had reached the deck, and his powerful voice was heard over all the din of the battle urging on his men. The fall of the enemy's leader began now to be generally known among his crew, and the consequence was soon apparent in their wavering and want of unity. In vain the inferior officers urged

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them on; in vain they found their retreat cut off by the shot we had hove into their boats; in vain they were reminded by their leaders that they must now conquer or die, they no longer fought with the fierceness of their first onset, and though they still combatted manfully, and some of them desperately, they had lost all unity of purpose, and, struck with a sudden panic, at a last overwhelming charge of our gallant followers, they fled in disorder, some leaping wildly overboard, some crying for quarter when they could retreat no farther, and all of them giving up the contest as lost. Not a soul escaped. They who did not fall in the strife were either drowned in the panic-struck flight, or made prisoners. The whole contest did not last seven minutes. When they found themselves deserted by their men the officers sullenly resigned their swords, and we found that our assailants were a cutting out party from the ship to starboard, an English frigate.

The man-of-war had not, it seems, discovered us until some time after the moon arose, when her light, happening to fall full upon our sails, betrayed us to their look-outs. The darkness almost directly afterward obscured us from sight, and the calm that ensued forbade her reaching us herself. Her boats were consequently manned, with the intention of carrying us by boarding. The most singular portion of it was that none of us perceived that the stranger was a man-of-war, but this may be accounted for from her being built after a new model, which gave her the appearance of a merchantman.

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured; the decks had been washed down; my wound which turned out slight had been properly attended to; and the watch had once more resumed their monotonous tread; while at proper intervals, the solemn cry, "all's well," repeated from look-out to look-out, betokened that we were once more in security, before I sought my hammock. I soon fell asleep, but throughout the night I was troubled by wild dreams in which Beatrice, the ship's boy, and the late strife, were mingled promiscuously. At length I awoke. It was still dark, and the only light near was a single lantern hung at the extremity of the apartment. My fellow messmates around were all buried in sleep. Suddenly the surgeon's mate stood beside me.

"Mr. Parker!" said he.

I raised myself up and gazed curiously into his face.

"Little Dick, sir—" he began.

"My God!" I exclaimed, for I had actually forgotten, in the excitement of the combat and the succeeding events, to enquire about my young preserver, and I now felt a strange presentiment that the mate had come to acquaint me with his death—"what of him. Is any thing the matter?" I asked eagerly.

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying here," I exclaimed, reproachfully, "while the poor boy is dying," and I sprang at once from my hammock, hurried on my clothes, saying, "lead me to him at once."

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke we stood by the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was really stifling; but he had been carried to a place, nearly under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calmly it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chesnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his little head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes as if he suffered the greatest agony. Another battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt beside him, with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes. The surgeon said,—

"He is going fast,—poor little fellow—do you see this?" and as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom, but a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow,—and yet I had never known of his danger, and never even sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly,

"Poor little Dick—you 'll never see the shore again you have wished for so long. But there 'll be more than one—thank God!—when your log 's out, to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, "don't you know me, Dick?"

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Parker, for this. I see you now," and he faintly pressed my hand.

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" said I, "you saved my life. God knows I would coin my own blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask, only, if it be possible, let me be buried by my mother,—you will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk."

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"Anything—everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky, far overhead. His mind wandered.

"It is a long—long way up there,—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see bright faces smiling on me from them. Hark! is that music?" and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening intently for a moment. He fell back; and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

I opened his trunk, and then discovered his real name. Out of mercy to the unfeeling wretches, who were his relatives, and who had forced him to sea, I suppress it. Suffice it to say, his family had once been rich, but that reverses had come upon them. His father died of a broken heart, nor did his mother long survive. Poor boy! I could not fulfil the whole of his injunction, for we were far out at sea, but I caused a cenotaph to be erected for him beside his mother's grave. It tells the simple tale of THE SHIP'S BOY.

Philadelphia, May, 1841.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

THERE is a sweet and wildering dream
Of by-gone fresh and joyous hours,
Which gilds the memory with its beam,
And the stern spirit overpowers.

Seen thro' the chequered glass of Time,
How spell-like do its glories rise!
Like some ethereal pantomime
Danced on the skirt of autumn skies!

We stand and gaze; and wonder-rapt,
Think of the changing power of years,
As on our brow its trace has crept,
And from our eyes exacted tears.

There is glad childhood, rob'd in smiles,
And beauteous as a dew-gem'd flower,
Whose silver laugh and boyish wiles,
Usurp the mother many an hour.

There is the first half-spoken word,
How rare a music to her ear!
She listens, as she had not heard,
And hearing, owns it with a tear.

There is a passing on of Time—
The boy is merged into the man—
And daringly he frets to climb
What once his vision could not scan.

Come back from this poetic scene!
Come from this scene of flowery youth!
Come from the time when all was green,
To cold and dreary, stubborn truth.

Look on your own now withered brow,
Where care sits emperor of the mind;
Look to your throbbing heart; and now
Cast all these dreams of youth behind.

Read the sad change which Time has wrought;
Compare it by your memory's glass;
And turn from that whose lightest thought
Points to the grave where ages pass.

See, from the cradle to the tomb,
Though years are multiplied between,
How brief, in varied joy and gloom,
Is Life's wild, feverish, fitful scene.

But yesterday, and youth was drest
In dimpled and in smiling glee,
Drawn, with fond fervor, to her breast,
Or throned upon a mother's knee.

To-day, and Time, with added years,
Has stampt his progress on our brow
In manhood's pallid care, and tears
Unbidden dim the vision now.

Lancaster, Pa. 1841.

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THE LOST HEIR.

BY H. J. VERNON.

"Well flown, falcon—see how it mounts into the clouds—the heron has it—on, on knights and ladies fair, or we shall not be in at the death."

As the speaker ceased, the falcon, which had been mounting in gyrations growing narrower and narrower as it ascended above its prey, suddenly stooped from its height, and shooting upon the heron, like a thunderbolt, bore the huge bird in its talons to the earth. The swoop, and the descent passed with the rapidity of lightning, and in a moment after the gallant train were galloping to the assistance of the falcon.

Their way lay along the high bank of the river, from whose reedy margin the heron had been roused. The path was often broken, and difficult to traverse; but so eager were all to reach the desired point that no one appeared to mind these inequalities. Suddenly the path made an almost precipitous descent, and while a portion of the train dashed recklessly down the steep, the more prudent checked their course, and sought a less dangerous road. By this means the party became divided, that which remained on the brow of the hill being by far the more numerous. The other group consisted, indeed, of but three individuals—a falconer, a page, and the niece of their master, the Earl of Torston. The palfrey of the latter was one of rare speed, and it was with difficulty that the two servitors could keep up with their beautiful and high-spirited mistress.

"On Ralph—ay, Leoline, you are falling behind," she said, glancing around at her companions as the distance between them rapidly increased.

"To the right—to the right," shouted the falconer, "the heron has fallen in the marsh."

The maiden suddenly drew her rein in, to follow this direction; but as she did so a half a score of men, attired as Scottish borderers, started from the thickets around, and seizing her bridle, and that of her attendants, vanished with them into the recesses of the forest. All efforts at resistance were precluded by the numbers of the assailants, and lest the two servitors should alarm their now rapidly approaching companions, they were hastily gagged. The whole party then set forward at a brisk pace toward the neighboring Scottish border.

The lady Eleanor was one of the most beautiful maidens of the north of England, and her expectations from her childless uncle were equalled only by her charms. Already had many a gallant knight broken a lance in defence of her beauty, or sought even more openly to win her for his bride. But to all alike she bore the same demeanor. Her heart was as yet untouched. Gay, sportive, full of wit, and not altogether unconscious of her exalted station, the heiress of three baronies continued to be the idol of her uncle, and the admiration of the English chivalry. It was while engaged in hawking with her train that she had been surprised, as we have related, by a band of Scottish marauders, with the intention of profiting by her ransom.

For some hours the party continued their flight with unabated speed, concealing themselves in the depths of the forests, until they had left the possessions of Lord Torston, and gained a range of barren and desolate hills, where there was little likelihood of meeting with interruption. The object of the capturers was obviously to bear off their prize across the border, so rapidly as to defy all measures to be taken for her rescue.

The lady Eleanor was not, however, without considerable energy of character, arising in part no doubt from the stormy times in which she lived, for she had listened so often to the tales of her ancestor's deeds that she felt it would derogate from her, even though a maiden, not to shew a portion of the same spirit in disaster. As they were hurried along, therefore, she busied herself in revolving a plan for her escape. But she could think of no feasible scheme, without the co-operation of her servitors, and they were kept so far in the rear, and guarded so carefully, that any communication with them she saw would be impossible. In this perplexity she breathed a silent prayer to the virgin, and was about resigning herself to her fate when the wail of a bugle broke upon her ear, and looking up she beheld three horsemen crossing the brow of a hill, a few yards distant. At the same moment the marauders recognised the new comers as enemies, and hurrying their captives into the rear prepared for the fray.

"Ah! what have we here?" exclaimed the leader of the men-at-arms, a bold stalwart youth, just verging into manhood, turning to his companions, "by St. George, a pack of Scottish thieves—and there is a lady among them, a prisoner I trow, for she is dressed like a maiden of rank. What say you, comrades? we are three good men against yon dozen varlets, shall we attempt a rescue?"

"Ay—ay—Harry Bowbent, lead on," exclaimed the leader of his companions, "for though your

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blood is often over-hot, yet who could refuse to charge yon Scottish knaves in such a cause?"

The marauders had, meanwhile, drawn themselves up across the road, and when the three men-at-arms spurred their horses to the charge, the Scots received them by stepping briskly aside, and striking at the animals with their huge swords. Two of the assailants were thus brought to the ground at the first onset; but the one called Bowbent, and his elder companion, bore each a Scotsman to the earth with his long lance, and then taking to their swords, struck about them with such fury as to finish the contest in a space of time almost as short as that which it takes to narrate it. They did not, however, gain this victory without cost. Both the youth and his elder comrade were wounded, while the man-at-arms, who had been unhorsed, was killed. Several of the marauders fell on the field, and the others took to flight.

"Poor Jasper," said the youth, looking mournfully upon his slain follower, "your life was soon ended. God help me! misfortunes seem to attend on all who espouse my fortunes." And, after regarding the dead man a moment longer, the youth turned away with a sigh, to fulfil his remaining duty, by inquiring whom he had rescued, and offering to conduct her to a place of safety.

Meanwhile the lady Eleanor had been an anxious though admiring spectator of the contest, and many a prayer did she breathe for the success of her gallant rescuers. The boldness of the youth especially aroused her interest, and her heart beat faster and her breath came quicker, whenever he seemed on the point of being overpowered. As he now moved toward her, she felt, she knew not why, the color mounting in her cheeks,—and as he raised his visor, she could not but acknowledge that the countenance beneath, vied with, and even excelled, in manly beauty and frankness of expression, any she had ever seen. The youth, however, had just began to express, in the courtly language of the day, his delight at having come up so opportunely, when a sudden paleness shot over his countenance, and after endeavoring vainly to speak, he sank, fainting to the ground.

"It is only this ugly wound in his side," said his older comrade, noticing the alarm in the maiden's countenance, "he has fainted from loss of blood."

"Can he not be borne to the castle?—here Ralph, Leoline, a litter for the wounded man—but, see, he revives."

The wounded youth opened his eyes faintly, and gazed upon the maiden as she spoke, and then closed them, as if in pain.

"He has fainted again," said the lady Eleanor, "cannot the blood be staunched? I have some slight skill in the healing art, let me at least bind up his wounds."

Taking a scarf from her neck as she spoke, the maiden proceeded to examine the hurts of the young man-at-arms, and having carefully bound them up, during which operation the reviving sufferer testified his mute gratitude by his looks, she allowed him to be placed on the rude litter her servitors had hastily prepared for him, and then the whole party set out to return to the castle.

It was a fortnight after the above events, and the wounded youth was now convalescent. The room in which he sat, was a large old gothic apartment, but the mild breath of summer stealing through the open window, and bearing the odor of flowers upon its bosom, gave a freshness to that old chamber, which banished, for the time, its gloominess. The invalid was sitting up, and by his side was the lady Eleanor, gazing up into his eyes with a look which a woman bestows only upon the one she loves.

On reaching the castle, the lady Eleanor, in the absence of her uncle, ordered the utmost attentions to be paid to the wounded young man. In consequence, the best room in the castle was allotted to him, and in the absence of a better leech, and in compliance with the customs of the time, the lady Eleanor herself became his physician. Opportunities were thus presented for their being together, which, as he grew more convalescent, became dangerous to the peace of both. Perhaps it was his dependence on her skill; perhaps it was the wound he had received in her cause; perhaps it was that she had expected no refinement whatever in one apparently of such questionable rank; perhaps—but no matter—like many a one before and since, it was not long before the lady Eleanor found that in attending her patient, she had lost her heart.

Nor was the wounded youth less inspired by affection for his fair physician. Gratitude for her kindness, to say nothing of her sweetness and beauty, had long since won his most devoted love. And, now, as they sat together, one might perceive, by the heightened color on the cheek of the maiden, and the unresisting manner in which her hand lay in that of the youth, that their mutual affections had just been revealed to each other in words.

"Yes—sweet one," said the youth, as if continuing a conversation, "we may have much to overcome before we triumph, if indeed we ever may; and I almost wish that we had never met." His companion looked at him chidingly. "No, not that either, dearest. But yet I would I could remove this uncertainty that hangs around my birth. I am at least a gentleman born—of that I have always been assured—I am, moreover a knight; but whether the son of a peer, or of one with only a single fee, I know not. Until this uncertainty can be removed, I cannot pretend openly to aspire to your hand. I almost fear me that my honor may be questioned, thus to plight my vows with you, dear Eleanor; yet fate, which has thrown us thus together, has some meaning in her freak."

"May it prove indeed so," said the maiden. "But you say you were always told you were noble born. Who assured you of this? Indeed, I must hear your history, for who knows," continued she archly, "but I may unravel your riddle?"

"Of my early life I know little, for though I remember events as far back even as infancy, yet it is but faintly, as we often remember incidents in a dream. Indeed I have often thought that these memories may be nothing more than vague recollections of dreams themselves happening so far back in my childhood as to seem like realities. Be that

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as it may, I have these shadowy impressions of living when very young in a large old castle, with hosts of retainers, and being served as if I was the owner of all. I remember also a fine noble looking man, and a lovely lady who used to take me in her arms and smile upon me. One day—it seems but yesterday, and I remember this more distinctly than any thing else—I was taken out by my attendants, who were, I suspect, attacked and overpowered, for I found myself rudely seized by a rough soldier, at whom I cried, and by whom I was carried off. I never saw any of my attendants more. Every face around me was new, and for days I thought my heart would break. I think I must have been carried into Scotland, for as I grew up the country around looked barren like it, and my protectors were continually returning from forays over the border on the Southron as they call us. Besides even yet I have somewhat of their accent in my speech.

"I could not have been but a very young child, however, when I changed my protectors, and went beyond sea. For two or three years we travelled much; but finally settled in France. Those with whom I resided were of the better sort of peasants, and consisted of an old woman and her daughter. We were often visited by a stern, dark man, whom I was told was a knight. He indeed must have been the person who was my real protector, for after a while, my habitation was again changed, and I became the resident of an old decayed fortalice, where a warden and one or two servants constituted the whole household. Here I remained for many years, and until I was past my boyhood. I saw no more of my imagined protector, but I have every reason to believe he owned the old castle, where, by-the-bye, I picked up some knowledge of war-like exercises; sufficient indeed to fit me, at the age of eighteen, to be sent to the army as a man-at-arms. I served a campaign under the banner of the Sieur de Lorenge, to whom I had been recommended by, I suppose, my unknown protector. His secret agency I have no doubt was exerted in procuring me to be knighted. Since then I have been thrown upon my own resources, and for a couple of years have served in Flanders, but wishing to discover, if possible, my real birth, I left the continent, and reaching England, set out on this apparently insane search. I have been engaged in it more than a half a year, and have yet obtained no clue to my parentage. I judge it, however, to be English, from my having been brought up in Scotland, for I was certainly taken prisoner in a foray. And now, dearest, you have my history—and what, alas! do you know of me, except that I am a penniless unknown knight, hunting through this broad realm for a parentage?"

The maiden did not answer the question of her lover directly, but seemed lost in thought. She gazed wonderingly upon the speaker, and said,—

"Strange!—if it should prove to be so."

Wondering at her inexplicable question, her lover said,—

"What is strange, dearest?" But scarcely had this inquiry been made, when a servant appeared, informing the lovers, that the uncle of the lady Eleanor had arrived unexpectedly from court, and begged at once to be allowed to pay his thanks to the brave knight who had rescued his niece.

It was a fortnight later in our history. A small cavalcade was winding along a romantic road, late in the afternoon. At its front rode two knights, completely armed, except as to their heads, which were covered with light caps, instead of helmets. A palfrey, upon which rode a lady, and the numerous handmaidens in the group, showed the cavalcade to be that of a woman of rank.

Suddenly the procession reached the brow of a hill, overlooking a wide reach of pasture and woodland. An extensive valley stretched below, through which meandered a stream, that now glittered in the sunlight, and was now lost to sight as it entered the mazes of the forest. In the very centre of the valley, and on a gentle elevation, stood a large and extensive castle, its defences reaching completely around the low hill upon which it stood. As the prospect broke upon the sight, the two knights drew in their reins, and the elder turning to the younger one, whom the reader will instantly recognise as the hero of our tale, said,—

"Yonder is Torston castle, and in less than an hour we shall be within its walls."

"And a noble fortress it is, my lord. I have seen many both in this fair realm and in France, but few to equal yon proud castle."

"The landscape is itself a fine one," said Lord Torston, "though few of our profession of arms have an eye for beauty."

"The rudest boor, my lord, could not fail to admire this scene. And yet it does not seem wholly new to me. I have an indistinct impression of having beheld something like it before."

"Perhaps, in some fair valley of France. But we must push on, or we shall not reach the castle until nightfall."

A brisker pace, however, soon brought the cavalcade to the outskirts of the domain. Descending the hill, they passed amid verdant woods and open lawns, and villages scattered here and there, until they reached the immediate vicinity of the castle, and in a few minutes more they entered the large gateway, and drew up in the court-yard. Every thing around seemed to recall to the mind of the young knight some long forgotten dream; and when alighting, they entered the hall, with its raised table at the upper end and the large antlers surmounting the dais, it appeared to him as if he had returned to some favorite place on which he had been wont to gaze in days long gone by. Suddenly he paused, looked eagerly around, placed his hand to his brow, and said—

"My lord, this is strange. It seems to me as if I knew this place, and every step only reveals some old remembered feature to me. It cannot be that I have dreamed of it."

"No, Sir Henry, you have not. You have seen it, but long ago. I have suspected this for some days, but I am now convinced."

"My lord," said the young knight with a bewil-

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dered air, "what mean you? It cannot be, and yet your words, your looks, your gestures, imply it —am I to find in this castle my birth-place?"

"Yes! my son," exclaimed the baron, unable longer to control the emotions, which had been swelling for days in his bosom, "and in me you find a father," and opening his arms, his long lost son fell into his arms.

"I no sooner saw your face," said the father, when these emotions had subsided sufficiently to permit an explanation, "than I felt a yearning towards you, for it reminded me of your mother. But when I heard your story," he continued, "it tallied so completely with the loss of my only son, that I suspected at once that you were my child. Your age, too, agreed with what his should have been. Unwilling, however, to make known my belief, I enjoined silence on my niece, determining to bring you here in order to see if the sight of your birth-place would awaken old recollections in your bosom. I have succeeded. I do not doubt but that you are my son,—and now let me lead you to your cousin, who by this time will have changed her apparel, and be ready to receive us."

"One moment, only," said Sir Henry, "I have that here, which as yet I have shewn to no one. It is a ring I wore on my neck when a child. Here it is."

"God be praised, my son," said the old baron, "for removing every doubt. This is your mother's wedding ring, which, after her death, you wore around your neck," and the long-separated father and son again embraced, while tears of joy and thankfulness stole down the old man's face.

Is it to be supposed that the lady Eleanor looked more coldly on her lover, now that every difficulty in the way of their union was removed: or that the young heir was less eager to possess himself of his bride, because, by wedding her, he would preserve to her the possessions which otherwise she would lose? Truth compels us to answer both questions in the negative. Scarcely a month had elapsed before the young knight led his blooming cousin to the altar, while his new-found father looked on with a joy which he had thought, as a childless man, he could never more have experienced. And in the proud array of England's proudest chivalry, which met at Torston castle to celebrate the nuptials, no one demeaned himself more gallantly, or won more triumphs in the lists, than the young knight, now no longer Harry Bowbent, the soldier of fortune, but the heir of the richest earldom in the realm.

Clairfait Hall, 1841.

SIGHS FOR THE UNATTAINABLE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

My heart is like the basin deep,
From which a fountain's waters flow—
It cannot all its treasures keep,
Nor find them welcome when they go.

From its recesses dark and drear,
There bubble up a thousand springs,
Sparkles of hope, and drops of fear,
Wild thoughts and strange imaginings.

'T is full of great and high desires—
It swells with wishes proud but vain—
And on its altar kindle fires,
Whose wasted warmth but nurtures pain.

And feelings come, with potent spell,
In many a wildering throng combined,
Whose force no words can ever tell,
Nor language e'er a likeness find.

But, ah! how sinks my saddened soul,
To know, with all its longings high,
It ne'er can reach the tempting goal,
Nor to the lofty issue fly.

To feel the ardent wish to range
The world of thought and fancy o'er,
Yet know—oh! contradiction strange!
It owns a wing too weak to soar.

To have the love of all that 's fair,
And beautiful and pure and free,
Yet find it choked with weeds of care,
Flung from the world's tempestuous sea.

To feel affections warm and high,
Boiling within my panting breast,
And meet a careless, cold reply,
Where sought my weary soul for rest.

Oh! give me Nature's kindly charm,
A scene where quiet beauty reigns—
Give me a heart with feeling warm,
To share my joy, to soothe my pains.

And they who love the stormy path
Of wild Ambition's wildered scheme,
May revel in its rage and wrath,
Most welcome to the bliss they dream.

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THE SYRIAN LETTERS.

WRITTEN FROM DAMASCUS, BY SERVILIUS PRISCUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TO HIS KINSMAN, CORNELIUS DRUSUS, RESIDING AT ATHENS, AND BUT NOW TRANSLATED.

Damascus.

SERVILIUS TO CORNELIUS—GREETING:

I HOPE you will not deem me tedious, my friend, if I endeavor to describe to you the manner in which Lactantius maintained the truth of that faith of which he is one of the most illustrious advocates. But you should have heard him, to have felt yourself in the presence of one of the greatest of men. As the day was mild, Septimus ordered the couches to be disposed along the level roof, as affording much the most delightful place to hold a conversation, for so harmless is the air of this climate, that you may even take your midnight repose under the open sky; and this they inform us is the reason why this land is so noted for those who are skilled in the map of the heavens. This, you may truly say, should be no matter of surprise, for it may be held impossible that one the least inclined to meditation should behold, night after night, without being fired with the spirit of investigation, that overspreading canopy unbounded and far reaching as eternity, but bright with wheeling stars, that rise at their own fixed moment, and set behind some well-known peak, and thus, year after year, traverse the same unvarying and harmonious circle, without collision with their sister orbs—glorious and imperishable.

The sun, fast sinking toward Cyprus, robbed of his exhausting heats, was mildly burning above Lebanon. The city lay on every side. In one direction rose the pillar of Antonine; in another the amphitheatre; and you might, with steady observation, see the wild beasts pacing to and fro, with impatient step, their well-barred cages, kept now more for curiosity than sport. In another quarter the accustomed grove relieved the wilderness of marble, like a clump of palms which often starts out so refreshingly against the whitened sands.

But, what was most beautiful to behold from this elevated site, was the far receding valley in which this city is built, sheltered on either hand by an eternal battlement of rocks, cultivated to the utmost stretch of industry, clothed with its fruitful vines, and glistening with its hundred gardens, temples and villas, wherever you might look. Through its centre ran the mazy Leontes, shining from among its tufted banks, and catching ever and anon the parting glories of the sun: while on its bosom, or suddenly emerging from some green shade, the eye detected, by the sparkling of the oar, the gaily colored galley, freighted with many a light heart. Thus raised above the bustle of the crowded thoroughfares, and soothed by the Cyprian breeze, we felt the inspiring influence of all we saw.

Lactantius was the first to speak.

"I hesitate not to avow," said he, "that I feel a deep solicitude in behalf of my friend Mobilius. Would that I had the power to expound to him the unsatisfactory reliance of his faith, the feebleness of its supports, and the terms of its delusions. As the shivering reed trembles on the first assault of the rude wind, so does this perishable belief upon the first advance of swift-footed adversity; forsaking you when you most require the aid of ready guidance and bright-eyed consolation.

"Brought from Egypt by the crafty priest, that land of science, but of superstition, he planted it in a soil where he was certain it would thrive, and to make success more sure he mingled with it the gaudy ceremonies of Chaldea. Strange that so noxious a plant should flourish as well as in its native soil, and so near the walls of Bethlehem.

"They burn an offering of perpetual fires to the king of day—what a sorry imitation of his light when but a struggling ray shall quench it! They behold his blinding brightness, they feel his piercing heats, they see nature bloom beneath his smiles, and they forgot he sprang from something. They look not beyond. Will the sun rescue us from affliction, and heal us in the hour of sickness? How," he exclaimed, warming as he spoke, and felt the influence of rapt attention—"How shall glittering rites propitiate that which can neither feel nor see, which was created to rule the day, divide the light from darkness, and mark the rolling seasons, but has no power to save, to heal or vanquish? The throbbing pulse, the glistening eye, the kindly sympathy we feel in another's anguish speaks to us of a soul, declares to us we sprang from some sublime and all-wise original. Behold," said he, rising from his couch with a commanding attitude, "yon temple, the boast of Syria, what symmetry, what grandeur!—as wise would it be to say it sprang from nothing, as that sun, which from time almost incalculable, has risen in the east and set beneath those mountains. It must have been the instrument of an all wise purpose. Then why not adore the source through whose command it blazed into existence?

"How is it, Mobilius, that the faithful follower

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in our faith, worn out by agonising pain, or hastening, hour after hour, toward certain dissolution, every thing, the bright skies, the anxious faces of those that gather round him, exposing to his fading eye—how is it he is yet more cheerful as his shattered frame sinks into increasing weakness—so that neither the stake, with its tortures, the amphitheatre, with its jeers and cruel glances, nor the silent chamber, where the last enemy of the good man approaches with slower step, and where he does not find the support or triumph of a martyrdom, shall shake his confidence?"

Here Mobilius seemed oppressed with affliction.

"What is it, my good friend," said Lactantius, "that grieves you?"

"I will tell you: your words shoot anguish through my soul, but it is for memories that are past. My sister, she on whom I lavished every thought, and all that I possessed, was snatched from me in the midst of mutual happiness. She lingered, and was buoyed up by some sweet and hidden consolation she appeared anxious to impart, but the flickering flame of life burnt too feebly in the lamp. It was, it must have been this; would I had known it, that I might have whispered into her ear I knew it. Her last look was cast upon the blue depths of heaven, as if in earnest contemplation of some glorious spectacle, and she died with a sweet smile upon her features, as if listening to sweet music. 'Mobilius,' she said, pointing upward, 'Mobilius, my dear brother, behold the—' but the trembling syllables died into a whisper—she had fled! There were to me sweet smiles no longer to cheer the vigor of my desolation—I was alone in the world."

"Console yourself," replied Lactantius, "this was an evidence your sister died in peace. Trouble not yourself on this account, you may meet her again."

At this communication his countenance, dull and heavy with grief, brightened as the sun through showers. You have seen a piece of marble carved into a coarse resemblance of the face. You have come again. The chisel of a master spirit has been busy in its god-like lineaments. It almost speaks; the dull, cold marble almost warms into a smile—such was the change. Mobilius, gathering his mantle about him, abruptly left us, nor did I see him again throughout that day.

The stars began to glimmer as the sun-light waned, and we felt in all its bounteous fulness the care-dispelling influence of this clime. The conversation was prolonged, and I found that Lactantius was as well skilled in the policy of existing governments, as in the peculiarities of all the prevailing theologies, in short, as competent for the duties of a statesman as a bishop; and it grieves me not a little that so many should be raised to this eminent station in the church so far inferior to Lactantius, while he, blessed with every natural gift, endowed with the quickest of intellects—enriched with all the learning—polished, fiery and overwhelming in speech, or if it please him, mild and winning as the softest Lydian measure, the Christian and the philosopher, should be thrust aside. This age will be signalised upon the page of the historian, as much because it gave birth to a Constantine as that on it there flourished a Lactantius.

We now descended, and the evening passed in the enjoyments of those rational pleasures which are always sought with an increasing relish.

To turn to another topic, shall I propose a subject for thy solution? What is that which may be likened to the gleam that struggles through the dark and overhanging mists, driving away in its scattering brightness the gloom of the weeping clouds? Yes, and I have known it prove stronger than the precepts of philosophy, or the examples of heroic ardor, kindling dying courage, inspiring god-like resolution, and confessing a manly port and look which seemed to herald victory ere it was achieved. More enlivening than the wine of Chios, let it but beam upon you, and the mist of bewilderment flies, and in its place you find that joy the poets so sweetly picture. What is it, you say, has induced Servilius to wander from the thread of his narrative? Of a certainty you cannot hesitate a moment—a woman's smile! You whisper the boy Cupid, and that no other than one assailed by his dart, could invest with such rosy hues that which one sees and feels every hour of the day.

But let me pause. I am writing to a philosopher, and one who may chide me when he remembers the discussions we have had upon this matter, and in which I took the sterner part. But I recant, I renounce my errors. You have influence, Cornelius, at Athens. Place the good of all that is left to us below upon a loftier pedestal. Woman should be looked up to with admiration, and not down upon with contempt. What, as yourself must admit, so softens the rigors of existence as the winning influence of woman, and why should they be treated as so insignificant a portion of the state? Be persuaded that that nation, which by its laws most elevates the character of woman, which pays the most profound obeisance to their gentle virtues, is nearest the standard of true happiness, and surest in the certainty of its duration.

These were my reflections, when who other should approach, as wearied and heated from exposure to the sun, I had thrown myself upon a couch beside a fountain in the hall of Septimus, both unperceiving and unperceived until too late to retreat, than Placidia and Lucretia. They seemed to hesitate and blush, but instantly arising, I invited them to stay.

"You came, I know, to seek the coolness of this airy hall, and you must permit me to retire."

"No!" they exclaimed, "that we must not do."

"You look wearied," Lucretia added.

"Yes, I have been pacing the crowded streets of this proud city in search of amusement and instruction."

"How is it?" she asked, "that you youth of Rome who travel, take such pleasure in beholding a pile of marble variously disposed. Having seen one handsome temple, I am sure all the rest are like it, though perchance they may be somewhat larger or smaller, or have an additional column or so. Is it a taste which is natural or does it come of cultivation?" and thus she dashed on in the same gay strain, as if undetermined whether to

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speak with lightness or with seriousness. Placidia now began a skilful attack upon my adversary, nor could the best disciple of the schools have made a more effectual sally.

"It was but yesterday, Lucretia, I heard you discourse so prettily about the great buildings in the city, with choice of language, and glow of thought that any poet might have envied. There were the flowery capitals—the happy arrangement—the beautiful designs—the—but I cannot remember the learned phrases which you used. I have it—you spoke but to draw our friend into an argument, in order that he might show wherein you are in error."

Lucretia stood silent, half-smiling, half-angry, as if to say, tarry until a more fitting opportunity—wait until we are alone my sweet Placidia, and I will amply revenge myself for these unreserved communications.

"I must acknowledge, Placidia," I replied, "the kindness of your interposition. But the inquiry of Lucretia has been fully answered by the unfortunate Longinus, a copy of whose immortal works I have now in my possessions, and it would be a source of pleasure to study them with you."

"We embrace the proposition with delight," she answered, but then, as if fearing she had been too eager, she replied, "but Mobilius must be of the number."

"Placidia," said Lucretia, "do you know then that Septimus and all his friends are alarmed at the absence of Mobilius: he has not been seen since he left us last night;" this was uttered in a tone which led me to believe her previous gaiety was but assumed.

"Is it possible?" replied Placidia with emotion.

"I must go and assist my friends in their search," I replied.

"But you are not acquainted with the streets of Heliopolis, and what service could you render?"—

"Friendship, Placidia—" but she interrupted me as if in anticipation of what I was about to say.

"Go—hasten," at the same time whispering in my ear as she turned, and deeply blushing, "let me see you on your return—I have something to confide to you which hangs heavily upon my spirits."

"I see how it is," and the fire of jealousy shot through my veins, "she loves Mobilius;" but such ungenerous thoughts were soon driven from my mind, when I remembered the uncertainty of the fate of my friend. At this moment I heard the name of Septimus cried aloud.

"Where is Septimus?" exclaimed one of the slaves as he rushed into the hall; "a lion has escaped from the amphitheatre—" he said, and trembled with fear.

"And has been chasing you, or you are frightened," I replied. "Why hesitate? the door is closed." He looked up, as if imploring my patience.

"Worse, worse,—Mobilius was found on the road that leads to the temple of Venus, upon Lebanon, mangled,—" here he was completely overpowered. Indeed, it was dreadful news, and I asked the man no farther questions. Placidia sank senseless upon a couch, while Lucretia, greatly affected, endeavored to support her tottering frame. As soon as she was partially restored, I departed, and meeting Lactantius, who had been more active in his enquiries, he cheered me by a most agreeable piece of news, as compared with the hopeless story I had heard. It was only the mantle of Mobilius that had been found, and there was no blood upon it. I hastened to relieve the anxieties of my friends, and was ushered into the presence of Placidia, by her maid, who stood waiting for me under the portico.

I hastily told her what I had heard. After expressing her joy, she broke to me her story. "Servilius, my friend, for you must permit me to call you such, from your many acts of kindness I shall never be able to repay—"

"*You* cannot *repay*," I whispered to myself, "oh! cruel Placidia."

"There is something which greatly troubles me, and some hidden prompter seems to tell me that by unburdening to you the cause of my sorrow, I shall find the speediest relief."

My heart now beat high with expectation, "dare I hope?" I said to myself.

"It cannot be a dream," she said, with her eyes fixed, and half-musing, as if for the moment unconscious of my presence. "It cannot be a dream—but I no sooner beheld the face of Mobilius, than the recollection of youth rushed upon my memory, and I thought of my brother and my sister, who have long slept with the perished. They were wrecked upon the coast of Africa, and none escaped to bear to mourning friends the brief story of their fate, but one, who, floating on a fragment of the vessel, was taken up as he was on the point of relinquishing his hold, from utter weakness, by a Syrian galley. Messengers were despatched, and my uncle himself undertook the risk and toil of a journey on our behalf. But all was in vain."

"There is still an expectation to be cherished," I said.

"Do you give hope?" said she, faintly smiling through her tears, "affection once clung to the feeblest support, but it has long since despaired."

"It shall not despair," I answered, with an energy that startled her, hurrying out of the apartment.

I soon recollected myself.

"What have I done?" I thought, "years have rolled by, nor could I flatter myself with the hope of success even if I wandered over all the territory of Rome, and ventured to the unknown land of the barbarian."

I now remembered that I had heard Apicius speak of some wealthy merchant residing in Berytus, who owned many galleys in communicating with the coast of Africa, but he had gone to his villa, and I was obliged to postpone my investigation.

Returning to the hall, I met Septimus, who told me the last that had been heard of Mobilius was from a Syrian merchant, who knew and accosted him hastening toward the road leading to the mountains, but with his eye riveted upon the path. He advanced with rapid strides. I then told Septimus the news his slave had brought.

"Alas! there is no longer a doubt, Servilius," he

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replied, "since this is the same road on which the temple stands."

We parted in grief, and Septimus in despair.

When first I met Mobilius there was a levity in his manner which did not please me, but since his conversations with Lactantius a noted change had been wrought in him, and the hidden virtues of his character shone unclouded.

We did not meet until we mingled at the evening tables; but no joy was there, and the silence was only broken by a loud cry from the slaves, as if something unusual had taken place. Septimus arose to ascertain the cause, when he was suddenly confronted by Mobilius, with dishevelled hair and robes. A shriek of surprise and joy burst from every tongue.

"We greet you, my dear Mobilius," said Sergius, as he pressed his hand with parental fondness.

Mobilius cast upon him a look of wonder, blended with bewilderment, as if in the sudden but vain effort to recall some long effaced recollection, or it might have been from gratitude at the interest of a stranger in a stranger's fate. All with one accord begged him to tell the cause of his absence.

"I knew you would feel solicitude," he said, "and as you perceive by the dust upon my robe, I have hastened to relieve your anxieties. The conversation of last night, and the light that suddenly broke upon my soul, for the while robbed me of my senses. I hurried from you, nor did I stop until I left the city many a pace behind me. Midnight gathered on. I began to recollect myself and sought shelter at the temple which lay in my way. I struck its gate with redoubling blows. I cried aloud, but none answered. Verily you might perish before these cruel priests would give you protection. A lofty tree presented the only refuge. Awakened by the morning sun, and descending, I retraced my steps with as much anxiety to reach Heliopolis as I had felt to leave it. I had not gone far, however, when to my horror I encountered that terrible lion of the amphitheatre. Subterfuge and presence of mind afforded the only chance of safety. Escape was impossible, and weapon I had none. He fixed his fiery eye upon me, lashed his tail, as if sure of his prey, and crouched to spring. Now was the only hope. Hastily unloosening my light robe, I suddenly raised it upon a slender stick, torn from a neighboring bush, and quickly stepped aside. The deceit was successful, the furious animal sprang at it, dragged it on the ground, and tore it into atoms. Rushing toward a tree, while I left him at the garment, I mounted among its branches as with wings. I do assure you I never climbed with more alacrity. The noble animal, discovering his mistake, scowled with sullen fierceness toward my place of shelter, and seemingly satisfied with the vengeance he had taken, strode onward."

"A most fortunate escape," ejaculated Valerius; "you must present your gifts to-morrow at the temple." A tear twinkled in the eye of Lactantius, and I fancied I saw his lips move as in the act of prayer.

"Yes, Valerius, and it is not the first escape with which a guardian Providence has blessed me. Shipwreck and slavery I also have escaped."

"Shipwreck," enquired Sergius, with anxiety, "will you tell us the sad story? I had a son who was shipwrecked," and the old man trembled in the effort to subdue his grief.

"I will. I left Rome on a voyage to Athens; we were driven by stress of weather into a port of Sicily. The storm abating, we pursued our course along the coast of Africa, being obliged to touch at Alexandria, but we were wrecked before we reached our haven, and nearly all the crew were swallowed by the waves."

"Pardon me for asking," said Marcus, "but did you not write to Rome, after you secured your liberty, to discover whether your kindred were still living?"

"I wrote many epistles, and to my uncle also, who told me they were all carried off by a terrible pestilence, which visited the city, and that my patrimony had been previously confiscated to the state, because of some act of my parent, and that if I ventured to Rome the rage of my father's enemies would doubtless be turned against me. I had no wish, however, to undertake the voyage, since those most cherished were no more."

"And what was the name of your father?" asked Lactantius.

"Lucius Sergius."

The venerable man paused for a moment in mute bewilderment, and then rushed into the arms of Mobilius, exclaiming, "Caius, my son, my long lost son!"

"My sisters," he cried, as they ran to embrace their beloved brother, and wept with joy. It was a touching scene, and the ecstacy of gladness brightened every face. Here let me drop the veil with the promise of ending the description of the trials and fortunes of my friend in my next epistle.

Farewell.

THE LAY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

GENTLY, gently, beating heart!
Love not earthly things too well!
Those who love too soon may part,
Sorrow's waves too quickly swell.
Softly, softly, boding fear!
Tell me not of fleeting bliss—
Ever would I linger here
With a joy so pure as this.

Shame thee, shame thee, earthly love!
Chain not thus my spirit here!
Earth must change, and joy must prove
Sure forerunner of despair.
Cheer thee! cheer thee, child of God!
Trust in Heaven, and all is well,
Come the smile, or fall the rod,
Cheer thee! cheer thee, all is well! M. S. B. D.

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THE CLOTHING OF THE ANCIENTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY WILLIAM DUANE, JR.

If the ancient inhabitants of the world had extreme difficulty in sheltering themselves from the severity of the seasons, they experienced much more in giving to their clothes the impress of art or industry. Consult Strabo; he will tell you that certain nations covered themselves with the bark of trees, fig-leaves or rushes, rudely intertwined. Often also the skins of animals were employed, without the least preparation, for the same end. In proportion as the barbarism disappeared which had been introduced by the confusion of tongues, they began to think of the wool of sheep, and to ask themselves if there were no means of uniting in a single thread the different pieces of this substance by the aid of a kind of spindle. Seeing their efforts crowned with success, "Let us now," said they, "try to imitate the spider." They did so; and, behold, as Democritus begs us to observe, the art of weaving invented! After that, the invariable custom which existed among the Jews, fifteen hundred years before Jesus Christ, of collecting the fleeces of their sheep at fixed periods; and great was the account which they made of it according to the testimony of Genesis (31, 19.)

The history, true or fabulous, of the web of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, proves to us that wool was not the sole material to which they thought of applying the art of weaving. And do we not read in Pliny that "the cotton plant grew in Upper Egypt, that they made stuffs of it, and that the Egyptian priests made admirable surplices of it?" It is undeniable that garments of cotton and of linen were in use in the time of the patriarchs; indeed Moses commands his people in the 22d chapter of Deuteronomy, "not to wear a dress of linen;" and the ancient Babylonians, as Herodotus informs us, (Book 1.) "wore immediately over their skin a cambric tunic, which fell down to their feet in the oriental manner." It was the same among the Athenians, according to Thucydides.

In the age of Augustus, many people had already arrived at great perfection in the manufacture of linen stuffs: it is the express assertion of the historian Pliny. "The Faventine cloth," says he, "is always whiter than the Allienne cloth. That which they have designated by the word *Retovine*, is so exceedingly fine that its threads are as slender as those of the spider. I have myself seen a thread of Cumes hemp so thin that a great net made of this material could go through a common ring; and I have heard tell of a man who could carry on his back as much as was required to encircle an entire forest. The fine cambric, made of the linen of Byssus, is a product of Achaia; it was sold in old times for its weight in gold." (Book 19.)

In the Egyptian Museum of the Royal Library of Paris, you may cast your eyes upon mummies, found in the catacombs of Cairo: the cloth in which they are wrapped is not at all coarser than the cambric of your shops; and yet it has been woven three hundred years. On this occasion it is not inappropriate to add that the art of weaving is still more ancient than that of embalming; which this answer of Abraham to the king of Sodom indicates: "I will not carry away a single thread of your wool," said the patriarch to him, "lest you should say—I have made Abraham rich!" Elsewhere, Moses informs us that Abimelech presented a veil to Sarah; that on the approach of Isaac, Rebecca covered her face with a veil; and that when Joseph was appointed viceroy of Egypt, Prince Pharoah covered him with a linen robe after having placed his own ring upon his finger. The Book of Job (the most ancient writing perhaps in existence) mentions a weaver's *shuttle*, (chapter 7.) A thousand years before the Christian era, do you see, setting out along the desert, those messengers of the wise Solomon, going to procure in Egypt cloths of fine linen for the king, their master? Shortly after, the city of Tyre obtained great celebrity for the beauty of its fine linens; and Ezekiel dwells entraptured on the opulence of its merchants in the following terms:—"All the planks of thy vessels are of the fine fir tree of Senir, and their masts are of the cedar of Lebanon! For their sails thou hast employed the fine linen of Egypt, splendidly embroidered." Do not suppose that all the sails of this period were of as precious a material as those of the Tyrians: like those of the Arabians of our days, they were generally composed of woven rushes.

The women commonly wore white dresses; besides, the ancients had early made rapid progress in the art of bleaching. They were all ignorant, as you may well suppose, of the expeditious process which the illustrious Berthollet has conceived, with

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the assistance of a hydrochlorate of lime or of soda; they knew, however, how to use other detersive substances to impart a shining whiteness to their stuffs. "There exists among us," says Pliny, "a species of poppy, very rare, which bleaches linen cloth wonderfully; and yet, would one believe it? we have among us a crowd of people so vain that they have attempted to dye their linen as well as their wool." In alluding in another passage to the sky-blue curtains of the Emperor Nero, he begs us not to forget that, despite of all the rich shades produced by dyeing, *white* cloth never ceased to enjoy the highest reputation, to such a degree that they conferred the title of *Great* on a person named *Lentulus Spinter*, who first conceived the idea of hanging white curtains around the places consecrated to the Olympic games. This same kind of stuff was spread upon all the houses of the *Via Sacra*, by order of Cæsar, the Dictator, who planning magnificent decorations, wished that they should extend from his residence up to the Capitol.

The basis of the hard soap of our days was undoubtedly known to the ancients. The *natron* or sub-carbonate of soda, which they collect in the channels of the Nile at the present time, was really gathered there in sufficient abundance in the first ages of the world. From another place, the man of Uz made use of it; for he makes ready in one of his chapters (Job, ch. 9.) to wash his clothes in a pit with *bor* or *borith*, a plant much esteemed on account of its alkaline properties. (You must not confound this with the *boron* of modern chemistry, which with oxygen constitutes the boracic acid.) Open the Sixth Book of the Odyssey; Homer will there shew you Nausicaa, and her companions, trampling their clothes with their feet to whiten them for an approaching marriage; the bard adds that the ladies knew perfectly well the property which the atmosphere possessed of assisting in the destruction of the only substance which imparts a greyish appearance to cloths. In alluding to this passage, Goguet affirms that all the linen and cotton garments were washed daily. An anecdote related by Apuleius in his book of "The Golden Ass," goes to prove still more the attention which they formerly paid to the art of bleaching; "A wag," said he to us, "being secretly introduced into the house of a merchant, came near being suffocated by the sulphurous gas which was given out by a bleaching machine in which he was hid."

The ability of the ancients to bestow upon their linen, cotton* and woolen cloths a brightness not inferior to that of the snow of their mountains, did not fail them when they had to dye them. More than three thousand years ago a cunning shrew, as Genesis informs us, (ch. 28.) fastened a scarlet ribbon around the hand of one of the children of Tamar: and Homer speaks to us in the part of his poem above mentioned, of the colored cloths of Sidon as admirable productions. Jacob made for his beloved son Joseph, "a robe of many colors," and the king of Tyre sent into the palace of Solomon "a man skilful to work wonderfully in gold, silver, &c. and to produce upon fine linen the shades of purple, blue and crimson." According to Herodotus, who wrote, as you know, four hundred years before Jesus Christ, some people of Caucasus washed in water the leaves of a certain tree, which yielded at length a brilliant color, with the aid of which they drew upon stuffs the figures of lions, monkeys, dolphins and vultures.

Among the brave knights who perished at Colchis, in the Argonautic expedition, there was one whom the historian Valerius Flaccus distinguishes by his painted tunic, at the same time that he expresses his admiration of the whiteness of the fine cloth which the hero also wore:

> "Tenuia non illum *candentis* carbasa lini,
> Non auro depicta chalymis, non flava galeri
> Cæsaries, *pictique* juvant subtemine bracæ."
> (Val. Flac. 6.)

Speaking of Colchis, it was there that the best materials for painting were formerly procured. Besides, if you will ascend in spirit to the days of old, you will perceive every year on the roads leading from Georgia to the principal cities of India, as well as to Dimbeck, an immense drove of two thousand camels, loaded with madder. Thence the *red** flowers were derived, of which Strabo speaks, which the nations dwelling on the borders of the Indus and the Ganges loved to spread upon their cloths. It is a particular worthy of remark that the Egyptians who constantly clothed the statues of their goddess Isis with *linen* and *cotton* drapery, never employed *wool* for that purpose, a substance which they hated so much that they did not permit the use of it, even in interments, as the 44th chapter of Ezekiel informs us. This aversion extended even to shepherds, for you may read in Genesis that every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians. (46.)

The purple of Tyre was known at an epoch exceedingly remote, and the dyers of Phœnicia surpassed in skill those of all the other nations of the east. This people came a thousand years ago as far as Great Britain to procure an enormous quantity of tin, a metal which has the property, or rather certain salts of it have, of augmenting the intensity of the principal red colors contained in many vegetable and animal substances. Upon this subject, we would advise you to run over, in the third book of Strabo, the interesting recital which he gives of the pursuit of a Phœnician vessel by a Roman bark, which wished to seize the tin with which it was freighted. It was in the neighborhood of the coast of Cornwall: the Phœnician, seeing the prow of the Roman near his stern, threw three-fourths of his cargo overboard, and steered right upon a sand-

*It is generally believed that the word *calico* is derived from Calicut, a city on the coast of Malabar in Hindostan, whence the first patterns of this stuff came to Europe.

*Dyers now know how to produce a very durable red by dipping their stuffs in a solution of acetate of alum, before subjecting them to the action of the madder. It would be desirable that they should begin to derive some advantage, on a large scale, of a new substance, lately discovered by Mr. Robiquet, which possesses the property of producing a red amaranth or pansy, very agreeable. Chemists call this substance *orsine*.

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bank, where the enemy, as you may well suppose, did not think of following him. The Tyrians, astonished at the great opulence which their city attained, attributed to the gods the magic art of dyeing in purple. All writers, and especially Ctesias, physician to a king of Persia, who lived four hundred years before the Christian era, and Ælian, a contemporary of Alexander Severus, frequently allude to an insect, to which the Phœnicians were indebted for the superior manner in which they could produce an admirable scarlet. It was evidently the cochineal: and this little animal must have been at that time less rare than at present in Syria, India, and Persia, since the humblest classes frequently wore stuffs dyed with purple. It is not surprising that they knew not how to extract from the cochineal the most brilliant of all the known reds, the carmine, before which the vermillion grows pale, and which chemistry can procure for us, in our days, in great abundance; and you know that this little insect lives upon the *cactus* which grow in Brazil, in Mexico, at Jamaica, and at Saint Domingo.

The fashion of wearing silk was unknown at Rome, before the beginning of the empire. The rage for dressing in it was already so great in the time of Tiberius, that the emperor prohibited the use of it by a positive law. The Greeks also had a taste for it; and the cloak of *Amphion* was certainly of silk, for the historian Philostratus (Ion, Book I.) tells us that its color changed according to the different ways in which the light was reflected from it. Pliny gives us to understand that the gold stuffs of the ancients were not made as those of our time, of a thread of gold or silver, wrapped around a woof of silk, but that they were woven of gold deprived of all alloy: knowing this, he speaks of the manner in which the wife of Claudius dressed herself to attend a *Naumachia* or sea fight, in the following terms—"Nos vidimus Agrippinam—induram palludamento auro textile, *sine alia materia*." It is about fifty years since they extracted, by assaying, more than four pounds weight of pure gold from some old dresses which the fathers of the Clementine College, at Rome, discovered in an urn of basalt, buried in their vineyard. Tarquin, the Elder, was he, among the Roman Sovereigns who most usually wore dresses of gold.

From the time of Homer the Greeks wore *black* dresses for mourning. This bard shews us Thetis wearing, after the death of Patroclus, the blackest of her dresses. (Iliad, 24.) For many years the same usage prevailed among the Romans, but it was partly changed under the emperors, so that when Plutarch wrote, the women in mourning could wear nothing but white. Besides, we have a proof of it at the obsequies of Septimius Severus: "The image of this emperor," Herodian tells us, "formed of wax, was surrounded on one side by a row of women in *white*, and on the other by the body of all the senators, clothed in *black*. At the death of the Empress Plotina," adds the historian, "her husband Trajan covered himself with very black habits for the space of nine days." The *toga* necessarily received as many shades of color as the other garments: but as to the form of this kind of robe it is impossible to decide. When Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, asserts that the toga presented the appearance of a semicircle (ἡμικύκλιον) he did not at all intend to describe its shape, but only the form which it assumed when worn upon the body. Strabo asserts that the military cloak with which the warriors clothed themselves had an oval form; and that among the Athenians it was often worn by the young people even in time of peace. The *tunic*, which was the principal part of the under clothing, was not generally used among the nations of antiquity, except the Greeks and Romans; all the Cynic philosophers disdained to make use of it. We know that Augustus put on as many as four tunics in winter. The name of this great emperor reminds us that it was in his reign, or thereabouts, that the Romans began to use table-cloths. Montfaucon believes that the greater part of them were of cloth striped with gold and purple. In France the ancient table-cloths were intended for collecting, after the meal, the smallest crumbs that were left, that nothing might be lost; and D'Arcy informs you that among our neighbors, the English, table linen was very seldom used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

As there exist in our days many nations, especially in the torrid zone, who do not wear *hats*, (a name by which we must understand every covering for the head, as its etymology plainly indicates,) so it formerly happened that the nations did not always think of making use of them. Thus one of the most civilized, the Egyptians, went bare-headed, according to the authority of Hesiod. Amongst the Orientals, and especially amongst the Persians, the turban was in great vogue; that of the sovereign was composed of a whole bale of muslin. It was from this last mentioned people that the Jews derived the turban. The hats of the Greeks must have had very large brims, to judge from the root of the word (πέτασος) which designated them. The Romans granted to their freedmen the right of covering themselves with a kind of cap, which has been since adopted as the emblem of liberty. It is to a Swiss, residing in Paris, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, that we owe the first invention of felt hats. They were generally known at the close of the reign of Charles VII.: this monarch himself wore one at his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1449. We read in Daniel that the worthy townsmen of that ancient city stood still as if petrified, so much were they astonished at seeing his majesty's hat; the historian adds that its lining was of red silk, and that it was surmounted by a superb bunch of feathers. Before the period of which we speak, it is probable that the French covered their heads in the same way as the English, that is to say, with woven caps or rather with cloth and silk hoods.

The stockings of the ancients were made of little pieces of cloth sewed together. We cannot say with certainty in what country the stocking-frame was invented. France, England and Spain respectively claim this useful discovery. A short time before the unfortunate tournament, in which Henry II. lost his life, he put on the first pair of silk

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stockings ever worn. Five years afterward, we see in England, William Ryder presenting a pair, as a very precious article, to William, Earl of Pembroke. Ryder had learnt the method of making them from an Italian merchant.

Many persons probably know not that *wooden shoes* date from a very remote period; for the Jews wore them long before the age of Augustus. Perhaps they were not made exactly like the wooden shoes so common among the poorer classes in France; but it is not less true that this kind of covering for the feet was generally adopted among nearly all the people of Judea: sometimes, however, we observe leather shoes among them; and the Jewish soldiers covered their feet with copper, or with iron. The shoes of the Egyptians were of *papyrus;* the Chinese and the Indians manufactured theirs of silk, of rushes, of the bark of trees, of iron, of brass, of gold or of silver, according as their fortune permitted, or their fancy dictated. At Rome, as in Greece, leather was the material which covered the feet of every one. The Roman women wore *white* shoes: the common people wore *black:* and the magistrates set off their feet with *red* shoes on solemn occasions. A thousand years ago the most powerful sovereigns of Europe had wooden soles to their shoes. Under William Rufus, son of the great Duke of Normandy, who conquered at Hastings, in 1066, a fashion was introduced into England of giving to the shoes an excessive length; the point which terminated them was stuffed with tow, and curved up on high like a ram's horn. In the fourteenth century they thought of connecting these points with the knee, by means of a gold chain. Great must have been the surprise of the worthy Anglo-Saxons, on beholding this strange species of vegetation sprouting up suddenly amongst them! Some called to remembrance the history of the serpent's teeth, which Cadmus sowed, whence a swarm of soldiers issued; others conceived that it was the costume of magicians; and little children sometimes, when going to bed, asked their mothers if there was no danger that their heads might be metamorphosed in the night into those of a horrible deer? Before leaving this paragraph upon shoes, we would call to recollection the antiquity of the art of the leather-dresser: open for that purpose the Iliad, and you will find in the Seventeenth Book, tanners preparing skins to make leather of them. This class of manufacturers composed, three hundred years ago, a very important body, since we possess the account of a furious quarrel which broke out, under Queen Elizabeth, between them and the shoe-makers. We are pleased to record here the perfection with which they manufacture leather at this date in the New World. In South Carolina, as well as in the state of Virginia, the Indian women are so skilful in this branch of industry that a single person can dress as many as ten deer-skins a day.* Of all the transformations which are wrought in the arts, that of the animal substance into leather is, without doubt, one of the most curious. The process, by means of which they set about accomplishing it in old times, was the result of a calculation still more ingenious than that of changing two opaque bodies into a transparent body to make glass, for instance; or else two transparent bodies into an opaque body for making soap. Besides, you know that chemistry actually teaches us that leather is a real salt, a *tannate of gelatine.* This assertion was not uttered with confidence until M. Pelouze had extracted from tan in late years the tannic acid in a state of remarkable purity. Besides this, you may now explain a phenomena which is repeated at a great distance upon the ocean, at the time of some lamentable shipwreck. The journal which records for you the history of one of these sad events often tells you that in the last moment of famine, the unhappy survivors took to eating their shoes, and that life is sometimes prolonged by these means! Certainly, for the gelatine possesses nutritious properties, even when its peculiarities are stained with a thousand impurities, as is leather.

The subject upon which we have endeavored to present some observations, is so capable of being extended that a large volume in octavo would scarcely suffice to contain all the historical knowledge relating to it. But such a dissertation, carried out to the extent or with the exactness which it admits of, would only constitute at last a kind of catalogue or bare enumeration of the thousand modifications which human vestures have undergone down to our times. The memory of the reader would be unable to retain so prodigious a number of minute particulars, and the curiosity of his mind, fatigued by so many useless details, would be extinguished before finishing the third part. These changes have often, it is true, nothing for their object but the accessory and secondary parts of dress, as the following passage, which we meet with in the *voyages* of M. de Chateaubriand, seems to point out.

"One thing has at the same time struck me and charmed me; I have met in the dress of the Auvergne peasant the attire of the Breton peasant. Whence comes this? It is because there was formerly for this kingdom, and for all Europe, a *groundwork* of a common attire." (Vol. 2., p. 296.)

In another particular also, men have always been constant, that they have never ceased to seek for the material to compose their clothing from the animals which the Creator has placed in their respective climates. It will probably be the same till the end of the world. It is thus that the nations under the temperate zone have recourse for covering to wool, because, being a bad conductor of caloric, it prevents the escape of it from their bodies. In the frozen zone the Russians, the Esquimaux, and the Greenlanders, clothe themselves in furs, a material which is a still worse conductor of caloric; while the natives of countries under the influence of the torrid zone, make their dresses of hair or horse-hair, whose conducting properties are in an inverse ratio to those of furs. It is worth remarking that the animals which in temperate regions are covered with wool or ordinary hair, are provided, when they inhabit countries really cold, with an under-

*This will be news to the people "in South Carolina, as well as in the state of Virginia." *Translator.*

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fleece of very fine wool: it is the case with goats, sheep, dogs, horses, and Thibet cows.

If by a game of metempsychosis, you were enabled to return to existence two hundred years hence, what unheard of changes would you not see in the dress of individuals. Transport in anticipation your shade to a point commanding one of the public promenades of the capital; suppose yourself, for instance, on the top of the Vendôme Column, on a fine summer's evening; you would, perhaps, perceive the *dandies* of the time strutting in frocks, whose leg of mutton sleeves are as voluminous as those of our sylphides at this day. Their hats, instead of being of beaver or of fur, have a similar shape to that which our ladies adopted in 1839. For the young folks a notched veil would be the prescribed mode; the men, of a certain age, would embellish their hats with a superb scarlet plume. As to the women, who will now dare to affirm that they will not then cover their heads with perukes *à la* Louis XIV. topped off with three-cocked hats, and that from their chin there will not descend a band *à la procureur du roi*? Extend your Pythagorean glance farther into the ages, and you will, perhaps, discover another part of mankind adding to their dress an enormous pair of wings! We may doubt that the gnomes, the sciences, will never render the attempt to make use of them more effectual than that of the son of Dædalus in old times; but in return, posterity may fly by another process, in case the æronauts can discover the secret of steering themselves in mid-air. Should this expectation be realised, we may then hear one of your future grand-nieces (who will be the belles of the noble Faubourg) say to her domestic on rising from her breakfast, "Ganymede! my balloon, with its boat; I wish to go dine to-day with my cousin, at Florence."

Philadelphia, May, 1841.

TO LORD BYRON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY R. M. WALSH.

Thou, whose true name the world doth yet not know,
Mysterious spirit, mortal, angel, fiend,
Whate'er thou art, oh! Byron, still I love
Thy concerts' savage harmony, ev'n as
I love the noise of thunder and of winds
Commingling in the storm with torrents' voice!
Night is thy dwelling, horror thy domain;
The eagle, king of deserts, thus doth scorn
The lovly plain; he seeks, like thee, steep rocks
By winter whitened, by the lightning riven;
Shores strewn with fragments of the fatal wreck,
Or fields all blackened with the gore of carnage:
And whilst the bird that plaintive sings its griefs
'Mid flow'rets, builds its nest on bank of streams,
Of Athos he the summits fearful scales,
Suspends his eyre o'er the abyss, and there,
Surrounded by still palpitating limbs,
By rocks with bloody banquets ever foul,
Soothed by the screaming anguish of his prey,
And rocked by jempests, slumbers in his joy.

Thou, Byron, like this brigand of the air,
In cries of woe dost sweetest music find.
Thy scene is evil, and thy victim man.
Like Satan, thou hast measured the abyss,
And plunging down, far, far from day and God,
Hast bid to hope farewell for evermore!
Like him, now reigning in the realms of gloom,
Thy dauntless genius swells funereal strains;
It triumphs; and thy voice in hellish tone
Sings hymns of glory to the god of evil.
But why against thy destiny contend?
'Gainst fate what may rebellious reason do?
It hath but (like the eye) a bounded scope.
Beyond it nor thy eye nor reason strain;
There all escapes us; all is dark, unknown.
Within this circle God hath marked thy place.
How? why? who knows?—From His Almighty hands
The world and human beings he hath dropped,
As in our fields he spread around the dust,
Or sowed the atmosphere with night or light.
He knows; enough; the universe is his,
And we can only claim the present day.
Our crime is to be man and wish to know:
To serve and know not is our being's law.
Byron, this truth is hard, and long I strove
Against it; but why turn away from truth?
With God, thy title is to be his work;
To feel, t' adore thy slavery divine;
In th' universal order to unite,
Weak atom as thou art, to his designs
Thy own free will; by his intelligence
To have been conceived, and by thy life alone
To glorify him—such, such is thy lot!
Ah! rather kiss the yoke that thou wouldst break;
Descend from thy usurped rank of god;
All, in its place, is well, is good, is great;
In His regard, who made immensity,
The worm is worth a world; they cost the same!

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This law, thou say'st, revolts thy sense of right;
It strikes thee merely as a strange caprice;
A snare where reason trips at every step—
Let us confess and judge it not, great bard!
Like thine, my mind with darkness is replete,
And not for me it is to explain the world:
Let Him who made, explain the universe.
The more I sound the abyss, the more, alas!
I lose myself amid its viewless depths.
Grief, here below, to grief is ever linked,
Day follows day, and pain succeeds to pain.
In nature bounded, infinite in wish,
Man is a fallen god rememb'ring Heaven:
Whether that, disinherited of all
His pristine glory, he doth still preserve
The mem'ry of his former destinies,
Or that the vastness of his wishes gives
A distant presage of his future greatness—
Imperfect at his birth, or fallen since—
The great, the awful mystery is man.
Within the senses' prison chained on earth,
A slave, he feels a heart for freedom born,
And wretched, to felicity aspires.
He strives to sound the world; his eye is weak;—
He yearns to love; whate'er he loves is frail.
All mortals unto Eden's exile bear
A sad resemblance—when his outraged God
Had banished him from that celestial realm,
Scanning the fatal limits with a look,
He sat him, weeping, near the barred gates,
He heard within the blest abode afar,
The sigh harmonious of eternal love,
Sweet strains of happiness, the choral song
Of angels sounding God's triumphant praise;
And tearing then his soul from heav'n, his eye
Fell back affrighted on his dismal lot.
Woe, woe to him who from his exile here
Hath heard the concerts of an envied world!
When Nature once ideal nectar tastes,
She loathes the cup Reality presents.
Into the possible, in dreams she leaps;
(The real is cramped; the possible, immense;)
The soul with all her wishes there doth take
Her sojourn, where forever she may drink
From crystal springs of knowledge and of love,
And where, in streams of beauty and of light,
Man, ever thirsty, slakes his thirst.
And thus, with Syren visions charming sleep
On waking, scarce she knows herself again.

Such was thy fate, and such my destiny!
I too the poisoned cup did drain; like thine
My eyes were opened, seeing not; in vain
I sought the enigma of the universe;
I questioned nature for its cause; I asked
Each creature why created; down the abyss,
The bottomless abyss, I plunged my look;
From the atom to the sun, I all explored;
Anticipated time, its stream did mount;
Now passing over seas to hear the words
That drop from wisdom's oracles; but found
The world to pride is ever a sealed book!
Now, to divine the world inanimate,
To nature's bosom flying with my soul,
I thought to find a meaning in her voice.
I read the laws by which the heav'ns revolve,
My guide great Newton, through their shining paths.
Of crumbled empires o'er the dust I mused;
Rome saw me 'mid her sacred tombs descend;
Of holiest manes disturbing the repose;
The dust of heroes in my hands I weighed,
Asking their senseless ashes to restore
That immortality each mortal seeks.
What say I? hanging o'er the bed of death,
I sought it even in expiring eyes;
On summits darkened by eternal clouds,
On billows tortured by eternal storms,
I called; I braved the shock of elements,
Like to the sybil in her rage divine,
I fancied nature in those fearful scenes
Some portion of her secrets might reveal:
I loved to plunge amid those horrors dread.
But vainly in her calm and in her rage
This mighty secret hunting, everywhere
I saw a God, and understood him not.
I saw both good and ill, without design,
As if by chance, escaping from his hands;
I saw on all sides evil, where there might
Have been the best of good, and too infirm
To know and comprehend him, I blasphemed.
But breaking 'gainst that heav'n of brass, my voice
Had not the honor to o'en anger fate.
One day, however, that by mis'ry wrung,
I wearied heaven with my fierce complaint,
A light descended from on high, that filled
My bosom with its radiance, and inspired
My lips to bless what madly they had cursed.
I yielded, grateful, to the influence,
And from my lyre the hymn of reason poured.

"Glory to thee, now and for evermore,
Eternal understanding, will supreme!
To thee, whose presence space doth recognise!
To thee, whose bright existence every morn
Announceth! Thy creative breath hath stooped
To me, and he who was not hath appeared
Before thy majesty! I knew thy voice
Ere I had known myself, and at its sound
Up to the gates of being I did rush.
Behold me! nothingness doth here presume
To hail thee at its coming into life.
Behold me! but what am I? what my name?
A thinking atom—who may dare to hope
Between us two the distance o'er to scan!
I, who in thee my brief existence breathe,
Myself unknown and fashioned at thy will,
What ow'st thou, Lord, to me, were I not born?
Before or after, naught—hail end supreme!
Who drew all from himself, to himself owes all.
Enjoy, great artist, of thy hands the work.
I live thy sov'reign orders to fulfil.
Dispose, ordain, control, in time, in space;
My day and sphere, for thy own glory mark;
My being, without question or complaint,
In silence hasten to assume its place.

* * * * * * *

Glory to thee! annihilate me, strike!
One cry, one cry alone shall reach thy ear—
Glory to thee, now, and for evermore!"

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THE LIFE GUARDSMAN.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

The Life Guard of Washington! Who can think upon this band of gallant spirits without feeling a glow of patriotism warming his heart, and stirring up the sluggish feelings of his soul? Fancy paints again the figures which history has suffered to fade away, as the shadows departed from the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa; and the heroes of the past start up before us like the clan of Roderick Dhu at the sound of their chieftain's whistle. They come from Cambridge, and from the Hudson, from Trenton and from Princeton, from Yorktown and from the Brandywine, from mountain pass and woody vale, gathering in battle array around the lowly bed of their sleeping leader, amid the solitary shades of Vernon.

The life guardsmen are fast fading away. One by one the aged members have departed, and now Lee's corporal slumbers beside his commander. Their march of life is over.

A more efficient corps never existed on this side of the Atlantic than the Life Guard. Animated by one motive, guided by one object, they surrounded their beloved commander-in-chief, and gloried in being known as his body guard. Was there any difficult duty to perform? it fell to this body, and gallantly did they perform the service entrusted to them. The eye of the general glistened with delight as they filed before him in the shade of evening, or returned into camp from some successful incursion beyond the enemy's lines, ere

"Jocund day stood tiptoe on the mountain top"—

or the *reveillé* aroused the army from their slumbers.

It was the anniversary of the battle of Princeton, when an aged man, with a stout staff in his hand, was seen trudging manfully down Broadway. As he passed along from square to square, he cast his eyes upon the signs and door-plates, and muttering, continued on his course.

"Here," said he, "was Clinton's Quarters"—"Edward Mallory silks and laces"—"and here was the house that Washington stopped at"—"John Knipberhausen, tobacconist," "and here was where the pretty Quakeress lived, who used to furnish the commander-in-chief with information as to the enemies movements"—"Café de mille colonnes"—"all, all are changed; time has been busy with every thing but the seasons—they are the same—the sun and the rain—the evening and the morning—the icicle and the dew-drop—the frost and the snow-drift change not: but man and his habitations—aye, the very names of places and people have been altered, and the New York of the Revolution is not the New York of '37."

As the old man said this he seated himself upon a marble door-step, and wiped the perspiration from his brow; for he had walked a long way that morning, and the thousand associations that pressed upon his memory wearied him.

A company of volunteers, in all the pomp and circumstance of city war, now approached by a cross street. The bugle's shrill note, mingled in with the clarionet and cymbals; and the glance of the sun upon their bayonets and polished helmets, lit up the martial fire that slumbered in the old man's soul. He rose upon his feet.

"It is pleasant enough now to look upon such gatherings," said he, "but those who have heard the drums beat to drown the cries of the wounded and the dying, cannot forget their meaning, though youth and joy accompany them, and though the smiles of beauty urge them on." And the old man wept, for the men of other days stood about him; and the battle-fields, then silent and deserted, teemed with the dead and the dying; and the blood formed in pools amid the trampled grass, or trickled in little rills down the smoky hill-side.

A servant now came out of a neighboring house and invited the old man in. He thankfully accepted the hospitality of the polite citizen, and soon stood in a comfortable breakfast room. A young man of twenty-one received him with kindness; and a tall, prim woman of eighty-six cordially insisted upon his joining her family at the breakfast-table. A beautiful girl of eighteen took the old man's hat and cane, and wheeled up an old arm-chair that had done the family some service in ancient days. The old man as she seated herself beside him, patted her upon the head, and a firm—"God bless you"—escaped from his wrinkled and pallid lips. The old lady suddenly paused in her tea-table duty, and looked earnestly at her guest. The old man's eyes met hers—they had seen each other before—but the mists of time shrouded their memories, and blended names and places and periods strangely together.

"Will thee have another cup of tea?" said the matron to the old man.

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"I have heard that voice," thought the stranger, as he took the proffered cup with gratitude, and finished his breakfast in silence.

"Oh! grandmother," said the maiden, springing to the window, "here come the Iron Greys; how splendidly they look."

"I cannot look at them," said the matron, in a trembling voice—"thy grandfather was killed by the Brunswick Greys at Princeton."

"What was his name?" said the old man, fixing his dim eye steadily upon the speaker's face.

"Charles Greely," said the matron, shedding an unexpected tear.

"Charles Greely," said the old man springing up—"why he was a Life Guardsman, and died by my side—I buried him at the hour of twilight by the milestone."

"And thou art?" said the matron, earnestly.

"Old Hugh Maxwell, a corporal of Washington's Life Guard at your service," said the stranger guest.

"Oh! well do I know thee," said the matron, weeping—"it was thee who gave me directions where to find him, and delivered to me his dying sigh. This is an unhappy day to me, Hugh Maxwell, but thy presence lends an interest to it that I had no idea of enjoying. William and Anne, thy grandfather died upon Hugh Maxwell's breast in battle—let us bless God that we are permitted to entertain the gallant soldier upon the anniversary of that day of glory."

And the son brought forth the old family bible, and the widow Greely prayed after the manner of the Quakers, amid her little congregation.

When the service was over, and the breakfast equipage had been removed, the son and the daughter each drew a seat beside the old veteran, while their grandmother carefully wiped her spectacles and took a moderate pinch of Maccouba. Then seating herself as straight as a drill sergeant in her cushioned seat in the corner, she turned her *well ear* toward the old corporal and looked out of the window.

"Tell us about the battle of Trenton and of Princeton, Mr. Maxwell," said the grand children, in one voice. The old man looked inquiringly at the widow Greely.

"Thee may tell it, though it may be a sad tale to me," said the matron, and Hugh Maxwell, after resting his head upon his hand for a moment, began his account of

THE BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON.

The twenty-fifth of December, 1776, was a gloomy day in the American camp. An army of thirty thousand British soldiers lay scattered along the opposite side of the freezing Delaware, from Brunswick to the environs of Philadelphia. Gen. Howe commanded the British cantonment, and Lord Cornwallis was on the march from New York to reinforce him.

The British soldiers were flushed with success. They had driven us through the Jerseys. New York Island and the North River were in their power. They had tracked us by our bloody footprints along the gloomy, though snow-clad hills: and they looked eagerly forward to the day when the head of our illustrious Washington should be placed upon Temple Bar, and the mob of London should cry out while they pointed at it, "there rests the head of a Traitor." The banner of England floated heavily in the wintry air, and the fur-clad Hessian paced his rounds on the gloomy hills, with his bayonet gleaming in the stormy light; videttes were seen galloping along the hill sides, and the valleys echoed with the martial airs of England. But in our camp all was sadness. Five thousand men, ill-armed, and worse clad, without tents or even camp utensils, sat crouching over their lonely watch-fires.

But this was not all. The crafty British general had offered a pardon to all who would desert the American cause, and many men of property, aye! even members of Congress, recreant to honor and principle, pocketed their patriotism with the proclamation, and basely betrayed their country in the hour of her peril. Members of Congress did I say? Yes, those that had been members: and let me repeat their names, lest perchance they may have been forgotten in the age of sham power and speculation. Galloway and Allen deserted, and joined the enemies of freedom in the fall of 1776.

Such was the state of things at this period. All was silence in the American camp. The spangled banner hung drooping over our head quarters, and the sentinel by the low door-way stood leaning in melancholy mood upon his rusty and flintless gun. The commander-in-chief held a council of war. At the close of it he gave his opinion—he had heard of the scattered cantonment of the British army.

"Now," said he striking his hand upon an order of battle, and pointing from the window of the little farm house toward the wild river, "now is the time to clip their wings." It was a master-thought; the council of war concurred with their leader, and each member retired silently to prepared for immediate action.

The regiments were mustered—the sentinels were called in—a hasty meal was devoured—the evening shut in with darkness and storm—the word was given—and we began our march. One party moved down, one remained stationary, and one passed up to a point above Trenton. I was with Washington. No one in the ranks knew where he was to go—all was mystery; until we wheeled down the steep bank of the Delaware.

"Onward," was the word. "Cross the river," thundered along the line, and our freezing legions moved on. Who shall describe the pains and the perils of that terrible march? Who shall reward the noble spirits, who, trusting in their illustrious leader, moved onward, amid famine, nakedness, and the winter's storm? Surely at this day a generous nation will not let the poor, old veteran die who has his scars—but no certificate—to testify to the glory of that night—better feed an imposter than starve a hero.

But to my tale.—Upon a high bank Washington, and Knox, and a few staff officers, wrapped in scanty military cloaks, sat upon their shivering chargers, and awaited the progress of the broken line.

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We moved on—some on cakes of ice—some on rafts with the artillery—and some in little boats. Dark reigned the night around—the wild blast from the hills swept down the roaring stream—the water froze to our tattered clothes, and our feet were blistered and peeled by treading upon the icy way. The snow, like feathers borne upon a gale, whirled around us—the dark waters yawned fearfully before us—at every step we were in danger. Now precipitated into the stream, and now forced to climb the rugged sides of the drift-ice, still we advanced. At length the cannon and tumbrils were landed, and the last soldier stood upon the opposite shore.

Shivering with cold, and pale with hunger and fatigue, our column formed and waited for the word. Washington and his staff were at hand. "Briskly, men, briskly," said he, as he rode to the head of the line; and then the captains gave the word from company to company, and the army marched on in silence. A secret movement of an army at night keeps the drowsy awake, and the hungry from complaining. Man is an inquisitive animal, and the only way to make him perform apparent impossibilities, is to lead him after he knows not what. Columbus discovered America in a cruize after Solomon's gold mine, and the vast field of chemistry was laid open to human ken, in a search for the elixir of life, and the philosopher's stone.

All night our troops moved down the west bank of the river, and as the morning spread her grey mantle over the eastern hills, we reached Trenton.

The Hessians, under Rawle, slept. No one feared Washington,—and the moustached soldier dreamed of the Rhine and the Elbe, and the captain slept careless at his inn. But suddenly the cry was raised,—"He comes! he comes!" Our frosty drums beat the charge; the shrill fifes mingled in with a merry strain; and our hungry army, with bare feet entered the city. Like the Scandinavian horde—in impetuosity and necessity—before the eternal city, we rushed up the streets, and attacked the surprised enemy at every turn. The startled foe endeavored to defend themselves; but, before any body of them could collect, a charge of our infantry cut them to pieces. Their colors were absolutely hacked off of their standard-staff, while they advanced in line, by a sergeant's sword, and their officers were cut down or taken prisoners. Our victory was complete. One thousand men were killed and made prisoners, and the artillery, consisting of nine pieces, was captured. Such was the effect of the Battle of Trenton upon the enemy; but to us the consequences were the reverse. Our hungry men were fed, our naked were clothed, the rank and file were armed, and the officers promoted.

The same evening we re-crossed the river, but it was not the terrible stream of the previous night. The foot-prints of boots and shoes were left on our trail, and the drums beat a merry call, while the bugles answered sweet and clear.

In a few hours the Hessian tents shrouded the captors on the site of our old encamptment; and Rawle's officers had the pleasure of drinking *their own wine in their own tents*, with General Washington, and his subalterns, as prisoners of war. So well planned was this attack that we lost but nine men, and two of them were frozen to death after being wounded.

On the 29th of December, 1776, we again crossed the Delaware, and at 1, P. M., our eagles floated over Trenton.

The "merry Christmas" of our evening party astonished and aroused the king's generals. Lord Cornwallis hastened to form a junction with General Grant at Princeton; and on the 2d of January, 1777, the British army marched against Trenton.

It was late in the afternoon when the advance guard of the enemy appeared in sight, their red coats forming a striking contrast with the winter's snow. Our drums now beat to arms, and General Washington, with 5,000 of us, crossed the rivulet Assumpinck, and took post upon the high ground facing the rivulet. A heavy cannonade speedily commenced, and when night came on, both armies had a breathing spell.

Fresh fuel was now piled upon the camp-fires—the sentinels were posted in advance—small parties were stationed to guard each ford—the cry, "all 's well," the quick challenge, and the prompt answer; the tramping of a returning vidette—and the occasional tapping of a drum in the guard-room, were heard in our camp. The British general rejoiced in the belief that the morning sun would behold him a conqueror of our leader and ourselves. Secure of his prey, the enemy made preparations to attack our camp on the first blush of morning. The noise of hammers—the heavy rumbling of cannon wheels—the clashing of the armorer's hammer, and the laugh of the artizan and pioneer, came over upon the night-wind, and grated harshly upon our sensitive ears.

An officer, mounted, and wrapped in a military cloak, was now seen silently approaching the commanders of regiments in quick succession. He whispered his orders in a low tone—the colonels started with astonishment,—they looked—it was their general, and they immediately sent for their captains. Each officer heard the new order with astonishment, but to hear was to obey. The captains whispered it to their orderlies, and in twenty minutes after it was communicated to commanders of regiments the whole army stood upon their feet in battle array. Our tents were struck, and our baggage wagons were ready for a march.

The sentinels paced their rounds as though nothing was about to happen. The laugh of the relieved guard was heard above the din of both armies, and "all 's well" rang above the night.

We now stood ready in open column to march. General Hugh Mercer had command of the van guard, and in a few moments our captains whispered, "forward, and be silent"—our living mass immediately moved onward, and filed off toward Allentown. Presently we heard the rear guard, with the artillery, rumbling in our rear, and then our camp, so quietly deserted, was lost sight of in the shadow of the hills.

For upward of two hours we moved on in comparative silence. Nothing but the whispers of the officers, and the heavy tread of men was heard. It

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was quite dark, and every breast seemed to be under the spell of mystery. At length a noise was heard ahead, and a staff officer galloped to the rear. As he past along he said, in a clear voice, "the enemy are in sight." In a few minutes the voice of the gallant Mercer was heard loud and distinct, giving his orders—"attention, van-guard, close order, quick time, march." We sprang at the word—each soldier grasped his musket with a firmer gripe—and away we went upon the run.

Three regiments of light-infantry opposed us upon the plain at Maidenhead, and their drums were beating merrily as we drew near them—our front now came upon an open common. We broke into three columns, and headed by the gallant Mercer, dashed on. In a moment a stream of fire passed along the British line, the dead and wounded fell around me, and our columns wavered. At this instant while General Mercer, with his sword raised, was encouraging the van-guard to rush on and secure the victory, a bullet struck him, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. For a moment only the battle was against us, but soon the firm voice of Washington was heard, as he pressed on to the front. Our musketry now echoed terribly; the enemy began to give way; a well-directed fire from the artillery told fearfully upon the small armed foe, and they were routed. At this moment a British soldier clapped his bayonet to my breast—Charles Greely thrust it away with his right hand—the soldier fired—his musket and the noble-hearted Greely fell upon my breast. I grasped his hand—it faintly returned my pressure—and then he straitened himself upon the ground, his eyes became fixed, his jaw fell, and he was dead. I bore him quickly to a wounded cart, and hastened to my platoon. The enemy were flying toward Brunswick, and we were masters of the field.

"On to Princeton," shouted our noble leader, as he sent his wounded aid to the rear on a litter.

The line moved on in quick time, and soon we entered the town. Our visit was as unexpected here as at Trenton. A portion of the enemy had taken shelter in the college. Our general, as at Trenton, headed the charge in gallant style, while the troops, animated by his fearlessness, nobly seconded him. The artillery thundered against the garrisoned college, and the musketry rung wildly from every corner. Surrounded by a superior force, and not knowing but what Cornwallis had been routed, for they had heard the midnight cannon at Maidenhead, most of the enemy surrendered. A few, however, escaped by a precipitate flight along an unguarded street at the commencement of the attack. In this affair one hundred of the enemy were killed, and three hundred taken prisoners. Lord Cornwallis, as he lay on his camp bed, was roused by the roar of cannon. He started—the sound came from Princeton—he immediately ordered his troops under arms, and hastened to the scene of action. When he arrived the battle was won, and we were on our return march in triumph. As we crossed the Milestone river, we were halted to destroy the bridge at Kingston. I ordered a file of men to assist me, and hastily buried my companion in arms by the water-side, while the enemy's cannon answered for minute-guns for the brave. Having shed a tear of sympathy over his lonely grave, we joined the main-body. At sun-set we trod upon the bleak hills of Morristown, and when the camp-fires were lighted the campaign of '76 was over.

As the old man finished his tale, the widow turned away her head, and the grand-children hid their faces and wept. At length when they raised their eyes to their guest, his face was pallid—a wildness was manifest in his eyes; and his frame appeared to be stiffening in death. They sprang to him.

"Forward—on—to—Princeton!" said he, in a cold whisper; and then the last Life Guardsman joined his companions in Heaven.

The next day a numerous body of strangers followed the old veteran to the tomb; and the widow Greely placed a plain marble slab at the head of it, and inscribed upon it—

HERE LIES
THE LAST OF WASHINGTON'S
LIFE GUARD.

SONNET WRITTEN IN APRIL.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

"My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of those that weep."—*Job.* 30, 31.

Once did this heart exalt at coming spring,
My sunny smiles were bright as April skies!
Or if tears ever overflowed my eyes,
They passed as showers, which April clouds do bring,
And quick again my joyous soul took wing;
As when the bird from out its covert flies,
To welcome sunshine back with carolling;
New plumes its pinions, higher yet to rise.
But now, alas! I 'm like the *wounded* bird!
An arrow in this bosom pierces deep—
My spirit droops—my song no more is heard;
My harp to mourning turned, is only stirred
As with the plaintive tones of those that weep,
And I am sad, while Spring her festival doth keep.

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UGOLINO,

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

I.

"Dark as the mouth of Acheron, and the rain seems inclined to warrant a second deluge," grumbled a rough voice, proceeding from one of the dark alleys which branched out from the Porta san Piero.

"Silence, rascal!" sharply rejoined another voice. "Wouldst betray us with thy noise? Thou wouldst have the *bargello* upon us, with a murrain! Dost thou think that thou art brawling over thy liquor, that thou wouldst bring the notice of the police upon us?"

"Nay, I but spoke," growled the other, and muffling himself up in his heavy cloak, leaned against the wall and held his peace.

The night was truly, as the first speaker observed, as black as Tartarus. The rain plashed down in torrents; and the squalls of wind which occasionally drove the showers with accelerated rapidity across the street, whistled dismally among the tall turrets and battlemented roofs of the Porta san Piero. The street was obscured by a thick mist, through which the feeble light of the flickering lamps, hung in the centre of the thoroughfare, at long distances from each other, shone like lurid meteors. Few wayfarers lingered in the passage, and such as were to be seen, with rapid strides, and close-wrapped cloaks, hurried over the wet and slippery stones, which formed a kind of rude *pavé*. Two figures, enveloped in large mantles, the actors in the dialogue, were carefully ensconced in the thick darkness of the blind alley, apparently upon the watch for some expected comer.

The turret clock of San Marco pealed the hour of ten, and as if waiting for the signal, the wind rose with increased fury, and spouts of water deluged the persons of the concealed parties.

"Corpo di Baccho!" swore the first speaker, "by the clock it is ten already, and yet no signs of Ugolino. My mantle cleaves to the skin with the wet, and altogether I feel more like a half-drowned rat, than a good Catholic. By my rosary, a bright fire, and a comfortable cup of father Bonachio's Lachryma, would be an excellent exchange for a dark alley and a waterspout like this."

"Something has detained his honor beyond this time," replied the other. "Count Ugolino was not wont to be so slow in keeping his engagements. Hark! I hear footsteps. It must be he. Stand close."

A merry laugh pealed through the deserted street. A troop of gallants, masked, and attended by serving-men, and pages bearing torches, came onward. They passed by, and the clank of their spurs, and the rattle of their rapiers, died away in the distance.

"The cursed Frenchmen!" muttered the shortest of the concealed personages, while his hand clutched convulsively the hilt of his dagger. "Ill fare the day that Florence ever saw Walter of Brienne!"

"But as morn approaches the night is ever most dark," rejoined his comrade. "Would the count were here. By the scales of justice I am even a'weary of waiting for him. Comes he not yet?"

A tall figure was seen stealthily approaching through the gloom.

"Ha! Ugolino! Count, is it thou?"

"The same. Well found, Pino D'Rossi."

"We have watched long for thee, and almost feared that our watch was in vain."

"I could not escape unnoticed. It is a wild night."

"The fitter for our purpose. The worthy Adimari greets thee well, and joyfully receives thee as a brother. We are ready to conduct thee to the assembly of the chiefs."

"In good time. Is Pompeo Medici there?"

"He is there; to hear and to act."

"It is well. But time flies, and our conversation is too public if these slaves of the *bargello* be about. Let us away to the noble Adimari." So saying, the three plunged into the surrounding darkness, and were quickly lost to the sight.

In an ancient vault of the palace of the Adimari, the leaders of a conspiracy were assembled. Noble forms and manly visages thronged the damp and obscure apartment, and among the noblest in presence stood Leonardo, the chief of the Adimari. But the countenances of the nobles who composed the meeting, were dark and troubled. The flushing eye and the quivering lip betrayed the deep passions which agitated the breasts of the chiefs, as, in the course of their dialogue, some new cruelty, some fresh instance of tyranny and rapacity upon the part of the Duke d'Atene, was recited. A tap was heard

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at the grated door, and Leonardo Adimari having personally opened it, Ugolino and his two companions entered the apartment. The count had thrown off his reeking mantle, and stood attired in a rich scarlet doublet, fancifully guarded with gold embroidery, white long hose, and ruffled boots, which exposed his manly person to the best advantage. His locks, of a dark chestnut hue, flowed in long ringlets from beneath a scarlet barret cap, adorned with a jewelled clasp and plume of white heron feathers. His countenance, chiselled in the finest and most classical shape, was rendered highly expressive by his dark eyes, which rolled and sparkled with Italian vivacity of character. His form, sufficiently fleshy for a perfect contour, displayed great muscular strength, united with the most finished symmetry. Depending from a richly ornamented scarf, hung his rapier in its ornamented sheath, and his dagger, of elegant workmanship, was suspended from the embroidered hangers of his girdle.

"Welcome, noble Ugolino," said Adimari, as he led the count forward, "and thou too, worthy Pino D'Rossi, we lack patriots such as thou."

"Thanks, noble Adimari," replied D'Rossi, who was a short, sturdy man, attired in a plain, black suit. His age might have been some forty-five years, for his hair was already tinged with gray. A golden chain, depending from his neck, denoted him to be of some mark among the citizens, and his countenance and deportment were those of a stalwart burgher.

"Thanks, worthy Adimari. Patriots are never wanting to defend true liberty, when she is attacked, and was it ever heard that Frenchmen were the guardians of the goddess?"

"Brave Leonardo," said an old nobleman, rising slowly from his seat, "these times call for a speedy action. The blood of a noble family—the blood of my son, Giovanni de Medici—long-spilt, and even now staining the ermine of Walter of Brienne, calls from the earth for vengeance. This moment is propitious. The Florentine people, grieved and oppressed by the hard measures of the Duke, and of Giulio D'Assisi—the Florentine nobles, down-trodden and despised by the arrogant followers of this count of Brienne—all are ready—all are willing at once to throw off the yoke of thraldom, and to reassert the ancient liberties and privileges of the city of Florence."

"Well hast thou spoken, noble Pompeo," replied Adimari, "and it was my intention to apportion this night to each, such charge as the exigencies of the present time demand. My worthy friend, Pino D'Rossi assures me that the people are ripe for the attempt, and my heart decides me that the nobles will not fail to aid them."

"The arrogance of these minions of the duke have reached so outrageous a height," said D'Rossi, "that I will pledge mine honor that the populace will prefer a thousand deaths to a longer submission."

"I," said Bindo Altoviti, "will speak for the artizans, and will engage to make as many mouthsful of those rascals, the *bargello* and his son, as they have murdered innocent men."

"For Gualtiers," said the old Medici, "may the hand of the Everlasting lie heavy on me and mine, if he, or aught of his race, shall escape the general doom!"

Ugolino started.

"For mine own part," said he, "I trust that the effusion of blood may not be farther pursued in these unhappy times than the exigency of the case requires. Far be it from me to justify the conduct of the Count of Brienne, or the arrogance of his proud followers. Yet the count may have been badly advised, and I think these cruelties may not be entirely ascribed to the wickedness of his nature. Let not the noble Medici so far mistake, as to suffer a private desire of revenge, however just such a desire may appear, to overrule the cause of liberty. This, I trust, may be attained without a sanguinary massacre. Let the sword of mercy interpose, nor by a blind and indiscriminate fury, sacrifice the innocent upon the same altar with the guilty."

"Aye, Count Ugolino," said Medici, and a bitter sneer passed over his thin features, "we well know the cause of your solicitations. Have we forgotten the tale of Julian D'Este, and of the princess Rosabelle? The fair sister of Walter of Brienne may, to a moonsick lover, be an object of deeper interest than the prosecution of the holiest revenge, or the re-assertion of our Florentine liberty."

"Now, by heaven, Pompeo Medici," exclaimed Ugolino, "you do me infinite wrong! What? dare you hint that Julian D'Este died by my hand? or that Rosabelle de Brienne sways me with a stronger attachment than the interests of Florence?"

"I speak well-known facts," replied the Medici. "Neither is the history of Count Ugolino unknown to the world, nor are his *actions* left unscrutinized."

"Thou irreverend noble!" said Ugolino, while a deep flush overspread his cheek. "Hadst thou not the sanction of thine age to protect thee, I would force thee to eat thine own words, with no better sauce to them than my stiletto."

"Nay," interposed Adimari, while Pino D'Rossi intercepted Ugolino, "these matters will break out again into our ancient broils. Worthy Medici—valiant Ugolino—listen to reason—nay, Pompeo, sheathe thy sword—this is utter ruin to our general cause!"

Ugolino returned his dagger to its sheath.

"Count Adimari," said he, "I regret that the words of yon ancient libeller should have moved me so far from my patience in this presence. But enough of this—proceed we to matters of more general import."

"Mark me, Leonardo," said old Medici, as he slowly resumed his seat. "Ages have left us many a sad example. In an ill hour was Ugolino admitted into this league. Strong is the dominion of a beautiful woman over the most masculine mind. Beware of yon count, for Rosabelle de Brienne will be the destruction of either himself, or of the cause of Florentine liberty."

A smile of scorn curled the lip of Ugolino.

"I receive not the prophecy," said he. "The hour waxes late, and the noble Adimari hath intimated his desire to apportion the charge of this insurrection among the nobles. It is now the

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time for action, but thou and I, Pompeo Medici, must confer still farther."

II.

On the same night upon which the above related events took place, the ducal palace was brilliantly illuminated, and sounds of festivity proceeded from the lofty portals. Duke Gualtieri held his high revel. Troops of noble cavaliers and throngs of high-born dames filled the grand hall of audience, at the top of which was the duke, seated upon an elevated dias, covered with superb hangings, and surrounded by the military chiefs of his faction. Gualtieri was a tall, muscular man of fifty, in the expression of whose countenance a sort of soldiery frankness struggled with a fierce and scornful air. He was splendidly attired in a tunic of purple velvet, with hose of rich sendel, and over his shoulder was thrown his ermined cloak. His head was covered with the ducal coronet, and his neck encircled by a gorgeous chain of twisted gold and jewellery. Near him stood Giulio D'Assisi, the dreaded *bargello*, or head of police. This last was a man of middle age, attired in scarlet robes, with a face strongly marked by the traces of brutal passion.

"A higher measure!" shouted the duke. "By the honor of the virgin, I think our cavaliers be ungracious to-night, or else these fair dames are more intent upon their beads than their lavoltas. Ha! gallants? hath our air of Florence so dull and muddy a taste to the cavaliers of Provence, that it seemeth to quench the fire of their courtesy?"

"By my halidome!" said the *bargello*, "your highness speaks well and merrily. The air of Florence, methinks, hath an exceeding thick complexion, in comparison with the more delicate breezes which fan the soil of France."

"Thou hast aided to thicken it with a vengeance," said the duke with a grim smile. "Ha, Giulio, the blood of these swine of Florence, whom thou draggest to thy shambles, might well make the air murky?"

"By the patrimony of St. Peter," replied D'Assisi, "it is but a needful phlebotomy. Marry, if the leech were more often employed in cleansing the veins of your Florentine state, it were good for the health and purification of the remaining body politic."

"Thou art the prince of provosts, my friend," said the duke.

"What, Rinaldo, is it thou? and away from the fair Matilde? When did this happen before in Florence?"

The person addressed was a tall, elegant cavalier, whose manly countenance was rendered yet more interesting by the melancholy expression of his eyes. He was plainly, but handsomly attired in a costly suit of dark brown velvet, embroidered with seed pearls.

"May it please your highness," said Rinaldo, Compte D'Hunteville, (for he was no less a personage,) "I have news of some import to communicate. An esquire of mine, passing this night through the Porta san Piero, discovered a person, whom he recognised as Pino D'Rossi, the chief of the *balia*, accompanied by the Count Ugolino, and one whom he knew not, proceeding in the direction of the palace of the Adimari. There are also rumors of seditious meetings which have been held there, and I fear—"

"Tush, man," interrupted De Brienne. "Canst speak of business when so fair a throng of ladies decks our court? or couple the word fear with these dogs of Florence? They shall be cared for; but they have lost the power to harm. Marry, as for the will, we doubt not of that. As for that notorious villain, Ugolino, who has dared to aspire to the hand of our sister," continued he, while the fire of rage sparkled in his eyes, "and through whom such infamous aspersions have been cast upon the honor of the house of Brienne, *I* have my spies upon him. The least imprudent action he dares commit, our trusty Giulio will take order it be not repeated. Forward, Comte D'Hunteville, to the dance!"

Hardly had the duke spoken these words, ere a man of singularly unprepossessing countenance, entered the apartment. He was of small stature, with a dark, thin visage; restless, inquisitive eyes, and a hooked nose. He wore a plain, civil suit, and a walking rapier, more for ornament than use, decorated his side. Quickly approaching the duke, he whispered a few words in his ear. The duke started.

"Art thou mad, man? A meeting at the palace of the Adimari! Pompeo Medici there? Why was this not known sooner? Giulio, thy spies have misled thee for the once! Why, they were desperate enemies, in whose feud I placed a deep dependance for safety. Rinaldo, saidst thou that D'Rossi was there?"

"Mine esquire hath so informed me, please your grace."

"By the mass, I doubt some treachery. When Medici and Adimari shake hands, their union is not to be despised. But thanks at least for this information. Hark thee, Cerettieri, be it thy care to look farther into this matter. Arrest this Adimari and Pino D'Rossi this very night. Away—their plans shall never be matured! So, gallants, let us again address ourselves to the festivity of the hour."

III.

The last lingering taper had disappeared from the windows of the palace, and the clock of the tower had struck the hour of three, when the figure of a man might have been descried, cautiously clambering over the wall which enclosed the ducal gardens. Passing rapidly through the ornamental parterre, he stopped beneath a window which opened upon the gardens, and threw a pebble against the lattice. The signal having been again repeated, the casement opened, and a female form advanced upon the balcony.

"Is it thou, Ugolino?" demanded a voice, the silvery sweetness of whose tone was so clear and distinct, that it almost startled the count.

"It is I, dearest Rosabelle," he replied. "I have much to communicate with thee, and the night wanes fast. Throw down the rope, that I may ascend to thee, for the tidings I have to tell

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thee may brook no ears save thine, for whose only they are intended."

The Princess D'Este retired for a moment and returned, bearing a silken cord, one end of which she attached to the balcony, and threw the other to the count. Ugolino ascended, and the princess in a moment was in his embrace.

"Quick, let us raise the robe, and close thy chamber carefully, for I have much to say and speedily." With these words they entered the apartment.

It was a lofty room, hung with tapestry of Arras, and sumptuously furnished, as became the rank of its mistress. Large and costly ottomans, oaken seats richly carved and ornamented with the armorial bearings of Brienne, large Venetian mirrors set in massive frames, and richly chiselled stands of colored marble, upon which heavy silver candelabra were placed, added to the magnificence of the apartment, which was lit by a swinging lamp of silver, from whence exhaled a delicate perfume. The count threw himself upon a pile of cushions, and covered his face with his hands.

"Ugolino!" said the princess, passing her small white hand through the curled locks of the count, "why are you thus agitated? Are we discovered? Do the blood-hounds of my brother still pursue us? If so, impart thy griefs to her who adores thee, that she may, at least, participate in them, if she cannot console thee."

"I am come," said the count, and a pang of agony shot across his noble features, "to prove myself a most foul traitor."

"Traitor!" said Rosabelle. "Ugolino! can the name of a traitor associate with thine?"

"Aye. It can—it must! Thou knowest, Rosabelle, the price I paid for thee ere now. Thou art yet doomed to exact from me a sterner sacrifice. When I saw thee first, the fairest dame in France, at the gay field of Poictou, I drew in love for thee with my first breath. Thou wert then the wife of Julian D'Este. What I suffered for thee then, my recollection brings too vividly to light. What agonies I now experience, knowing the barbarous revenge which my already too deeply oppressed countryman must undergo, when my tale is told to the duke—yet all for thy sake—no human imagination can depict. Then I languished beneath the load of an affection, which honor, reason, duty, chivalry, all combined to oppose. Powerless opposition! The deity of love scorns all defensive armor. I sought, impelled by fate, the charms of thy society. For thee, Julian D'Este was no fitting spouse. Harsh and unrefined, he repelled thine youthful affections, while I, unhappy, too surely was the magnet which did attract them. Then followed our fatal step. Was it folly? My heart still tells me it is no folly to adore thee. Was it madness? Madness never spoke in so clear a tone of reason as in that, which on the day, hallowed to my remembrance, as we perused that antique volume, displayed all our feelings—disclosed the secret emotions of our hearts—gave us soul to soul—and formed our future bliss—our future woe! No base and vicious inclinations—no vulgar voluptuousness disgraced our union. We felt that we were made for each other, and when Julian D'Este fell beneath my poniard, I thought it no crime added to my account, when I endeavored, by compassing his death, to confer happiness upon thee."

Rosabelle answered nought, but hung more devotedly around the neck of the count, while the soft blue of her eyes was dimmed with the rising tear.

"What ensued—the impossibility of discovering the murderer of Julian—our farther intercourse—your brother's hearty refusal of my suit, and the suspicion attached to our names, were but matters, which, had prudence been consulted ere the deed was done, she would have foretold. But who advises calmly when the burning fire of love threatens to consume him? In fine, the tyrant brought thee with him here to Florence, upon his election as captain and signor of the city. Here, secluded by him from the world, I had given thee up as lost. My faithful Spalatro discovered thy retreat, and as yet we had hoped that our secret interviews were undiscovered. Fatal infatuation! This very night has Pompeo Medici thrown out hints, nay, open assertions of his knowledge of our situation. Thanks to the death of Giovanni, else all had been discovered to the duke!"

"Let me counsel thee to fly!" said Rosabelle, "as I have done before. There is no time to be lost. Myself will be companion of thy flight."

"It is, I fear, too late. Now listen to the conclusion of my tale. A great conspiracy is on foot against the rule of the duke. It will break out into revolt ere morning. All is prepared. The fierce Medici swears utter ruin to thy race. Even though forewarned, I doubt that Gualtieri will be overwhelmed. Admari, equally exasperated with the Medici against thy brother, dare not check Pompeo in his chase of blood, lest he fall off and irretrievably ruin the fabric of the conspiracy. Pino D'Rossi vows death to the minions of the duke, who, as I am a Christian man, have well deserved it. Ere day-break, confusion will begin. Thou must fly to thy brother, and advise him of the plot. My name must be known as the traitor to my country, else thy tale will not be believed. My charge lies at the church of Santa Maria del Fiore. Ere the palace is invested, do thou devise means to escape, which may readily be done in the confusion. Spalatro will conduct thee to the hotel of San Giovanni, in the Primo Cerchio. There have I prepared disguises and horses. The chances of escape then lie before us, and if fortune befriend us, we will fly to some happier clime. At all events, death is the worst which can betide us, and death ends all woes and calms every distress forever. Art thou willing, my Rosabelle, to trust thus blindly to fate?"

"Rosabelle can only live or die with Ugolino!" cried the princess, throwing herself into the arms of the count.

"Now, Rosabelle, fly to the duke. I hear already a distant sound—a far murmuring, as of the gathering of throngs. This last sacrifice, imperious love, will I make to thee! Remember! the hotel of San Giovanni! Escape or happy death!"

He imprinted an ardent kiss upon the lips of the

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beautiful princess, and descending from the balcony was lost to her sight.

IV.

No sooner had Ugolino disappeared, than the Princess Rosabelle left her apartment, and with hurried steps rushed along the corridor to the private chamber of the duke. The soldiers on duty before the door respectfully resisted the entrance of the princess, informing her that the duke was closeted with his principal chiefs, and had strictly debarred all access to his presence.

"Away!" shrieked the princess, "not speak with him! I must. It is his life which is at stake! Ho! Gualtieri! as thou lovest thy life and dukedom, hear Rosabelle!"

"How now, minion?" said Gualtieri, coming from the chamber. "Is it not enough that my daily life must be rendered a curse and a scandal to me by thy presence and pestilent conduct, but I am to be disturbed at midnight with thine outcries?"

"Thy life is in danger," said Rosabelle. "As thou art a soldier, arm quickly, for ere long they will be here, who have sworn to see thy heart's blood."

"A likely invention!" said the duke, with a sneer, "by what miracle of evil hast thou arrived at so sage a conclusion?"

"It is true, by our lady," said Rosabelle. "Oh, Gualtieri, wilt thou not believe me? My brother, thou hast been harsh to me, but I cannot see thee murdered without making an effort to save thee."

"Murder, fair Rosabelle," said the duke, "if all say true, is by no means unfamiliar to thy thoughts. How hast thou this rare intelligence? Of what nature is it? Soldier, retire."

"Adimari and the Medici have plotted the downfall of thine authority," replied the princess. "This night; nay, this very moment their plans will be matured. The throngs are now gathering which will hurl thee from thy seat, and perchance, deprive thee of thy life."

"From whence thine information?" demanded the duke.

"From the Count Ugolino."

The face of the duke became purple with rage. His hands shook like the aspen, and his voice was hoarse as the growl of the enraged lion.

"Ugolino!" he exclaimed. "Ha! harlot! Hast thou dared again to discourse with that bloody villain! and this night? Thou diest for it, wert thou thrice my sister!"

Gualtieri drew his dagger, and was about to rush upon his sister, when the hurried tread of men and the sound of voices arrested his arm. The dagger fell from his hand. A door in the corridor flew violently open, and Cerettieri Visdomini, followed by three or four soldiers, stood before him. The face of Visdomini was pale as marble, and a rivulet of blood, trickling from a deep wound in his forehead, gave a ghastly expression to his countenance. His dress was disordered through haste and fright, and in his hand he bore a broken rapier.

"How now, Cerettieri?" shouted the duke, while Rosabelle, taking advantage of the confusion, escaped from the apartment.

"All is confirmed," replied Visdomini, in a trembling voice. "The rabble have gained head. Every thing is in disorder. Your banners are torn down, and dragged through the filth of the slaughter-houses. The cross-gules floats with the red lily every where triumphant. Rally your train, my lord, and close the palace gates, before the rebels are upon you."

"Where is that traitorous dog, Leonardo Adimari? Hast not arrested him?"

"I did so. He has been rescued, and I bear nothing from Adimari, save this sword-cut."

"And the Assisi?"

"Have escaped to the palace. They are endeavoring to rally the troops. Arm, my lord duke, for the sake of the Madonna, or all is lost!"

A loud shout, "down with the tyrant!" and the clang of arms ran through the corridor.

"Ho! D'Argencourt! mine armour! my helmet!" shouted the duke. "Treason! throw forth my banner! Stand fast, arbalastmen, to the windows! Ply trebuchet and mangonel! Cerettieri, order the Count D'Hunteville to draw forth my chivalry into the piazza! Shall we shrink from the dogs of Florence? Fight valiantly, my brave knights and gallant soldiers, and the spoil of the city shall be yours!"

V.

The streets of Florence presented a wild and tumultuous scene in the pale gray of the morning. The bells from the cathedral church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and from the venerable towers of the church of the Apostoli, tolled incessantly, while from the market-place and town-house, as well as from the multitude of smaller chapels, the din was fearfully augmented. The shrill cry "to arms!" resounded every where. From the tall towers of the noble, from the windows of the citizen's house—aye, from hut and hovel, waved the flag of the ancient republic. The rabble, armed with such imperfect weapons as haste and rage could supply, wandered in confused masses through every lane and thoroughfare, in pursuit of the instruments of the duke's cruelty. Armed bands of horsemen patrolled the city. The burghers of the town, inured to military discipline, and trained to break opposing squadrons with the spear, were ranged, each man under the respective banner of his ward. Barriers were thrown up at the end of every street to break the charge of the duke's cavalry. Adimari and the Medici rode at the head of their mailed retainers, displaying their armorial bearings, through every ward, cheering and animating the citizens. The ducal soldiery, scattered through the city, and unprepared for such an emergency, were endeavoring to regain the palace, but many were seized and stripped of their armour, by the vigilance of Pino D'Rossi and his associates. In front of the palace was collected a blood-thirsty mob, in overwhelming numbers, pouring from lane and alley, among which cross bows and mangonels of the soldiery from the windows, scarce seemed to take effect, so fast were those who fell replaced by throngs of the living. The cry of "death! death!" was yelled out on every

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hand. Women thronged the windows of the grand square, repeating the cry, and throwing weapons to the crowd below. Many of the lesser minions of the duke were seized; some in female apparel, endeavoring to escape, were rent in pieces by the vindictive Florentines, with circumstances of horrible ferocity. In the height of the uproar, a knight, mounted upon a barbed steed, and covered with a gold and ivory pointed shield, his page being seated behind him, was seen dashing along at full speed toward the city gates.

"Ho!" cried Bindo Altoriti, "what guard keep ye here, archers? Draw to the head, and send me yon Frenchman back to his own country, feathered for his flight with a goose-wing of Florence!"

A shower of arrows were directed against the fugitives, two of which took effect, and the knight, with his page, fell to the ground. The people pursued and caught the flying steed, crying, "thanks to the good duke for the gift! Oh! the Florentine people for ever!"

Adimari and Medici, with their train, rode up at the instant.

"What cavalier is yon?" asked Adimari. "Some one examine him, that we may know if he deserve honorable burial. God forbid we should deny that, even to a foe."

Pompeo Medici rode up, attended by an esquire, to the bodies, and dismounting, unlaced the helmet of the fallen cavalier, across whom the body of the page was extended, as if to protect the form of his master. The dying man turned his countenance to Medici, and with a shudder, fell back dead in an unavailing effort to speak.

"Ha! St. John! whom have we here?" cried Pompeo. "Noble Adimari, view these corpses. My thoughts were not in error. And the page too—"

"By the cross of St. Peter!" said Adimari, "it is no other than the Count Ugolino, and the page is—?"

"Rosabelle De Brienne."

A deep cloud of sorrow shaded the countenance of Adimari.

"By San Giovanni!" said he, "I sorely mistrusted this. This is that love, stronger than death. Noble Ugolino, an ill-fate hath attended thee! This then hast been the cause of thy desertion, but, by my faith, I cannot blame thee, for thy lady hast the fairest face I ever looked upon."

"Peace be with their souls!" said Medici. "Death ends all feuds. Cover their faces, and see that they be laid, side by side, in the chapel of the Virgin, with such ceremonies as their high stations demand. Myself shall be, if I live, chief mourner at this burial. Donato, be it thy care to have their bodies conveyed to the Convent of Mercy."

The siege of the palace continued from day to day. Famine began to gnaw the vitals of the French soldiery, and fixed her tooth, sharper than the sword, beneath each iron cuirass. Rage without and hunger within, popular clamor and mutinous murmurings, accumulated the distress of the duke. In this emergency, he sent the Comte D'Hunteville, his almost only virtuous follower, to intercede with the Florentines, and to make honorable terms of capitulation. Adimari would hearken to no proposals, unless Giulio and Ippolito D'Assisi, and Cerettieri Visdomini, the chief agents of oppression, were delivered into the hands of the people. Gualtieri, impelled by a sense of honor, refused to accede to this demand. Thrice did the chief of the *balia*, the bishop, and the Siennese envoys, urge to the duke the impossibility of maintaining the palace, and the necessity of complying with the popular will. They met with reiterated denial. The soldiers then sent a corporal to entreat the duke to submission. Their suit was dismissed with scorn. Then did the soldiers crowd, with frowning faces and clashing arms, the chamber of the duke, with the memorable words, "lord duke, choose between these three heads and your own." Urged by imperious necessity, worn out with famine, and watching, and clamor, Gualtieri, at last, gave a tacit acquiescence to the delivery of his favorites, and the pangs which his proud spirit felt at this ignominious humiliation were far more bitter than any of the tortures which he had inflicted upon the objects of his tyranny. Shall I record the doom of the victims? Is it not written in the chronicles of the Florentine republic? They were torn in pieces by the howling multitude, and their flesh actually devoured, even while their palpitating limbs were quivering in the agonies of death!

Quiet was once more restored to the city by the expulsion of the duke and his followers. The chapel of the Convent of Mercy, hung with black, and faintly lighted by dim and funeral tapers, was prepared for the last death rites of Ugolino and of his lady. Around the bier, where reposed the coffined forms of the dead, were gathered the noblest of Florence, and crowds of the common sort thronged the sacred edifice. The last notes of the pealing requiem died away. The solemn priest sprinkled the holy water, and the last prayer for the dead passed from his lips. The rites were ended, and amid the tears of that noble assemblage the marble jaws of the tomb closed for ever upon the bodies of those, in whom love had indeed been stronger than death.

Still does their sad tale exist among the legends of Florence, and the youths and maidens of that ancient town yet consecrate a tear to the inscription which records the loves and fate of Count Ugolino and Rosabelle De Brienne. Yet indeed "Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections: the flower expands: the colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes."

Mount Savage, Md. May, 1841.

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THE THUNDER STORM.

BY H. DANA.

You never knew Agnes? She was the prettiest girl in the village, or, for that matter, within a circuit of twenty miles. At the time I write of, she was just budding into womanhood, and if ever there was a lovely being, she was one at eighteen. Her eyes were blue, not of that light blue which is so unmeaning, but of the deep azure tint of a midnight sky, when a thousand stars are shining on its bosom, and you feel a mysterious spell cast upon you as you gaze on high. Just so I felt whenever Agnes would look into my eyes with those deep blue orbs of hers, whose every glance thrilled me to the soul. And then her hair. It was the poet's color—a rich, sun-shiny gold. How I loved to gaze upon its massy tresses, as they flowed down a neck unrivalled for shape and whiteness. In figure she was like a sylph. Her voice excelled in sweetness any I had ever heard. It was low, and soft, and musical as the whisper of an angel.

Agnes and I had grown up together. We were not relatives, but we were both wards of Mr. Stanley, and had been playmates in childhood. Many a time had we spent whole days in wandering across our guardian's grounds, now threading the old wood, now loitering by the little stream, and now plucking buttercups to hold under each others chins. Ah! those were pleasant hours. And as we grew up, and were separated,—she remaining at home with her governess, and I going to an eastern college,—I would sit for hours dreaming of Agnes, and wondering if she ever thought of me. I know not how it was; but for years I looked upon her as I looked on no other of her sex, and at the age when youth is most susceptible to novelty, I remained true to Agnes, as to the star of my destiny.

I returned, after a long absence of six years, to the residence of my guardian. In all that time I had not seen Agnes. How I longed to ascertain whether she had changed since we parted, and during the whole of the last stage of my journey, I lay back in the carriage, wondering in what manner she would meet. And when the vehicle stopped at the door of Mr. Stanley's mansion, and all the remembered scenes of my childhood crowded around me, I turned from them impatiently, and, with a throbbing heart, looked among the group awaiting me, to see if I could distinguish Agnes. That gray-haired, gentlemanly man I knew to be my second father; but was the surpassingly beautiful girl at his side my old playmate? My heart beat quick; a sudden tremor seized me; my head was, for a moment dizzy, as I advanced hastily up the steps, and was clasped, the next instant, in Mr. Stanley's arms.

"My dear—dear boy, God bless you!" said the kind-hearted old gentleman. "We see you once more amongst us. But have you forgotten your old play-fellow?" he continued, turning to the fair creature at his side. "Six years make a great alteration I know. Agnes don't you remember Henry?"

As I turned and fixed my eyes full upon her, I caught Agnes examining me with eager curiosity. Detected in her scrutiny she blushed to the very forehead, and dropped her eyes suddenly to the ground. I was equally abashed. I had approached her intending to address her with my old familiarity, but this aversion of her look somehow unaccountably disheartened me. I hesitated whether I should offer her my hand. The embarrassment was becoming oppressive, when, with a desperate effort, I extended my hand, and said—

"Miss Agnes—" but for the life of me I could not proceed. It was, however, sufficient to induce her to look up, and our eyes met. At the same instant she took my proffered hand. What happened afterward I could never remember, only I recollect the blood rushed in torrents to my cheeks, and I fancied that the tiny white hand I held in my own, trembled a little, a very little, but still trembled. When I woke from the delirium of indescribable emotions that ensued, I found myself sitting with my guardian and Agnes in the parlor, but whether I walked there on my head or my feet I cannot to this day remember.

The month which followed was among the happiest of my life, for it was spent at the side of Agnes. We walked, rode, chatted, and sang together; not a morning or an evening found us apart; and insensibly her presence became to me almost as necessary as the air I breathed. Yet—I know not how it was—Agnes was a mystery to me. At first, indeed, we were almost on the same footing as if we had been brother and sister, but after I had been at my guardian's about a month, she began to grow reserved, although at times she would display all her old frankness, united with even more than her usual gaiety. Often too, when I looked up at her suddenly, I would find her gazing into my face, and when thus detected, she would blush and cast her eyes down, and seem so embar-

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rassed that I scarcely knew what to think, unless it was that Agnes—but no!—how could she be in love with one almost a stranger?

For myself, I would have given the world, if I could only have penetrated the secrets of her heart, and learned there whether the affection toward her, which I had felt had stolen almost insensibly across me, had been returned. Yes! I would have given an emperor's ransom to discover what my timidity would not allow me to enquire. It is an old story, and has been told by hundreds before—this tale of a young lover—but I cannot refrain from rehearsing it again. I was sadly perplexed. Not a day passed but what I rose to the height of hope, or fell to the depth of despair. A smile from Agnes was the sunlight of my existence, and her reserve plunged me in unfathomable darkness. I could not penetrate the fickleness of her manner, especially when any of her young female friends were visiting her. If I spoke to them with any show of interest, she would either be unnaturally gay or singularly silent, and when I came to address her, I would be received with chilling coldness. Yet, at other times, my despair would be relieved by a return of her old frankness, and a hundred times have I been on the point of telling her the whole story of my love, but either my fears, or her returning reserve, prevented my purpose from being executed.

One day, after I had been at my guardian's for nearly three months, Agnes and I set out together for a walk through the forest. It was a beautiful morning, and the birds were carolling gaily from every bough, while the balmy wind sighed sweetly among the fresh forest leaves, making together a harmony such as nothing but nature herself, on a morning so lovely, can produce. Our hearts were in unison with the scenery around, and Agnes was in one of her old frank moods. We wandered on accordingly, over stream and through glade and down dell, admiring the glorious scenery on every hand, and now and then stopping to gather a wild flower, to listen to the birds, or to rest upon some mossy bank, until the day had far advanced, and recurring, for the first time to my watch, I found that we had been several hours on our stroll, and that it was already high noon. We were not so far, however, from home but what we might reach it in an hour.

"Had we not better return, Agnes?" said I, "it is growing late."

"Oh! yes," she replied, "in a moment. Wait till I have finished this wreath," and she continued weaving together the wild flowers she had gathered for a chaplet for her chair. How nimbly her taper fingers moved, and how lovely she looked, as seated on the grassy knoll, with her hat cast off beside her, and her beautiful face flushed with health and pleasure, she pursued her task.

She was still busy in her fanciful labor, when a cloud suddenly obscured the sun, and we both looked up in some surprise, for the morning had been unusually fair, and not a vapor hitherto had dimmed the sky. A light fleecy film like a fine gauze veil, was floating across the sun's disc.

"There is a storm brewing in the hills," said I.

"Let us return at once," said Agnes, "for my chaplet is finished at last, and it would be so dreadful to be caught in a shower."

We did not linger a moment, for we both knew that it was not unusual for a thunder shower to come up, in that mountainous region, with a rapidity almost inconceivable to those who have never lived in so elevated a position. Hastily seizing her hat, and throwing her chaplet over her bright brow, she set forth smiling as gaily as ever, to return by the shortest path to our home.

For nearly a half an hour we pursued our way through the forest, but at every step we perceived that the storm was coming up more rapidly, until at length the smiles of Agnes ceased, and we pursued our now hurried way in silence, save when an exclamation from my fair companion betokened some new and angrier aspect of the sky.

"Oh! Harry," she said, at length, "we shall get drenched through—see, the tempest is at hand, and we have yet more than a mile to go."

I looked up. The storm was indeed at our doors. Yet it was as magnificent a spectacle as I had ever beheld. The heavens were as black as pitch, save now and then when for a moment they were obscured by a lurid canopy of dust, swept upward from the highway, giving earth and sky the appearance as of the day of doom. Now the wind wailed out in the forest, and now whirled wildly past us. The trees groaned and bent in the gale, their branches streaming out like banners on the air. Anon, all was still. How deep and awful and seemingly endless was that boding repose. Agnes shrank closer to my side, her face paler than ashes, and her slight form trembling with ill-concealed agitation. Not a house was in sight. I saw that our only shelter was the forest, and I retreated, therefore, beneath a huge overshadowing oak, whose gnarled and aged branches might have defied a thousand years. As I did so a few rain drops pattered heavily to the earth—then came another silence—and then with a rushing sound through the forest, as if an army was at hand, the tempest was upon us.

Never had I beheld such a storm. It seemed as if earth and heaven had met in battle, and that each was striving amid the ruins of a world for the mastery. The first rush of the descending rain was like a deluge, bending the mightiest trees like reeds beneath it, and filling the hollows of the forest road with a flood of water. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning shot across the heaven, and then at a short interval followed a clap of thunder. Agnes clung closely to my arm, her face wild with affright. With a few hurried words I strove to sooth her, pressing her still closer, and with strange delight, to my bosom. As I did so she burst into tears. Her conduct—I cannot explain why—filled me with a joy I had long despaired of, and in the impulse of the moment, I said,

"Dear Agnes! fear not. I am beside you, and will die with you."

She looked up, all tearful as she was, into my eyes, and strove to speak, but her emotion was too great, and, with a glance I shall never forget, buried her face against my shoulder. I pressed her closer to my heart. I felt a wild ecstacy

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tingling through every vein, such as I had never experienced. I could not resist my feelings longer.

"Agnes! dear, dear Agnes," I said, bending over her, "*I love you.* "Oh! will you be mine if we escape?"

She made me no answer, but sobbed aloud. I pressed her hand. The pressure was gently returned. I wanted nothing more to assure me of her affection. I was in a dream of wildering delight at the conviction.

For a moment I had forgotten the tempest in my ecstacy. But suddenly I was aroused from my rapture by a succession of loud and reiterated peals, bursting nearer and nearer overhead, and I looked up now in real alarm, wishing that we had kept the forest road, exposed as we would have been to the rain, rather than subject ourselves to the dangers of our present position. I determined even yet to fly from our peril, and taking Agnes by the waist, urged her trembling steps onward. We had but escaped from beneath the oak when a blinding flash of lightning zig-zagged from one horizon to the other, and instantaneously a peal of thunder, which rings in my ears even yet, burst right over us, and went crackling and echoing down the sky, as if a thousand chariots were driving furiously over its adamantine pavement. But this I scarcely noticed at the time, though it filled my memory afterward, for the flash of lightning seeming to dart from every quarter of the heaven, and unite right over us, shot directly downward, and in the next instant the oak under which we had been standing, riven in twain, stood a scarred and blackened wreck, against the frowning sky. I felt my senses reeling: I thought all was over.

When I recovered my senses I found myself standing, with Agnes in my arms, while the thunder was still rolling down the firmament. My first thought was of the dear girl beside me, for I thought her form was unusually heavy. She was apparently perfectly lifeless. Oh! the agony of that moment! Could she have been struck by the lightning. Wild with fear I exclaimed,

"Agnes! look up—dear one, you are not hurt?"

At length she moved. She had only fainted, and the rain revived her, so that in a few minutes I had the inexpressible delight of feeling her clasp my hand in return for my ardent emotion. But it was long before she was able to return home, and when we did so we arrived thoroughly drenched through. evBut ery thing was forgotten in gratitude for our escape, and joy at knowing that we were beloved.

And Agnes is now my wife, and I hear her footstep, still to me like music, approaching. I must close my sketch or the dear one will burn it, for she has no notion, she says, of figuring in a magazine.

April, 1841.

THE JOYS OF FORMER YEARS HAVE FLED.

BY G. A. RAYBOLD.

THE joys of former years have fled,
  Like meteors through the midnight skies;
The brief but brilliant light they shed,
  Serves but to blind our anxious eyes:
  So flee the joys of early days,
  And perish like the meteor's blaze.

The joys of former years decay
  Like summer flow'rs we linger o'er,
While, one by one, they fade away.
  And fall to earth to bloom no more;
  Touch'd by the chilling hand of Time.
  Thus fail the joys of manhood's prime.

The joys of former years are like
  The last sweet notes of music, when
Upon your ear they faintly strike,
  You know they 'll ne'er be heard again;
  The breaking harp, last sweetest strain,
  Ne'er woke by hand or harp again.

The joys of former years when past,
  Seem like a poet's dream of bliss;
Too brightly beautiful to last
  In such a changing world as this:
  Where stern reality destroys
  Life's poetry, and all its joys.

The joys of former years expire,
  As each loved one is from us torn;
The dying flame of life's last fire,
  Then lights us to their grave to mourn;
  Where joy entomb'd for ever, lies,
  Hope still may from that grave arise.

Swedesboro', N. J. 1841.

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POETRY:

THE UNCERTAINTY OF ITS APPRECIATION.

BY JOSEPH EVANS SNODGRASS.

THERE is nothing more uncertain than the nature of the reception a Poet's productions, and particularly his shortest pieces, are destined to meet. Especially is this true with respect to the more egotistical sort of versifications—such as sonnets, and the like—in which one's own feelings find vent in verses penned, perhaps, for an album, or intended for the perusal of the immediate circle in which the writer moves. Now, the appreciation of sentiments thus embodied, when they come to be *volume-ized*, depends entirely upon the mood of mind in which they find the reader. Such is, indeed, the case with *personal* thoughts, even when they appear amid the popular literature of the day—but is more strikingly so under the circumstances named. If a sonnet, for example, which has been addressed to some real or fancied idol of the heart, falls into the hands of one who is under the influence of the tender passion, it is sure to be fully appreciated, and pronounced "beautiful." To such an one, nothing is too sentimental.* Anything which tells of the "trials of the heart"—of "true love"—of a "broken heart"—is doubly welcome. If it have a sprinkle of star-and-moon-sentiment about it, all the better. But place a piece of poetry headed, "Sonnet to the Moon," or "To Mary," before a heartless old bachelor, or an unsentimental matron, and the exclamation would be—"what nonsense—what stuff!"

But it is not only in the case of the love-struck, and the *sans-love* portions of the community, that the uncertainty named is made manifest, by any means. The most thoughtful and dignified productions may be the recipients of censure, for want of a *kindredness* of sentimentality—or absence of it—on the part of the reader. The mind may be totally unfitted for the thoughts before it, by very conformation,—or what is the same thing in effect—from habit. And, then again, the mind of the most sentimental order by nature, may be placed under unfavorable circumstances to appreciate the thoughts of the poet. So much so, that the most beautiful creations of the most fanciful author, may be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, though clothed in most harmonious numbers. How, for instance, may we expect the merchant or mechanic, wearied with the toils of the day, to peruse a poem, however short, with the same pleasure and favorable reception as the man of leisure? The thing is among the impossibles. But even the man of taste and leisure, may fail (nay, often does,) to enter into the feelings of the writer—and without *feeling* the appreciation and penning of poetry, are, alike, out of the question—unless we except some of the poetry of POPE and others, which has left the ordinary track. It is so exceedingly difficult to catch the nice shades of meaning which it is intended to express, unless assisted by the heart. Poetical *allusions* especially, are always liable to be mistaken, if not scanned with a poetic eye.

But it is the change of circumstances which often, more than aught else, prevents the comprehension and appreciation of a poet's thoughts—his descriptive thoughts particularly. As much as descriptive poetry resembles painting, it comes far short of the power which the latter art exerts in representing scenes *as a whole*. Take a pastoral poem, by way of making my meaning understood. A poet would describe the parts and personages separately—such as the wood,—the stream,—the flocks, and the pastoral lovers—but the painter can present them all at once, as a single idea, so to speak. How difficult, then, must it be for an author so to describe scenes, the like of which the reader may never have beheld, as to be fully appreciated by all. If he is sketching,—as did Thompson,—the customs and scenes of rural life, he will be understood fully by those alone who have enjoyed such scenes and practised such customs. Those who, in this case, had viewed the *original*, would be able best to decide upon the merits of the picture. A poet might rhyme forever about scenes which he had never looked upon, but he would utterly fail to satisfy one familiar with the same, that his portraitures were correct. So a reader, who had never viewed a river, or a waterfall, or a gloomy ravine amid rock-ribbed mountains, would scarcely be able fully to appreciate a description of the same. He might, indeed form an idea of the reality—but it would be only *ideal* after all. I have often thought of Byron's exclamation in connection with the above train of reflections:

"Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain's air,
Which bloated cave can never hope to share."

*Omnia vincet amor.—*Virg. Bucol.*

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He was probably among the hills of Portugal at the time, and, doubtless, felt what he wrote. I never realized the force of the thought as I did one summer morning, while seated in a piazza, a half mile or so from the North Mountain, in my native Virginia, with a beautiful, green and flowery meadow intervening. Just as I came to the stanza of "Childe Harold," from which I have quoted, a delightful mountain-breeze swept over the plain. As it tossed my locks to and fro, and gamboled with the leaves of the volume before me, I *felt* indeed, that there was "sweetness in the mountain air." Nothing could set forth that uncertainty of appreciation I have been dwelling upon, more clearly than such an incident. It is probable that the greatest city admirer of his lordship's poetry, never noticed the full force of the idea which thus arrested my attention, but passed it unappreciated, in admiration of some sentiment, in the very same stanza, whose full import he could comprehend, while he entered into the feelings of the poetic traveller.

But the greatest difficulty with the "occasional," as well as shorter pieces of a volume of poems, is the difference between the circumstances under which they were severally penned, and those under which they are perused. One reads, in the self-same hour, the diversified productions of years. How, then, can a writer anticipate the appreciation of his sentiments? He has ceased to enter into his *own* peculiar, circumstance-generated emotions. How, therefore, may others take his views? To suppose an ability on the part of the critic, to do justice, then, to the earlier and less-studied *morceaux*, (or, as I have styled them above, the egotistical pieces of an author,) would be to suppose an utter impossibility—a sort of critical *ubiquity*. Coleridge felt the truth of what I have advanced,—as any one may learn from the preface of his "Juvenile Poems." He therein expresses his apprehensions in the following language:—"I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember that these poems, on various subjects, which he reads at one time, and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times, and prompted by very different feelings; and, therefore, the inferiority of one poem to another, may, sometimes, be owing to the temper of mind in which he happens to peruse it."

What shall we say, then? Shall an author abstain from publishing his shorter and occasional pieces, on account of the facts alluded to by Coleridge? By no means, I would say, though a consideration thereof may well deter the judicious writer from admitting into his volume every thing he may have penned. As to the dimensions of pieces, it may be more advisable, in some cases, to republish the shortest sonnets, and the like, relating to one's own personal feelings and relations, than longer productions—at least they are likely to be more pleasing to the general reader. They are unquestionably useful, as throwing light upon points of a man's private history with a force of illumination which no biographer could use, were he to attempt it—a something, by-the-bye, which seldom happens; indicating the probability, that we seldom read *the* man's real biography, but merely *a* man's—often an ideal man only.

As to the effect of fugitive and earlier poems, when republished, upon an author's reputation—let them be appreciated or not, it matters little. His fame does not hang upon such "slender threads." It is to his more elaborate productions that the public will look for evidences of genius. It is a fact that a poet's reputation, generally speaking, depends upon the appreciation of some particular production. It is true, readers may differ in their assignment of merit—but the fact of non-agreement, as to the question of comparative merit, does not alter the principle. If each one comes to the conclusion that the poet has penned *one* poem of prime excellence, his name is safe—the residue are set down not as evidences of a want of genius, but of the neglect of a right and careful use of it. The conclusion is, in other words, that he could have written the others better, if he had made proper use of the talents with which he was endowed. Were an example needed, I might refer to Milton. When we think of him we never associate with his name any of his productions but "Paradise Lost." He might have published in the same volume thousands of fugitive pieces, no better than those he did suffer to see the light, (and they are with few exceptions, poor enough, as the emanations of such a mind,) and yet his fame not suffer in the smallest degree—the names of Milton, and of that great poem, would still have descended as one and inseparable.

JUNE.

When the low south wind
  Breathes over the trees
With a murmur soft
  As the sound of the seas;
And the calm cold moon
  From her mystic height,
Like a sybil looks
  On the voiceless night—
    'Tis June, bright June!

When the brooks have voice
  Like a seraph fair,
And the songs of birds
  Fill the balmy air,
When the wild flowers bloom
  In the wood and dell
And we feel as if lapt
  In a magic spell—
    'Tis June, bright June! A. A. L.

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LET ME REST IN THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES JEFFERYS,

COMPOSED BY

J. HARROWAY.

Philadelphia, John F. Nunns, 184 Chesnut Street.



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No friend came around me to cheer me,
No parent to soften my grief;
Nor brother nor sister were near me.
And strangers could give no relief.
'Tis true that it matters but little,
Tho' living the thought makes one pine,
Whatever befalls the poor relic,
When the spirit has flown from its shrine.
But oh! when life's journey is over,
And earth again mingles with earth,
Lamented or not, still my wish is,
To rest in the land of my birth.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

HUNTING DOGS.

We said, in our last, that no sport could be attained without *good* dogs. The first dog, and the very best for the sportsman, is *the Pointer*. All our pointers are, in some degree, of Spanish extraction; and such of them as have the most Spanish blood in their veins are unquestionably the best. The Spanish pointer is about twenty-one inches in height. He has a large head, is heavily made, broad-chested, stout-limbed, with a large dew-lap; his eyes are full, and widely apart, and his nose is broad; his tail is straight, short, and thick, and his ears large, pendulous, and fine; he should have a round-balled and not a flat foot.

"The most essential point about the dog," says General Hanger, "is a good foot; for, without a good, firm foot, he can never hunt long. I never look at a dog which has a *thin*, flat, wide, and spread foot. As long as the ground is dry and hard, I always wash my dog's feet with warm soap and water, and clean them well, particularly between the toes and balls of the feet; this comforts his feet, allays the heat, and promotes the circulation in the feet. In the more advanced period of the season, when the ground is very wet, then salt and water may be proper."

Scarcely two pointers are to be seen so much alike, that a naturalist would pronounce them to belong to the same class of dogs, inasmuch as they are dissimilar in size, weight, and appearance. We recognise only two pointers—the Spaniard and the mongrel. Nearly all the pointers we see are, in fact, mongrels, although each may have more or less of the original Spanish blood. Such, however, is the force of nature, that a dog, having in him very little of the blood of the pointer, may prove a very serviceable dog to the shooter. We frequently meet with very good dogs—dogs deemed by their owners first-rate—which bear little resemblance, in point of shape and appearance, to the true pointer; some of these have the sharp nose of the fox, others the snubbed nose of the bull-dog; in short, there is every diversity in size and appearance from the greyhound to the pug. The excellence of such dogs must be attributed to judicious treatment, severe discipline, or having been constantly out with a good shot, or in company with highly-trained dogs. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that they are of a proper strain to breed from. Their offspring will be deformed, and will probably manifest some of the worst and more hidden qualities of the parents.

The attempt to lay down a written rule whereby to distinguish between a good and an indifferent pointer, would be futile. How much of the blood of the pointer a dog has in him, will be read in his countenance, rather than inferred from his general shape and appearance. There is an indescribable something in the countenance of a thorough-bred pointer, which a little habit of observation will enable the sportsman to detect with tolerable accuracy, so that he may judge of the capabilities of a dog, as a physiognomist will read at a glance a person's disposition and ability in his countenance.

The instinct of pointing, we apprehend, is an indestructible principle in the blood of the pointer, which, however that blood may be mingled with inferior blood, will always, in some degree, manifest itself; and on this ground we build our theory, that the farther any dog is removed from the original Spanish pointer, the worse the dog is; and, consequently, that all attempts to cross the pointer with any other blood must necessarily deteriorate the breed. The greyhound is seldom or never crossed to give him additional fleetness, nor the hound to improve his nose; why then should the pointer be crossed with dogs which, in so far as the sports of the field are concerned, scarcely inherit one quality in common with him? Attempts, however, are constantly made to improve the pointer, by a cross with the blood-hound, fox-hound, Newfoundland dog, or mastiff, sometimes with a view of improving his appearance, and bringing him to some fancied standard of perfection; but, in reality, inducing a deformity. One of these imaginary standards of perfection is, that to one part thorough Spanish blood, the pointer should have in him an eighth of the fox-hound, and a sixteenth of the blood-hound. A cross will sometimes produce dogs which are, in some eyes, the *beau idéal* of beauty; but however handsome such dogs may be, they will necessarily possess some quality not belonging to the pointer. A thorough-bred pointer carries his head well up when ranging; he will not give tongue, nor has he much desire to chase footed game. The hound pointer may be sometimes detected by his coarse ears, by his tail being curled upwards, and being carried high, or by his rough coat. An occasional cross with the mastiff or Newfoundland dog, is said to increase the fineness of nose, but it is converting the pointer into a mere retriever. Another, and the main source of the unsightliness of sporting dogs, is the allowing an indiscriminate intercourse between pointers and setters. Good dogs may be thus obtained sometimes, but they are invariably mis-shapen; they have generally the head and brush tail of the setter, with the body of the pointer, and their coats are not sleek.

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and instead of standing at their point, they will crouch. When the sire is nearly thorough-bred, dogs of a superior description, but certainly not the best, are sometimes produced by the Newfoundland or some other not strictly a pointer. We are not willing to allow that the pointer is improved in any quality that renders him valuable to the sportsman, by a cross with the hound or any other sort of dog; though we cannot deny that the setter is materially improved in appearance by a cross with the Newfoundland, but what it gains in appearance it loses in other respects.

Breeding mongrels, especially crossing with hounds, has given the gamekeepers and dog-breakers an infinity of trouble, which might have been avoided by keeping the blood pure. The Spanish pointer seldom requires the whip; the hound pointer has never enough of it. One of the main sources of the sportsman's pleasure is to see the dog's point well.

Dogs should be constantly shot over during the season by a successful shot, and exercised during the shooting recess by some person who understands well the management of them, otherwise they will fall off in value—the half-bred ones will become unmanageable, and even the thorough-bred ones will acquire disorderly habits.

We look upon the setter to be an inferior kind of pointer perhaps; originally a cross between the pointer and the spaniel, or some such dog as the Newfoundland, for it has some qualities in common with each. The pointer has the finer nose, and is more staunch than the setter; his action is much finer. Pointers are averse to water; setters delight in it. The setter will face briars and bushes better than the pointer, which is in this respect a tender dog; and for this reason the setter is preferred to the pointer for cover shooting. Besides, his being not so staunch as the pointer is an additional advantage in heavy covers. The sportsman who shoots over well broken pointers, frequently passes game in woods, while the pointers, which are not seen by him, are at their point; the setter, being more impatient to run in, affords the shooter many shots in cover, which the over-staunch pointer would not. The pointer is always to be preferred on open grounds. In hot weather the pointer will endure more fatigue than the setter.

The Spaniel, Cock Dog, or Springer.—Spaniels are the best dogs for beating covers, provided they can be kept near the gun. They are generally expected to give tongue when game is flushed: some spaniels will give notice of game before it rises, which is very well where woodcocks only are expected to be found. Woodcock and pheasant shooting are often combined; when that is the case, a noisy cry is not desirable: pheasant shooting cannot be conducted too quietly, where covers are limited. Wherever the underwood is so thick that the shooter cannot keep his eye on the dogs, spaniels are to be preferred to pointers or setters, whatever species of game the shooter may be in pursuit of. When spaniels are brought to such a state of discipline as to be serviceable in an open country, they will require no further tutoring to fit them for the woods, unless it be that the eye of their master not being always on them, they begin to ramble. The efficiency of the training of spaniels for cover-shooting, depends, for the most part; on their keeping near the shooter; for if they riot, they are the worst dogs he can hunt.

There is much less trouble in making a spaniel steady than at first thought may be imagined. A puppy eight months old, introduced among three or four well-broken dogs, is easily taught his business. The breaker should use him to a cord of twenty yards length or so, before he goes into the field, and then take him out with the pack. Many a young dog is quiet and obedient from the first; another is shy, and stares and runs about as much at the rising of the birds as the report of the gun. Shortly he gets over this, and takes a part in the sport—he then begins to chase, but finding he is not followed after little birds or game, he returns; and should he not, and commence hunting out of shot, which is very likely, he must be called in, and flogged or rated, as his temper calls for. With care and patience, he will soon "pack up" with the others, especially if that term is used when the dogs are dividing; and if not, he may be checked by treading on the cord, and rated or beaten as his fault requires. Spaniels will, in general, stand more whipping than other dogs, but care must be taken not to be lavish or severe with it at first, or the dog becomes cowed, and instead of hunting will sneak along at heel.

The Retriever.—The business of the retriever is to find lost game. Newfoundland dogs are the best for the purpose. They should have a remarkably fine sense of smelling, or they will be of little use in tracing a wounded pheasant, or other game, through a thick cover, where many birds have been running about. A good retriever will follow the bird on whose track he is first put, as a blood-hound will that of a human being or deer. He should be taught to bring his game, or in many instances his finding a wounded bird would be of no advantage to the shooter.

Kennel Treatment.—The best regular food for sporting dogs is oatmeal well boiled, and flesh, which may be either boiled with the meal or given raw. In hot weather, dogs should not have either oatmeal or flesh in a raw state, as they are heating. Potatoes boiled are good summer food, and an excellent occasional variety in winter, but they should be cleaned before being boiled, and *well dried* after, or they will produce disease. Roasted potatoes are equally good, if not better. The best food to bring dogs into condition, and to preserve their wind in hot weather, is sago boiled to a jelly, half a pound of which may be given to each dog daily, in addition to potatoes or other light food; a little flesh meat, or a few bones, being allowed every alternate day. Dogs should have whey or buttermilk two or three times a week during summer, when it can be procured, or in lieu thereof, should have a table-spoonful of flour of sulphur once a fortnight. To bring a dog into condition for the season, we would give him a very large table-spoonful of sulphur about a fortnight before the 12th of August, and two days after giving him that, a full table-spoonful of syrup of buckthorn should be administered, and afterwards twice repeated at intervals of three days, the dog being fed on the sago diet the while. There should always be fresh water within reach. Dogs should never be chained up.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"Critical and Miscellaneous Essays." By T. Babington Macaulay. Vol. 3d. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

Macaulay has obtained a reputation which, although deservedly great, is yet in a remarkable measure undeserved. The few who regard him merely as a terse, forcible and logical writer, full of thought, and abounding in original views often sagacious and never otherwise than admirably expressed—appear to us precisely in the right. The many who look upon him as not only all this, but as a comprehensive and profound thinker, little prone to error, err essentially themselves. The source of the general mistake lies in a very singular consideration—yet in one upon which we do not remember ever to have heard a word of comment. We allude to a tendency in the public mind towards logic for logic's sake—a liability to confound the vehicle with the conveyed—an aptitude to be so dazzled by the luminousness with which an idea is set forth, as to mistake it for the luminousness of the idea itself. The error is one exactly analogous with that which leads the immature poet to think himself sublime wherever he is obscure, because obscurity is a source of the sublime—thus confounding obscurity of expression with the expression of obscurity. In the case of Macaulay—and we may say, *en passant*, of our own Channing—we assent to what he says, too often because we so very clearly understand what it is that he intends to say. Comprehending vividly the points and the sequence of his argument, we fancy that we are concurring in the argument itself. It is not every mind which is at once able to analyze the satisfaction it receives from such Essays as we see here. If it were merely *beauty* of style for which they were distinguished—if they were remarkable only for rhetorical flourishes—we would not be apt to estimate these flourishes at more than their due value. We would not agree with the doctrines of the essayist on account of the elegance with which they were urged. On the contrary, we would be inclined to disbelief. But when all ornament save that of simplicity is disclaimed—when we are attacked by precision of language, by perfect accuracy of expression, by directness and singleness of thought, and above all by a logic the most rigorously close and consequential—it is hardly a matter for wonder that nine of us out of ten are content to rest in the gratification thus received as in the gratification of absolute truth.

Of the terseness and simple vigor of Macaulay's style it is unnecessary to point out instances. Every one will acknowledge his merits on this score. His exceeding *closeness* of logic, however, is more especially remarkable. With this he suffers nothing to interfere. Here, for example, is a sentence in which, to preserve entire the chain of his argument—*to leave no minute gap which the reader might have to fill up with thought*—he runs into most unusual tautology.

"The books and traditions of a sect may contain, mingled with propositions strictly theological, other propositions, purporting to rest on the same authority, which relate to physics. If new discoveries should throw discredit on the physical propositions, the theological propositions, unless they can be separated from the physical propositions, will share in their discredit."

These things are very well in their way; but it is indeed questionable whether they do not appertain rather to the trickery of thought's vehicle, than to thought itself—rather to reason's shadow than to reason. Truth, for truth's sake, is seldom so enforced. It is scarcely too much to say that the style of the profound thinker is never closely logical. Here we might instance George Combe—than whom a more candid reasoner never, perhaps, wrote or spoke—than whom a more complete antipodes to Babington Macaulay there certainly never existed. The former *reasons* to discover the true. The latter *argues* to convince the world, and, in arguing, not unfrequently surprises himself into conviction. What Combe appear to Macaulay it would be a difficult thing to say. What Macaulay is thought of by Combe we can understand very well. The man who looks at an argument in its details alone, will not fail to be misled by the one; while he who keeps steadily in view the *generality* of a thesis will always at least approximate the truth under guidance of the other.

Macaulay's tendency—and the tendency of mere logic in general—to concentrate force upon minutiæ, at the expense of a subject as a whole, is well instanced in an article (in the volume now before us) on Ranke's History of the Popes. This article is called a review—possibly because it is anything else—as *lucus* is *lucus a non lucendo*. In fact it is nothing more than a beautifully written treatise on the main theme of Ranke himself; the whole matter of the treatise being deduced from the History. In the way of criticism there is nothing worth the name. The strength of the essayist is put forth to account for the progress of Romanism by maintaining that divinity is

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not a progressive science. The enigmas, says he in substance, which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages, while the Bible, where alone we are to seek revealed truth, has always been what it is.

The manner in which these two propositions are set forth, is a model for the logician and for the student of *belles lettres*—yet the error into which the essayist has rushed headlong, is egregious. He attempts to deceive his readers, or has deceived himself, by confounding the nature of that proof from which we reason of the concerns of earth, considered as man's habitation, and the nature of that evidence from which we reason of the same earth regarded as a unit of that vast whole, the universe. In the former case the *data* being palpable, the proof is direct: in the latter it is purely *analogical*. Were the indications we derive from science, of the nature and designs of Deity, and thence, by inference, of man's destiny—were these indications proof direct, no advance in science would strengthen them—for, as our author truly observes, "nothing could be added to the force of the argument which the mind finds in *every* beast, bird, or flower"—but as these indications are rigidly analogical, every step in human knowledge—every astronomical discovery, for instance—throws additional light upon the august subject, *by extending the range of analogy*. That we know no more to-day of the nature of Deity—of its purposes—and thus of man himself—than we did even a dozen years ago—is a proposition disgracefully absurd; and of this any astronomer could assure Mr. Macaulay. Indeed, to our own mind, the *only* irrefutable argument in support of the soul's immortality—or, rather, the only conclusive proof of man's alternate dissolution and re-juvenescence *ad infinitum*—is to be found in analogies deduced from the modern established theory of the nebular cosmogony.* Mr. Macaulay, in short, has forgotten what he frequently forgets, or neglects,—the very gist of his subject. He has forgotten that analogical evidence cannot, at all times, be discoursed of as if identical with proof direct. Throughout the whole of his treatise he has made no distinction whatever.

This third volume completes, we believe, the miscellaneous writings of its author.

"Corse de Leon: or the Brigand." A Romance. By G. P. R. James. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

Bernard de Rohan and Isabel de Brienne are betrothed to each other in childhood, but the father of the latter dying, and her mother marrying again, the union of the two lovers is opposed by the father-in-law, the Lord of Masseran, who has another husband in view for her, the Count de Meyrand. To escape his persecutions, the heroine elopes, and is married in a private chapel to De Rohan; but just as the ceremony has closed, the pair are surprised by Masseran and Meynard, who fling the hero into a dungeon, and bear off Isabel. The young wife manages to escape, however, and reaches Paris to throw herself on the protection of the King, Henry the Second. Here she learns that her husband, whom the monarch had ordered to be freed, has perished in a conflagration of Masseran's castle; and she determines to take the veil. In vain the king endeavors to persuade her to wait. She is inflexible, until surprised by the re-appearance of de Rohan, who, instead of perishing as supposed, has been rescued, unknown, by Corse de Leon, a stern, wild, yet withal, generous sort of a brigand, with whom he had become accidentally acquainted on the frontiers of Savoy. As the stolen marriage of the lovers has been revoked by a royal edict, it is necessary that the ceremony should be repeated. A week hence is named for the wedding, but before that time arrives de Rohan not only fights—unavoidably of course—with his rival, which the monarch has forbidden, but is accused by Masseran of the murder of Isabel's brother in a remote province of France. De Rohan is tried, found guilty and condemned to die; but on the eve of execution is rescued by his good genius, the brigand. He flies his country, and in disguise joins the army in Italy, where he greatly distinguishes himself. Finally, he storms and carries a castle, by the assistance of Corse de Leon, which Meyrand, now an outlaw, is holding out against France; at the same time rescuing his long lost bride from the clutches of the count, into which she had fallen by the sack of a neighboring abbey. In the dungeon of the captured castle Isabel's brother is discovered, he having been confined there by Masseran, prior to charging de Rohan with his murder. After a little farther bye-play, which only spoils the work, and which we shall not notice, the lovers are united, and thenceforth "all goes merry as a marriage bell."

This is the outline of the plot—well enough in its way; but partaking largely of the common-place, and marred by the conclusion, which we have omitted, and which was introduced only for the purpose of introducing the famous death of Henry the Second, at a tournament.

The characters, however, are still more common-place. De Rohan and Isabel are like all James' lovers, mere nothings—Father Welland and Corse de Leon are the beneficent spirits, and Meyrand and Masseran are the evil geniuses, of the novel. The other characters are lifeless, common, and uncharacteristic. They make no impression, and you almost forget their names. There is no originality in any of them, and save a passage of fine writing here and there, nothing to be praised in the book. Corse de Leon, the principal character, talks philosophy like Bulwer's heroes, and is altogether a plagiarism from that bombastic, unnatural, cut-throat school,—besides, he possesses a universality of knowledge, combined with a commensurable power, which, although they get the hero very conveniently out of scrapes, belie all nature. In short, this is but a readable novel, and a mere repetition of the author's former works.

* This cosmogony *demonstrates* that all existing bodies in the universe are formed of a nebular matter, a rare ethereal medium, pervading space—shows the mode and laws of formation—and *proves* that all things are in a perpetual state of progress—that nothing in nature is *perfected*.

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"Insubordination; An American Story of Real Life." By the Author of the "Subordinate." One Volume. Baltimore; Knight & Colman.

The author of the "Subordinate" is Mr. T. S. Arthur, of Baltimore, formerly one of the editors of the "Visiter and Athenæum," and now, we believe, connected with "The Budget," a new monthly journal of that city—with the literature of which, generally, he has been more or less identified for many years past.

"The Subordinate" we have not had the pleasure of reading. The present book, "Insubordination," is excellently written in its way; although we must be pardoned for saying that the *way* itself is not of a high order of excellence. It is all well enough to justify works of this class by hyper-democratic allusions to the "moral dignity" of low life, &c. &c.—but we cannot understand why a gentleman should feel or affect a *penchant* for vulgarity; nor can we comprehend the "moral dignity" of a dissertation upon bed-bugs: for the opening part of "Insubordination" is, if anything, a treatise on these peculiar animalculæ.

Some portions of the book are worthy of the author's ability, which it would rejoice us to see more profitably occupied. For example, a passage where Jimmy, an ill-treated orphan, relates to the only friend he has ever found, some of the poignant sorrows of his childhood, embodies a fine theme, handled in a manner which has seldom been excelled. Its pathos is exquisite. The morality of the story is no doubt good; but the reasoning by which it is urged is decrepid, and far too pertinaciously thrust into the reader's face at every page. The mode in which all the characters are *reformed*, one after the other, belongs rather to the desirable than to the credible. The style of the narrative is easy and *truthful*. We dare say the work will prove popular in a certain sense; but, upon the whole, we do not like it.

"Marathon, and Other Poems." By Pliny Earle, M. D. Henry Perkins, Philadelphia.

We have long had a very high opinion of the talents of Doctor Earle; and it gives us sincere pleasure to see his poems in book form. The publication will place him at once in the front rank of our bards. His qualities are all of a sterling character—a high imagination, delighting in lofty themes—a rigorous simplicity, disdaining verbiage and meretricious ornament—a thorough knowledge of the proprieties of metre—and an earnicely attuned to its delicacies. In addition, he feels as a man, and thinks and writes as a scholar. His general manner, puts us much in mind of Halleck. "Marathon," the longest poem in the volume before us, is fully equal to the "Bozzaris" of that writer; although we confess that between the two poems there exists a similarity in tone and construction which we would rather not have observed.

In the present number of our Magazine will be found a very beautiful composition by the author of "Marathon." It exhibits all the rare beauties of its author.

"Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West." U. P. James; Cincinnati.

This handsomely printed volume fills a long-regretted *hiatus* in our poetical literature, and we are much indebted to Mr. James the publisher; and to Mr. William D. Gallagher, who has superintended the compilation. We are told, in the Preface by Mr. G. that the book "is not sent forth as by any means the whole of the 'Poetical Literature of the West,' but that it is believed it will represent its *character* pretty faithfully, as it certainly contains samples of its greatest excellences, its mediocre qualities, and its worst defects." It may be questioned, indeed, how far we are to thank the editor for troubling us with the "defects," or, what in poesy is still worse, with the "mediocre qualities" of any literature whatever. It is no apology to say that the design was to represent "character"—for who cares for the character of that man or of that poem which has no character at all?

By these observations we mean merely to insinuate, as delicately as possible, that Mr. Gallagher has admitted into this volume a great deal of trash with which the public could well have dispensed. On the other hand we recognise many poems of a high order of excellence; among which we may mention an "Ode to the Press" by G. G. Foster, of the St. Louis Pennant; several sweet pieces by our friend F. W. Thomas, of "Clinton Bradshaw" memory; "The Flight of Years" by George D. Prentice; "To the Star Lyra," by William Wallace; and the "Miami Woods," by Mr. Gallagher.

We have spoken of this latter gentleman as the *editor* of the volume—but presume that in so speaking we have been in error. It is probable that the volume having been compiled by some other hand, he was requested by Mr. James to write the Preface merely. We are forced into this conclusion by observing that the poems of William D. Gallagher occupy more room in the book than those of any other author, and that the "Miami Woods" just mentioned—lines written by himself—form the opening article of the work. We cannot believe that Mr. G. would have been so wanting in modesty as to perpetrate these improprieties as *editor* of the "Poetical Literature of the West."

"The Quadroone." A Novel. By the Author of "Lafitte," &c. Harper & Brothers, New York.

We see no good reason for differing with that general sentence of condemnation which has been pronounced upon this book, both at home and abroad—and less for attempting anything in the way of an extended review of its contents. This was our design upon hearing the novel announced; but an inspection of its pages assures us that the labor would be misplaced. Nothing that we could say—had we even the disposition to say it—would convince *any* sensible man that "The Quadroone" is not a very bad book—such a book as Professor Ingraham (for whom we have a high personal respect) ought to be ashamed of. We are ashamed of it.

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The Gleaners

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1841. No. 1.

COTTAGE LIFE.

THE summer is here!—here with its fragrant mornings and its noonday heats, its mellow twilights and its moonlight evenings, its days of glory and its nights of starry beauty. It is summer. Let us go out into the country, away from the stifling air and dull brick walls of the town, into the far, pure, breezy, unsurpassable country. There we shall breathe the fresh air of Heaven. We will lie down on some shady knoll; or stretch ourselves beside the cooling stream; or wander off among the breezy woods; or perchance sit in some quiet arbor of the garden, listening to the low humming of the bees, or the far-off tinkle of the brooklet on the stones. Ay! we will go out into the country. We will gaze on the green grass, the growing flowers, the cloudless azure of the skies. But we will do more. We will gaze on our fellow man such as God made him, and not on the too often mean, grovelling and short-sighted denizens of the town. We will go out into the country. We will go into its stately palaces, secluded among sombre trees; into the airy, fantastic dwellings of retired citizens; into sunny old farm-houses, with their wide porches inviting us to enter; and—oftener than all—into the smiling cottages, which, peeping out from amid overspreading honeysuckles, dozing under willow trees by the brook-side, or nestling beneath the shadow of a green and fragrant hill, are scattered all over the land, in hill and in dell, studding it, as it were, with loveliness. And wherever we go we shall still find beauty. God hath left his impress on the green fields and running brooks, and every leaf that quivers in the breeze, and every bird that carols on the air, speak out His praise.

We are in the country; and yonder is a cottage nestled close under the hill-side, like a dove in the bosom of a young and innocent girl. Hear you not the brook, low pattering before its door; that brook which at eve and morning, ay! in the still watches of the night, may be heard murmuring mysteriously, as if it were angels' voices conversing on the quiet air? Let us go into that cottage. There are flowers before the house and honeysuckles around the door, and everything, even to the garden flags, is white-washed. There are roses under the window—how fragrant! And yet the owner of that little tenement has a hand horny with labor, and not a day passes, summer or winter, but that he is up before dawn, toiling for his richer neighbor. How does he live? Would you know what cottage life is? Come with us, then, into the fields, and let us sit together by this brawling brook, while we recount the history of a cottage life.

All over this land there are spots like this, of bewildering beauty; where toil and rest, and wo and happiness, have struggled together for years. There are thousands, ay! tens of thousands, of humble cottages, the lives of whose inmates have never won a thought from the rich and proud, and yet in those cottages beat as true hearts as in the most gorgeous mansions of the realm. The rich are born, and great is the rejoicing thereat; they live, and crowds shout triumphs wherever they go; they die, and they are laid by obsequious hands in proud mausoleums; but the poor come and go like the leaves of the forest, and no man careth for their fate. Their childhood of early toil; their youth of premature sorrow; their lives of hard, unyielding, grinding poverty, what does the world care for these? Yet the poor are not without comfort. They have within their own circle as kindly bosoms as the rich; they have dear ones, loved with a fervor wealth can rarely win, to cheer them in distress; they have a fireside, humble, indeed, but still a fireside around which to gather with their prattlers, and smile and be merry after the toils of the day are done.

With early dawn the cottager is up and afield. If he labors at the soil, you will find him with the plough in hand, keeping his monotonous track to and fro, regardless, apparently, of the stifled air, or the sultry rays of noon-day. He may pause an hour or so at dinner, but he is soon at his labor again. The cattle may be dozing under the trees, the birds may be carolling gaily around, the woods, and streams, and all nature may be full of merry play, but still he must keep up his weary toil, until twilight at length

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releases him, and he hurries home to spend a few hours of fleeting happiness among his little ones, to sleep, and again to resume his toil.

But there is a bright side to the picture. The Cottager was not always a man, he was once a happy child, and in gazing on the frolicks of his little ones, his own youth appears to be renewed. And where do the domestic affections exist with more purity than in our cottages? From the love of a child for its little brother or its sister, up to the love of a mother for her first-born, there is nothing purer, deeper, or more enduring than the affections of those who inhabit our cottages.

We see now two beings at that cottage door, a mother and her boy. The child hath fallen asleep upon her lap, and he reposes with a grace so careless, and there is such an innocent joy upon his face, that one cannot but feel that he is supremely happy. How he nestles on that mother's knee. The vine that gaily winds around the gentle sapling, or hangs so airily over the little group, is not more beautiful than he. And she!—is not the book held to shade his countenance, and the holy, contemplative emotions which light up her face as with the divinity of an angel, beyond comparison, ay! almost beyond imagination. God be thanked that there are thousands all over this broad land as happy as they!

Sunday is the time for cottage life. Then the new coat is taken out, carefully brushed, and put on—the little ones are clad in their tidy, well-kept Sabbath clothes—and the good house-wife attires herself in her best, adding, often, some little piece of finery, which a month's savings have tempted her to buy. Directly the bell is heard calling them to church. Away at the signal they go, with a quiet decorum even in the children; and soon they meet others trooping over the hills to the white-steepled meeting house in the glen. And when the sermon is over, and they pass out of the house of God, there are greetings among neighbors, inquiries after old friends, and perchance here and there long conversations betwixt good house-wives, which seem like the fairy's dream, never to come to an end. And in the afternoon some one is sure to drop in, when the best tea-cups are brought out from the corner cupboard, and the best hot cakes, and such tempting coffee are prepared by the good dame, that your mouth fairly waters until you have tasted thereof. And how merry all are—not with a boisterous mirth, but with a calm happiness, reminding you continually of the day. And all this time the children are playing on the lawn, or gathering buttercups to hold under each others chins, or laughing in their own innocent way so joyously, that their mothers will pause awhile, and look on them and smile. And by and by night will come, and the company will depart, and so, after reading a chapter of the bible, the cottagers will go to bed. Though the stars, on a Sabbath night, look down on many a quiet, happy home, they smile on none where there is more happiness than there. And such is Cottage Life.

J. S.

THE GLEANERS.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

It is the noon of summer time—
How breathless are the trees!
No more the sea of yellow corn
Is rippling in the breeze;
The kine are gasping in the stream,
Nor earth nor sky has breath,
And sickly waves the sultry air—
How like, yet unlike death!

The reapers long have ceased their toil,
And idly in the shade
They dream away the drowsy noon,
Beside each silent blade,—
While now and then a snatch of song
Some sleeper low will croon,
As in his dreams he joins the dance
Beneath the harvest moon.

The sun is at his highest point,
Yet on that burning field
Two youthful gleaners humbly toil,
God be to them a shield!
Their aged parent bed-rid lies,
And want is at their door,—
Ah! well young martyrs may you strive—
No rest is for the poor.

Their store is gleaned—they homeward hie—
How smilingly they go!
We little know how light a thing
May dry the tears of woe.
The pittance slight, the one kind word
With which we all can part,
May take the sting from poverty,
Or save a broken heart.

To view those gleaners on their way
It were a pleasant thing—
They're talking of their mother's joy
To see the store they bring.
How gracefully the sister moves,
As if she stepped to song;
And gaily at her statelier side
The glad boy trips along.

Smile on! smile on, ye happy pair,
God's blessing on your way!
It fills my breast with joy to know
That ye can be so gay.
Smile on, for soon ye'll hear her voice,
And know her welcome bright,—
And happy hearts shall beat I ween
Beneath your roof to-night.

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JUGURTHA;

A LEGEND OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," ETC.

It was a glorious day in Rome; the unclouded sun was blazing in the clear azure of a deep Italian sky, filling the universal air with life and lustre; the summer winds were all abroad, crisping the bosom of the yellow Tiber into ten thousand tiny rivulets, tossing ten thousand dewy odors from their wings, and bearing with them, far and near, the myriad harmonies of nature. It was a day of revelry, of loud exulting mirth, of gratified ambition to the one, of haughty triumph to the million.

It was in truth a day of triumph. Marius, the people's idol, the great plebeian conqueror, had brought the army home — the army, long foiled and often beaten on the parched sands of the Zahara, or by the scanty streams of the Bagradas and Mulucha — had brought the army home, scar-seamed and wearied and war-worn, but glorious and elated and triumphant; for with them came a chained, indignant captive, the bravest, fiercest, wisest of all the kings who yet had dared to strive against the unconquered majesty of the Republic: the murderer, the fratricide Jugurtha; he who had mocked the justice, and with success defied the brazen legions and the superb commanders of Rome's resistless warfare; he who had driven out from his Numidian confines, whether by force or fraud, two several consular armies, sent one, degraded and debased forever, beneath the ignominious yoke, and for long years possessed his blood-bought throne in spite of all the efforts of his tremendous rival.

Now, therefore, was the day of retribution, and all the fiery passions of the Italian heart were at work hotly in the crowd that thronged the thoroughfares of the great city on that auspicious morning. Well might they throng the streets, for never, from that day to this, has aught of pomp or pageant been invented that could sustain comparison one moment with the unequalled splendors of a Roman triumph. The whole line of proud streets, up from the field of Mars to the Capitoline, was strewn with carpets of the rich Tyrian crimson; cartloads of flowers — rose, violet, narcissus, hyacinth — were scattered everywhere, to send their perfumes forth beneath the trampling feet of the triumphant legions. The walls of every house and palace were hung with glowing tapestries, with waving flags, and laurel-woven garlands. From every shrine and chapel, hundreds of which were there sacred to one or other of Rome's hundred deities, sang forth the melody of sacrificial hymns, and streamed the breath of incense. The sun had reached the summit of his ascending course, when from the distant campus arose at once the din, piercing the ears and thrilling as it were to the very soul, of the great sacred trumpets, and the earth-shaking shout of Rome's vast population; then on they came — a long and dazzling line of splendor — three hundred snow-white steers, unblemished and majestic, the far-famed breed of the Clitunnus, led the van, with gilded horns, and fluttering fillets of bright hues about their ample fronts, led by as many youths in sacrificial tunics of pure white; then came the bands of music, trumpet and horn and clarion, and the quick clashing cymbal blent with the deep bass of the Phrygian drum; and then the Flamens of the gods, in the appropriate and gorgeous dresses; the great Dialis, with his red tuft and snow-white robes; the Salian priests of Mars, with brazen helms and corselets and flowery tunics girded up, and on their arms the sacred shields of Numa; the vestals, stoled and veiled and silent, and the mad ministers of Cybele, with their strange instruments of music, leaping and dancing with strange gestures, and waking all the echoes with their barbaric hymnings. After these stately and revered, and almost divine personages, trooped on — strange contrast — a band of mimics and jesters, buffoons with scurrilous songs and obscene gestures, calling forth from the mob of Rome many a plaudit by their licentious wit. Then, with perfumes and steaming censers, scattering bunches of the choicest flowers, all in their purple bordered tunics, with golden balls about their necks, barefooted and bareheaded, the sons of the Patricians passed, the prime of Rome's young aristocracy. Other musicians followed, and then, caparisoned for war, with castles on their backs and gorgeous housings on their unwieldy carcasses, each driven by a coal-black Ethiopian astride on his huge neck, the captured elephants — an hundred mighty monsters, the like of which had never before gladdened the eyes of the amazed and wonder-stricken populace. Next rolled the wains, slow dragged by snow-white oxen, groaning beneath the weight of the rich spoils of the Numidian empire — armor of gold and silver, weapons thick set with emeralds and diamonds,

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statues and jars and vases of pure gold — dazzling the eyes and bewildering the senses with their unequalled splendor.

Hark! what a roar, a thunder of applause! It is — it is — Io TRIUMPHE, Io PEAN, it is the mighty Marius! Aloft he stood — aloft in more than regal pomp, in more than mortal glory. The car was ivory and gold, embossed and carved with rare device, drawn by six steeds abreast, white as the driven snow, with manes and tails that literally swept the ground, housed with rich crimson trappings, harnessed and reined with gold. But what were ivory or gold, or what the choicest specimens of mere brute beauty, to the sublime and glorious figure of the triumphant general? Tall, powerful, broad shouldered and strong limbed, as he stood there clad in the tunic and toga of fine crimson, all woven over with palm branches of gold, wearing the laurel crown upon his coal-black locks, and holding in his right hand the ivory sceptre, and in his left a branch of green triumphal bay, he looked the emblem, the very incarnation and ideal of Rome's undaunted energy. His hair, black as the raven's wing, was curled in short crisp locks close to his finely formed head and expansive temples; his nose was high, keen, aquiline; his eyes bright as the eagle's, and, like his, formed as it were to gaze into the very focus of the sun's beams, and pierce the dunnest war clouds with all-pervading vision; his lips were thin, firm and compressed, with that set iron curve which gives the strongest token of indomitable resolution. Swarthy almost to negro blackness, gloomy and lowering was his brow, and furrowed by deep lines of care and passion — yet was there naught that savored in the least of cruelty or even of suspicion in the bold, daring features — pride there was evident in every glance, in every gesture, and fiery courage, and stern constancy; but nothing jealous or tyrannical, much less bloodthirsty or vindictive. Yet this was he who in after years let slip the dogs of Hell against the sons of his own mother Rome, who deluged her fair streets with oceans of Patrician gore, and made her shrines and palaces, her stateliest temples and her lowliest dwellings, one mighty human shambles. But now he was all gratified ambition, proud courtesy and high anticipation; yet he bowed not nor smiled at the reiterated clamors of the mighty concourse, nor waved his laurelled sceptre to and fro, but held his proud head high and heavenward, and kept his dark eye fixed on vacancy, as though he would pierce onward — onward — through space and time, far off into the secrets of futurity, with consulships and censorships and triumphs, provinces, armies, honors, FAME, thronging before his footsteps, and still beckoning him forward. Behind him stood a slave, such was the order, the immemorial order, of the triumphal rite, who ever and anon, as louder pealed the acclamations of the mob, and wilder waxed the din of gratulation, leaned forward, whispering in his ear, "Remember, Marius, remember that thou art a man!" for so sublime, so godlike, was that station deemed, that the stern fathers of the young Republic had judged such warning needful to curb the vaultings of that pride which might believe itself immortal.

Behind the chariot wheels stalked one, alas! how far removed from the haught victor, the royal Moor, Rome's deadliest foe, Jugurtha. He, as his conqueror, was tall, and of a bearing that had been soldierly at once and royal — yet he was not, though vigorously strong and very active, of a frame nearly so superb or massive as the great Roman — lithe, sinewy and muscular, he showed all the distinctive marks characteristic of his race; his face was handsome — the features at least eminently so — of a clear, sunny olive hue, through which the blood would gleam at times, when passion drove its currents, boiling like molten lava, through every vein and artery: but now it was as cold and pallid as though he had already passed the portals of the grave. His eyes, like those of Marius, glared forward into the vacant air; but not like his was his mind bent forward. Back! back! — long years of retrospection — to the bright, happy days of youth, when he and his two murdered cousins sported together, before the fell and fiendish lust of empire had turned their blood to gall; to the young promise of his glorious manhood, when, side by side with Scipio, he strove before the bulwarks of Numantia: when he was praised and honored of that great commander in the full presence of a Roman host; and, later still, to his proud aspirations after thrones, to his triumphant usurpation, his undoubted sway over the glowing hearts and tameless energies of the free, wild Numidians; and, later yet, to fields of furious warfare, to midnight marches over the lone sands of the desert, dark ambuscades near to some long sought river, skirmishes, onslaughts, victories — aye! victories won from the Roman. His scarlet turban, decked with the tall tiara peculiar to the royal race, still gleamed as if in mockery above his ashy brow; his caftan, gleaming with fringes and embroideries of gold, girded with costly shawls, from which still hung his gold sheathed and gold hilted scimetar; his wide and flowing robe of fine white woollen stuff, so fine and gauze-like in its texture that all the gorgeous hues of his under-dress were visible, though mellowed in their tints, beneath it; his necklace of the richest gems, armlets and bracelets, and long pendants in his ears of the most precious rubies, all spoke the Prince — the King! But lo! beside the bracelets upon those swarthy arms, the galling manacles of steel, and on the sinewy ancles, clasping the jewelled sandals with their stern circles, the fetters of the captive — of the slave! They clanked — they clanked at every stride, those fearful emblems, and still, as every ringing clash announced the fallen state of their late dreaded foe, the savage mob sent forth loud yells of mirth, mingled with groans of execration! But he felt not the fetters, nor marked the clanging din that harbingered his footsteps, nor heard the hootings of the rabble; he knew not that his sons, his two beloved ones, were beside him, fettered and manacled as he, their guilty sire; he saw not the procession nor the pomp, nor knew that they but marshalled him to death.

Behind this lamentable group stalked, two and

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two, with their dread implements (the rod-bound axes,) ready and glittering coldly in the sun, the lictors; and behind these, on foot, and in his toga all unadorned and simple, the consul colleague of the triumphant chief; and after him the senate, renowned, grave and wise — stately, sublime assemblage! Then, with the din of martial music, and the loud clash of brazen armor, their helmets all enwreathed with branches of the bay tree, their banners and their eagles entwined and over-canopied with laurel, on swept the conquering army; each legion, with its horse, its skirmishers, its engines, its legate and his tribunes on their proud chargers, and its centurions marching at the head each of his manipule, rolled on — row after row of brass, solid, compact, immovable — a vast machine of men, with but one voice, one stride, one motion for ten thousand human beings. "Io Triumphe! Io Pæan! Ho! for the godlike General! Ho! for the conquering army!" Such was the pomp of Marius, but so closed not the line of the procession, for every soul of Rome's vast population swelled it for miles in length; old tottering grandsires, men in the prime of manhood, youths in the flush of spring-time, boys, children, infants at the breast, matrons and brides and maidens — all ranks, all classes, all conditions — the proud, luxurious patrician, the turbulent democracy, mechanics from the suburbs and farmers from the colonies, and slaves and freedmen, all thronged exultingly the via Sacra, all swelled the shout for Marius.

And now they reached the capitol, and the great leader slowly descended from his car, and, led by pontifex and priest, mounted the hundred steps of brass, and stood before the temple of Jupiter Capitoline, the guardian god of the great city. Then louder pealed the trumpets and the hymns, and incense smoked up to the skies, veiling the very temple, in its dense wreaths of snow, from those who gazed up thither from the Forum. The prayers were prayed, the offerings tendered to the god, the victims slaughtered, the supplication and thanksgiving ended. Then, in the temple of the god, the Senate and the Consuls feasted, and the lord of that high feast was Caius Marius. Wine flowed and golden goblets clanged, and there was merriment and revelry and joy.

And where was he — Jugurtha?

"There is a place," — we quote the words of his historian — "there is a place in the prison which is called the Tullianum, when you have ascended a little way to the left hand, sunk about twelve feet under ground. Walls surrounded it on every side, and a vaulted roof above, compact with stone groinings; but from its filth, its darkness, and its fœtid smell, its appearance is alike terrible and loathsome." Such is the plain and unadorned description of a cell yet existing; they call it now San Pietro in Carcere. Thither the lictors bore Jugurtha; he spoke not at all, nor seemed to understand or to see anything. They stripped him of his gorgeous robes and rich trappings with fierce, indecent haste; they snatched the chains from round about his neck, the bracelets from his arms; they tore the pendants from his ears, and — for they might not spare the time to loose the clasps — tore the tips of his ears away also! They stripped him to the skin, yet he resisted not, nor strove, nor struggled; they lowered him with ropes — him, in his fetters — into that foul and ghastly cell, and then a horrid smile flitted across his features — "This bath of yours," he said, "methinks is very chilly!" He shuddered, was let down, alone — and died there, as his crimes had merited!

HOPE ON.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

Hope on — the clouds that gather thick before thee
Hide the glad light that led thy steps afar,
But beams there not, on night's dark Heaven o'er thee,
Purely and brightly, gentle star on star?

Then let thy gaze pierce those sad clouds around thee —
See thro' the opening, dimly tho' at first,
Breaking the chains that to despair had bound thee:
Light out of darkness gloriously burst.

Hope on — tho' shadows shut out present gladness,
Not far beyond, the sunlight lingers still —
Dim looks the valley, in its misty sadness,
Ere the bright day hath climbed the eastern hill.

There is a light, tho' secretly 'tis playing
Round the dark edges of those clouds we fear:
Some mission'd spirit, in our footsteps straying,
Whispering the words of comfort and of cheer.

Wilt thou not take the counsel kindly given?
Wilt thou not turn thy gaze from present gloom?
Dost thou not see, the power, in yonder Heaven,
That sends the blight, may likewise send the bloom?

Hope on, I pray thee — Hope on in thy sorrow —
Brush from thine eye the fastly falling tear;
Thou know'st the night, tho' dark, must have a morrow,
And, after storms, the rainbow will appear.

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THE FIERY DEATH.

BY J. H. DANA.

"To the stake with her! Away with the sorceress! God's curse be on her for her evil doings!" shouted the mob.

It was early morning, yet even at that hour the judgment hall of the little town of Bourdonnois was thronged with the populace. Men, women and children, old and young, the noble and the burgher, priests, soldiers and common people, crowded the spacious hall, and glared fiercely on the prisoner, while ever and anon they muttered imprecations on her, and cried madly for her blood.

The evening before, a female, closely veiled, and attended by two servants, whose dark countenances bespoke them sons of Ethiopia, had arrived at Bourdonnois, and put up at one of the principal hostelries of the place. Strange rumors soon arose respecting her. Her garb, her mein, her language and her complexion were said to be those of a Saracen, against which accursed race the chivalry of Europe and the church itself warred in vain. These rumors gained additional strength when the landlord of the inn where she had stopped was heard to say that he had seen her practising sorcery, a charge easily credited in that age, and one which few, especially in a case like this, had the hardihood to disbelieve. In less than an hour the whole population of the town was afloat, surrounding the hostelry, and crying out for vengeance against the sorceress. Such commotions were both frequent and sanguinary in that superstitious age.

The soldiery, however, interfered by arresting the unsuspecting victim of these rumors, and at this early hour the prisoner had been brought into the judgment hall to await a mockery of trial.

"Answer me, daughter of Belial!" said the judge, as soon as the murmurs of the mob allowed him to be heard. "Will you confess your crime? Speak, or you die! Know you that the rack, aye! fire itself, awaits you if your obstinacy continues!"

The prisoner was a slight girlish creature, sitting with her face buried in her hands, directly opposite to the judge. She was apparently young, and her figure, so far as it could be seen through the thick veil which shrouded her form, was light and agile as that of a sylph. To the judge's question she made no answer. She only shook her head despondingly, and those nigh her fancied they heard her sob.

"To the stake with the heathen sorceress! She deals with the evil one!" shouted the mob. "What need we further than this silence? Away with her—away!"

At these fearful words, repeated now for the second time, and growled forth with an ominous fierceness, appalling even to the hearer, the prisoner was observed to tremble, whether with fear or otherwise we know not, and lifting her veil up with a sudden effort, she rose to her feet, turned hastily around to the mob, and disclosed a countenance of such surpassing loveliness to their gaze, that even those who had cried out most unrelentingly for her blood now shrank abashed into silence, while others, who had been less eager for her condemnation, audibly murmured in her favor.

"What would ye have of me?" she said, addressing the judge, and for the first time standing unveiled before him. "As there is a God in whom we both believe, I have told you only the truth. I am a stranger, a foreigner, a defenceless woman, but not the less the affianced bride of one of your proudest nobles, the Count de Garonne."

The tone in which she spoke was firm, but oh! how touchingly sweet; and her words were uttered in broken French, with a perceptible Oriental accent. Loud murmurs arose in her favor as she ceased speaking. The tide was turning. But the judge now spoke:

"Out on thee, woman of hell! Out on thee for a base slanderer of a noble of France, and a holy crusader! Thou the betrothed bride of Garonne! As soon would the eagle mate with the vulture. I tell thee, woman, that thy story of having been shipwrecked when coming to France, and of all thy train having been lost except thy two Ethiopian myrmidons, is a foul lie, and I am almost minded to wring the truth from thee on the rack."

"I have said it," said the prisoner, in a firm voice, for she felt her life depended on her calmness, "and if you will give but one week, only one little week, I will prove it before man as well as God. I came from Syria in the same fleet with my lord, but under charge of his mother's confessor—now a saint in Heaven!—but being separated by a storm, in which our galley was shipwrecked, I was thrown unprotected on your shores. I am a stranger here. My servants even have deserted me. I do no one harm. I plot no treason. All I ask is to pass on my way. Oh!" she continued, with a burst of emotion, "if you have a daughter, think what would be your feelings if she was to be thus set upon in a strange land," and she burst into tears. Again the crowd murmured in her favor.

"Woman!" sternly interposed the judge, unmoved

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by her emotion, "look at the victim of your sorcery, and seek no longer to deceive us by your lies. Stand forth, Philip the Deformed!"

At the words of the judge, an official bearing a white wand stepped into a side room, and in a moment reappeared with a cripple hideously deformed, whom the populace recognised as the landlord of the hostelry. When confronted with the prisoner, he glared on her with a look of demoniac hatred.

"Know you this woman?" asked the judge.

"Ay! to my cost," answered the cripple. "It is through her incantations that I am the being I am. It was but yesterday she came to my inn, attended by two heathenish Ethiopians, whom I have heard palmers from the holy land say are kept by the Paynims—God's ban be theirs! I no sooner beheld her than I recognised her to be the sorceress who, three years ago, brought on me the disease by which I am crippled. I could tell her among a thousand. The curse of God light on her for a child of the evil one," and the witness ground his teeth together, and glared fiercely at the prisoner. A low murmur of approval, at first faint and whispered, but gradually swelling into a confused shout, rose on the ear as he ceased.

"He is a perjured wretch," exclaimed the prisoner, with energy, "whom my servants detected in an attempt to rob my poor effects; hence his malice and this charge."

"Silence, woman!" sternly interposed the judge, "or else confess. Will you, a child of Belial, malign a Christian man?"

The testimony of the publican had worked a complete change in the fluctuating feelings of the mob towards the prisoner, and the words of the judge were answered back by a shout of approval. The prisoner was seen to turn deathly pale. She did not reply, however, to the question, but shook her head despondingly, as if conscious that all hope was over.

"Lead her away," hoarsely growled the mob, while the dense mass of people swayed to and fro in the excitement, as if they would have rushed on the defenceless victim.

"Again I ask thee, woman, wilt thou confess?"

She shook her head despondingly, buried her face in her hands, and murmured something; perhaps it was a prayer. The mob burst once more into commotion.

"Where are the servants of this woman?—let them be put on the rack," said the judge.

"They have escaped," answered an official.

"Escaped!" said the judge, "ha! were they living men, or the servants of the foul fiend? Know you aught?"

"I do know," said the maiden, suddenly rising to her feet, and speaking with the energy of a queen, while her eye flashed and her bosom heaved with excitement, "and thank God that they are free, although they have left me defenceless. Yes! they are free from your tortures. Me, you may murder with your accursed laws, but—mark me—I shall be fearfully avenged. My story has been truly told—so help me God"—and she raised her eyes to Heaven in adjuration, "and if I die, I die innocent. I tell ye I am the betrothed bride of a noble. I am more; I am the daughter of a prince. And now do your worst. I shall die worthy of my race."

She sat down. Not a murmur was heard for the space of a minute after she had ceased. Her daring energy awe-struck all. But what could even bravery like hers effect against a brutal, bigot populace? As soon as the hearers could recover from their momentary consternation, they broke into a whirlwind of shouts and imprecations, and rushed on to the defenceless girl; and had not the soldiery, who immediately guarded her, interposed, she would have fallen an instant victim to the rage of the populace. To be torn in pieces by a mob was a death too horrible! She turned imploringly to the judge, but there was no hope in his iron face. She closed her eyes, but the howling mob still swam before her vision; and when she buried her face in her robe, and strove to shut out their imprecations, their fierce, wild cries still rung in her ears. At each moment the tumult deepened, until the excitement of the populace became uncontrollable.

"Away with her—she is sold to the fiend—away—away!"

"Vengeance for the sufferers by her incantations!" hoarsely growled a voice from the mob.

The judge no longer hesitated, but yielding to the popular current as well as his own prejudices, sentenced her to be burned at high noon of that very day. A wild shout of exultation rose from the frenzied mob as the sentence was pronounced, but over all the din swelled the fearful cry, "To the stake with her—away with the sorceress." Such was justice in that age.

It was a few hours earlier in the same day when a noble knight sat in a hostelry of the little seaport town of ———. He was of a singularly imposing cast of countenance. His features were of the true Norman outline, with a lofty intellectual brow, shaded by locks of the richest chesnut hue. His cheek was embrowned by a Syrian sun until it was of the darkest olive color, but the clear white of his forehead, which had been protected from exposure by his helmet, betrayed the original purity of his complexion. He had an eye whose glance can only be likened to that of an eagle. His form was tall and commanding. He sat apparently absorbed in thought, but was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of a retainer.

"Are the horses ready?"

"Yes, my lord," said the man.

"We will mount into the saddle at once then; how far did they say it was to Bourdonnois?"

"Six leagues."

"We shall reach it before nightfall; lead on."

The party which set forth from the inn was a gallant sight to behold. Knights, squires, men-at-arms and other retainers swelled the escort of the young Count to the number of nearly four-score, while the pennons waving on the air, and the occasional sound of a trumpet, gave a liveliness to the escort which attracted the attention of the passer by, of every rank and sex, and drew many a sigh of envy from them.

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But who might pretend to be the equal of the renowned Count Garonne, a crusader of untarnished fame, a gallant still in the flower of his youth, and the lord of half a score of castles scattered over the wide domain of France?

At the head of the proud array rode the Count himself, conversing gaily with a knight at his side, whom he familiarly called cousin.

"Ay, by St. Denis!" said the Count, "she is a divinity such as even our sunny Provence doth not afford. Such eyes, such hair, and then, by my faith, such a voice! It pained my heart to part from my sweet Zillah — but she would have it so — and so she comes in company with father Ambrose and a score of my best knights. Her maidenly modesty dictated this, and I was forced to submit. We were separated, however, by that heathenish storm, and I suppose her galley put into Genoa. You know she will be given away by none but the Holy Father himself," and the glad lover reined his horse, while the animal, as if partaking of its master's joy, curvetted gaily.

"I long to see your princess, nor do I wonder at your love, since she freed you from a Moslem prison; when shall I greet my future cousin?"

"We shall reach Bourdonnois to-night, and to-morrow — let me see — to-morrow we shall keep on to Trouchet; in another day we shall arrive at Genoa, and there we will await her, if her galley is not already arrived."

"I am all impatience to behold her — but look at the knave coming over yonder hill. He rides like the fiend himself."

"Ay! and by St. Denis he is a blackamoor, a scarcer thing here than in Syria. Holy Father, how he dashes on!"

Even while they spoke the horseman rapidly approached, and, before many minutes, drew in the rein of his foaming steed at the side of the Count, whom he appeared to know. The recognition was mutual. The man instantly spoke in a strange tongue, and with violent gestures, while, with an agitated voice, the Count appeared to question him. But a few minutes had elapsed, however, before the Count turned around to his cousin, and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, but with an attempt at composure,

"Zillah has been wrecked, and only she and two of her train, with a few common sailors, have escaped. Her strange companions, her foreign tongue, but, more than all, the accursed perjuries of a thieving innkeeper, have brought on her the charge of sorcery, a tumult has been raised, she has been arrested, and — God of my fathers! — may even now be suffering on the rack or at the stake. Oh! why did I ever submit to leave her? But, by the mother of God! if a hair of her head is harmed, I will hang every knave of Bourdonnois."

"Let us on at once, then; we may yet arrive in time."

"Pass the word down the line," exclaimed the Count. "On, knights and gentlemen; we must not draw rein until we reach Bourdonnois."

After a few minutes of hurried consultation with the servant, who stated that he and his fellow had escaped in the height of the tumult, and each, by different roads, sought the port where they supposed the Count to be, the gallant array set forward at a rapid pace, and in a few moments nothing but a cloud of dust in the valley and on the hill-side was left to tell of their late presence.

It was already high noon in Bourdonnois. A little out of the town, in a gentle valley, was the place chosen for the infliction of the horrid sentence. For more than an hour — indeed ever since the condemnation of the accused — the populace had been pouring thither in crowds, until now a vast multitude, comprising nearly the whole population of the town, surrounded the place of execution, and covered the encircling hills, like spectators in an amphitheatre.

At length the procession came in sight. First marched a body of soldiery; then followed the magistrates of the town; directly after appeared several monks; and then, clad in white, with her pale face bent on the ground, and her hands tightly pressed together, came the victim. She made no answer, it was observed, to the words of the monks on either hand, but ever and anon she would kiss a crucifix which she carried, and raise her swimming eyes to Heaven. In that hour of bitterest agony, what must have been her emotions? She, the daughter of an Emir, and the affianced bride of one of the proudest nobles of France, to be hissed at by a mob, and end her life in unheard-of torments at the stake! Oh! if her lover, she thought, only knew of her peril! But alas! he was far away. Well might she raise her streaming eyes to Heaven as to her only hope, and well might she turn away from the ministers of religion who sanctioned her sacrifice, and trust only in that cross which was her lover's gift, and the emblem of the sufferings of one whom that lover had taught her was the only true God.

"Oh!" she murmured to herself, "if Henri only knew my peril, he would yet rescue me. But there is no hope; and I must not forget that I am the daughter of a warrior. Henri shall hear that I died as became his affianced bride;" and her figure seemed to dilate and her walk to grow more majestic as she thought.

At length they reached the fatal stake. But if Zillah shuddered at its sight, the feeling was checked before it could be seen by the populace. Calm and collected, though pale as the driven snow, she stood proudly up while the fatal chain was affixed around her slender waist, and, with eyes upraised to Heaven, appeared to be only an indifferent spectator, instead of the chief person in the fatal tragedy. Not a repining word broke from her lips. The first agony of death had passed away, and she had steeled her heart to her fate.

At length all was prepared. Over the vast assembly gazing on her, hung the silence of the dead. Men's breaths came quick, and their hearts fluttered when they felt that in another minute the awful tragedy would be begun. Every eye was bent intently on the fatal stake as the executioner approached with the fiery brand. For the last time, Zillah opened her

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eyes to take a final look on that earth to which she was soon to bid farewell forever. But what sent that sudden flush to her cheek? Why that cry of thrilling joy, the first audible sound which had left her lips since her sentence? She sees a troop of fiery horsemen, covered with dust and foam, thundering over the brow of the hill in front of her, and in the very van of the array she recognizes the pennon of the Count of Garonne, waving in the noonday sun.

Onward came the rescuers. Horse on horse, knight after knight, retainer following retainer, they swept like a whirlwind down the hill, shouting their war-cry, "Garonne—a St. Denis and Garonne!" the panic-struck crowd opening to the right and to the left before them. In vain the soldiery who guarded the victim attempted to resist the rush of the assailants. They might as well have withstood the ocean surges in their might. The shock of the horsemen was irresistible. Foremost among them, cleaving his way like a giant, rode the Count himself, his tall figure and powerful charger rendering him conspicuous over all. Nothing could resist him. He seemed like an avenging spirit come to the aid of the suffering victim, nor were those wanting who saw in the sudden appearance of the rescuers, and their indomitable courage, proofs of supernatural agency. A universal panic seized on the crowd. Soldiers as well as populace broke and fled. In a few minutes the Count had gained the stake, when, springing from his steed, he rushed forward, and, with one blow of his huge sword, had severed the chain which bound the victim to the stake.

"Oh! Henri!" hysterically said the rescued girl, as she sprang forward and fell fainting into her lover's arms.

"Zillah! God be praised that you are safe. Curses on the villains. She faints. Ho, there! water, you knaves, or I cleave you to the chine."

But the maiden had only fainted from excess of joy, and when restoratives were applied, she speedily recovered.

Our story is done. The terror of the populace; the humble apologies of the magistracy; the merited punishment of the perjured publican; and the speedy union of the Count and the converted princess—are they not all written in the chronicles of the noble house of Garonne?

WOMAN'S DOWER.

Sin sat, oppress'd with cruel care,
And bow'd with agonizing pain,
And the cold sceptre of despair
Lay where her dearest hopes had lain;
And bitter drops, from Marah's spring,
Bedew'd the pale rose on her cheek,
And fierce disease was torturing
Her vitals with a vulture's beak:
And taunting words were in her ears—
"Thou first in sin! Frail cause of all
The cares and toils that waste our years,
The pangs that change our joys to gall;
Thou gav'st the sceptre unto Death!
Thy hand unbarr'd the insatiate tomb,
And wak'd and arm'd the fiery wrath
That deals the sinner's final doom!"
She rais'd her meek wet eyes to Heaven,
And all her pray'r was one long sigh;
It told how deep her heart was riven,
And won an angel from on high.
"Daughter! thy lot is hard to bear,"
The spirit said, with healing tone,
"Submission, agony, and care,
Endur'd in silence and alone:
These are thy lot, and Mercy's power
May not reverse the just decree;
Yet have I brought a priceless dower,
A gem from God's own crown, to thee.
Hide the rich jewel in thy breast,
Deep in thy bosom's holiest bow'r:
Its warmth and light shall make thee blest,
E'en in thy darkest, loneliest hour.
Its light shall throw around thy form
An atmosphere of joy and peace,
And fill thy home with radiance warm—
A glowing flood of magic bliss.
When thy young heart to man is given,
And the white bride-rose wreathes thy brow,
This live coal from the fires of Heaven
Shall with ecstatic rapture glow;
And when thy new-born infant lies
In helpless beauty on thy breast,
Thy heart shall thrill with ecstacies
Sweet as the transports of the blest.
This living beam of perfect love—
Pure love, that lives without return:
This sparkle from the bliss above—
Forever in thy soul shall burn.
Not all the fiends of earth shall wrench
This treasure from thy heart away,
Nor all the waves of sorrow quench,
Within thy soul, the deathless ray.
Life's dearest ills may prove a chain,
And gall thy heart through weary years;
Thy hopes maternal may prove vain,
And sink beneath a flood of tears;
And haggard cares may round thee crowd—
Yet this rich gift shall light thy gloom,
And throw a rainbow on the cloud
That darkens o'er thy dear one's tomb."
Yes, *perfect* love is woman's dower,
Her brightest charm, her richest gem,
Her shield from every cruel power,
Her sceptre, and her diadem.
Let her beware, lest earth-born fires
Touch the pure altar where it glows:
Dim the pure light with low desires,
And sink her soul in torturing woes.—L. J. Pinson.

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LOVERS' QUARRELS.

BY PERCIE B. SALTON.

"MARY!" said the low voice of Henry Ashton. The maiden looked up.

"Mary! I have much to tell you — will you listen to me awhile, only for a moment!" and he spoke fast and eagerly.

"A moment only, you say — well, I suppose I must, — but what a beautiful butterfly is that. Oh! the dear, sweet, tiny thing; do, pray, try and catch it for me."

Ashton was stung to the heart. He had been on the point of declaring his long-cherished passion for Mary Derwentwater, and he felt that she knew, not only the depth of his affection, but that the words trembling on his lips were an avowal of his love. Her light-heartedness at once changed the whole current of his feelings. Often had he heard others say that his beautiful cousin was a coquette, and more than once had she trifled with his own feelings. He had hoped that her conduct was the result only of a momentary whim, but this last act displayed a confirmed heartlessness of which an hour before he would not have deemed her capable. He sighed, and was silent.

"Oh! dear, how ungallant you are," continued his cousin, "the beautiful creature will really escape, and I do so love butterflies."

"It is gone."

"So it is. I shall never forgive you. Don't ask me to," said Mary affectedly.

"Then we must part without it," said Henry carelessly. "I leave here to-morrow, and shall visit Europe before I return. It may be years — it may be forever that I shall be absent."

"Why — Harry — you jest," said his companion, struggling to appear composed, although she felt how cold and pale her cheek had grown. "I never heard of this before. You are not in earnest," and she laid her soft white hand — that hand, whose touch made every nerve of Ashton thrill — on her lover's arm, looking up into his face with her dark, and now melting eye. But the chord had been stretched until it had snapped, and her influence over Ashton was gone. He half averted his head, as he answered coldly,—

"I do not jest, especially with a friend."

The tone, the emphasis, the manner, all stung the pride of Mary. She felt that his censure was just, and yet she spurned it. Her hand fell from his arm, and emulating his own coldness, she said,—

"Then I will not ask you to stay. But as it is late, and you will have your preparations to make, I will not intrude on your time," and curtesying, she withdrew.

"And this is the being in whom I had garnered up all my heart's best affections," exclaimed Ashton, when he found himself alone. "This the divinity I have adored with a fervor no mortal bosom ever yet felt, and she could talk, heartlessly talk of the merest trifle, when she saw that my whole heart was bound up in her. Oh! would we had never met. But my delusion is over. I will fly. Mary! Mary! little did I dream that my love would meet with such a return."

Mary hurried to her chamber, and locking the door, she flung herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. How bitterly she reproached herself that her momentary coquetry had lost her the love of the only being for whom she cared. She did not disguise from herself her affection; she could scarcely tell why she had yielded to the impulse of that fatal moment; but she felt that she had lost irretrievably the esteem and the affections of her cousin. She would have given worlds to have recalled the last hour. Even now she might, by seeking him, and throwing herself at his feet, perhaps, regain his love. She rose to do so. But when her hand was on the lock she thought that he might spurn her. She hesitated. In another moment her pride had regained the mastery.

"No — I cannot — I dare not. He will turn away from me. He will despise me. Oh! that I had never, never said those idle words," and flinging herself again on the bed, she wept long and bitterly.

Mary appeared that evening at the supper table, but in the cold and averted looks of Ashton, she saw only new causes for pride. The evening passed off heavily. As the time came for retiring, Henry approached her to bid her farewell. She thought her heart would burst her boddice, but commanding her emotion by a violent effort, she returned his adieu as calmly as it was given.

And they parted, both in seeming carelessness, but one at least in agony.

Henry Ashton had known his lovely cousin scarcely two years, but during that time, she had been to him a divinity. Never, in his wildest dreams, had he imagined a countenance more surpassingly beautiful than hers, and to her, accordingly, he had given his heart, with a devotion which had become a part of his nature. But much as he adored his cousin, he was not wholly blind to her faults. He saw that she loved admiration, and he feared she was too much of

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a flirt. Yet his love had gone on increasing, and, he fancied, not without a return. Led on by his hopes, he had, during a temporary visit at her father's house, seized an opportunity to declare his passion, but how the half breathed avowal was checked, we will not recapitulate. Need we wonder at his sudden resolution to fly from her presence, and, by placing the ocean between them, to eradicate a passion for one whom he now felt to be unworthy of him? Few men could be more energetic than Ashton. In less than a week, he had sailed for Europe.

Oh! how Mary wept his departure! A thousand times she was on the point of writing to recall him, but her pride as often prevented the act. She hoped he might yet return. Surely — she said — he who had once loved her so deeply, and who must have known that his affection was returned, would not leave her forever. Hour after hour she would sit watching the gate for his return, and hour after hour she experienced all the bitterness of disappointment. When, at length, she read in the newspaper that he had really sailed, she gave one long, loud shriek, and fell senseless to the floor. A fever, that ensued, brought her to the very brink of the grave.

Ashton went forth upon the world an altered, almost a misanthropic man. His hopes were withered: his first dream of love had vanished: he felt as if there was nothing for him to live for in this world. His mind became almost diseased. He loathed society, then he veered to the other extreme, and craved after excitement. He sought relief in travel. He crossed the steppes of Tartary — he traversed the deserts of Arabia — he lived among the weird and ruined monuments of Egypt, — and for years he wandered, a stranger to civilization, seeking only one thing — *to forget*. He never inquired after America. His family were all dead, and he wished never to think of Mary. Like the fabled victim, in the olden legend, he spent years in the vain search after that Lethe whose waters are reserved for death alone. He found it not.

And Mary, too, was changed. She rose from that bed of sickness an altered being. Never had she known the full depth of her affection until the moment when she found herself deserted. The shock almost destroyed her; and though she recovered after a long and weary sickness, it was to discard all her old habits, and to assume a quieter — yet, oh! how far more beautiful demeanor than in her days of unmitigated joy. She felt that Henry was lost to her forever, yet she derived a melancholy pleasure in living as if the eye of her absent lover was upon her. She directed her whole conduct so as to meet his approbation. Alas! he was far away: she had not heard from him for years; perhaps, too, he might be no more; then why this constant reference of all she did to his standard of excellence? It was her deep abiding love which did it all.

Four years had passed when Ashton found himself again in America, and sitting, after dinner, with one of his most intimate friends, at the table of the —— hotel. For some time the bottle passed in silence. At length his companion spoke.

"You have not seen Mary Derwentwater yet — have you, Harry?"

Ashton answered calmly, with a forced effort, in the negative.

"You must not positively delay it. Do you know how beautiful she has grown? — far more beautiful than when you went away, although then you thought her surpassingly lovely." He paused.

"I have not heard from the family for years," said Ashton at length, feeling that his companion expected some reply.

"Then you know nothing of her? — push us some of the almonds — why, my dear fellow, she is irresistable. But she is different from what she used to be; her beauty is softer, though not so showy, and whereas she once would flirt a little — mind, only a little, for she is a great favorite of mine — she now goes by the name of the cold beauty. A married man, like myself, can speak thus warmly, you know, without fear of having his heart called in as the bribe of his head. And do you know that my wife suspects you of having worked the reformation?" — Ashton started, and was almost thrown off his guard — "for it began immediately after a long illness, that happened a few weeks after you sailed."

Ashton was completely bewildered. He had now for the first time heard of Mary's sickness. His eye wandered from that of his companion, and he felt his cheek flushing in despite of himself. He covered his embarrassment, however, by rising. His companion continued,

"And now, Harry, let us stroll down Broadway, for, to tell the truth, I promised my wife to bring you home with me. Besides, Mary is there, and I've no doubt," he continued, jocularly, "you are dying to meet her."

Ashton could not answer; but he followed his friend into the street, conscious that Mary and he must meet, and feeling that the sooner it was done the better. His companion, during their walk, ran on in his usual gay style, but Harry scarcely heard a word that was said. His thoughts were full of his cousin. Had she indeed become cold to all other men from love to himself? Strange and yet delicious thoughts whirled through his mind, and he woke only from his abstraction on finding himself in Seacourt's drawing-room, and in the presence of his cousin.

Mary was on a visit to Mrs. Seacourt, and did not know of Ashton's intended coming until a few minutes before he made his appearance. Devotedly as she loved her cousin, she would have given worlds to escape the interview; but retreat was impossible, without exposing the long treasured secret of her heart. She nerved herself, accordingly, for the meeting, and succeeded in assuming a sufficiently composed demeanor to greet her cousin without betraying her agitation. He exchanged the common compliments of the occasion with her, and then took a seat by Mrs. Seacourt, who had been one of his old friends. Mary felt the neglect; she saw he did not love her. That night she wept bitter tears of anguish.

"And yet I cannot blame him. Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "it is all my own fault. He once loved me,

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and I heartlessly flung that affection from me which I would give worlds now to win. But I must dry these tears; I must not betray myself. We shall meet daily, for he cannot help coming here, and to shorten my visit would lead to suspicions. I must therefore school myself to disguise the secret of my heart."

And Ashton did come daily, and although his conversation was chiefly devoted to Mrs. Seacourt, he neither seemed to seek nor to avoid his cousin. Now and then he found himself deep in a conversation with her, and he thought of old times. But the memory of their last interview came across him at such moments like a blight.

"How wonderfully Ashton has improved since his travels," said Mrs. Seacourt one morning, as she and Mary sat *tete-a-tete*, sewing; "and do you know," continued she, looking archly at her companion, "that I deem myself indebted to you for his charming visits."

Mary felt the blood mounting to her brow, and she stooped to pick out a stitch.

"Oh! you are always jesting, Anne; you know it is not so."

"We shall see. I prophesy that this afternoon, when we go to the exhibition, he will escort you, and leave Miss Thornbury to Seacourt's nephew."

Mary's heart beat so she could scarcely answer, but she managed to reply,

"Don't, my dear Mrs. Seacourt, don't tease one this way. You know, indeed you know, Ashton cares nothing for me," and she felt how great a relief would have been a flood of tears, could she have indulged in them.

Mrs. Seacourt smiled archly, and said no more.

The afternoon came. The little company were assembled in the drawing-room. Ashton entered just as the last moment had come, and when the ladies were rising to go. Mary was almost hidden in one corner, so fearful was she of attracting the raillery of Mrs. Seacourt, by placing herself near the entrance, and in Ashton's way. Her very sensitiveness produced the effect she wished to avoid. The gentlemen naturally sought partners nearest them, and for a moment she was left almost alone. She thought she would have fainted when she saw her cousin cross the room and offer to be her escort.

They proceeded to the exhibition. For the first time for years, Ashton's arm upheld that of Mary. At first both were embarrassed; but each made an effort, and they soon glided into conversation on indifferent subjects. What a relief it was to Mary that night, to think she had been alone, as it were, with her cousin without being treated with neglect.

From that day the visits of Ashton to Mrs. Seacourt's increased in frequency, yet there was nothing marked in his attentions to Mary. Indeed, he still continued to converse chiefly with his friend's wife, though he did not openly avoid her guest. Mary grew more and more tremblingly alive to his presence, and at times, when she would detect his eye bent on her, half sadly, half abstractedly, her heart would flutter wildly, and a delicious hope would momently shoot across her mind; but soon to fade as quickly.

One morning, Ashton entered the drawing-room, and found her alone. She was untangling a skein of silk. She arose, and said, with some embarrassment,

"Mrs. Seacourt is up stairs; I will ring for her."

"Not for the world, if she is in any way engaged. I can await her pleasure."

There was a silence of some minutes. Mary could scarcely breathe: she knew not what to say. Her fingers refused to perform their duty, and her skein of silk became more and more entangled.

"Shall I help you?" said Ashton, approaching her. "My patience used to be a proverb with you."

Mary could not trust herself to answer, for her fingers were actually trembling with agitation. She felt she could have sunk into the floor. She proffered the silk without looking up. Ashton took hold of one end while she retained the other. Neither spoke; but Mary's bosom heaved tumultuously, while Ashton felt his heart in his throat. At length, in mutually untangling the skein, their hands met. The touch thrilled them like lightning. Ashton almost unconsciously retained the hand of his cousin in his own. She trembled violently.

"Mary!" he said.

She looked half doubtingly, half timidly up.

"Mary, we love each other — do we not?"

There was no answer, but as he pressed the fingers lying passively in his grasp, the pressure was gently returned, and, bursting into tears, his cousin fell upon his bosom.

And Ashton and Mary have been wedded for years, but their honey-moon still continues, for they have not yet quarrelled.

THE PRECIPICE.

THERE is a rock whose craggy brow
Hangs beetling o'er the wave below,
Adown whose sheer descent the eye,
When twilight's gloom is gath'ring nigh,
Will gaze, but vainly, to descry
The sullen waves that wash beneath,
As endless and as dark as death.
You see no tide — you scarcely hear —
You only feel a nameless fear;
The night-bird, sailing slowly by,
Dares not his melancholy cry:
Dares scarcely flap his lazy wing:
Dares not behold this fearful thing —
But, far beneath, will upward soar,
To cross the dread abyss no more.

H. J. V.

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THE MISTAKEN CHOICE;

OR, THREE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"So you are really going to be married, Charles?"

"Yes, uncle; and I hope you will agree with me in thinking that I have made a very prudent choice."

"That remains to be seen yet," said Mr. Waterton. "In the first place, who is the lady?"

"Miss Laura Tarleton."

"I know her *name* well enough, for you have scarcely uttered any other one these six weeks," was the crusty reply; "but I want to know something of her family."

"Her father was a southern merchant, and died four or five years since, leaving only two daughters to inherit his large estate; one of these daughters married about two years since, and is now in Europe; the other I hope to introduce to your affections as my wife."

"Has she no mother?"

"Her mother died while she was yet very young."

"Where was she educated?"

"At the fashionable boarding-school of Madame Finesse, and I can assure you no expense has been spared in her education."

"I dare say not: these new-fangled establishments for the manufacture of man-traps, don't usually spare expense. How old is your intended wife?"

"Just nineteen."

"Where has she lived since she left school, for I suppose she was '*finished*,' as they style it, some years since."

"She has resided lately at the Astor House, under the protection of a relative who boards there."

"Then she cannot know much about housekeeping."

"I dare say not," replied Charles, with a slight feeling of vexation, "but all that knowledge comes by practice, uncle."

"If her time has been divided between a boarding school and a hotel, where is she to learn any thing about it?"

"Oh, women seem to have an intuitive knowledge of such things."

"You are mistaken, boy," said the old man, "if a girl has been brought up in a good home, and sees a regular system of housekeeping constantly pursued, she will become unconsciously familiar with its details, even though she may not then put such knowledge in practice; the consequence will be that when she is the mistress of a house, her memory will assist her judgment — a quality, by the way, not too common in girls of nineteen. But how is a poor thing who has seen nothing but the *skimble-skamble* of a school-household or the clockwork regularity of a great hotel, to know any of the machinery by which the comfort of a home is obtained and secured?"

"Oh I am not afraid to trust to Laura," replied Charles with animation, "she is young, good-tempered, and, I believe, loves me; so I have every security for the future. When there's a will there's always a way."

"True, true, Charles, and I only hope your wife may have the will to find the right way; what is her fortune?"

"Reports vary respecting the amount — some say eighty, others, one hundred thousand dollars."

"Don't *you know* any thing about it?"

"I know that her fortune is very considerable, especially for a poor devil like me, who can barely clear two thousand a year by business," answered Charles, with some irritation.

"When your father married, Charles, he was master of only three hundred dollars in the world."

"That may be, and the consequence was that my father's son has been obliged to work like a dog all his life."

"The very best thing that could have happened to you, my dear boy."

"How do you make that out? For my part, I see nothing very desirable in poverty."

"Nor do I, Charles; poverty is certainly an evil, but it is an evil to which you have never been exposed; competence was the reward of your father's industry and he was thus enabled to bestow a good education and good habits upon his son. The limited range of your own experience will convince you of the danger of great riches. Who are the persons in our great city most notorious for vice and folly? Who are the horse-jockies, the gamblers, the rowdies, and the fools of high life? Why, they are the sons of our rich men, and how can we expect better things from those who from their very childhood are pampered in idleness and luxury. I know you will tell me there are exceptions to this sweeping censure, and this I am willing to allow, for there are some minds which even the influence of wealth cannot injure; but how few are they, compared with the number of those who are ruined in their very infancy by the

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possession of riches. Depend upon it, Charles, that learning, industry, and virtue form the best inheritance which any man can derive from his ancestors."

"It is a pity the world would not think so, uncle."

"So it is, boy; but the fact is such as I have stated, whatever the majority of people may think. You have not now to learn that the wise and good are always in the *minority* in this world. But tell me one thing, my dear boy; if Miss Tarleton was poor and friendless, instead of being rich and fashionable, would you have fallen in love with her?"

"Why yes — certainly — I don't know —" stammered Charles, confusedly, "but that is supposing so improbable a case that I cannot determine."

"Suppose she were suddenly to be deprived of her fortune," said the persevering old man, "would you still be so desirous of wedding her?"

"Why, to tell you the honest truth, uncle, I do not think I should, and for an excellent reason. Laura has been brought up as a rich man's daughter, and therefore can scarcely be expected to have had proper training for a poor man's wife. If I were compelled to support a family on my paltry business, it would be necessary to have a more prudent and economical companion than Laura is likely to prove; but, thank heaven, that is not the case."

"All are liable to reverses of fortune, Charles, and should such befal you in future, you might chance to find that a prudent wife without money is a better companion in misfortune than an extravagant one who brought a rich dowry."

"My dear uncle, do not imagine all kinds of unpleasant contingencies; the idea of what you call a *prudent woman* is shocking to my notions of feminine character; it always conjures up in my mind an image of a sharp-voiced, keen-eyed creature, scolding at servants, fretting at children, and clattering slipshod about the house to look after candle-ends and cheese-parings. Before a woman can become parsimonious she must in a measure unsex herself, since the foible most natural to the sex is extravagance — the excess of a liberal spirit."

"You are mistaken, Charles; that there are such women as you describe, bustling, notable housewives, who pride themselves on their ability to *manage*, as they term it, and who practise cunning because unable to use force, I acknowledge; but they are chiefly to be found among those who have been placed in an unnatural position in society,—women, who having neither father, brother nor husband to protect them, have been obliged to struggle with the world, and have learned to *jostle* lest they should *be jostled* in the race of life. But bachelor as I am, I have had many opportunities of studying the sex, and I can assure you that economy, frugality and industry are by no means incompatible with feminine delicacy, refinement of thought, and elegant accomplishments."

"Well it may be all true, uncle," replied Charles, utterly wearied of the old man's lecture, "but it is too late to reflect upon the matter now, even if I were so disposed. I am to be married next week, and I hope when you see Laura, you will think, with me, and give me credit for more prudence than you seem to believe I possess."

Charles Wharton possessed good feelings, and, as he believed, good principles; yet, seduced by the ambition of equalling his richer neighbors, he had persuaded himself into choosing a wife, less from affection than from motives of interest. Had Laura Tarleton been poor, he certainly would never have thought of her, since, pretty as she was, she lacked the brilliancy of character which he had always admired. But there was a sin upon his conscience, known only to himself and *one* other, which often clouded his brow, even in the midst of his anticipated triumph. There was a young, fair, and gifted girl, whom he had loved with all the fervor of sincere attachment, and *he knew* that she loved him, although no word on the subject had been uttered by either. He knew that his looks, and tones, and actions had been to her those of a lover, and he had little reason to doubt the feeling with which he had been met. He had looked forward to the time when he should be quietly settled amid the comforts of a peaceful home, and the image of *that fair girl* was always the prominent object in his pictures for the future. But a change came over the spirit of the whole nation. Wealth poured into the country — or at least what was then considered wealth — and with it came luxury and sloth. The golden stream came to *some* like a mountain torrent, and others began to repine at receiving it only as the tiny rivulet. People "made haste to be rich," and Charles Waterton was infected with the same thirst after wealth. He met with Laura Tarleton, learned that she was an orphan heiress, and instantly determined to secure the glittering prize. Ambition conquered the tenderness of his nature; he forsook the lady of his love, and after an acquaintance of six weeks succeeded in becoming the husband of the wealthy votary of fashion.

Not long after his marriage, he discovered one *slight* error in his calculations, and found that his wife's hundred thousand dollars had in reality dwindled down to thirty thousand. But even this was not to be despised, and Charles, conscious that he had nothing but talents and industry when he commenced life, felt that he had drawn a prize in the lottery. Grateful to his wife for her preference of him, and conscious that he had not bestowed on her his full affection, he determined to make all the amends in his power, by lavishing every kindness upon her, and submitting implicitly to her wishes. Having intimated to him that she should prefer boarding during the first year of their married life, he accordingly engaged a suite of apartments at the Astor House, where they lived in a style of splendor and ease exceedingly agreeable to the taste of both. Mrs. Waterton was extremely pretty, with an innocent, child-like face, and a graceful figure, and Charles felt so much pride in the admiration which she received in society, that he forgot to notice her mental deficiency. Their time was passed in a perpetual round of excitement and gayety. During the hours when the counting room claimed the husband's attention, the young wife

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lounged on a sofa, read the last new novel, dawdled through a morning's shopping, or paid fashionable visits. The afternoon was spent over the dinner table, while the evening soon passed in the midst of a brilliant party, or amid the pleasures of some public amusement. But living in the bustle of a hotel, with a large circle of acquaintances always ready to drink Mr. Waterton's wine and flirt with his pretty wife, they were rarely left to each other's society, and at the termination of the first twelvemonth, they knew little more of each other's tempers and feelings than when they pledged their vows at the altar. Charles had learned that his placid Laura was somewhat pertinacious and very fond of dress, while she had been deeply mortified by the discovery that Charles's deceased mother had, during her widowhood, kept a thread and needle store; but this was all that they had ascertained of each other. There had been no studying of each other's character—no opportunity of practising that *adaptation* so necessary to the comfort of married life. They had lived only in a crowd, and were as yet in the position of partners in a quadrille, associated rather for a season of gayety than for the changeful scenes of actual life.

The commencement of the second year found the young couple busily engaged in preparing for housekeeping. A stately house, newly built and situated in a fashionable part of the city, was selected by Mrs. Waterton, and purchased by her obsequious husband in obedience to her wishes, though he did not think it necessary to inform her that *two thirds* of the purchase money was to remain on mortgage. They now only awaited the arrival of the rich furniture which Mrs. Waterton had directed her sister to select in Paris. This came at length, and with all the glee of a child she beheld her house fitted with carpets of such turf-like softness that the foot was almost buried in their bright flowers; mirrors that might have served for walls to the palace of truth; couches, divans and fauteuils, inlaid with gold and covered with velvet most exquisitely painted; curtains, whose costly texture had been quadrupled in value by the skill of the embroideress; tables of the finest mosaic; lustres and girandoles of every variety, glittering with their wealth of gold and chrystal; and all the thousand expensive toys which serve to minister to the frivolous tastes of fashion. The arrangement of the sleeping apartments was on a scale of equal magnificence. French dressing tables, with all their paraphernalia of Sevres china and chrystal; Psyche glasses, in frames of ivory and gold; beds of rosewood, inlaid with ivory, and canopied with gold and silver, were among the decorations. But should the reader seek to ascend still higher—the upper rooms—the servants' apartments, uncarpeted, unfurnished, destitute of all the comforts which are as necessary to domestics as to their superiors, would have been found to afford a striking contrast to the splendors of those parts of the mansion which were intended for display.

With all his good sense, Charles Waterton was yet weak enough to indulge a feeling of exultation as he looked round his magnificent house, and felt himself "master of all he surveyed." His thoughts went back to the time when the death of his father had plunged the family almost into destitution—when his mother had been aided to open a little shop, of which he was chief clerk, until the kindness of his old uncle had procured for him a situation in a wholesale store, which had finally enabled him to reach his present eminence. He remembered how often he had stood behind a little counter to sell a penny ball of thread or a piece of tape—how often he had been snubbed and scolded at when subject to the authority of a purse-proud employer—and, in spite of his better reason, Charles felt proud and triumphant. His self-satisfaction was somewhat diminished, however, by the sight of a bill drawn upon him by his brother-in-law in Paris, for the sums due on this great display of elegance. Ten thousand dollars—one third of his wife's fortune—just sufficed to *furnish* their new house. Thus seven hundred dollars was cut off from their annual income, to be consumed in the wear and tear of their costly gew-gaws; another thousand was devoted to the payment of interest on the mortgage which remained on his house; so that, at the very outset of his career, Charles found himself, notwithstanding his wife's estate, reduced to the "*paltry two thousand a year*," which he derived from his business. But he had too much false pride to confess the truth to his wife, and at once to alter their style of living. Each had been deceived in their estimate of the other's wealth. Laura's income had been large enough, while she remained single, to allow her indulgence in every whim, and Charles, ambitious of the reputation of a man of fashion, after slaving all the morning in his office, had been in the habit of driving fast trotting horses, or sporting a tilbury and tiger in Broadway, every afternoon, spending every cent of his income, and giving rise to the belief among the young men that he was very rich, while the old merchants only looked upon him as very imprudent. They were now to learn that their combined fortunes would not support the extravagancies of a household, but Laura, accustomed to the command of money from childhood, knew not its value, because she had never known its want, and her husband shrunk from the duty of enlightening her on the subject, by informing her of their real situation.

By the time the arrangements of their house were completed, and had been admired, envied and sneered at by her "dear five thousand friends," the season arrived for Mrs. Waterton's usual visit to Saratoga. Her husband of course accompanied her, though with rather a heavy heart, for he knew that only by close attention to business he could hope to provide the necessary funds for all such expenditures, although he had not sufficient moral courage to confess that he was so closely chained to the galley of commerce. The usual round of gayety was traversed—the summer was spent in lounging at different watering places—and the autumn found them returning, heartily wearied, to their splendid home. With the assistance of some kind *suggestors*, Mrs. Waterton now planned a series of entertainments for the coming winter, and Charles listened with ill-dissembled

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anxiety to the schemes for balls, parties, soirees, musical festivals and suppers. There was but one way to support all this. Charles determined to extend his business, and instead of confining himself to a regular cash trade, he resolved to follow the example of his neighbors, and engage in speculation. Accordingly, he sold his wife's stock in several moneyed institutions, and, investing the proceeds in merchandise, commenced making money on a grander scale. This was in the beginning of the year '36, and every one knows the excitement of that momentous season; a season not soon to be forgotten by the bankrupt merchants, the distressed wives and the beggared children who can date their misfortunes from the temporary inflation of the credit system, by which that fatal year was characterized. Mr. Waterton's books soon showed an immense increase of business, and, upon the most moderate calculation, his profits could scarcely be less than from eight to ten thousand dollars within six months. This was doing pretty well for a man who had formerly been content with a "paltry two thousand a year," but as avarice, like jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on," Charles began to think he might as well make money in more ways than one. He therefore began to buy real estate, and *pine lands* in Maine, *wild tracts* in Indiana, *town lots* in Illinois, together with the thousand schemes which then filled the heads of the sanguine and the pockets of the cunning, claimed his attention and obtained his money; while, at the same time, the fashionable society of New York were in raptures with Mrs. Waterton's splendid parties, her costly equipage, and her magnificent style of dress.

"Have you counted the cost of all these things, Charles?" said his old uncle, as he entered the house one morning, and beheld the disarray consequent upon a large party the previous night.

"Yes, uncle, I think I have," said Charles, smiling, as he sipped his coffee, at the old man's simplicity. "The fellows who manage these affairs soon compel us to count the cost, for when I came down this morning, I found on the breakfast table this bill for nine hundred and fifty-four dollars."

"Nine hundred dollars, Charles! You don't mean to say that your party last night cost that sum?"

"I do, my dear sir, and considering that the bill includes every thing but the wines, I do not consider it an exorbitant one; however, the elegant colored gentleman who takes all this trouble for me does not charge me quite so much as he would if I employed him less frequently."

The old man looked round and sighed. The apartments were in sad disorder, for the servants, overcome by the fatigues of the previous day, had followed the example of their master, and stolen from the morning the sleep they had been denied at night. A bottle lay shivered in one corner of the supper room, the champaigne with which it had been filled soaking into the rich carpet—a piece of plum-cake had been crushed by some heedless foot into the snow-white rug which lay before the drawing-room fire—the sweeping draperies of one of the curtains was still dripping with something which bore a marvellous resemblance to melted ice cream, and the whole suite of apartments wore that air of desolation which usually characterizes a "banquet hall deserted."

"Do you calculate the destruction of furniture in counting the cost of your parties, Charles?" asked Mr. Waterton.

"Oh no—that of course is expected; furniture, you know, becomes old-fashioned and requires to be renewed about every three years, and therefore one may as well have the use of it while it is new."

"You must have a vast addition to your fortune if you expect to pay for all these things."

"My dear sir," replied the nephew, with a most benignant smile at his uncle's superlative ignorance of his affairs, "my dear sir, you do not seem to know that, in the course of about three years, I shall be one of the richest men in New York."

"Do you sell on credit?" asked the old man, significantly.

"Certainly; everybody does so now.

"Well, then, my boy, take an old man's advice, and don't count your chickens before they are hatched; don't live on ten thousand a year when that sum exists only in your ledger. Call in your debts, and when your customers have *paid*, then tell me how *much* you have *gained*."

"My dear uncle, you are quite obsolete in your notions. I wish I could induce you to enter with me into a new scheme; it would make your fortune."

"I am content with my present condition, Charles; my salary of eight hundred a year is quite sufficient for the wants of a bachelor, and leaves me a little for the wants of others; nor would I sacrifice my peace of mind and quiet of conscience for all the fortunes that will ever be made by speculation."

"It is not necessary to sacrifice either peace or principle in making a fortune, uncle."

"You have not seen the end yet, my dear boy; I have lived long enough to behold several kinds of *speculative mania*, and all terminated in a similarly unfortunate manner. It is a spirit of gambling which is abroad, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that money thus obtained never does good to any one. It is like the price of a soul: the devil is sure to cheat the unhappy bargainer."

"How I hate to hear people talk about business," lisped Mrs. Waterton, as she sate listlessly in her loose wrapping-gown at the breakfast table; "I think no one ought to mention the word before ladies."

The old man looked at her with ill-disguised contempt.

"It will be well for you, young lady," said he, "if you never have to learn the necessity of a knowledge of business."

Laura put up her pretty lip, but was silent, for she was much too indolent, and rather too well bred, to get angry.

Charles Waterton had given his uncle what he believed to be an accurate view of his circumstances. Excited beyond the bounds of sober sense by his seeming success, he was as sanguine a dupe as ever bled beneath the leech-craft of speculation. His real estate, which he very *moderately* estimated at quin-

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tuple its cost, formed, *at such prices*, an immense fortune. His book debts were enormous, for his money was scattered east, west, north and south, and in consequence of giving long credits, he was enabled to obtain exorbitant profits. But the Eldorado whose boundaries seemed so accurately defined on paper, became exceedingly indistinct as he fancied himself about to approach its shores. The following year began to afford tokens of coming trouble. Credit was still good, but money had entirely disappeared from the community, and men who had learned to make notes in order to *acquire fortunes*, were now obliged to continue their manufacture in order to *avoid ruin*. Rumors of approaching distress arose in the money market; men began to look with distrust upon their fellows, and as unlimited confidence in each other had been the foundation of the towering edifice of unstable prosperity, the moment that was shaken, the whole structure fell crumbling to the earth. As soon as doubt arose, destruction was at hand, and at length one wild crash of almost universal bankruptcy startled the dreamers from their golden visions.

* * * * * * *

One fine morning in the spring of 1838, the doors of one of the most stately houses in —— street, were thrown open to the public, and the auctioneer's flag waving from the window gave a general invitation to every passer by. That ominous red flag! no less significant of evil than the black banner of the rover of the seas; for it is ever the signal of the disruption of household ties. That ominous red flag! sometimes betokening the instability of fortune — sometimes the work of death — sometimes telling of blighted fortunes — sometimes of broken hearts, but *always* of discomfort and disquiet. And yet few things will so readily collect a concourse of people as that scarlet harbinger of destruction. There may be found the regular auction-hauntcrs, men of idleness, bachelors, perhaps, glad to find an hour or two killed beneath the auctioneer's hammer — single ladies of small fortunes, who have nothing to do for themselves, and have not yet learned the luxury of doing something for their neighbors — notable housewives, actuated by a sense of duty and a love of economy, who waste *nothing but time* in their hunt after bargains — young ladies who come to see how such persons furnished their houses — and perhaps some would-be connoisseur in search of old pictures, which, if they have only hung long enough over a smoky fire-place, may be classed with the works of the old masters. On the morning in question, however, unusual attractions were offered to the visiters of such places, for it was the abode of wealth, and luxury, and taste which was thus desecrated — the mansion of the Watertons! The rich carpets were disfigured by many a dirty footstep, — the velvet couches bore the impress of many a soiling touch, and many a rude hand was laid upon the delicate and costly toys which had once been the admiration of the fashionable visitants of the family. Among the crowd were two of that *numerous tribe* found in the very midst of fashionable life, who have learned the trick of combining meanness and extravagance — women who will spend hundreds upon a shawl, and at the same time beat down the wages of a poor sempstress until she is almost compelled to purchase with life itself the bread which ought to sustain life. Such were the two who now seated themselves in the drawing-room of the ruined family, in order to be in the *right place* when certain articles were put up for sale.

"I want nothing here," said one, with a half scornful air, "except those mosaic tables; the carpets and curtains are ruined by carelessness, and no wonder, for Mrs. Waterton was a wretched housekeeper."

"And I only mean to buy that workbox," said the other; "Mrs. Waterton told me it cost a thousand francs in Paris, and I am sure it will not sell for one fourth its cost."

"By the way, have you seen her since her husband's failure?"

"Oh no, I shouldn't think of calling upon her when in so much distress; besides, I am told she has refused to see any one. Did you hear how she behaved when she heard of Mr. Waterton's reverses."

"No, I know nothing about her since she gave her last grand party, which was followed in a few days by his bankruptcy."

"Why I was told she raved like a mad woman, reproached her husband in the vilest terms for thus reducing her to poverty, taunted him with his low origin, and accused him of the basest deception."

"I can easily believe it, for these mild, placid milk-and-water women have got the temper of demons when once aroused."

"I have not told you all yet; she refused to give up her jewels, which were known to be of great value, and having secretly employed a person to dispose of them for her, she took passage for France, and actually set sail a few days since; merely informing her husband *by letter* that such was her purpose. This letter she placed in such hands that she knew he would not receive it until the vessel was underweigh, and he thus learned that she had deserted him forever. She pretends to have gone to join her sister; but there is a whisper of a certain black-whiskered foreigner who is the companion of her voyage. At any rate, whether he goes with her or not, he is a fellow passenger."

"Where is Mr. Waterton?"

"At the house of his old uncle, who will probably be obliged to transfer him to a lunatic asylum before long; but hush, the auctioneer is coming."

I have told you the *denouement* as related by the heartless women of the world, but like most of their species, they were only *half right*. Mrs. Waterton *did* go with the intention of seeking her sister's protection, but ere she arrived there, she was persuaded to travel farther under the protection of her fascinating friend. Mr. Waterton did not enter a lunatic asylum, but recovered his senses so fully that he obtained a divorce from his wife, and is now a fellow-clerk with his uncle; enjoying as much tranquility as a remembrance of his former follies, his imprudent choice, and his three years of wedded life will allow.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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A DREAM OF THE LONELY ISLE.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

THERE is an isle in the far south sea,
Sunny and bright as an isle can be;
Sweet is the sound of the ocean wave,
As its sparkling waters the green shores lave;
And from the shell that upon the strand
Lies half buried in golden sand—
A thrilling tone through the still air rings,
Like music trembling on fairy strings.
Flowers like those which the Peris find
In the bowers of their paradise, and bind
In the flowing tresses, are blooming there,
And gay birds glance through the scented air.
Gems and pearls are strew'd on the earth
Untouch'd—there are none to know their worth;
And that fair island death comes not nigh:
Why should he come?—there are none to die.

My heart had grown, like the Misanthrope's,
Cold and dead to all human hopes;
Fame and fortune alike had proved
Baseless dreams, and the friends I loved
Vanish'd away, like the flowers that fade
In the deadly blight of the Upas shade.
I long'd upon that green isle to be,
Far away o'er the sounding sea;
Where no human voice, with its words of pain,
Could ever fall on my ear again.
Life seem'd a desert waste to me,
And I sought in slumber from care to flee.

Away, away, o'er the waters blue,
Light as a sea-bird the vessel flew.
Deep ocean furrows her timbers plow,
As the waves are parted before her prow;
And the foaming billows close o'er her path,
Hissing and roaring, as if in wrath.
But swiftly onward, through foam and spray,
To the lonely island she steers her way.
The heavens above wore their brightest smile,
As the bark was moor'd by that fairy isle;
The sails were furl'd, the voyage was o'er:
I should buffet the waves of the world no more.
I look'd to the ocean—the bark was gone,
And I stood on that beautiful isle, alone.

My wish was granted, and I was blest;
My spirit revell'd in perfect rest,—
A Dead Sea calm,—even thought repos'd
Like a weary dove with its pinions closed.
Beauty was round me: bright roses hung
Their blushing wreaths o'er my head, and flung
Fragrance abroad on the gale, to me
Sweeter than odors of Araby;
Wealth was mine, for the yellow gold
Lay before me in heaps untold.
Death to that island knew not the way,
But life was mine for ever and aye,
Till Love again made my heart its throne,
And I ceased to dwell on the isle, alone.

Long did my footsteps delighted range
My peaceful home, but there came a change;
My heart grew sad, and I looked with pain
On all I had barter'd life's ties to gain.
A chilling weight on my spirits fell,
As the low, soft wail of the ocean shell—
Or the bee's faint hum in the flowery wood,
Was all that broke on my solitude.
Oh! then I felt, in my loneliness,
That earth had no power the heart to bless,
Unwarm'd by affection's holy ray;
And hope was withered, as day by day
I watch'd for the bark, but in vain, in vain;
She never sought that green isle again.

I stretch'd my arms o'er the heaving sea,
And pray'd aloud, in my agony,
That Love's pure spirit might with me dwell—
Then rose the waves with a murmuring swell,
Higher and higher, till nought was seen
Where slept in beauty that islet green.
The waters pass'd o'er me,—the spell was broke;
From the dream of the lonely isle I woke,
With a heart redeem'd from its selfish stain,
To mingle in scenes of the world again
With cheerful spirit—and rather share
The pains and sorrows which mortals bear,
Than dwell where no shade on my path is thrown,
'Mid fadeless flowers and bright gems, alone.

PHILADELPHIA.

LINES.

WHY do we live? Is it to fade
From glory to the tomb,
Wrapt in its melancholy shade,
Inheritors of gloom?
Struck like the stars from Heav'n we die:
Quench'd is the spirit's light;
Youth's cheer and Hope's sweet melody
Are hush'd in sorrow's night.

Why are we here! but to depart?
'Tis anguish thus to fade.
Shall grief oppress a single heart
When we are lowly laid?
Thank God! th' immortal soul no blight
Of earth can e'er decay;
On high, to realms of endless light
It flashes far away.

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THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY W. LANDOR.

"This is certainly the most charming opera that was ever produced," said Mrs. Althorp, as the curtain fell after the first act of Somnambula, and she turned round to entertain the company in her box; "yet, after all, what an absurdity it is! However, I must remember that I am growing old."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Hartford, who sat behind her, "elegance and beauty have no age."

"Surely elegance has its Age, and it is that in which Mr. Hartford lives."

"Mrs. Althorp's *fiat* has, indeed, such potency that it can make even me, in fact at least, the model of elegance."

"My stamp," she replied, "like that of the mint, only ascertains the value of the metal."

"But, in the mint of fashion which you administer, there is such a seignorage as makes the coin far more valuable than the bullion."

"Mr. Hartford, you talk operas," said Mrs. Althorp, who knew she could never beat him in the charming absurdities of compliment, and was willing to retire from the contest.

"What do you think of the Prima Donna to-night?" said Miss Stanhope.

"I think she has miscarried in nothing but her singing, her acting and her speaking," replied Mr. Hartford.

"She certainly does not sing as well as she did. She has sung too much; her voice is worn out."

"You were speaking of the absurdity of the opera, Mrs. Althorp," said Hartford. "The matter has certainly not been improved since the time when the Earl of Chesterfield settled it, that when you go to the opera, you must take leave of your understanding and your senses with your half guinea at the door, and give yourself up to the dominion of the ears and eyes; in other words, you must live by sight, and not by faith. But the repugnancy to reason is increased by the manner of performing them in this country, where part of the dialogue is spoken. The illusion of the opera is by that means destroyed. You may in time become accustomed to a race of beings whose natural dialect is poetry, and whose common cadences are music; but a set of people who let us see from time to time that they can talk like ourselves, and who yet, whenever they are excited, break out into modulated strains of song—who speak their common-places, and warble their exclamations—such people shock our credulity."

"Yet it would seem that at Athens, where they knew something about these things," said Mr. Temple, "the same confusion of the natural and the impossible prevailed on the stage. The chorus usually chanted its part, and was accompanied by music; and as we find that the persons of the drama, in conversing with them, frequently adopt the measure of verse which they sung, we must suppose that the former at such times sang. The chorus also often employs the rhythm which was used in speaking, and thus seems to have used the double dialect of recitation and singing. Nay, the chorus, as it circled the altar, employed a gliding step which resembled dancing; so that the Greek drama partook of the threefold nature of our tragedy, opera and ballet."

"I have lost all my respect for the taste of the Greeks," said Mrs. Althorpe, "since I heard that they painted their temples."

"It was savage, indeed, to paint their temples," said Mr. Hartford; "the more refined moderns only paint their cheeks."

"The French are the modern Athenians," said Miss Stanhope. "De Bourrienne says that the soldiers who were with Napoleon in Egypt complained bitterly of their privations, and longed especially for the opera."

"Do you know who that person is that is talking to the leader of the orchestra?" said Miss Stanhope, directing the attention of Mrs. Althorpe to a young man of very striking appearance, who stood just within the door of the orchestra, and who seemed to be giving some directions that were listened to with great attention.

"Oh! that is Mr. Nivernois," said Mrs. Althorpe; "a very odd person, by the by; I intended to have sent for him to sup with us to-night."

After a few moments, the door of the box opened, and Mr. Nivernois came in. There was something very remarkable in his appearance: regular, well-chiselled features, of an Italian cast; pale complexion; large, black, vivid eyes, and long, straight black hair; in his countenance was an aspect of force and fire, keen intellectual action, and the power of deep passion. He was negligently dressed, and was very careless in his manner.

"This opera does not seem to be very popular to-night," said Mrs. Althorpe to him. "And yet it is a fine one."

"Nay," he replied, "if you were to set Austerlitz or the Angel Gabriel to music, people would still complain."

He turned round to Mr. Hartford, and began to put to him a variety of questions about music, with such

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rapidity as gave him no time to answer one of them. Hartford was ambitious to display his knowledge, and would have been glad to confound his interrogator by his superior taste. But the answer which he had begun to one question was cut off by another, and before that could be attended to, a third had succeeded. When the string was ended, he was so perplexed as to what he should reply to, and so stunned by the fiery fervor of the questioning, that he remained silent.

Nivernois fixed his keen eyes upon him, and waited an instant for the reply, which came not. He then turned aside.

"Humph!" said he; "for my part, I know nothing of music; not I. I thought I did, until I played three months every morning with Paganini. I would not give up the struggle sooner. At the end of that time I broke my fiddle, and abandoned fiddling forever. It was necessary to do that, or throttle the old hair-scraper. I should strangle with anguish in my chair, if I knew that there was a man living who could excel me in any thing I undertook. But what can one do? We have but one life to live. We are like felons, fumbling with a bunch of keys at the outer door of the sanctuary of immortality, while the police of death are hurrying after us round the corner; and who knows whether he has got the right key? No lasting fame can be founded on music. No melody is immortal but that of the drum and the cannon. That alone is eternally re-produced. How the Corsican knew to touch that instrument!—the Handel of the iron flute! What brave tunes they played off at Borodino and at Eylau! What a concert was given under the pyramids—the companies in squares, the musicians at the angles, and the shod feet of the Mameluke cavalry marking time upon the crusted sand! For the rest, what composer is there whom you recognise as *great*—whose name rushes on the breathless soul, and echoes through the spirit with a sound like thunder, or the voice of Milton? Fashions vary; tastes change. Who plays Purcel?—who sings Arne? The musician cannot throw himself upon that broad, unchanging instinct of popular judgment which, after the subtleties of criticism are exhausted and the disputes of the schools are at an end, must decide upon questions of taste, and to which literary creators may directly appeal. The *people* cannot get at music to judge of it. Overtures cannot play themselves; and the professors, whose taste is corrupted by the over-refinements of science, take good care that the world at large shall not hear that great, universal music of a past age which would sweep away their conspiracies against taste. Lightning itself would go out of fashion, and thunder be pronounced exploded, if you could prevent the people from hearing them; if the learned had the playing of them, they would swear to us that steam-guns and rockets were more sublime. Still it is better to compose good choruses than to write bad poetry, like the great Frederic, or read worse, like Napoleon. We must multiply and spin out the offices of life. We must cram full the charge of life, if we would have a loud report. We must coin sleep into immortality, and mould the waste of leisure into stars of glory. We have but one life to live."

The curtain rose, but Mr. Nivernois still went on with his harangue. There presently occurred in the opera a passage of extraordinary beauty, and Mrs. Althorpe began to be annoyed by the unceasing voice behind her. Her impatience presently got the better of her courtesy.

"Tell Mr. Thingembob there to hush," said she to Mr. Temple.

But the discourse still continued, and above the rapid din of words could be occasionally heard, "Napoleon," "genius," and "We have but one life to live."

Mrs. Althorpe turned round.

"Mr. Nivernois, hush!"

Mr. Nivernois was silent. Mrs. Althorpe relented of her severity, and began to fear that the unfortunate man might pine away in despair under the infliction of her rebuke. She turned round again with one of her most gracious smiles, and begged the favor of his company at supper after the opera.

The passage in the play struck most of the company in the box as new; they did not remember to have heard it at the previous representations of the opera. The house seemed to agree with them as to its beauty. It was called for a second and even a third time, and the applause was loud and long.

"What do you think of that?" said Mrs. Althorpe to Nivernois.

"Read the prophecies of Isaiah to this people," he replied; "if they applaud that fittingly, I should think their praise of this worth something."

In a few moments, he left the box. Presently the leader of the orchestra came in, between the acts.

"I thought I saw Mr. Nivernois here."

"He has just gone. But where did you get that magnificent passage you just played? It surely does not belong to the play."

"You are indebted to Mr. Nivernois for it. He gave me, the other day, a mass of musical manuscripts of his own composition. I picked this out of them, not as being by any means the best, but the most suited for insertion in this play. He has more genius than all the men I have ever seen put together; but he has abandoned composition, because he says it is impossible to beat Bellini. The violin that I played with to-night was presented to him by Paganini, as a mark of his admiration; he gave it to me."

"I wonder that he would part with such a gift," said Miss Stanhope.

"I believe that he gave it to me," said the other, "lest he should seem to himself to value the tribute of any man."

"What a singular person he must be!" said Miss Stanhope, who had been much struck with his appearance, and greatly interested by the oddness and novelty of his character.

The company which had formed Mrs. Althorpe's *cortege* at the opera, together with two or three other invited guests, were seated around her small but elegant supper-table. A double circle of wax candles in an *or-molu* chandelier, which hung over the centre

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of it, cast their pure white light upon the numerous silver dishes and richly cut glass which covered it. After a little while, Mr. Nivernois strode into the room. He was a small man, and the strides which he made were as long as himself. He took his place in a vacant seat which had been reserved for him, opposite to Miss Stanhope. They were talking about Napoleon. He listened in silence, till a pause occurred.

"When nature had finished making the devils," said he, pouring out for himself a capacious goblet of Chambertin, "it threw together all the rubbish that remained, and out of it formed Napoleon."

Miss Stanhope laughed. "Do you mean that for praise or censure, Mr. Nivernois?"

"Napoleon's soul," he replied, "was something larger than to be enkernelled in the shell of any definition. Put together all the moral epithets the lexicons furnish, of wisdom and of folly, of greatness and of littleness, of magnanimity and meanness, force and feebleness, and every thing else, and fling the whole mass, in a lump, at his character, and you may have some chance of hitting the mark. It would be difficult to say anything of him that would be wholly false; impossible to say anything altogether true. When you have circumnavigated him, you have sailed round the whole world. His character was somewhat like the poet's vision of the temple of Fame. On one side you behold the severe and classic beauty of a Doric front, with images of antique strength and grace: on another, the grandeur and the gloom of a Gothic structure: on a third, the pride and splendor and magnificent exaggeration of Eastern pomp: on the fourth, the dull, impenetrable mystery of Egypt. His spirit was as various as the morning sky, and his chamberlain, on two successive days, never woke up the same man. The truth is, his life was an acted drama; not of the Æschylus kind, with some unity in it, but a Nat Lee drama of five-and-twenty acts. If we take it that he displayed his sincere character, and was that which he appeared to be, we must conclude that he was a glorious fool, among greater fools; a madman, whose frenzy was, however, the fatality of Europe. So viewed, he was born for bombast, as a trout for rising; his sentences have not a grain of sense to five quarts of syllables; a fortunate adventurer, who appeared at such a conjuncture of politics that his daring served him for talent, his selfishness for sagacity, his passion for power. But I suppose that Bonaparte always wore the buskin; that the historical Napoleon was but a character which the real one put on to dazzle and delude the fancies of men, and fire their passions, till, drunk as with wine, they might be bound and led by him. In his own more actual being, he was a cold, calculating, shrewd and wholly interested schemer. His performances were always for the author's benefit. This Garrick sometimes blundered in the assumed characters in which he spent his life. He too frequently mistook ferocity for majesty; imagined he was royal when he was only brutal, and thought he was playing the hero when he was only playing the fool. He assumed the madman, generally, when he dealt with men, and only put on the blackguard when he talked to women. He knew the truth of Bacon's saying that there is in human nature more of the fool than of the wise, and that that which addresses itself to the foolish part of men's minds will prevail over that which speaks to the wiser. He built a great temple of delusion, in which he, the priest, should continually shout "Glory," and all the people answer "Amen." His breast was a natural mirror and antitype of all the passions and follies of the fools called Frenchmen. By studying his own foolishness, he knew what ropes to pull to make their fool's bells jingle. He is, therefore, of the weaknesses and worser powers of men, the ablest metaphysician that has appeared. One of his remarks opens the mind, as snuff opens the head. He was a poet in practice. Sydney's rule, "Fool! look into thy heart and write," he obeyed; and wrote empires. Of course, an adventitious power like this cannot be measured; in fact, when supplied by so seething a fancy and so combining an intellect as he had, it is altogether illimitable; he had only to conceive a new idea to possess a new power. He therefore belongs to that class of men of whom Du Quesnay has said that one and one make a hundred and eleven. When you can define the genius of Shakspeare, you will be able to describe the *character* of Napoleon; the two things are cognate. As we see him, he was not an entity, but a mere crystallization of ideas, which were continually depositing around him like the successive layers of an oyster shell. A philosophical Haüy might split off crystal after crystal of ideas, and he would find the ultimate crystal still an idea. Every thing of him was visionary, and not substance. Squeeze him in your hand, and he crushes like a dandy's locks. Try that process on such a man as Wellington, and you soon feel the bone. In sooth, the Duke is all bone."

"But you would not think of comparing Wellington and Napoleon," said Mr. Temple.

"No more than I would compare the frothy forms of the rock with the granite substance of the Alps. There are some sentiments," said he, with a fervent, suppressed tone, "which lie so deep within us that they seem to be a part of our souls; in me, veneration of Wellington is such. Since the Duke of Marlborough was buried, there has not lived, nor lives there, a man to whom I bow with an entire reverence, excepting Wellington. When I stood face to face with him, I felt how truly Scott had said that he was the only man in whose presence he felt himself nothing."

"But do you think that he has Bonaparte's genius?"

"Perhaps not; but where you see a man who is great without genius, you see the greatest kind of man the world knows any thing of; and where you see a poet who prevails without passion, you see an order of poetry high and enduring; such, on the one hand, is Wellington; on the other, Pope. All that such men do is done by force of intellect and might of character, and the results are true and permanent."

"No doubt the Duke is a great man."

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"A greater there never lived. It is the misfortune of this age that it has no guides or leaders; no profound, thinking men, who, knowing the past and caring for the future, can judge rightly of the present, and give laws to the opinions of the time. Now, the multitude decide on every thing for themselves; and every thing is despised which is beyond the taste of the vulgar. Napoleon was essentially a hero for the vulgar; fools, who have no idea of power but in tumult, or of strength but in struggle, cannot comprehend the calm, unapproachable grandeur of Wellington—a grandeur too high for sympathy. I have studied him in his despatches; I have talked with him—I have seen him all round—there is in that man more of innate, imperturbable greatness than in all the world beside. When Napoleon was about to strike a blow, he raised up around him a cloud, a very tempest, of passions and fancies, through which everything was magnified and mistaken. Wellington goes to work plainly, indifferently, frigidly, and it is only by the result that you recognise *in scena Roscium*. In the deep perturbation which came over the spirit of Napoleon when he essayed any vast work: in the mighty effort, the tremendous strain—inevitably successful though it may have been—you see one whose undertakings are above his nature; who must lash his energies to make them efficient enough. In the cool, common-place, regular, business-like proceedings of Wellington—never erring or unprosperous—we behold one whose native, unalterable strength is so high that the loftiest enterprise is to him not exciting; who, in conquering glory, is doing his ordinary work. His trade was to be always successful, and he was perfect master of it. There is the same difference between the two that there is between the youth and manhood of genius: in the former, more fervor and greater consciousness of power; in the latter, far more real might. The distinction may be marked by the names of the two demons who, in Æschylus, bind Prometheus to the rock; one was Force, the other Strength. There is the same diversity which exists between the calm, grey light of the sun, and the lurid, flashing, noisy brilliance of fire-works. Wellington is the representative of the genius of England, which, from the beginning of history, bearing aloft the standard of integrity, good sense and solid freedom, has stood like a rock in the sea of human passions and powers: one while baffling the frantic tyranny of the Papacy, and at another stamping under its iron heel the struggling fiend of Jacobinism. Napoleon is the type of France—a nation which has no power save of paroxysms, and cannot cease to be frivolous but by becoming ferocious. Wellington rides through life like a Tartar horseman, with one perpetual posture, that of the lance in rest; with one fixed gaze, that on the object of his attack. Napoleon scoured through his existence like a monkey on a circus horse, brandishing a flag, stooping over his nag's head or under his body, jumping down to jump up again, and all to gain the wonder and applause of the spectators; going round and round, and ending where he began. I must finish the parallel by saying that his course was marked out for him by the whip of a base necessity. Napoleon was the slave and courtier of opinion, which he at length flattered into the belief that it was a master. Wellington despised and neglected opinion, till it has come fawning about his feet. Vanity had grasped Napoleon by the throat, and he was her garlanded victim. You never see in Wellington that sycophancy to circumstances, that obsequiousness to fortune. He seized Destiny by the collar, and fairly swung her round. Consider the wonderful, sublime achievement of Assaye; study the political skill which he displayed in the Peninsula, the miraculous combination of ingenuity, temper, firmness and authority by which he threw order into a chaos of difficulties, and, himself alone, sustained a world of jarring interests; contemplate the glorious action of the Arapeiles, of which Austerlitz was a dull and broken reflection; ponder the campaign of Torres Vedras, the master-piece of art, the wonder of history—a conception as felicitous as the brightest of Newton's, and executed with a perfection which delights the observer even to mirthfulness—a model of *beauty* in war, by which victory was reduced to certainty, and war became one of the exact sciences: review these, and tell me by what proofs of intellectual power in Napoleon's history they are exceeded. Remember, too, that of all Wellington's doings we have unvarnished and exact accounts; while of Napoleon's actions we have in many cases only the statements of himself, the most enormous liar that ever breathed the upper air. Wellington was a great man; Napoleon was a child, who, by the despair of an infinite and hopeless ambition, had strengthened himself into a giant."

"There is this remarkable consideration in Wellington's case, that the whole of his wide and free career was wholly run within the limits of duty. In that respect, no man in history may be compared with him, except Belisarius. What such men do is done without the inspiration of the passions."

"Yes: when a man flings himself free from all human ties, and is self-hurled into the infinite abandonment of the lusts of the mind, his soul becomes charged with the might and the magnificence of all the fires of Hell. The infernal saints all minister their power to his spirit:—Vanity, with its craving eyes—Pride, with its vaulting restlessness—the steel-tipped thongs of Ambition, the fiendish vigor of Despair. It was a dangerous thing to conquer Napoleon; he recoiled from defeat with the spring of a demon. When you remember that Wellington had neither this power, which was possessed by Alexander and Gustavus and Napoleon, nor yet the religious enthusiasm of Cromwell, but did all by the natural and native strength of his ordinary intellect, you must yield him a respect which the others cannot share. He has considered that, in politics as in geometry, the shortest line is the straightest. Napoleon was made up of artifice, of which Mirabeau has said that it may indicate intellect, but it never exists in intellect of a superior order, unless accompanied with meanness of heart; it is a lie in action, and it springs from fear and personal interest, and consequently from meanness."

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"To be sure, the moral eminence of the men will bear no comparing."

"Persons of great souls and lofty meditations recognise the dignity of nature even in the degradation of fate. They are conscious of its great origin, its mournful condition, its high destiny; henceforth there is for them no scorn, but a sympathising tolerance, a respectful compassion. Napoleon's moral power was the power of ferocious contempt; it was based upon a disdainful hatred of his species. Depend upon it, that no thinking man can cherish an habitual disgust who has himself a soul, or abhor his fellows who has any self-respect. You find in Wellington none of these wild, these savage sentiments, these extremenesses of counsel or of motive. He is always sane, practical, right-hearted and right-minded. His actions illustrate that useful wisdom which the affairs of life demand, and I know no writer from whom so valuable precepts may be learned. In or out of Oxford, he has been the hardest student of his times; for the saddle is, after all, the true chair of thought. As for Napoleon being great, it seems to me that the idea is an absurdity. Alfred, William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, these were great men; and such men build up all that is built, and the history of a nation from their time till you come to another great man, is only the record of pulling down what they built up. But Napoleon pulled down everything, and built up nothing. He built, to be sure, ideally or in opinion; that is, he made systems and structures and constitutions, on paper, notionally, and by name, but not in things, in substance, of the elements of real existence; else by a word, or a reversed look, they could not have been destroyed. What the hand creates, only the thousand hands of Time can destroy; what the breath makes, a breath obliterates, for the thing made was no more than a breath. Draw a line around certain states on the map, and call it the confederation of the Rhine; give geographical nicknames to a quantity of soldiers, and call it an aristocracy: behold the creations of Napoleon! Alfred established tithings, hundred courts and county courts; that principle of self-government — for the administration of law is the most important part of government — that little flame, shrined in those humble vestal temples, and there kept safe against the blasts of ages of tyranny's turbulence, blazed up eight centuries later, and wrapt the throne of Charles in combustion. Plantaganet kings might call their system an absolute monarchy; the Tudors and Stuarts might diffuse the idea of divine right; but Alfred, by establishing juries and the common law, had made the *thing* republic, and that was sure to beat down the *name*, monarchy. Call you a man great whose life-work is swept away in half an hour, without any principle of re-action or re-establishment showing itself? Nay, his works always carried with them the germ of their own destruction. The light that shone around his system was the phosphorescence of decay."

"This much," said Mr. Temple, "may be said for Napoleon, that he raised himself to absoluteism without degrading others to slavery."

"Why, 'tis a monkey's trick to mount up on people's heads. Richelieu got there, as a man does; not by walking up men's backs, but by making them stoop for him to get on. In effect, the true and bright view of Napoleon's empire is, to consider it a democracy. Viewed as a monarch, rising and reigning in a constitution fashioned after the old forms, he was a mountebank and an impostor; considered as the controlling spirit in a democracy of powerful spirits, the head-idea in a nation — tumult of ideas — the odd man who is pushed up in a crowd of men — he becomes a spectacle of wonder, a riddle of infinite wisdom. The last of the old system, he is nothing; the first of a new one, everything. Regarded as the type of that democratic system which will overrun the world, his empire is a splendid, infinitely-crowded rehearsal of the coming drama of ages. He who would understand the whole nature, power and philosophy of democracy, must study that empire. Many thoughts belong to that subject. But I have harangued too long. Pitt was the man who said with absolute truth, that Napoleon was "the child and champion of democracy." The spectacle of the force of old monarchy in the person of the stern, iron duke, slowly advancing and destroying this young system, is the picture of the gloomy Saturn relentlessly devouring his joyous giant-boys. The Jupiter of that old deity nestles yet a babe near his bosom; his begetting was in Pitt's time, his birth at the Reform Bill."

"Napoleon must certainly be tried by new principles of judgment. The maxims upon which the fame of Turenne and Marlboro' has been settled, will not give him his true position."

"Napoleon made glory according to a receipt of his own. But the misfortune is, that he not only imposed this false stuff upon us, but he revolutionized the chemistry by which its spuriousness should be detected. He depraved the opinions, and bent backwards the consciences of people. But upon the whole, I think we may say, that in life, the most beautiful of the fine arts, his taste was anything but classical. He belonged to the David school, and painted on the canvass of Time, such pictures as that man hung up in the Louvre — bombast conceptions, executed in the daub. But after all he was a splendid creature; he made a glorious pastime in Europe; he showed the world a magnificent sport; he filled the pages of history with matter which possessed an endless interest. Strike out his career, and what blankness remains! The truth is, this life of ours is enveloped in endless coverings, coats, over-coats and blankets of common-place — an atmosphere of common-place, dull, dense, unbreathable — a waking, inlaid with sleep — life overlaid with death. Walled in, and under-buried in a mass of tedium, one cannot get one's breath. Sometimes, the world becomes intensely conscious of this imprisonment, and goes mad in trying to get free from itself. What wonder, if suffocated by being wrapped in a dun, drowsy, over-growing thraldom of common-place — its eye sick with sameness, its ear vexed with a cracked monotony, its soul should grow convulsive, become

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volcanic, and throwing off the whole disgusting encumbrance of the social system, it should rush forth to the free wilderness where it may once more see the fresh, eternal stars, and breathe a living air. And we must thank Napoleon for his battles; for war is the glory of our disgraced existence. Struggle is the parent of all the greatness of our being. It is only when minds wrestle in the energy of desperation with other minds, or with things, as in war, that the last degrees of intellectual and moral power are seen. The literary man goes half to sleep, and keeps awake only enough to purr his satisfaction at his demi-unconsciousness. In this world we must fight even to keep ourselves alive. The politicians of this piping time doze away their days as if they had a hundred existences to enjoy: as if life were a chair to loll in, a corridor to walk, or a hall to dance in, and not a general battle-field on which to fight for everything."

There was that in the appearance and manner of Mr. Nivernois — his flashing eye, his glowing countenance, the intense life which there was about him, rendered amiable by an entire simplicity of spirit — which was admirably adapted to captivate the heart and fancy of a woman, especially an enthusiastic one. What effect had been produced upon the imaginative temperament of Miss Stanhope, we cannot say. As she was going away, Mrs. Althorpe said to her,

"This Mr. Nivernois is certainly a man of genius, but he is mad, stark mad — like Mazeppa's steed —

> Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
> With spur and bridle undefiled.

But he has blood and fortune. I sincerely wish you would take him in hand and tame him: he is worthy of your attention, and if properly brought under, would make a great addition to good society."

The next day Nivernois was walking in the street and had his attention attracted by a sign-board, which gave notice of a gallery of pictures. Having nothing better to do, he went into it. The collection was a good one, and he spent some time in looking at different productions of the old masters. The feeling which chiefly occupied his mind was regret that genius so exalted as many of these artists possessed should have left no monument more durable than a perishing canvass, which would one day cause all that marvellous skill to be nothing but a name. His eye was presently drawn to a portrait of a young lady of singular beauty. The picture was a fresh one, and he thought that he had seen the features before, but where or when, he could not remember. The side of the figure was presented, with the face turned round over the shoulder towards the spectator. Her dress was blue; a laced veil was on her head, and in her hand a *bouquet* of flowers, around which was a band on which was the word "LOVE."

"Beautiful creature!" said he aloud, as he gazed upon the portrait, "and whom do you love?"

"Thee," faintly said a soft voice above him. He started and looked up. There was a gallery above, and upon it a door covered by a curtain. He saw the curtain move as if some one retreated rapidly through it, and he thought that he had caught a glimpse of a blue dress. He ran rapidly up to the gallery and through the curtained door, in hopes of discovering the speaker, perhaps the original of the portrait. He searched every apartment of the building, but in vain: no one was to be found. He returned to the picture and sat down before it.

"Love!" said he, "what is that? I never thought of it before." The portrait hung near to an open door, through which the soft air of spring was bearing the enchanting odour of a bed of violets which grew in the garden: above was the rich softness of the blue sky. As he sat amid influences so soothing, and gazed upon the overpowering beauty of those splendid features, on which a hazy sunlight coming through a window in the roof, threw a more peculiar lustre there arose within the stern, constrained, and wholly intellectual being of this earnest, scheming man, the slow but strong movement of a passion which he never before had known. The rigid stress of mind, so long kept up — the high-wound force of feeling, so necessary, yet so painful — softened and melted away in the delicious mildness of sentiment that flowed in upon his nature. It wrestled, did that sentiment, with the cold hardness of that logical frame of being, as the still growing wind with the outer barriers of a thick forest, and gradually burst in and wandered where it pleased. The disdainful solitude of soul in which he had fortified himself against a hostile world, was changing into a spirit which fraternized with all the universe. It was the birth of sympathy within a bosom before entirely and fiercely personal.

"Where has it kept so long? — this soft, this delicate emotion?" said he. As the blue zephyr, born amidst the depths of the sky, raises and opens out the dried, mast-bound sail of some long-locked bark, and floats away the vessel into seas of unknown loveliness, so did this delicious sentiment expand and quicken that spirituality which had before lain senseless and collapsed. It diffused a joy and beauty like that of the golden sunshine gleaming into a clouded forest, flowing and flashing with an ever brightening splendor, rolling a yellow flowerage over the mind, vesting the trees in airy robes of silver, and spreading through the teeming woods a mysterious troop of shadows, the dusky-haired daughters of light. Like the refreshing rain upon the fevered earth, there fell upon his spirit a fragrant shower of soft hopes and immortal dreams. The rough and hardened bough was become a branch of leaves and fruits. He who had dwelt ever in the outwardness of thought, first entered the portals of the inner world of feeling: he who had been ever passionate only to do, recognized a state in which to ax was bliss, to move was ecstacy.

Such is the passionate constitution of genius that its mental nature, "like a cloud, moves all together, if it move at all;" the moral being of men of that stamp, intense and entire, never conceives an idea of character or life, but it straightway throws forth all its energy to realize that idea in its imaginary completeness: impelled towards evil, they dash down-

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wards with a frenzied force and reach a depth of degradation at which colder sinners are astounded: when but one aspiration dawns in their bosom, they spring up from the shores of that gulph, and soaring above the clouds, wave in the sparkling sun their fresh-plumed wings with not one feather moulted: they can mould all their thinkings in the form and pressure of pure logic; and again their feelings will be expanding in all the chastened feelings of luxurious sentiments. These changes make genius a puzzle to its companions, but delicious to itself.

It is not wonderful then if this man rose from that seat another being. But the picture was still the centre and object of his thoughts. Rare indeed, and transcendant was the beauty of that countenance: a depth of passion, and an elevation of thought were characterized upon it, which fired the imagination of the youth who gazed. He thought that he had seen those features before; but where, and how? He had a faint impression that Miss Stanhope might be the person. But in fact, so little had he been interested in woman before, that he had scarce paid any attention to her appearance — had no distinct remembrance of her face. Supposing that the voice which he had heard had proceeded from the original of the picture, and that it indicated that he was loved by her, he was deeply anxious to discover who it was.

He pulled a bell which he discovered near the door, and there issued forth in reply from a small door, an old gray-haired man, very tall, and bent like a crozier.

"What picture is this?" said Nivernois.

"Why, it's a portrait," said the old man, with a look of great contempt at the simplicity of the question.

From the tone in which he shouted, it seemed that he added deafness to his other virtues.

"Of whom?"

"A lady," roared the other, with increased scorn.

"True; but of what lady is it the portrait?"

"Oh, I don't know;" and he began to hobble back to his cage.

"Is it for sale?"

"No: none of them are for sale; none of them; not one of them:" and he closed the door behind him.

Nivernois walked up to the picture, took it down from the nail, unscrewed the board behind it, and rolling up the canvass, put it under his arm and marched out of the room.

When he reached the street he saw a woman dressed in blue passing round the corner. From a glimpse which he had of her features he thought it was the picture-lady. He darted forward, but the street which she had turned into was vacant. There stood a large double house at the corner, and beyond it there was a garden wall of some length; he concluded that she must have gone into that house. He rushed in, and turning into the first door he came to, found himself in an elegant drawing-room in which there were a dozen persons paying morning visits.

"Humph! humph!" said he, as he scrutinized the face of every woman in the circle, and found that the object of his search was not among them. He took up a volume that lay on the table, it was lettered "Love." He walked towards a grand piano which stood open, with a piece of music on the frame. The music was entitled "Love."

"Love!" said he; "Love! wherever I go this morning, it is still love. I will give you my ideas of love." He took off his hat, and laying down his roll in it, seated himself before the instrument.

He began with some sad and heavy strains which might express the joylessness of a breast which was a stranger to sympathy. The music was cheerless, monotonous, and full of startling discords. Presently there struck into this painful turbulence a light strain of delicious melody, like a sunbeam bursting into the primal chaos. It extended and gathered strength, and the disorder of the rest gradually subsided, and melted away to give place to it. Then there arose the most brilliant and enchanting notes that that instrument had ever given forth; a flood of varied rapture flowed out. It was the picture of a world of bliss; a world whose turf was of the choicest flowers, — whose breezes were airs from paradise, — whose sky knew not the color of a cloud.

The performer turned his head round and got a glimpse through the window of some one passing along the street.

"There she goes!" he exclaimed, and seizing his hat and roll, rushed out with the same vehemence that he had entered, leaving the company not a little astonished at the oddity of his behaviour.

When he got into the street, nothing was to be seen; "I must discover that woman," said he; what is life to me, if I cannot find her? All my happiness is garnered in her being; to enjoy my own soul, I must possess her: to live, I must live with her. By the bye, I must have done rather an absurd thing in going into that house and playing on the piano, without knowing any body. By Jove, I'll go back and apologize. Ah! ha! there is Mrs. Althorpe going in; she will present me."

When they got into the room, the company which had been there had gone, and the lady of the house was sitting alone. Mrs. Althorpe called her Mrs. Stanhope.

"Madam," said Mr. Nivernois, "I just met an eccentric friend of mine going out of the door, who I imagine must have made a most unauthorized entry into your house, in a fit of absence, and behaved in a very ridiculous manner, when in it. In fact, he requested me to offer on his behalf the fullest apology for his maniacal conduct, and to beg from your courtesy an act of oblivion. He is a harmless madman, — one of that numerous class who are suffered by their friends to go abroad without strait-jackets."

"Any friend of yours," said Mrs. Stanhope, "is extremely welcome to come into my house at all times; and even had the eccentricities of this gentleman been at all objectionable, we should have been more than compensated by the admirable display which he made upon the piano. As a pupil of Calebrenner's, I consider myself something of a judge; and I never heard so rich a strain of harmony."

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"Why, as for that, I do not know that he differs materially from any one else. Everybody carries a Marengo, a Childe Harold, and a Somnambula in his blood; the only difficulty is to get them out."

"Pray, Mr. Nivernois," said Mrs. Althorpe, with a certain look of a high bred woman, not unmixed with something of comic, "What is it you have under your arm."

"Portable bliss,—the potentiality of a happiness beyond the dreams of one who is not a lover,—ecstasy in a roll,—perfect delight on canvass;" and he opened the picture and held it up.

Mrs. Althorpe made a sign to Mrs. Stanhope to be silent.

"Do you know whose portrait it is?" said Mrs. Althorpe.

"I cannot for my life discover."

"Do you then so much wish to find the original?"

"A question, truly! I do."

"Is it not beautiful?"

"Is not what beautiful?"

"The painting."

"I cannot speak of these matters now. For the moment I am at war with *virtù*. It *may* be divine—perhaps it is so. One thing I feel—the impotence of the artist. What he has succeeded in en-canvassing speaks only to my soul of a more radiant loveliness—that of motion, of thought, of heart—for which the pencil has no outline, the pallet no dye."

"You are an enigma, and my query is unanswered. I will put it in another form. Is *she* not beautiful?"

"She is."

"How did you become possessed of the picture?"

"I saw it in the exhibition, and as they refused to sell it to me, I cut it out and brought it away."

Mrs. Althorpe fell back into her chair, overpowered by irresistible laughter at the oddness of the incident, and the solemn gravity with which Nivernois stood eyeing the picture. An idea occurred to her by which she might give this matter a turn to her mind.

"I cannot imagine, of course," said she, "whose portrait it is. But if you will come to my house to-night, I shall have some young ladies there, and it is possible that the fair original may be among them. We shall have *tableaux vivants*, and I think you will find it pleasant."

"I will come with the utmost pleasure, even if the lady be not there."

"And when I say that the party will be pleasant, I imply thereby an invitation to Mrs. Stanhope, who of course can make it so. But, Mr. Nivernois, are you not afraid that the officers of justice will be after you for abstracting that picture?"

"Oh! I am only taking it to be copied; after that I shall take it back."

"Well! put up your roll then, and we will go."

When they had walked some distance, Mrs. Althorpe took leave of him, and bent her steps again towards Mrs. Stanhope's.

In the evening, Mr. Nivernois went to Mrs. Althorpe's. The *tableaux* were exhibited in the hall: the company stood at one end, and a curtain was drawn at the other, behind which was the frame. They went off with great effect. The first was the Magdalen of Corregio, a recumbent figure, "with loose hair and lifted eye," the light thrown strongly upon a volume open before her. The second and third were scenes from the Corsair. While the fourth was preparing, Mr. Nivernois got engaged in explaining to a person near him a new method by which *tableaux* might be presented in a much more striking manner, and he did not take notice of the rising of the curtain, until he heard several of the company exclaiming, "Beautiful!"—"how beautiful!" He turned and beheld the very picture which he had that day been contemplating: the glorious features, the blue dress, the veil falling over the back, the head turned round over the shoulder. He stepped a little forward, and his keen eye caught the glance of the performer; there was a momentary wavering, a blush, the face was turned aside, and the curtain fell. Nivernois passed into a room at the side, and hastened towards the place where the pictures were shown. He found three or four persons there engaged in arranging the next performance. A door stood open in the rear leading into a large and very elegant garden. He looked out, and through the bright moonlight saw among the bushes a female figure. He rushed forth; the lady fled, but soon stopped by the limits of the ground, turned her head round, and again presented the living portrait of the morning. It was Miss Stanhope. He seized her hand in both of his.

"Oh! glorious being!" he exclaimed, "accept the homage of my soul. Take all the worship of my being. I love you beyond the expression of all words."

She timidly extended towards him the bouquet which she had.

"Give me the motto with the flowers," said he "and you make me the happiest of mankind."

There was a soft consenting in her form and gestures, though she spoke not. He pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her glowing cheek, I do not know how often. He took her hand and they sat down upon a bench; a bed of violets beneath their feet, the bright young foliage around them, and above, the glittering moon smiling a pearly lustre on the floating clouds.

"Thou art, within my soul, a birth of happiness and peace. I have been, of all men, the most ambitious: not as valuing the opinions of the world, for I am not yet sunk so low; but that I might in the interest of action and creation find some comfort to my spirit. I have had some applause; as much as satisfied the most craving vanity of many around me. It wearied and fretted me unutterably, and as praise increased, I feared to go mad with the anguish of disappointment. In this distress of an intellect always seeking but incapable of finding, thy gentle beauty beamed upon my heart. It awoke therein life and a fountain of light. Yet was it not its own light, but the reflection of thy glorious lustre; as in the blank waters on a starry night we recognise the impassioned splendor of the heavens. I have placed thee within my heart; and henceforth shall I find thee, forever, a source of joy and a spring of inspiration."

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STANZAS.

BY E. CLEMENTINE RYNDMAN.

"My harp also is turned to mourning. ——Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?"

The flush of young Hope, and the smile have departed,
That tinted my cheek — that enlivened my brow;
In sackcloth I sit, with the desolate-hearted,
And hushed is the song of my mirthfulness now.
All Nature rejoiceth to welcome gay Summer:
The out-going morn "walks in beauty" more bright;
And the streamlet replenished, forgetting its murmur,
Is dancing along in the gush of delight.

All, all save my heart, beats responsive to Nature!
In vain do *I* hear the sweet warbling of birds,
In vain the rejoicing of each living creature —
The bleat of the lambs, or the low of the herds:
My spirit returneth no echo of gladness;
"The harp of the heart," by affliction unstrung,
Can only reply in the numbers of sadness,
Or, silent with grief, on the willows is hung.

CEDAR BROOK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Great Parent of Nature! if to the bleak mountains,
The light of thy smile bringeth verdure again;
Doth gladden the desert with palm trees and fountains,
And scatter new beauties o'er valley and plain;
If the wealth of thy bounty, in showers descending,
Can make "the waste-places" bloom fresh as the rose;
And thy rainbow of promise, in loveliness bending
Upon the dark cloud, hush the storms to repose;

Oh! cannot the light of thy favor awaken
The well-springs of joy in a desolate heart,
And clothe with new verdure the bosom forsaken
Of all that could pleasure or solace impart?
And hast thou not showers for the *spirit's* refreshing,
And songs in the night-time of sorrow to give?
Then open thy windows and pour down a blessing —
O smile! and this wilderness heart shall revive.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Arch imitator! 'mid thy varied tone,
That revels so exquisitively sweet,
Rivalling e'en Nature's self, when doth thine own
Wild native air my rapt delusion greet?
Hast thou a voice to echo every note
Of liquid melody that erst hath dwelt
'Mid the greenwood, or where soft zephyrs float:
Yet of thine own hath not, in ecstacy to melt?

What modulation, what inflected grace,
Breathes through the volume of that warbling spell?
An intonation clear, that doth embrace
The woven minstrelsy from rock to dell.
The spring-tide melody, the summer lay,
The plaintiveness of darkly shadow'd night —
Who hath her choral charms, as beaming day —
These in their change are thine, to 'wilder and delight.

That rich, full swell of sweetness and of force,
That seem'd to wrap thy life-stream with the song,
In its wild strength — as struggling springs their source,
Break, and are borne in murm'ring sounds along:
Say, was it thine? — thy Parent-giving strain,
The innate warbling of thy purer soul,
That gush'd, as if it would to bowers attain
Where flowers unwith'ring bloom, and strains divine e'er roll?

But oh! again to earth that half-fled sprite
Sinks, in the beauty of some well-known air,
Less free and joyous, in its rapture'd flight,
Than the wild touching thrill that spoke thee there.
Kindred of thine own vocalizing race,
Yet of surpassing skill and strength of flow —
Illimitably varied — where we trace
The wondrous spell of mystery, we seek to know.

Gay, spry deceiver, from thy covert nigh,
Methinks I hear the myriad of thy clime
Pouring sweet incense through the southern sky,
In the free rapture of each gift divine;
Yet all successive — one continuous swell
Of silvery softness from the fount of love;
The mellow wood-notes, or the screaming yell,
Attest thy perfect art — thy imitations prove.

Oh, spirit-bird! to man thou hast been sent,
To teach Omnipotence by gush of song,
Bringing bright thoughts of goodness, that is blent
In all that gladdens — all that glides along —
And if, perchance, this teaching be not vain,
To win him upward, where he may rejoice
'Mid holy love, pure scenes, and sacred strain
Of heavenly praise, such as I hear from thee, thou voice!

A. F. H.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE WHITE SQUALL.

I WAS standing one sultry afternoon, by the weather railing, gazing listlessly over the schooner's side, and indulging in such reveries as crowd upon the mind in our moments of idleness, when my attention was called to the cry of the look-out that a sail was hovering to windward; and gazing out in that direction I was soon enabled to detect a white speck far up on the seaboard in that quarter, bearing as much resemblance, in the eye of an unpractised observer, to the wing of a sea-gull, as to what we knew it really to be—the royal of a man-of-war. In an instant all was bustle on our decks. The men below poured up the gangway: the skulkers came out from under the sides of the guns; the officers gathered eagerly in a knot abaft the mainmast; spy-glasses were put in requisition, shrewd guesses were made respecting the flag of the stranger, and all the curiosity which the sight of an unknown sail produces on board a man-of-war, was displayed in its full force amongst us.

"I think she carries herself like a Frenchman," said the first lieutenant.

"Pardon me," said the skipper, "but she lifts as if she were an Englishman."

"I could swear her to be a Hollander," said a lieutenant, who had served a while in the navy of the States.

"And were you not all so sure," interposed a weather-beaten quarter-master, whose boast it was that he had been at sea for more than forty years, "I should say yon saucy braggart was a real Spaniard, such as Kid would have given ten years of his life to be alongside of, for a matter of a bell or so;" and having delivered himself of these remarks, the old fellow coolly turned his quid, and squirted a stream of tobacco juice like the jet of a force-pump, over the schooner's side.

"At any rate, gentlemen," said the captain, "the stranger doesn't seem to bring down much of a breeze with him, so that we shall have plenty of time to form our conclusions before it becomes necessary to act. If he should even prove to be an enemy, night may be here before he gets within range, and under cover of the darkness we can easily escape him. The little FIRE-FLY has done too much mischief, and been too lucky heretofore, to be lost now."

The day had been unusually sultry. A light breeze had ruffled the ocean in the morning, but about two bells in the afternoon watch the wind had died away, and an almost dead calm had succeeded. The sea became as flat as a mirror, its polished surface only heaving in long gentle undulations, like the bosom of some sleeping monster. Not a ripple broke upon its whole extent. The sky was cloudless: the rays of the sun, pouring almost vertically downwards, and penetrating even through the awning overhead, heated the deck till it became like a furnace beneath the feet. The air was close, stifling, noisome. The men cowered under the shade of the bulwarks, or hung panting over the schooner's side. The sea glowed like molten silver. Occasionally a slight gurgling sound under the cutwater would remind us that the deep was not wholly motionless; but excepting this, and now and then the feeble creaking of a block, no sound broke the oppressive silence around.

At length, however, a slight breeze was seen ruffling the sea upon the seaboard; and when the wind came up toward us, curling the ocean here and there into mimic breakers, and when especially it swept with refreshing coolness across our decks, we experienced sensations of the most exquisite delight, and such as no one can imagine, who has not felt, after a sultry calm, the first kiss of the long-wished-for breeze. A new life was imparted into our men. The sails were set, and we once more began to hear the sound of the wind in the hamper, and of the waves rushing along our sides. It was, however, only a two-knot breeze. Such, with but little variation, it had continued to be up to the discovery of the stranger.

For half an hour and more after our look-outs had detected the sail to windward, we managed to keep away sufficiently to maintain the distance we had first possessed. But gradually the wind freshened; the billows began to roll their white crests over in the sun-light; the sails strained under the press of the breeze; and the waters, rippling loud and fast under our bows, went plashing along our sides with a gurgling noise, and then hissed by the rudder as they were whirled away astern.

"What a provoking breeze!" said Westbrook. "Here we are at a convenient distance, as O'Shaughnessy would say, from yonder chap, having besides the whole night before us to plan an escape from his clutches, and lo! a breeze springs up just when it ought to be calm, leaving us at the mercy of our huge friend up here, with a prospect of dangling from a yard-arm if he turns out to be an English man."

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"Shure an we'll blow ourselves out of water," said O'Shaughnessy himself, happening to overhear the conclusion of Westbrook's remark, "rayther than do that same."

"And into it also, eh!" said Westbrook.

O'Shaughnessy made no reply, but shrugging his shoulders, the conversation dropped.

The strange sail had by this time been made out to be a three-decker, and so rapidly did he gain on us that we now counted upwards of forty guns on a side. As the breeze freshened, moreover, his velocity increased. Throwing out fold after fold of canvass, until a pyramid of snowy duck rose towering above his decks, and the water rolled in cataracts of foam beneath his gigantic bows, he seemed determined to overtake us before the breeze which he brought with him could by any possibility subside.

Meanwhile we made every effort to escape; but without success. The very freshness of the breeze, owing to our comparatively light canvass, was in favor of our adversary. In vain we threw out every sail; in vain the ropes were hauled as taut as they could be drawn; in vain as a last resort, our sails were wet down even to the trucks—every endeavor to increase our speed only appeared to weary out our crew, without altering the relative velocity of the two ships.

"By my faith! but yonder fellow sails well," said the skipper, "I little thought anything that carried canvass could come up in this style, hand over hand, to the saucy FIRE-FLY. What think you, Mr. Stevens?"

The lieutenant shook his head, and answered,

"I fear, sir, we shall have to choose betwixt a surrender or a hopeless fight."

"Ay, ay—that's true," said the skipper, abstractedly, "but he's not overhauled us yet, and there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, you know."

"Pray God it may be so now!"

By this time the man-of-war had come up within long cannon-shot of the schooner, and just as the lieutenant finished his ejaculation, the stranger luffed beautifully up a point or two, and the next minute a sheet of flame streamed out from one of her bow-guns, and a shot whistling past us aloft, plunged headlong into the sea to leeward. At the same moment a roll of bunting shot up to the gaff of the stranger, and slowly unrolling blew out upon the air.

"The English cross—by all that's holy!" ejaculated the skipper.

There was a dead silence of more than a minute. Each one looked into his neighbor's face. The captain, with a compressed lip and a disturbed brow, gazed, without speaking, on the man-of-war; while the discipline of the service, as well as the sudden knowledge of our peril, were sufficient to restrain the officers from conversation. Directly, however, the Englishman luffed again; another sheet of fire blazed from her bows; and a ball, sent this time with more certainty of aim, went through our fore topsail just above the foot.

"Show him the bunting," growled the captain through his clenched teeth, "and get ready the long gun."

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We looked at each other in mute astonishment. I thought of Paul Jones in a like emergency. But no one dreamed of expostulation, even if such a thing had been allowable from inferiors. The flag was brought.

"Send the bunting aloft."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The huge ensign, at the word, fluttered to the gaff, and whipping out on the breeze, disclosed the cognizance of the commonwealth, emblazoned on its surface. No sooner did it unclose its folds than the man-of-war luffed rapidly, and several points more than at either the preceding times; while simultaneously a sheet of continuous fire rolled along his side, and a shower of balls, ploughing up the sea betwixt the two vessels, fell like hail around the schooner. At the same moment I heard a noise like rattling thunder at my side, and looking up I saw the mainsail coming down by the run. Quicker than thought it lay a wreck across the schooner.

"We are sinking," shouted a voice. It was that of the purser. The terror of the speaker betrayed itself in every tone. "God have mercy on us, for we are going down."

"Silence, fool!" sternly said the skipper, and then raising his voice he thundered, "what have they hurt?"

"They've cut away the throat halyards, and the peak has parted with the strain," answered the first lieutenant, who, with Westbrook and myself had sprung at once to ascertain the real cause of the alarm.

"Let new ropes be reeved—all hands to your duty—let drive with the long gun."

The old gunner had been calmly waiting until the momentary confusion should subside; and now, with his usual flourish, he applied the match.

"Hit him, by the Lord Harry—and cut down his topsail," ejaculated the old sea-dog in high glee, as the stranger's fore-topsail fell from the cap.

This daring bravado appeared to inflame the haughty Englishman beyond all endurance, for, after the momentary vacillation in his course occasioned by the loss of so important a sail, he put his helm down again, and without losing headway to fire any more unimportant shot, rapidly approached us. Our fate was now, to all appearance, sealed. We gave ourselves up for lost. Dismal recollections of all we had heard respecting the prison-ships of our enemy, or of the more summary punishment of death sometimes inflicted on our countrymen, came crowding on our minds. We looked into each others' faces in silence, but, though no word was spoken, on every countenance we read the determination of a brave man, to die sooner than to submit. Such a resolution may seem strange to others, but we were like men to whom defeat is worse than death. We could not submit. To us the horrors of a prison-ship were more appalling than those of a grave. We were resolved, if we could not effect an escape, to die at bay.

"I would give a year's pay," at length ejaculated the skipper, but in a low tone so as not to be heard by the crew, "if this breeze would but die away here.

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We should then have a chance, however slight. But to be cooped up like a rat in a hole—it is too bad!"

The sentence had scarcely been concluded, when, as if in answer to the skipper's aspiration, the breeze blew out in a sudden gust, and then died rapidly away, until it had almost subsided.

"Ah!" said the captain, "my wish has had a magical effect. I' faith, we're dropping the Englishman already. Oh! for two hours of calm."

"And we shall have it soon, though not for long," said the old quarter-master, for the first time for nearly an hour taking a complete survey of the sky, and shaking his head knowingly, but with something of an ominous gesture. As he concluded his scrutiny, he said, "there's something brewing off here to leeward which will make us before many hours reel like a drunken man, or my name is'nt Jack Martingale."

"What mean you?" said the lieutenant.

"You've mayhap never sailed in these latitudes, or you would have seen a hurricane afore now," said the quarter-master. "Well, yonder tiny cloud, down there on the sea-board in a line with that second ratlin, holds in itself such a capful of wind as will drive the stoutest ship like a feather before it—ay! or send Noah's ark itself, which the parson says was bigger than a fleet of ninety-fours, skimming away swifter than a sea-gull over the seas."

We all turned in the direction to which the old fellow pointed us, and sure enough, about five or six degrees above the horizon, might be seen a small dark insignificant looking cloud, hanging like a speck upon the azure surface of the sky. Had we not known the quarter-master's superior experience, the younger portion of our group might have discredited his prophecy. As it was, we were almost incredulous. Yet as we gazed on the little cloud, we noticed that it slowly but steadily increased in size. Our attention, however, was at this moment recalled from the signs to leeward by the renewed demonstrations of an attack on the part of the ninety-four.

The wind, during our short colloquy, I have said, had blown fiercer than ever, and then nearly died away. This partial calm, however, had been of short duration. In a few minutes the breeze was seen ruffling the sea again, from a quarter of the horizon, however, several points to the leeward of its old position. After blowing freshly for a few minutes this gust too ceased. Meantime the enemy had gained little, if anything, upon us, and no doubt fancying he perceived the signs of unsettled weather in the sky, and therefore wishing to bring the chase to a speedy termination, he luffed up once more, and opened a fire on us with his bow guns. It now become a struggle of the most exciting character. Our mainsail had by this time been repaired, and the time lost to the foe in luffing nearly counterbalancing his superior sailing, we were enabled to keep just within long cannon shot of the Englishman, and, by maintaining this distance, to protract our surrender until a chance ball should happen to disable us, or night should set in to favor our escape.

"He gains nothing on us now, I think," said the skipper, "but his guns are well served. That was truly sent," he suddenly added, as a ball whistled by within a few feet of his head, and then plunged into the sea some fathoms off.

"And there comes the breeze again," said the lieutenant, "how the Englishman walks up toward us!"

It was even as he said. The breeze which, during the last five minutes, had been chopping about the horizon, now blowing in fitful gusts, and now dying away into an almost perfect calm, came out, as the lieutenant spoke, from its old quarter, and heeling the tall ninety-four over until his coppers glanced in the sunlight, sent him like an arrow from the string across the deep. We could see the breeze ruffling the sea ahead of the enemy, and keeping provokingly but a few cables' length in his advance for many minutes before it reached ourselves, and when at length it bellied out our canvass, and we began to forge along, the man-of-war had lessened by one-third the distance that had intervened betwixt us. As if re-inspired by his advantage, the Englishman began to fire on us with rapid and murderous velocity. Ball after ball came whizzing after us, some tearing up the bulwark, some madly splintering the hull, and more than one cutting its terrific passage along our decks. In vain we made the most desperate exertions to increase our speed. The strength of the breeze was a disadvantage against which our comparatively light canvass could not contend. Every moment, we saw, lessened the distance between us and the foe. It seemed madness to contend further. Already the ninety-four was in dreadful proximity. The schooner was becoming terribly cut up in her hull, and it seemed a miracle that her spars had hitherto escaped. If we should be crippled, and we knew not but the next shot might do it, how could we expect any mercy from our foe? Rebels already in the eye of our pursuers we had nothing to hope for if captured. Every one felt this. No one therefore dreamed of a surrender. As the wounded men were carried below, their departing looks were directed frowningly on the enemy,—and the last words of the dying were to conjure their messmates never to give up.

"Never flinch, my hearties," ejaculated the gunner, as one of his crew was struck by a splinter; and had to be carried below. "Give it to 'em, for villains and tyrants as they are. Hah! I have him in a line there. Stand by all now," and giving a last squint along his piece, he applied the match, and gazing after the shot as it went whistling away, exclaimed, "hit him on the quarter. I wonder who's hurt," he added, as a sudden commotion was seen on the enemy's deck; "somebody of more note than a mere topman, I guess, or they would'nt be in such a flurry about it."

"And that's the answer," said Westbrook, as a ball struck us forward, scattering the bulwark about the deck, and killing a man outright at the gunner's side.

"Swab her out there," said the imperturbable old sea-dog, without flinching in the least, "and we'll revenge poor Harry Ratline. By the Lord above, I'll make them pay for this. Work faster, you lub-

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berly scoundrel," he continued, cuffing the powder-boy. "There, that will do. And now let's see what damage you'll do, old red-mouth!" and patting his piece familiarly, he applied the match, and stooping on his knees after the recoil, glanced along the gun to mark the path of his ball. It struck the ninety-four just by the fore-chains, entering the first port aft. It needed nothing to tell the deadly revenge of the shot. Even amid the roar of the contest we could almost fancy we heard the shrieks of the wounded and dying from that fatal discharge.

So intensely occupied had been every thought, during these last few minutes, that I had not noticed the gradual subsidence in the wind; but my attention was at this moment aroused to it by an exclamation of O'Shaughnessy at my side, and turning my gaze to leeward, I saw at once the cause of his wonder.

How long had elapsed since we had noticed the speck on the horizon to which the old quarter-master had called our attention I have no means of determining; but, owing perhaps to the rapidity with which all the subsequent events had transpired, it seemed to be scarcely five minutes. In that interval a radical change had come over the heavens. The whole of the larboard horizon was covered with a dense black cloud, extending to the very zenith, and spreading with incredible velocity around the seaboard and over the vault of heaven. Even as I gazed, the rising clouds began to encroach on the western firmament, until only a narrow speck of sky, through which the declining sun shone out with a ghastly lustre was seen in that quarter of the horizon. In a moment more the massy curtain of cloud obscured even this opening, and nothing was seen above or around us but the wild and ominous darkness, which, reflected from the unruffled surface of the deep, and struggling with the few faint gleams of light that yet remained, wrapt everything in its own sepulchral gloom. Never shall I forget the expression of my companions' faces in that death-like obscurity.

The wind, meanwhile, had for the twentieth time within the last hour died away, and we now lay moving unquietly on the troubled surface of the deep. The man-of-war was to be seen in his old position, and as he rose and fell sluggishly in the distant gloom, his white canvass gleaming out with sepulchral effect through the darkness, one might almost have fancied that the shadowy foe was some gigantic spirit ship, hanging like an evil genius upon our quarter. As if awed by the sudden change which had come over the firmament, both vessels had simultaneously ceased firing. The pause on the part of the Englishman, however, was only momentary. The outlines of his shadowy form were soon illuminated by the red glare of his guns, bringing his tall masts out in bold relief against the gloomy background, and shedding a sulphurous hue on everything around. The sullen booming of the guns; the ghastly light flung over the deep; the low unquiet murmurs of the sea; and the darkness gathering more and more terrific over the firmament and reflected back from the sea until it seemed as colorless as ink, made up a scene whose sublimity and horror no pen can describe. The men looked like ghosts, as they flitted to and fro across the decks; and on every countenance was impressed the feelings of the awe-struck owner.

"Cannot yonder fellow see the doom that awaits him, unless he gives over firing, and prepares for the squall?" said the old quarter-master.

Even as he spoke a low hollow murmur was heard as if coming out of the deep, which struck a nameless terror into our hearts. It was the sure presage of the coming hurricane. The men were already aloft getting in the sails, but as that murmured sound struck on the skipper's ear, he shouted,

"Loose and let run—in with every thing—lose not a second—cut with and cut all."

He had hardly commenced speaking when the dark canopy of clouds on the starboard seaboard lifted up, as if by magic, several degrees from the horizon, displaying a long lurid, yet sickly streak of light, against which the surges rose and fell in bold relief. At the same instant that low wild sound was heard again rising out of the deep; then a hoarse murmur, the like of which I had never listened to before, issued from the lurid seaboard; then an ominous pause of a moment, and only a moment, succeeded; and, while we gazed in mute wonder on each other at these extraordinary phenomena, a deep, smothered rumbling sound was heard, growing rapidly nigher and nigher, and increasing in loudness as it approached; the sea on the starboard horizon became a mass of foam; and, with a rushing noise, the tempest swept down upon us, hissing, roaring, and screaming through our rigging, as if a thousand unearthly beings were riding by upon the blast. The men had scarcely time to see the approaching danger, and hear the captain's cry,

"Down, for your lives, down—cut all, and slide by the backstays," before we were lying almost on our beam ends, while the sea flew over us in a dense shower of spray, almost blinding our sight.

"Hard up!" thundered the skipper.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

It was a period of fearful peril. For several moments, during the first force of the squall, we knew not whether our little craft would right again. The mingled roar of the wind and water meanwhile was terrific, and sufficient of themselves to paralyze the stoutest heart. As far as the eye could see, on every hand, the sea was as flat as a table, and covered with foam. The pressure of the hurricane even on our bare poles was tremendous. Every one was forced to grasp a rope, to keep himself from being blown bodily overboard. At length, however, with a painful effort, our gallant craft slowly righted, staggered a moment uncertainly beneath the squall, and then catching the hurricane well aft, went off like a thunderbolt before the gale.

"Thank God!" ejaculated the skipper, drawing a long breath.

"Amen!" was my silent response.

During these few last moments of thrilling suspense, I had forgotten the Englishman altogether,

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but he now recurred to my thoughts, and I looked eagerly ahead for him. The driving spray, however, shut out everything, except in our immediate vicinity, from our sight. At length, however, my attention was arrested by seeing a tall spar rising over the mist on our lee-bow, and, rushing on to it with inconceivable velocity, we were soon on the weather quarter of the foe. Never shall I forget that sight. The huge ship was lying on his beam-ends, and his mizen-mast had already been cut away in an unsuccessful attempt to right him. The sea rolled over him, as we approached, in cataracts. For an instant we gave ourselves up for lost, as we were driving right on to the unhappy stranger. At that moment, however, we saw his mainmast go over his side. He righted slowly. We were now so near that I could have pitched a biscuit on board.

"Hard up—ha-a-rd!" thundered the Englishman.

"Luff—luff!" roared the skipper, as we drove on to the quarter of the foe.

It was a thrilling moment. For the space of a second we seemed dashing right into the foe, and a stifled shriek burst from every lip; but just as we gave up all for lost, the two vessels shot apart, grazed each other in passing, and then rushed like maddened coursers each on his own course. In less than a quarter of an hour, the foe had vanished in the mists upon our larboard quarter.

THE DERVISH.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY W. FALCONER.

The following little tale was related to me by a Catholic Missionary, (who had resided thirty years at Pondicherry,) on board the Panniree, during a voyage to Mauritius. It is curious to remark how the early traditions of all lands have certain points of resemblance, as this is exactly in the Rip Van Winkle vein, and is an Indian legend as old as the mountain. DIARY.

The Sultan revelled in the gay kiosque,
Where Ganges' waters to the morning rolled,
Quaffing the snow-cool wine from cups of gold;
A humble Dervish prayed in the lone mosque—
"Prophet of God!" with fervor deep, he cried,
"Grant me a token that my prayer is heard!"
He raised his eye, and lo! a lovely bird
Upon a pillar's marble crown he spied;
No fairer warbler, from the Swerga-bowers,
E'er bathed in dews of paler earthly flowers,
The light of Aden on its green wings bringing;
Still, as he gazed, its colors richer grew—
At length, through morn's fresh glades, away it flew,
Leaving the lone mosque with its music ringing.

The Dervish followed over mount and plain,
The spirit-bird still flitting on before him,
Th' hour-numbering sun unheeded speeding o'er him—
He was all ear to drink its gushing strain.
A vain pursuit!—scarce on the bough alighted,
On, on it glanced, to be afresh pursued,
The pilgrim's courage glowing unsubdued,
His soul on fire—his panting heart delighted!
But where the sunset's heav'n-unfolding flood
Streams through the columns of the Banian wood,
Alas! 'tis melting from his eager eye,
Fading away with the quick fading beams—
A lovely phantom from the Land of Dreams—
Gone, as it came, to bowers beyond the sky.

'Neath dreamy twilight's twinkling, dew-fed lamp,
He stretched his weary limbs along the moss
Under the Banian's shade, and mourned the loss
Of the sweet vision on his night-couch damp,
Yet slept at length, nor waked till dewy morn
Closed the full stars and oped the infant buds,
'Rousing the warblers of the Indian woods:
But his bright bird was gone, and he is lorn!
Yet prays, and in a fountain's cooling waves,
With large ablutions, his hot brow he laves,
Resumes his staff, and seeks his humble home—
A weary journey—days and months sped by
Ere he hath reached that mountain summit high,
The emerald pillar of the sapphire dome

Amid whose rocks his little chapel stood:
But lo! what vision bursts upon his gaze!
Domes, spires and churches, 'neath the sunset rays,
Gleaming 'mid many a green and palmy wood.
The wayward Genii, he remembered, loved
To weave such cities of the filmy light,
Begun and finished in a single night;
But still his wonder grew, as lost he roved
Through streets and squares built of substantial stone,
Where late the camel-herds were browsing lone,
And gleamed the crescent from the minaret.
Was he awake?—the crowd around him spoke
A strange, rough tongue—new wonders on him broke,
And wonder filled the eyes of all he met.

A Fakir passed. Of him he wildly asks
Who, what, and where he is? With wondering smile,
Answers the Moslem, "From a northern isle,
Whose iron-coast a frozen girdle clasps,
Came Islam's foes, and this rich city grand
Is the creation of the Infidel—
The haughty lords of radiant Indian land—
A tale most sad for Moslem lips to tell!"
A hundred years had fled since he had chased
The spirit-bird, swift as a dream effaced;
And that sweet warbler was a sainted sprite,
Sent from its rest, to lead so good a man
To Christian light—for so the legend ran
Which cheered my vigil on the ocean bright.

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A FEW WORDS ON SECRET WRITING.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

As we can scarcely imagine a time when there did not exist a necessity, or at least a desire, of transmitting information from one individual to another, in such manner as to elude general comprehension; so we may well suppose the practice of writing in cipher to be of great antiquity. De La Guilletiere, therefore, who, in his "Lacedæmon Ancient and Modern," maintains that the Spartans were the inventors of Cryptography, is obviously in error. He speaks of the *scytala* as being the origin of the art; but he should only have cited it as one of its earliest instances, so far as our records extend. The *scytalæ* were two wooden cylinders, precisely similar in all respects. The general of an army, in going upon any expedition, received from the ephori one of these cylinders, while the other remained in their possession. If either party had occasion to communicate with the other, a narrow strip of parchment was so wrapped around the *scytala* that the edges of the skin fitted accurately each to each. The writing was then inscribed longitudinally, and the epistle unrolled and dispatched. If, by mischance, the messenger was intercepted, the letter proved unintelligible to his captors. If he reached his destination safely, however, the party addressed had only to involve the second cylinder in the strip to decipher the inscription. The transmission to our own times of this obvious mode of cryptography is due, probably, to the *historical* uses of the *scytala*, rather than to anything else. Similar means of secret intercommunication must have existed almost contemporaneously with the invention of letters.

It may be as well to remark, in passing, that in none of the treatises on the subject of this paper which have fallen under our cognizance, have we observed any suggestion of a method — other than those which apply alike to all ciphers — for the solution of the cipher by *scytala*. We read of instances, indeed, in which the intercepted parchments were deciphered; but we are not informed that this was ever done except accidentally. Yet a solution might be obtained with absolute certainty in this manner. The strip of skin being intercepted, let there be prepared a cone of great length comparatively — say six feet long — and whose circumference at base shall at least equal the length of the strip. Let this latter be rolled upon the cone near the base, edge to edge, as above described; then, still keeping edge to edge, and maintaining the parchment close upon the cone, let it be gradually slipped towards the apex. In this process, some of those words, syllables, or letters, whose connection is intended, will be sure to come together at that point of the cone where its diameter equals that of the *scytala* upon which the cipher was written. And as, in passing up the cone to its apex, all possible diameters are passed over, there is no chance of a failure. The circumference of the *scytala* being thus ascertained, a similar one can be made, and the cipher applied to it.

Few persons can be made to believe that it is not quite an easy thing to invent a method of secret writing which shall baffle investigation. Yet it may be roundly asserted that human ingenuity cannot concoct a cipher which human ingenuity cannot resolve. In the facility with which such writing is deciphered, however, there exist very remarkable differences in different intellects. Often, in the case of two individuals of acknowledged equality as regards ordinary mental efforts, it will be found that, while one cannot unriddle the commonest cipher, the other will scarcely be puzzled by the most abstruse. It may be observed, generally, that in such investigations the analytic ability is very forcibly called into action; and, for this reason, cryptographical solutions might with great propriety be introduced into academies, as the means of giving tone to the most important of the powers of mind.

Were two individuals, totally unpractised in cryptography, desirous of holding by letter a correspondence which should be unintelligible to all but themselves, it is most probable that they would at once think of a peculiar alphabet, to which each should have a key. At first it would, perhaps, be arranged that *a* should stand for *x*, *b* for *y*, *c* for *z*, *d* for *w*, &c. &c.; that is to say, the order of the letters would be reversed. Upon second thoughts, this arrangement appearing too obvious, a more complex mode would be adopted. The first thirteen letters might be written beneath the last thirteen, thus:

n o p q r s t u v w x y z
a b c d e f g h i j k l m;

and, so placed, *a* might stand for *n* and *n* for *a*, *o* for *b* and *b* for *o*, &c. &c. This, again, having an air of regularity which might be fathomed, the key alphabet might be constructed absolutely at random.

Thus, a might stand for p
b " " " x
c " " " u
d " " " o, &c.

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The correspondents, unless convinced of their error by the solution of their cipher, would no doubt be willing to rest in this latter arrangement, as affording full security. But if not, they would be likely to hit upon the plan of arbitrary marks used in place of the usual characters. For example,

(might be employed for a
. " " " b
: " " " c
; " " " d
) " " " e, &c.

A letter composed of such characters would have an intricate appearance unquestionably. If, still, however, it did not give full satisfaction, the idea of a perpetually shifting alphabet might be conceived, and thus effected. Let two circular pieces of pasteboard be prepared, one about half an inch in diameter less than the other. Let the centre of the smaller be placed upon the centre of the larger, and secured for a moment from slipping; while *radii* are drawn from the common centre to the circumference of the smaller circle, and thus extended to the circumference of the greater. Let there be twenty-six of these *radii*, forming on each pasteboard twenty-six spaces. In each of these spaces on the under circle write one of the letters of the alphabet, so that the whole alphabet be written — if at random so much the better. Do the same with the upper circle. Now run a pin through the common centre, and let the upper circle revolve, while the under one is held fast. Now stop the revolution of the upper circle, and, while both lie still, write the epistle required; using for *a* that letter in the smaller circle which tallies with *a* in the larger, for *b* that letter in the smaller circle which tallies with *b* in the larger, &c. &c. In order that an epistle thus written may be read by the person for whom it is intended, it is only necessary that he should have in his possession circles constructed as those just described, and that he should know any two of the characters (one in the under and one in the upper circle) which were in juxta-position when his correspondent wrote the cipher. Upon this latter point he is informed by looking at the two initial letters of the document, which serve as a key. Thus, if he sees *a m* at the beginning, he concludes that, by turning his circles so as to put these characters in conjunction, he will arrive at the alphabet employed.

At a cursory glance, these various modes of constructing a cipher seem to have about them an air of inscrutable secresy. It appears almost an impossibility to unriddle what has been put together by so complex a method. And to some persons the difficulty might be great; but to others — to those skilled in deciphering — such enigmas are very simple indeed. The reader should bear in mind that the basis of the whole art of solution, as far as regards these matters, is found in the general principles of the formation of language itself, and thus is altogether independent of the particular laws which govern any cipher, or the construction of its key. The difficulty of reading a cryptographical puzzle is by no means always in accordance with the labor or ingenuity with which it has been constructed. The sole use of the key, indeed, is for those *au fait* to the cipher; in its perusal by a third party, no reference is had to it at all. The lock of the secret is picked. In the different methods of cryptography specified above, it will be observed that there is a gradually increasing complexity. But this complexity is only in shadow. It has no substance whatever. It appertains merely to the formation, and has no bearing upon the solution, of the cipher. The last mode mentioned is not in the least degree more difficult to be deciphered than the first — whatever may be the difficulty of either.

In the discussion of an analogous subject, in one of the weekly papers of this city, about eighteen months ago, the writer of this article had occasion to speak of the application of a rigorous *method* in all forms of thought — of its advantages — of the extension of its use even to what is considered the operation of pure fancy — and thus, subsequently, of the solution of cipher. He even ventured to assert that no cipher, of the character above specified, could be sent to the address of the paper, which he would not be able to resolve. This challenge excited, most unexpectedly, a very lively interest among the numerous readers of the journal. Letters were poured in upon the editor from all parts of the country; and many of the writers of these epistles were so convinced of the impenetrability of their mysteries, as to be at great pains to draw him into wagers on the subject. At the same time, they were not always scrupulous about sticking to the point. The cryptographs were, in numerous instances, altogether beyond the limits defined in the beginning. Foreign languages were employed. Words and sentences were run together without interval. Several alphabets were used in the same cipher. One gentleman, but moderately endowed with conscientiousness, inditing us a puzzle composed of pot-hooks and hangers to which the wildest typography of the office could afford nothing similar, went even so far as to jumble together no less than *seven distinct alphabets*, without intervals between the letters, *or between the lines*. Many of the cryptographs were dated in Philadelphia, and several of those which urged the subject of a bet were written by gentlemen of this city. Out of, perhaps, one hundred ciphers altogether received, there was only one which we did not immediately succeed in resolving. This one we *demonstrated* to be an imposition — that is to say, we fully proved it a jargon of random characters, having no meaning whatever. In respect to the epistle of the seven alphabets, we had the pleasure of completely *nonplus*-ing its inditer by a prompt and satisfactory translation.

The weekly paper mentioned, was, for a period of some months, greatly occupied with the hieroglyphic and cabalistic-looking solutions of the cryptographs sent us from all quarters. Yet with the exception of the writers of the ciphers, we do not believe that any individuals could have been found, among the readers of the journal, who regarded the matter in

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any other light than in that of a desperate humbug. We mean to say that no one really believed in the authenticity of the answers. One party averred that the mysterious figures were only inserted to give a *queer* air to the paper, for the purpose of attracting attention. Another thought it more probable that we not only solved the ciphers, but put them together ourselves for solution. This having been the state of affairs at the period when it was thought expedient to decline farther dealings in necromancy, the writer of this article avails himself of the present opportunity to maintain the truth of the journal in question — to repel the charges of rigmarole by which it was assailed — and to declare, in his own name, that the ciphers were all written in good faith, and solved in the same spirit.

A very common, and somewhat too obvious mode of secret correspondence, is the following. A card is interspersed, at irregular intervals, with oblong spaces, about the length of ordinary words of three syllables in a bourgeois type. Another card is made exactly coinciding. One is in possession of each party. When a letter is to be written, the key-card is placed upon the paper, and words conveying the true meaning inscribed in the spaces. The card is then removed and the blanks filled up, so as to make out a signification different from the real one. When the person addressed receives the cipher, he has merely to apply to it his own card, when the superfluous words are concealed, and the significant ones alone appear. The chief objection to this cryptograph is the difficulty of so filling the blanks as not to give a forced appearance to the sentences. Differences, also, in the handwriting, between the words written in the spaces, and those inscribed upon removal of the card, will always be detected by a close observer.

A pack of cards is sometimes made the vehicle of a cipher, in this manner. The parties determine, in the first place, upon certain arrangements of the pack. For example: it is agreed that, when a writing is to be commenced, a natural sequence of the spots shall be made; with spades at top, hearts next, diamonds next, and clubs last. This order being obtained, the writer proceeds to inscribe upon the top card the first letter of his epistle, upon the next the second, upon the next the third, and so on until the pack is exhausted, when, of course, he will have written fifty-two letters. He now shuffles the pack according to a preconcerted plan. For example: he takes three cards from the bottom and places them at top, then one from top, placing it at bottom, and so on, for a given number of times. This done, he again inscribes fifty-two characters as before, proceeding thus until his epistle is written. The pack being received by the correspondent, he has only to place the cards in the order agreed upon for commencement, to read, letter by letter, the first fifty-two characters as intended. He has then only to shuffle in the manner pre-arranged for the second perusal, to decipher the series of the next fifty-two letters — and so on to the end. The objection to this cryptograph lies in the nature of the missive. *A pack of cards*, sent from one party to another, would scarcely fail to excite suspicion; and it cannot be doubted that it is far better to secure ciphers from being considered as such, than to waste time in attempts at rendering them scrutiny-proof, when intercepted. Experience shows that the most cunningly constructed cryptograph, if suspected, can and will be unriddled.

An unusually secure mode of secret intercommunication might be thus devised. Let the parties each furnish themselves with a copy of the same edition of a book — the rarer the edition the better — as also the rarer the book. In the cryptograph, numbers are used altogether, and these numbers refer to the locality of letters in the volume. For example — a cipher is received commencing, 121–6–8. The party addressed refers to page 121, and looks at the sixth letter from the left of the page in the eighth line from the top. Whatever letter he there finds is the initial letter of the epistle — and so on. This method is very secure; yet it is *possible* to decipher any cryptograph written by its means — and it is greatly objectionable otherwise, on account of the time necessarily required for its solution, even with the key-volume.

It is not to be supposed that Cryptography, as a serious thing, as the means of imparting important information, has gone out of use at the present day. It is still commonly practised in diplomacy; and there are individuals, even now, holding office in the eye of various foreign governments, whose real business is that of deciphering. We have already said that a peculiar mental action is called into play in the solution of cryptographical problems, at least in those of the higher order. Good cryptographists are rare indeed; and thus their services, although seldom required, are necessarily well requited.

An instance of the modern employment of writing in cipher is mentioned in a work lately published by Messieurs Lea & Blanchard, of this city — "Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France." In a notice of Berryer, it is said that a letter being addressed by the Duchess de Berri to the legitimists of Paris, to inform them of her arrival, it was accompanied by a long note in cipher, the key of which she had forgotten to give. "The penetrating mind of Berryer," says the biographer, "soon discovered it. It was this phrase substituted for the twenty-four letters of the alphabet—*Le gouvernement provisoire*."

The assertion that Berryer "soon discovered the key-phrase," merely proves that the writer of these memoirs is entirely innocent of cryptographical knowledge. Monsieur B. no doubt ascertained the key-phrase; but it was merely to satisfy his curiosity, *after the riddle had been read*. He made no use of the key in deciphering. The lock was picked.

In our notice of the book in question (published in the April number of this Magazine) we alluded to this subject thus—

"The phrase '*Le gouvernement provisoire*' is French, and the note in cipher was addressed to Frenchmen. The difficulty of deciphering may well be supposed much greater, had the key been in a foreign tongue; yet any one who will take the trouble

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may address us a note, in the same manner as here proposed; and the key-phrase may be either in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, or Greek, (or in any of the dialects of these languages,) and we pledge ourselves for the solution of the riddle."

This challenge has elicited but a single response, which is embraced in the following letter. The only quarrel we have with the epistle, is that its writer has declined giving us his name in full. We beg that he will take an early opportunity of doing this, and thus relieve us of the chance of that suspicion which was attached to the cryptography of the weekly journal above-mentioned — the suspicion of inditing ciphers to ourselves. The postmark of the letter is *Stonington, Conn.*

S————, Ct., April 21, 1841.

To the Editor of Graham's Magazine.

Sir:—In the April number of your magazine, while reviewing the translation by Mr. Walsh of "Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France," you invite your readers to address you a note in cipher, "the key phrase to which may be either in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin or Greek," and pledge yourself for its solution. My attention being called, by your remarks, to this species of cipher-writing, I composed for my own amusement the following exercises, in the first part of which the key-phrase is in English — in the second in Latin. As I did not see, (by the number for May,) that any of your correspondents had availed himself of your offer, I take the liberty to send the enclosed, on which, if you should think it worth your while, you can exercise your ingenuity.

I am yours, respectfully,

S. D. L.

No. 1.

Cauhiif aud frd sdfiirf ithot tacd wdde rdchfdr tiu fuaefshffheo fdoudf hetmsafhie tuis ied berhchriai fi aeiftdu wn sdaef it iuhfheo hiidohwid wn aen deodsf ths tiu itis hf iaf iuhohcaiin rdffhedr; aer fid auf it fiif fdoudfin oissiehoafheo hefdiihodeod taf wdde odeduniin fdusdr ounsfiouastn. Saen fadohdf it fdoudf ihufheo idud weiie fi fid aeohdoff; fisdfhsdf, A fiacdf idar ief ftaedr aer fid ouiie iuhffde isie ihft fied herd hwid oiiiuheo tiibr, atfdu ithot tahu wdheo sdushffdr fi ouii aoahe, hetiusafhie oiiir wd fuaefshffdr ihft ihffid raeoeu ft af rhfoicdun iiiir befid iefhi fid aswiiafiun dshffid fatdin udaotdr hff rdffheafhil. Ounsfiouastn tiidedu siud suisduin dswuaodf ftifd sirdf it iuhfheo ithot aud uderdudr idohwid iein wn sdaef it fisd desiaefiun wdn ithot sawdf weiie fid udai fhoehthoafhie it fid onatduf dssiindr fi hff siffdffiu.

No. 2.

Ofoiioiiaso ortsiii sov eodisoioe afduiostifoi ft ifivi si tri oistoiv oiniafetsorit ifeov reri inotiiiiv ridiiot, irio rivvio eovit atrotfetsoria aioriti iitri tf oitovin iri aetifei ioreiiit sov usttoi oioittstifo dfti afdooitior trso ifeov tri dfit otftfeov softriedi ft oistoiv oriofiforiti suitteii viireiiitifoi fi tri iarfoisiti, iiti trir uet otiiiotiv uitfti rid io tri eoviieeiiiv rfaaueostr tf rii dftrit tfoeei.

In the solution of the first of these ciphers we had little more than ordinary trouble. The second proved to be exceedingly difficult, and it was only by calling every faculty into play that we could read it at all. The first runs thus.

"Various are the methods which have been devised for transmitting secret information from one individual to another, by means of writing, illegible to any except him for whom it was originally designed; and the art of thus secretly communicating intelligence has been generally termed *cryptography*. Many species of secret writing were known to the ancients. Sometimes a slave's head was shaved, and the crown written upon with some indelible coloring fluid; after which the hair being permitted to grow again, information could be transmitted with little danger that discovery would ensue until the ambulatory epistle safely reached its destination. Cryptography, however, pure, properly embraces those modes of writing which are rendered legible only by means of some explanatory key which makes known the real signification of the ciphers employed to its possessor."

The key-phrase of this cryptograph is — "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The second is thus translated —

"Nonsensical phrases and unmeaning combinations of words, as the learned lexicographer would have confessed himself, when hidden under cryptographic ciphers, serve to *perpdex* the curious enquirer, and baffle penetration more completely than would the most profound *apothems* of learned philosophers. A'struse disquisitions of the scholiasts, were they but presented before him in the undisguised vocabulary of his mother tongue ——"

The last sentence here (as will be seen) is broken off short. The spelling we have strictly adhered to. *D*, by mistake, has been put for *l* in *perplex*.

The key-phrase is — "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*"

In the ordinary cryptograph, as will be seen in reference to most of those we have specified above, the artificial alphabet agreed upon by the correspondents, is employed, letter for letter, in place of the usual or natural one. For example: — two parties wish to communicate secretly. It is arranged before parting that

) shall stand for a
(——— " b
— ——— " c
• ——— " d
. ——— " e
, ——— " f
; ——— " g
: ——— " h
† ——— " i or j
! ——— " k
& ——— " l
0 ——— " m
' ——— " n
† ——— " o
‡ ——— " p
¶ ——— " q
☞ ——— " r
] ——— " s
[——— " t

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£ shall stand for u or v
$ ——— " w
ɟ ——— " x
ɨ ——— " y
 ——— " z

Now the following note is to be communicated—

"We must see you immediately upon a matter of great importance. Plots have been discovered, and the conspirators are in our hands. Hasten!"

These words would be written thus—

$0.£] [ ]..;†£¿00.*ɟ)].&;£‡†')0)[[.☞†';☞.)[?0‡†☞[)'—.‡&†[]:)£.(..'*.]—†£.☞.*)'*—†']‡?☞)[†☞])☞?
?·†£☞:)'*]:))[.'

This certainly has an intricate appearance, and would prove a most difficult cipher to any one not conversant with cryptography. But it will be observed that *a*, for example, is never represented by any other character than), *b* never by any other character than (, and so on. Thus by the discovery, accidental or otherwise, of any one letter, the party intercepting the epistle would gain a permanent and decided advantage; and could apply his knowledge to all the instances in which the character in question was employed throughout the cipher.

In the cryptographs, on the other hand, which have been sent us by our correspondent at Stonington, and which are identical in conformation with the cipher resolved by Berryer, no such permanent advantage is to be obtained.

Let us refer to the second of these puzzles. Its key-phrase runs thus:

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

Let us now place the alphabet beneath this phrase, letter beneath letter—

S|u|a|v|i|t|e|r|i|n|m|o|d|o|f|o|r|t|i|t|e|r|i|n|r|e
A|b|c|d|e|f|g|h|i|j|k|l|m|n|o|p|q|r|s|t|u|v|w|x|y|z

We here see that

a stands for ——— c
d " " ——— m
e " " g, n and z
f " " ——— o
i " " e, i, s and w
m " " ——— k
n " " j and x
o " " l, n and p
r " " h, q, v and y
s " " ——— a
t " " f, r and t
u " " ——— b
v " " ——— d

In this manner *n* stands for two letters, and *e*, *o*, and *t* for three each, while *i* and *r* represent each as many as four. Thirteen characters are made to perform the operations of the whole alphabet. The result of such a key-phrase upon the cipher, is to give it the appearance of a mere medley of the letters *e*, *o*, *t*, *r* and *i*—the latter character greatly predominating, through the accident of being employed for letters which, themselves, are inordinately prevalent in most languages—we mean *e* and *i*.

A letter thus written being intercepted, and the key-phrase unknown, the individual who should attempt to decipher it may be imagined *guessing*, or otherwise attempting to convince himself, that a certain character (*i*, for example,) represented the letter *e*. Looking throughout the cryptograph for confirmation of this idea, he would meet with nothing but a negation of it. He would see the character in situations where it could not possibly represent *e*. He might, for instance, be puzzled by four *i*'s forming of themselves a single word, without the intervention of any other character; in which case, of course, they could not be *all e*'s. It will be seen that the word *wise* might be thus constructed. We say this may be seen *now*, by us, in possession of the key-phrase; but the question will, no doubt, occur, how, *without* the key-phrase, and without cognizance of any single letter in the cipher, it would be possible for the interceptor of such a cryptograph to make any thing of such a word as *iiii*?

But again. A key-phrase might easily be constructed, in which one character would represent seven, eight, or ten letters. Let us then imagine the word *iiiiiiiii* presenting itself in a cryptograph to an individual *without* the proper key-phrase; or, if this be a supposition somewhat too perplexing, let us suppose it occurring to the person for whom the cipher *is* designed, and who *has* the key-phrase. What is he to do with such a word as *iiiiiiiii*? In any of the ordinary books upon Algebra will be found a very concise *formula* (we have not the necessary type for its insertion here) for ascertaining the number of arrangements in which *m* letters may be placed, taken *n* at a time. But no doubt there are none of our readers ignorant of the innumerable combinations which may be made from these ten *i*'s. Yet, unless it occur otherwise by accident, the correspondent receiving the cipher would have to write down all these combinations before attaining the word intended; and even when he had written them, he would be inexpressibly perplexed in selecting the word designed from the vast number of other words arising in the course of the permutation.

To obviate, therefore, the exceeding difficulty of deciphering this species of cryptograph, on the part of the possessors of the key-phrase, and to confine the deep intricacy of the puzzle to those for whom the cipher was not designed, it becomes necessary that some *order* should be agreed upon by the parties corresponding—some order in reference to which those characters are to be read which represent more than one letter—and this *order* must be held in view by the writer of the cryptograph. It may be agreed, for example, that the *first* time an *i* occurs in the cipher, it is to be understood as representing that character which stands against the *first* *i* in the key-phrase; that the *second* time an *i* occurs it must be supposed to represent that letter which stands opposed to the *second* *i* in the key-phrase, &c. &c. Thus the *location* of each cipherical letter must be considered in connexion with the character itself, in order to determine its exact signification.

We say that some pre-concerted *order* of this

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kind is necessary, lest the cipher prove too intricate a lock to yield even to its true key. But it will be evident, upon inspection, that our correspondent at Stonington has inflicted upon us a cryptograph in which *no* order has been preserved; in which many characters, respectively, stand, at absolute random, for many others. If, therefore, in regard to the gauntlet we threw down in April, he should be half inclined to accuse us of braggadocio, he will yet admit that we have *more* than acted up to our boast. If what we then said was not said *suaviter in modo*, what we now do is at least done *fortiter in re*.

In these cursory observations we have by no means attempted to exhaust the subject of Cryptography. With such object in view, a folio might be required. We have indeed mentioned only a few of the ordinary modes of cipher. Even two thousand years ago, Æneas Tacticus detailed twenty distinct methods; and modern ingenuity has added much to the science. Our design has been chiefly suggestive; and perhaps we have already bored the readers of the Magazine. To those who desire farther information upon this topic, we may say that there are extant treatises by Trithemius, Cap. Porta, Vignere, and P. Niceron. The works of the two latter may be found, we believe, in the library of the Harvard University. If, however, there should be sought in these disquisitions — or in any — *rules for the solution* of cipher, the seeker will be disappointed. Beyond some hints in regard to the general structure of language, and some minute exercises in their practical application, he will find nothing upon record which he does not in his own intellect possess.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOWARD PINCKNEY, ETC.

THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

'T was on the outskirts of a wood —
A wood of tall and aged trees,
That gave a charm to solitude,
A murmur to the breeze;
'T was when frequent falls the leaf,
And we begin to say that brief
And briefer grows the day;
When, far away, the evening sky
Looks sad and sober to the eye;
When darker grows the rivulet,
Where, in some tiny eddy's play,
The fallen leaves so fitful fret,
Like Hope, when we would hold it yet,
And it would fain be far away.

How beautiful the beechen tree!
A beechen tree of giant mould,
Whose roots did many a rock unfold,
Entwining them, as you might see:
For, branching from the parent stem,
A velvet moss just covered them;
They sought the nurture of the brook
That from its shade a deep green took,
And murmur'd like the lullaby
Of cradle-watchers, when they look
Upon the infant's closing eye.

Forth stepping like the timid deer,
And hearing her own step with fear,
On came a gentle maid;
She crosses o'er the rivulet:
Her silken slipper is not wet —
Why should she be afraid?
She seems spell-bound, and yet seems not;
If fearful thus, why seek the spot?
Why steps she by the tree?
We have volition where to go,
And we may wander to and fro,
Yet, we may not be free —
For Love, though all unseen his chain,
Will draw us over land and main;
And though we meet as far between
As winter wild from summer green,
Yet Love, like Heaven, will be above
The hearts that truly vow to love.

With step, e'en as the maiden's, light,
But not a step that e'er knew fright,
Comes one with love-lit look;
He clasps her with his arms around,
As is yon water lily bound
By the encircling brook,
And as it palely droops to hear
The music of the whispering water,
She listens with a charmed fear,
Bound by the spell which there has brought her
The while her fair brow bends and beams
Like that pale flower that loves the streams.

How to his heart he holds the flower!
"O! ever blessed be the hour
Which brings thee, Helen, to my side.
Our friends would frown, I know, my bird
If but our slightest word were heard;

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But, oh! thou yet wilt be my bride —
For though we meet here but to part,
'T is not with a divided heart;
Thou wert the soonest here to-day,
But no neglect kept me away;
I know this hour — I know no more —
The rest are but to tell it o'er."

"I came the sooner, love," said she,
With maidenly simplicity —
"Because, before the sun goes down,
Stern darkness in the woods will frown;
And though I reach my home while yet
The red clouds linger in the west,
Methinks dark forms the woods beset;
They trouble me with sad unrest;
How, yester-eve, the big trees moaned!
Methought for me they sighed and groaned:
The screech-owl screeched above my path —
It seemed to haunt me with its wrath:
And all the gentler birds have flown —
The loneliness is all my own!"

"Love, this is autumn now, you know;
To other lands the wild birds go —
They only rest in summer bower,
And only stay while lasts the flower;
But, Helen, not thus let it be
With all this love that binds us now;
In winter, bare will be the tree,
No bird will sing upon the bough —
But see where I have taught the beech,
If either here should roam alone,

Long after this blest hour has flown,
The vows of both to tell to each:
Our names I've circled with a heart,
As thus I hold thee to my own,
And thus, though we afar may part
As ever yet did fond ones sever,
The love that binds us holds forever."

This beech tree was their trysting-place!
There, oft in summer's fragrant eve,
Just when the red sun took his leave —
When the coy moon, with half hid face,
Peeped o'er the eastern hills afar,
With here and there a radiant star;
When twilight came, with sober mien,
And silence brooded o'er the scene —
Thither the maid would often stray,
Humming, may be, a laughing lay,
That told true love was all untrue,
And made of nothing great ado;
She'd have them think, if she were heard,
She scorned the very love she sought,
And that she sung like careless bird —
A maiden who was free in thought:
Who roamed, and, roaming, trolled a glee,
Because she wanted company.

Upon this eve they met to part
Till spring again should clothe the vine;
They pledged their faith with beating heart,
And made the beechen tree their shrine;
He watched her white dress, glimmering bright
Thro' the dark woods: "Good night! good night!"

SYBIL AND MAIDEN.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Sybil.

Why art thou sad? Why droops the willowy lid
O'er the deep fountain of that passionate eye?
What monster in thy bosom's depths is playing,
And heaving thus those delicate billows, which
The wind of thy sweet breath but dares to swell,
Most daintily, and sighs to fly away?

Maiden.

I nothing know, but that in a dream
A spirit of light on the pale moonbeam
Flew into my chamber — and it did seem
Nought but a brighter and purer beam
That had dropped from the beautiful sky,
'Till I wakened — and lo! a lovely mouth,
Whose breath was sweet as winds of the south,
And an eye flashing soft with love and desire,
Which thrilled all my frame with quivering fire,
Peered out, as a cloud swept by;
And a soft voice whispered a thrilling tale,
And my eye grew dim and my red cheek pale.

Sybil.

Thy guest, fair maid, was Love! Nay, do not start,
And turn thy modest eyes upon the moon —
The god within thee but betrays himself
In every graceful motion. Thou dost pant
To learn the mysteries of thy new found worship.
The secret current rushing through thy veins
Makes eloquent music to thy listening heart,
Which beats unconsciously the measure out.
I know thy malady — so come with me:
I'll cure thee with indulgence.

The maiden bent her white and stately neck,
And sounds of joy flew from her parted lips,
Like birds from roses — and the sorceress flung
A dainty chain of gold and gossamer
About her, and with sound of wings and breath
Of fragrance, vanished.

Maiden, look up! behold!
A dark-haired youth, with eyes of burning light,
Kneels gracefully before her; and his words,
Scarce heard for sighs, thrill to the inmost heart
Of that fair listener. He takes her hand —
His arm is round her — kisses warm and sweet
Rain on her lips and eyes — she gasps with joy,
And melts into his arms.

St. Louis, April, 1841.

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Sports and Pastimes.

ANGLING.

The natural history of Fishes may be greatly promoted by anglers, and some knowledge of that history assuredly adds interest to the pursuits of the sportsman. He ought, therefore, to be able to skin and prepare his specimens, to observe and describe them with precision, and to dissect them with sufficient skill to take cognizance both of their external parts and their internal structure. Every naturalist, on the other hand, should be an angler, and that for more reasons than one. In the remoter and less peopled districts of the country, which so frequently present the most interesting fields for observation, he has no means of inspecting the finny tribes, except by capturing them *propriâ manû*, and his doing so will greatly contribute, not only to his scientific knowledge, but his social comfort — trouts when newly angled and nicely fried, being worthy of admiration, as choice productions of nature adorned by the skill of art. But this latter branch of our subject comes so home to the "business and bosoms" of all men, that we need not here dilate upon it.

In the hope, however, that some useful knowledge may be conveyed to the minds of our readers through the medium of the present work, we intend to devote a portion of our space to a brief introduction regarding the organic structure and physiology of fishes. We know, from experience, that time may hang heavy even on the hands of anglers, who are seldom either feeble or faint-hearted men. We know that spring (all genial though it be in poet's fancy) has yet its frequent flaky snows on mead and mountain, its spiky ice along the crystal stream; — that summer in its sunlit splendor suffers its long-enduring droughts, its sudden *speats*, and fearful overflows; — that melancholy autumn, in spite of all its mild effulgence, is not seldom violent, and perturbed

"By lightning, by fierce winds, by trampling waves;"

— and that each of these conditions of time and space is adverse to the angler's art. Even with every sweet advantage yielded by cheerful spring, by glorious summer, by refulgent autumn (we now seek to soothe the seasons by more endearing terms), daylight does not last for ever, and so the angler cannot always ply his trade. Of night-fishing we seldom think — except in murmuring dreams of rheumatism and water-rats — and eye-sight often fails,

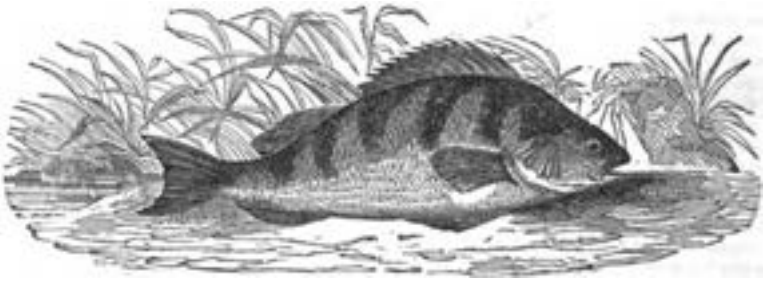
> "When comes still evening on, and twilight grey
> Has in her sober livery all things clad."

Moreover, it is chiefly the home-hunting angler, he whose "lines have fallen in pleasant places," who dwells habitually by river side, or sees "beneath the opening eyelids of morn" some broad lake gladdening his daily gaze — in moonlight sparkling with bright columnar fire within its cincturing trees, or greener margins — he, or some happy friend who shares his dwelling, alone can cast his angles in the night. No man, who "long in populous city pent," wanders for a time in lonesome gladness by the side of glittering waters, can wait with patience for a summer night, however beautiful may be the countless stars —

> "That sparkle in the firmament of June."

Whether he will or no, he must wend his way to grassy bank, or pebbly shore, or alder-skirted brink, and if there he fishes all the live-long day, he cannot fish at night, at least he ought not so to do. He who spareth not the rod hateth himself, and produces a degree of fatigue and satiety which ought never to mingle with his healthful toil.

Suppose, then, that the gentle reader does not fish at night, that he dines heartily (*sero sed serio*), imbibes moderately, takes tea sedately, and has still an hour to spare before a light supper — let him read this article, and we promise to be as little prolix as we can.



THE PERCH.

This gregarious fish is angled for with a worm or minnow. It is a bold biter during the warm months of the year, though very abstemious in the winter season. When a shoal is met with, great sport is frequently obtained. A small cork float is used, and the bait is hung at various depths, according to circumstances, a knowledge of which can only be obtained by practice. In angling near the bottom, the bait should be frequently raised nearly to the surface, and then allowed gently to sink again. When the weather is cool and cloudy, with a ruffling breeze from the south, perch will bite during the whole day. The best hours towards the end of spring are from seven to eleven in the morning, and from two to six in the afternoon. In warm and bright summer weather, excellent times are from sunrise till six or

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seven in the morning, and from six in the evening till sunset.

The Perch is one of the most beautiful of the fresh water fishes, but is too familiarly known to need description. It inhabits both lakes and rivers, but shuns salt water. Pallas, however, is said to have stated in his *Zoographia Russo-Asiatica* (a work still unpublished), that about spawning time both Pike and Perch are found in a gulf of the Caspian Sea, about thirty versts from the mouth of the Terek. The female deposits her eggs, united together by a viscid matter, in lengthened strings — a peculiarity noticed by Aristotle. Spawning takes place in April and May, and the number of eggs sometimes amounts to near a million. The Perch occurs all over Europe, and in most of the northern districts of Asia. It is easily tamed, and if kept moist will live for a long time out of water. It sometimes attains to a great size, but the majority are smallish fishes. Pennant alludes to one said to have been taken in the Serpentine River, Hyde Park, which weighed nine pounds. But even one half of that weight would be anywhere regarded as extraordinary, and a Perch of a pound is looked upon as a fine fish. The flesh of this species as an article of food is wholesome, though neither rich nor high flavoured. The months of April, May, and June, are those during which it is least esteemed.

The Basse, or Sea Perch, (*Perca labrax*, Linn. *Labrax lupus*, Cuv. and Val.) is a fish of a chaste and pleasing aspect, though destitute of the strongly contrasted coloring of the preceding, from which it is also distinguished by an abundance of small teeth upon the tongue. It is abundant in the Mediterranean. It is a very voracious fish, remarkable for the size of its stomach, and was known to the ancients by the appropriate name of *lupus*. It takes a bait freely (*onieci*, broken shell-fish, etc.) when angled for during flood-tide, with strong tackle, from projecting rock or pier. The ordinary size ranges from 12 to 18 inches, although Willoughby has stated that it sometimes attains the weight of 15 pounds. Its flesh is excellent.

EXTERNAL FORM AND ATTRIBUTES OF FISHES.

To aid the Angler in his scientific researches, as well as to add to the interest of the ordinary observer, we now proceed to a brief exposition of the principal characteristics of the *class* of fishes, and shall, at an after period, expatiate upon the more peculiar attributes of each particular kind, when we come to treat of the *species* in their order.

We need scarcely say to the student of nature, that the form and functions of fishes are as admirably adapted for easy movement through the water, as are those of birds for that aërial motion called flight. Suspended in a liquid element of almost equal specific gravity with themselves, external organs resembling those of birds in size, would have been disproportionate and unnecessary; but the air-bladder (the functions of which, by no means entirely understood, have never been satisfactorily explained in all their bearings) is known to possess the power of contraction and dilatation, the exercise of which is followed by a corresponding descent or ascent of the animal's body. Thus a small central and inconspicuous organ effects, in the easiest and most simple manner, the same object which even the soaring eagle or giant condor can only accomplish by great exertion of the wings, and after laborious and frequently repeated gyrations. We shall ere long, however, have occasion to remark in more detail, that the air-bladder, although essential to the economy of such species as possess it, is by no means indispensable as a general attribute of the class, as in many tribes it is entirely wanting. It is not even a generic characteristic, as it does not exist in the red mullets of the British seas, though possessed by the corresponding species of Asia and America — while of our two kinds of mackerel, the so called Spanish species (*Scomber colias*) is distinguished by a swimming bladder, and the common mackerel (*Sc. scomber*) does not possess that organ.

Fishes being without a neck, and the portion called the tail being usually equal at its origin to the part of the body from which it springs, the prevailing shape is somewhat uniform and continuous, diminishing gradually towards either extremity. Of this, the most elegant and characteristic form of fishes, the salmon and mackerel exhibit familiar examples. Yet a vast variety of shape, as well as of size and colour, is naturally presented by a class which now contains some seven or eight thousand known species; and no further illustration of the subject will be deemed necessary by him who has seen and remembers the difference between an eel and a skate.

The mouth of fishes either opens from beneath, as in the rays, or at the extremity of the muzzle, as in the great majority of species, or from the upper surface, as in a small foreign group called *Uranoscopus*, or moon-gazer — an odd name for species, some of which have been alleged to bury themselves to the depth of twenty feet in sand — a bed not easily obtained, and in no way fitted for astronomical observation. It also varies much in its relative dimensions, from the minute perforation of the genus *Centriscus*, to the vast expanded gape of the ugly angler-fish. We mean nothing personal in the last allusion.

The teeth of fishes are frequently very numerous, and are sometimes spread over all the bony parts of the interior cavity of the mouth and pharynx, that is, on the maxillary, inter-maxillary and palatal bones, on the vomer, tongue, branchial arches, and pharyngeal bones. In certain genera they exist on all those parts; while in others they are wanting on some, or are even entirely absent on all. The denominations of the teeth are derived from their position, that is from the bones to which they are attached, and are consequently as numerous as the varieties of their situation. In the upper portion of the mouth of a trout, for example, there are five rows of teeth. The single middle-row is placed upon the central bone of the mouth called the *vomer*; a row on each side of it is fixed on the right and left *palatal* bones, while the outer-rows or those of the upper-jaw, properly so called, are situate on the *maxillary* bones. In the under portion of the mouth there are four rows, that is, one on each side of the tongue, and another external to these on each side of the lower-jaw. As to the form of teeth in fishes, the majority are hooked and conical, and more or less acute.

In the majority of osseous fishes, besides the lips, which, even when fleshy, having no peculiar muscles, can exert but little strength in retaining the aliments, there is generally in the inside of each jaw, behind the anterior teeth, a kind of membranous fold or valvule, formed by a replication of the interior skin, and directed backwards, of which the effect is to hinder the alimentary substances, and especially the water gulped during respiration, from escaping again by the mouth. This structure does not, as formerly supposed, constitute a character restricted to the genus *Zeus*, but exists in an infinity of fishes.

The food seized by the teeth of the maxillæ, and detained by the valve just mentioned, is carried still further backwards by the teeth of the palate and tongue, when these exist, and is at the same time prevented by the dentations of the branchial arches from penetrating between the intervals of the branchiæ, where it might injure those delicate organs of respiration. The movements of the maxillæ and tongue can thus send the food only in the direction of the pharynx, where it undergoes additional action on the part of the teeth of the pharyngeal bones, which triturate or carry it backwards into the œsophagus. The last-named portion is clothed by a layer of strong, close set, muscular fibres, sometimes forming various bundles, the contractions of which push the alimentary matter into the stomach — thus completing the act of deglutition.

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"AWAY, THEN, TO THE MOUNTAINS:"

WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO

A FAVORITE MELODY

FROM

Amilie,

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

Philadelphia: John F. Nunns' Copyright, 184 Chesnut Street.



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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Grammar of the English Language, in a series of Letters, addressed to every American Youth. By Hugh A. Pue. *Philadelphia: Published by the Author.*

This is the title of a queer little book, which its author regards as "not only necessary, but urgently called for," because not only "the mass of the people are ignorant of English Grammar, but because those who profess great knowledge of it, and even those who make the teaching of it their business, will be found, upon examination, to be very far from understanding its principles."

Whether Mr. P. proceeds upon the safe old plan of *Probo meliora, deteriora sequor*—whether he is one of "the mass," and means to include himself among the ignoramuses—or whether he is only a desperate quiz—we shall not take it upon ourselves to say; but the fact is clear that, in a Preface of less than two small duodecimo pages (the leading object of which seems to be an eulogy upon one William Cobbett), he has given us some half dozen distinct instances of bad Grammar.

"For these purposes," says he—that is to say—the purposes of instructing mankind and enlightening "every American youth" without exception—"for these purposes, I have written my lessons in a series of letters. A mode that affords more opportunity for plainness, familiarity, instruction, and entertainment, than any other. A mode that was adopted by Chesterfield, in his celebrated instructions on politeness. A mode that was adopted by Smollett, in many of his novels, which, even at this day, hold a distinguished place in the world of fiction. A mode that was adopted by William Cobbett, not only in his admirable treatise on English Grammar, but in nearly every work that he wrote." "To Mr. Cobbett," adds the instructor of every American youth—"to Mr. Cobbett I acknowledge myself *indebted* for the greater part of the grammatical knowledge which I possess." Of the fact stated there can be no question. Nobody but Cobbett could have been the grammatical Mentor of Mr. Pue, whose book (which is *all* Cobbett) speaks plainly upon the point—nothing but the ghost of William Cobbett, looking over the shoulder of Hugh A. Pue, could have inspired the latter gentleman with the bright idea of stringing together four consecutive sentences, in each of which the leading nominative noun is destitute of a verb.

Mr. Pue may attempt to justify his phraseology here, by saying that the several sentences, quoted above, commencing with the words, "A mode," are merely continuations of the one beginning "For these purposes;" but this is no justification at all. By the use of the period, he has rendered each sentence distinct, and each must be examined as such, in respect to its grammar. We are only taking the liberty of condemning Mr. P. by the words of his own mouth. Turning to page 72, where he treats of punctuation, we read as follows:—"The full point is used at the end of every complete sentence; and a complete sentence is a collection of words making a complete sense, without being dependent upon another collection of words to convey the full meaning intended." Now, what kind of a meaning can we give to such a sentence as "A mode that was adopted by Chesterfield in his celebrated instructions on politeness," if we are to have "no dependence upon" the sentences that precede it? But, even in the supposition that these five sentences had been run into one, as they should have been, they would still be ungrammatical. For example—"For these purposes I have written my lessons in a series of letters—a mode that affords more opportunity for plainness, familiarity, instruction, and entertainment than any other—a mode, etc." This would have been the proper method of punctuation. "A mode" is placed in apposition with "a series of letters." But it is evident that it is *not* the "series of letters" which is the "mode." It is *the writing the lessons* in a series which is so. Yet, in order that the noun "mode" can be properly placed in apposition with what precedes it, this latter must be either a noun, or a sentence, which, taken collectively, can serve as one. Thus, in any shape, all that we have quoted is bad grammar.

We say "*bad grammar*," and say it through sheer obstinacy, because Mr. Pue says we should not. "Why, what is grammar?" asks he indignantly. "Nearly all grammarians tell us that grammar is the writing and speaking of the English language correctly. What then is bad grammar? Why bad grammar must be the bad writing and speaking of the English language correctly!!" We give the two admiration notes and all.

In the first place, if grammar be only the writing and speaking the *English* language correctly, then the French, or the Dutch, or the Kickapoos are miserable, ungrammatical races of people, and have no hopes of being anything else, unless Mr. Pue proceeds to their assistance:—but, let us say nothing of this for the present. What we wish to assert is, that the usual definition of grammar, as "the writing and speaking *correctly*," is an error which should have been long ago exploded. Grammar is the analysis of language, and this analysis will be *good* or *bad*, just as the capacity employed upon it be weak or strong—just as the grammarian be a Horne Tooke or a Hugh A. Pue.

But perhaps, after all, we are treating this gentleman discourteously. His book may be merely intended as a good joke. By the bye, he says in his Preface, that "while he informs the student, he shall take particular care to *entertain* him." Now, the truth is, we have been exceedingly entertained. In such passages as the following, however, which we find upon the second page of the Introduction, we are really at a loss to determine whether it is the *utile* or the *dulce* which prevails. We give the italics of Mr. Pue; without which, indeed, the singular force and beauty of the paragraph cannot be duly appreciated.

"The *proper* study of English grammar, so far from being *dry*, is one of the most rational enjoyments known to us; one that is highly calculated to rouse the dormant energies of the student; it requiring continual mental effort; unceasing exercise of mind. It is, in fact, the *spreading of a thought-producing plaster of paris upon the extensive grounds of intellect!* It is the parent of idea, and great causation of reflection; the mighty *instigator of insurrection in the interior*; and, above all, the unflinching *champion of internal improvement!*"

We know nothing about plaster of Paris; but the analogy which subsists between ipecac and grammar—at least between ipecac and the grammar of Mr. Pue—never, certainly, struck us in so clear a point of view, as it does now.

But, after all, whether Mr. P.'s queer little book shall or shall not meet the views of "Every American Youth," will depend pretty much upon another question of high moment—whether "Every American Youth" be or be not as great a nincompoop as Mr. Pue.

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Powhatan; a Metrical Romance, in Seven Cantos. By SEBA SMITH. *New York: Harper and Brothers.*

What few notices we have seen of this poem, speak of it as the production of *Mrs.* Seba Smith. To be sure, gentlemen may be behind the scenes, and know more about the matter than we do. They may have some private reason for understanding that black is white — some reason into which we, personally, are not initiated. But, to ordinary perception, "Powhatan" is the composition of Seba Smith, *Esquire*, of Jack Downing memory, and *not* of his wife. *Seba Smith* is the name upon the title-page; and the personal pronoun which supplies the place of this well-known prænomen and cognomen in the preface, is, we are constrained to say, of the masculine gender. "The author of Powhatan," — thus, for example, runs a portion of the prolegomena — "does not presume to claim for *his* production the merit of good and genuine poetry, nor does *he* pretend to assign it a place in the classes or forms into which poetry is divided" — in all which, by the way, he is decidedly right. But can it be that no gentleman has *read* even so far as the Preface of the book? Can it be that the critics have had no curiosity to creep into the *adyta* — into the inner mysteries of this temple? If so, they are decidedly right too.

"Powhatan" is handsomely bound. Its printing is clear beyond comparison. Its paper is magnificent, and we undertake to say (for *we have* read it through with the greatest attention) that there is not a single typographical error in it, from one end to the other. Further than this, in the way of commendation, no man with both brains and conscience should proceed. In truth, a more absurdly *flat* affair — for flat is the only epithet which applies in this case — was never before paraded to the world, with so grotesque an air of bombast and assumption.

To give some idea of the *tout ensemble* of the book — we have first a Dedication to the "Young People of the United States," in which Mr. Jack Downing lives, in "the hope that he may do some good in his day and generation, by adding something to the sources of rational enjoyment and *mental culture*." Next, we have a Preface, occupying four pages, in which, quoting his publishers, the author tells us that poetry is a "very great bore, and won't sell" — a thing which cannot be denied in certain cases, but which Mr. Downing denies in his own. "It may be true," he says, "of endless masses of words, that are poured forth from the press, under the *name* of poetry" — but it is not true "of *genuine* poetry — of that which is worthy of the name" — in short, we presume he means to say it is not in the least little bit true of "Powhatan;" with regard to whose merits he wishes to be tried, not by the critics (we fear, in fact, that here it is the critics who will be tried), "but by the *common* taste of *common* readers" — all which ideas are common enough, to say no more.

We have next, a "Sketch of the Character of Powhatan," which is exceedingly interesting and commendable, and which is taken from Burk's "History of Virginia:" — four pages more. Then comes a *Poem* — four pages more — forty-eight lines — twelve lines to a page — in which all that we can understand, is something about the name of "Powhatan"

> "Descending to a distant age,
> Embodied forth on the deathless page"

of the author — that is to say, of Jack Downing, Esquire. We have now, one after the other, CANTOS one, two, three, four, five, six, and seven — each subdivided into PARTS, by means of Roman numerals — some of these PARTS comprehending as many as six lines — upon the principle, we presume, of packing up precious commodities in small bundles. The volume then winds up with *Notes*, in proportion of three to one, as regards the amount of text, and taken, the most of them, from Burk's Virginia, as before.

It is very difficult to keep one's countenance when reviewing such a *work* as this; but we will do our best, for the truth's sake, and put on as serious a face as the case will admit.

The leading fault of "Powhatan," then, is precisely what its author supposes to be its principal merit. "It would be difficult," he says, in that pitiable preface, in which he has so exposed himself, "to find a poem that embodies more truly the spirit of history, or indeed that follows out more faithfully many of its details. It would, indeed; and we are very sorry to say it. The truth is, Mr. Downing has never dreamed of any artistic *arrangement* of his facts. He has gone straight forward, like a blind horse, and turned neither to the one side nor to the other, for fear of stumbling. But he gets them all in — every one of them — the facts we mean. Powhatan never did anything in his life, we are sure, that Mr. Downing has not got in his poem. He begins at the beginning, and goes on steadily to the end — painting away at his story, just as a sign-painter at a sign; beginning at the left hand side of his board, and plastering through to the right. But he has omitted one very ingenious trick of the sign-painter. He has forgotten to write under his portrait — "*this is a pig*," and thus there is some danger of mistaking it for an opossum.

But we are growing scurrilous, in spite of our promise, and must put on a sober visage once more. It *is* a hard thing, however, when we have to read and write about such doggrel as this:

> "But bravely to the river's brink
> I led my warrior train,
> And face to face, each glance they sent,
> We sent it back again.
> *Their werowance looked stern at me,*
> *And I looked stern at him,*
> And all my warriors clasped their bows,
> And nerved each heart and limb.
> I raised my heavy war-club high,
> And swung it fiercely round,
> And shook it towards the shallop's side,
> Then laid it on the ground.
> And then the lighted calumet
> I offered to their view,
> And thrice I drew the sacred smoke,
> And toward the shallop blew.
> And as the curling vapour rose
> Soft as a spirit prayer,
> I saw the pale-face leader wave
> A white flag in the air.
> Then launching out their painted skiff
> They boldly came to land,
> And spoke us many a kindly word,
> And took us by the hand.
> Presenting rich and shining gifts,
> Of copper, brass, and beads,
> To show that they were men like us,
> And prone to generous deeds.
> We held a long and friendly talk,
> Inquiring whence they came,
> And who the leader of their band,
> And what their country's name.
> And how their mighty shallop moved
> Across the boundless sea,
> And why they touched our great king's land
> Without his liberty."

It won't do. We cannot sing to this tune any longer. We greatly prefer,

> "John Gilpin was a gentleman
> Of credit and renown,
> A train-band captain eke was he
> Of famous London town."

Or—

> "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
> We ne'er shall see him more,
> He used to wear an over-coat
> All buttoned down before"—

or lines to that effect — we wish we could remember the words. The part, however, about

> "Their werowance look'd stern at me,
> And I looked stern at him"—

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is not quite *original* with Mr. Downing — is it? We merely ask for information. Have we not heard something about

"An old crow sitting on a hickory limb,
Who winked at me, and I winked at him."

The simple truth is, that Mr. Downing never committed a greater mistake in his life than when he fancied himself a poet, even in the ninty-ninth degree. We doubt whether he could distinctly state the difference between an epic and an epigram. And it will not do for him to appeal from the critic to *common* readers — because we assure him his book is a very uncommon book. We never saw any one so uncommonly bad — nor one about whose parturition so uncommon a fuss has been made, so little to the satisfaction of common sense. Your poem is a curiosity, Mr. Jack Downing; your "Mourical Romance" is not worth a single half sheet of the paste-board upon which it is printed. This is our humble and honest opinion; and, although honest opinions are not very plentiful just now, you can have ours at what it is worth. But we wish, before parting, to ask you one question. What do you mean by that motto from Sir Philip Sidney, upon the title-page? "He cometh to you with a tale that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner." What do you mean by it, we say. Either you cannot intend to apply it to the "*tale*" of Powhatan, or else all the "old men" in your particular neighbourhood must be *very* old men; and all the "little children" a set of dunder-headed little ignoramuses.

Miscellanies of Literature. By the Author of Curiosities of Literature. 3 vols. J. & H. Langley, New York: 1841.

These volumes remind us of Coke upon Lyttleton, with which whilom we were wont to be delighted; for they are full of the same odd conceits, and present the same crude mass of undigested learning. Facts which no one else would ever have hunted up from the shelves of dusty libraries; theories which hitherto no man thought of substantiating by a reference to biography or history; ideas, which are oddities in themselves, and which are presented in the quaintest style; and illustrations of notions that no one else would ever have thought of, or which, if thought of, would not have been dressed up in so outlandish a manner, are all marshalled together here in disorderly array, pushing, jostling, and crowding each other until they remind one of Falstaff's valorous regiment, or a militia training in a midland county.

Seriously, however, these miscellanies embody a vast amount of out-of-the-way intelligence, interesting to the general, but absolutely necessary to the literary reader. No man but D'Israeli would ever have had the patience to compile such a work. His ideas on the literary character; his observations on men of genius; and his sketch of King James the first, embody a vast body of undigested facts that must have consumed years merely in their collection. Industry, however, is the only merit of these volumes: in arranging this vast mass of truths, D'Israeli has shown anything but a comprehensive mind.

The work is got up in fine style, as what work is not, when issued by the Langleys?

Carleton, A Tale of Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

We have heard this novel attributed to a gentleman of Philadelphia, and also to a citizen of New York. The question appears to be a moot one still, but, like many other moot points, is one of amazingly little importance. The book seems to be the composition of a young man, well educated in consonance with some of those Pharisaical literary creeds which are all-potent in deadening the higher powers in favor of the common-place. He has been taught *propriety* as the chief of the cardinal virtues, and instructed to regard *originality* as the sum total of the cardinal sins. His peculiar intellect, at the same time, has been a soil precisely adapted for the seed sown. In regard to "Carleton," we may say in its behalf that its style is strikingly *correct*, and that its incidents and its reflections never, even by accident, startle us into unpleasant excitement. With this peace-offering upon the shrine of the *decorous*, we now take the liberty of throwing the book out of the window.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest; With Anecdotes of their Courts; Now first Published from Official Records and Other Authentic Documents, Private as well as Public. From the Second London Edition, with Corrections and Additions. By AGNES STRICKLAND. *Vols. 1 and 2. Lea & Blanchard. Philadelphia.*

This book has been well received in England, and justly so. Its design is obviously good, and its execution does honor to the fair author — for in this instance it is scarcely right to call her a compiler. The work is quite as original as any similar work can be. The task of composing it has been an arduous one indeed; and there are few women who could have accomplished it, as we see it accomplished. The ground upon which Mrs. Strickland has so boldly yet judiciously ventured is one hitherto unbroken, and, although she has trodden among flowers, she has not escaped the delving drudgery of the pioneer. In short, a deep research has been demanded for this labor, in quarters far out of the reach of the ordinary investigator.

The title, although comprehensive, does not fully indicate the book. We have not only the Lives of the Queens from the Norman Conquest, but, in the Introduction, notices of the ancient British and Saxon ones. The Empress Matilda is included among the former; although she has never been so ranked by any previous historian. In this our author is fully justified, however; for Matilda, who herself claimed no title beyond that of "Domina of England," was queen *de jure*, and, in a historical view, a monarch of high importance, as the mother of the Plantagenets, and the uniting link of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman dynasties. The materials of which her memoir is composed are derived chiefly from Norman and Latin chronicles, never before translated.

These volumes are sufficiently well done in a mechanical point of view. The lithograph portrait of Matilda, however, is greasy and ineffective, and typographical blunders obscure the meaning of many important passages. In the very first paragraph of the Introduction, for instance, we have Solent *faminrum* ductu bellare; a sentence which we are quite sure was never put together by Tacitus, from whose Life of Agricola it is taken.

The book, upon the whole, is one of rich interest and value, and must find a place in every historical library.

The History of a Flirt. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia: 1841.

This novel displays considerable ability, wasted on very common-place incidents. If the author will undertake a subject worthy of her talents — are we wrong in fancying the writer a lady? — we may yet hail her as a novelist of no slight pretensions.

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Outlines of Geography and History, presenting a Concise View of the World. By FREDERICK EMERSON, *author of the North American Arithmetic. Hogan & Thompson: Philadelphia.*

The Preface of this little work greatly interested us in its favor, and a careful examination of its contents did not lessen the interest. In its arrangement, Geography and History are combined — the former being the leading topic, and the latter the concomitant. The author's observations, in respect to this junction, are just. The two subjects are so intimately connected in their own nature, that, however they may be separated in books, they can never be disconnected in the mind. The simultaneous study of both, properly connected, secures the learner from imbibing false notions of either.

The book is concise, but accurate, and well adapted either for a prefatory text-book, or for those whose limited school-time will not allow them to go through with a more diffuse system. It is very neatly and substantially gotten up.

The Works of Lord Bolingbroke, with a Life, prepared expressly for this Edition, containing additional information relative to his Personal and Private Character: 4 vols. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia. 1841.

An American edition of the works of Lord Bolingbroke has long been a *desideratum* to the scholar, and it is with no little pride we record that to Philadelphia we are indebted for so elegant an edition of them, as now lies before us. The typography of these volumes would do credit to the famous London press. With the exception of a few costly works published from time to time in our country, this edition of Lord Bolingbroke is unrivalled as a work of art.

The volumes before us contain the various political and philosophical writings of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke. Of these, the political tracts are the most valuable: in a measure, for their matter, but chiefly for their style. Among these, the "Dissertation on Parties," the "Letter to Sir Wm. Wyndham," the "Idea of a Patriot King," and the letters "on the study of History," are the most celebrated. The philosophical essays, occupying two of the volumes on our table, are comparatively valueless, and inferior, both in style and matter, to the political tracts. They are deeply imbued with the sceptical opinions of the author, and we should have willingly seen them omitted in this edition, if it were possible to get up a complete one, with nearly one half of the author's works left out. Little, therefore, as we value the philosophical works of Bolingbroke, we commend the publishers for not expunging them as too many others would have done.

The style of Bolingbroke is unrivalled. No library is perfect without his works, and they should be studied by the public speaker, or the author, night and day. We boldly aver that there does not exist a writer in the language, the reading of whose works, so far as diction is concerned, would be more beneficial to young men. Bolingbroke's choice of words is singularly fine. Nothing can be clearer, stronger, or more copious than his language. Terse, nervous, epigrammatic; diffuse in general, but condensed when necessary; at times racy, at times vehement, at times compact as iron; rhetorical, yet easy; elegant, yet convincing; bold, rapid and declamatory, his writings carry one away like a spoken harangue, without betraying the carelessness of the extemporaneous style. The very absence of method, which, in others, would be faulty, is, in Bolingbroke, from the air of frankness it gives to his cause, and its consistency with his essentially oratorical style, a merit: at least not a defect. In grace he has no equal. The euphony of his sentences is like the liquid flow of a river. No writer in the English tongue so much resembles Cicero — to our mind — as Bolingbroke. Burke has been called his rival here; but Burke wanted the ease, the elegance, the chastened imagery of Tully, and in all of these St. John rivalled the friend of Atticus. Deeply imbued with the Latin literature, Bolingbroke has caught, as it were, the spirit of the Augustan age; and we feel, in perusing his pages, the same chastened delight which we enjoy over no modern, and only over Tully among the ancients.

We repeat it: no library is complete without these volumes. Hitherto, the difficulty of obtaining a set of Bolingbroke's Works, and the high price at which the English editions were sold, have confined the study of his writings comparatively to a few.

The life of Bolingbroke, affixed to these volumes, is altogether a mongrel affair, being made up of shreds and patches, like an old grandam's best bed-quilt. The text is Goldsmith, interpolated with Brougham, Cooke, and the Encyclopædia. It is true, the preface states this at large, but it also conveys the impression that the memoir has been re-written, and that only the *materials* have been used. Now, if so, a more unequal, ragged, piebald piece of composition was never perpetrated than this same memoir, and the author — if any one but a pair of scissors there be — ought to be condemned to the now obsolete, but not less effective punishment, of the cutty-stool. If ever a man deserved a horse-pond, it is the inditer of this biography.

A Memoir of the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew. With an Account of the Rise and Progress of Temperance in Ireland. By the Reverend James Bermingham, of Borisokane. Edited by P. H. MORRIS, M. D., *and by whom is added the Evil Effects of Drunkenness Physiologically Explained. Alexander V. Blake: New York.*

It is scarcely too much to say that the Temperance Reformation is the most important which the world ever knew. Yet its *great* feature has never yet been made a subject of comment. We mean that of adding to man's happiness (the ultimate object of *all* reform), not by the difficult and equivocal process of multiplying his pleasures, in their external regard, but by the simple and most effectual one of exalting his capacity for enjoyment. The temperate man carries within his own bosom, under all circumstances, the true, the only elements of bliss.

The book before us will essentially aid the good cause. The memoir of Mathew is deeply interesting; but, excellent as it is, we prefer the essay of Dr. Morris on "the Effects of Drunkenness Physiologically considered." Through the influence of the physical, rather than of the moral suggestions against alcohol, the permanency of the temperance reform will be made good. Convince the world that spirituous liquors are poison to the body, and it will be scarcely necessary to add that they are ruin to the soul.

The Life and Land of Burns: 1 vol. *J. & H. Langley: New York.* 1841.

This is an excellent work, got up in a style of exceeding beauty. The Langleys, indeed, are becoming celebrated for the beauty of their publications.

An essay by Carlyle, written in his usual barbarous style, but sparkling with brilliant thoughts, like diamonds in a mine, forms one of the chief features of the contents.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE PENITENT SON.

"FATHER, only look at him — do but hear him!" said the soft, entreating voice of the daughter, as she looked up imploringly into her parent's face, while the sobs of the penitent son shook his frame with agony.

James Vernon was the only son of two doating parents, and the heir of a splendid fortune. Gratified in his every wish, and left almost without restraint, he had grown up that most fatal of all things, a spoiled child; and had it not been for a naturally frank and generous disposition, he would have been ruined by indulgence even in his boyhood. When, however, at fifteen, he left home for college, he still possessed the elements of a noble character, and had he then been entrusted to a careful tutor, he might have been saved years of folly and subsequent misery. But, thrown among the hundreds of youth of his own age who thronged the institution whither he was sent, with no one to guide him aright, and habits of wilfulness, contracted at home, to urge him on wherever whim might lead him, he soon fell into the temptations incident to a large college, and, without intending evil so much as seeking for amusement, became notorious for his frolics, idleness, and even dissipation. He had not been at the university a year before his name was regarded as that of the worst member of his class. His progress in study was deficient, and his expenses great. His doating father at first overlooked his son's irregularities, thinking they would soon wear off; but when term after term elapsed, and there was no appearance of reformation, he expostulated strongly, almost sternly, with his child. For a time James was moved, and almost shook off his unworthy companions. But the effort to cut loose from them altogether required more energy than he was capable of, and as no reformation can be lasting when only half complete, he soon relapsed into his old habits, and, before the term was up, was as notorious as ever for being the leader in every mischievous or even disreputable action. This could not last. More than once he had been warned by the faculty, and weekly — almost daily — did his friends, by letter, expostulate with him. Frank, generous and good-intentioned, he constantly determined to amend his conduct; but his very open-heartedness, by rendering him incapable of resisting temptation, prevented every lasting effort at reformation. Each failure likewise placed him more and more in the power of his gay companions. The result is easily told. In his second year, he was detected in a flagrant violation of the college rules, and, as expostulation had been used again and again in vain, he was expelled from the university. The blow fell like a thunderbolt on his parents. His father was a rigidly correct, and withal a proud man, and, in proportion to the affection with which he regarded his son, was the conviction of the disgrace thus brought upon his name. In the first emotions of his anger, he almost vowed never to look on the face of his son again. But the prayers of the fond mother at length prevailed; he relented, and James was once more received under the paternal roof.

It must not be supposed that the youth was callous to his disgrace. He felt it acutely, and the more acutely because, as every good principle was not yet eradicated from his heart, he was conscious that he deserved his degradation. He saw, too, how deeply injured were the feelings of his parents; and he determined to thoroughly reform. He kept his word. For the year that he remained under the paternal roof, he seemed another being. But, in a fatal hour, his father yielded to his solicitations to allow him to study a profession, and he was accordingly sent to Philadelphia, to commence a course of lectures at the celebrated university of that city. Who might not have foretold the result? Almost imperceptibly, and, to a disposition like his, unavoidably, he was seduced back into his old courses, and, before the winter was over, he became once more celebrated as one of the most idle and dissipated students of his class. The arrival of a few of his old companions in college, to begin their studies for a profession, completed his ruin. He plunged into every extravagance. His allowance, liberal as it was, fell far short of his expenses. His bills soon accumulated to a fearful amount. Dreading to acquaint his parent with their extent, and in order to relieve himself from their load, he did what hitherto he had shunned — he re-

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sorted to the gaming table. For a while he was successful, for he had always been accounted a skilful player, and believing he now had a resource for every emergency, he plunged still deeper into extravagance of every character. But suddenly his luck failed him. He lost. Again he essayed to retrieve his fortune — again he was unsuccessful. His bills had meantime accumulated to a fearful amount; and knowing that he had no hope for succor from his parent, he made a desperate attempt to retrieve his losses. It was in vain. Not only did he fail to retrieve his luck, but he went forth a ruined man, having involved himself even still deeper. For a while he was frantic with despair. As a last resort, he determined on applying to his mother, well knowing that she would look with more leniency on him than his sterner father would. He waited breathlessly for an answer. It came, directed in his father's handwriting. He opened the epistle with a trembling hand, and beating heart, and read as follows:

"Sir,

Your letter found your mother on a sick bed, unable to receive any intelligence, and, as we knew from whom the packet came, I opened it. Its contents will account for the style of this epistle. You are no longer a son of mine. Two years ago, when you brought the disgrace on your name of having been expelled ignominiously from college, I almost vowed never to acknowledge you as a son of mine. I relented, however, and took you again into favor. I see now how useless it was. Again you have brought shame on my gray hairs; and I now make the determination to disown you wholly. Enclosed is a thousand dollars, for I will not send you penniless on the world. Let me never again hear from you. Change your name, since you will dishonor the one I bear, and remember that your own folly has cut loose every tie betwixt you and

GEORGE L. VERNON."

The letter fell from the hands of the young man as he ceased reading, and for some moments, without uttering a word, he gazed on it as it lay on the floor at his feet. In that minute how his whole past life rushed through his memory! He thought of his infancy; his early childhood; the rooms where he played; his little sister; his mother; the servants; every old familiar place and thing, all now shut out to him forever. Had he deserved to be treated with such harshness? His passion blinded him as he said:

"No! I have not deserved it. I will be under no obligations to one who can thus heartlessly cast me off. He disowns me — does he? Let it be. Never will I sue for a favor again at any of their hands. From this day forth they shall be to me as the dead."

Shall we follow him through his career of subsequent desperation and eventual profligacy, or shall we at once draw to a close?

More than a year had passed since Vernon had been disowned by his parent, and he was now an outcast, and almost penniless. In all that time he had heard nothing of home. He had seen, in the interval, every variety of life. The gaming table had been his principal resort, for after having, with the remittance made to him by his father, discharged his debts of honor, he had so little left that he saw no other resource from starvation. The vicissitudes of a gambler's life are well known; the inevitable result — poverty — is ever the same. By the time a twelvemonth had elapsed, Vernon was almost penniless.

With only a few dollars in his pocket, he one night entered a low gaming house, and for some time betted without either loss or gain. At length, however, he lost. He threw down another stake, and that too was swept up by the banker. His last dollar was in his hand, ready to be put up, when he paused, and the question flashed across his mind, what if he should lose again? Never before had he been so near to utter poverty. He had even no place where he might lodge that night, and, save that dollar, he owned nothing in the wide world but the garments he wore. He paused, and turned away.

"The cards pass," said the banker. "You do not bet this time, sir? — another chance, and you retrieve your loss."

Still the young man hesitated. The banker lost.

"The cards pass," said the banker again; "you see you would have won, sir. How much do you put up now?"

The young man glanced fiercely at the speaker, hesitated an instant, and half turned away again; but the temptation to try his luck once more was too great, and hastily throwing down his dollar, he grasped the cards convulsively.

"Twenty!" said the banker, flinging his cards with a smile on the table. "Sir, you have lost."

The young man stared wildly at the hoary villain, and then grinding his teeth together fiercely, with ill-concealed despair, he pushed the piece towards his tempter, cast a stern defying glance around the room at the curious spectators of the scene, and strode from the apartment.

"Humph!" said the banker, "I'll bet it's his last dollar — who takes me up? No one, eh! Then, gentlemen, proceed."

No sooner had the young man reached the street than he paused, and looking up at the gay windows of the room he had left, he shook his clenched hand fiercely at them, and exclaimed —

"Curses on ye for the ruin ye have brought upon me! — ay! ten thousand curses on ye and your hoary owners!" and then the recollection of his poverty seeming to cross his mind in another guise, he added, less passionately, "My God! not a cent have they left me, even to buy a night's shelter. Oh! that I had never left my father's house!"

For hours he wandered up and down the streets, now inflamed to madness by his despair, now melting at the recollection of the happy days he had once enjoyed under his father's roof. Morning still found him a wanderer. Pale, dejected and spirit-broken, he entered, at early dawn, an obscure coffee-house, just as the sleepy menials were opening the shutters, and sitting moodily down, picked up the morning paper. The first paragraph that his eye lit upon was as follows:

"Died, on the 5th inst., after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian meekness and fortitude, ELIZABETH, wife of GEORGE L. VERNON."

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The paper dropped from his grasp. For an instant all power of speech left him. Then rushed across his mind the recollection of a thousand things which that mother had done for her erring boy. And she had died — died without forgiving him! Oh! at that moment, he would have given worlds to have recalled her to life, in order that he might kneel at her feet and solicit her pardon.

"I will arise," at length he said, in the language of scripture, "and go unto my father. I will sue for permission to behold her face in death; surely that they will not deny me."

And he arose. Completely changed in spirit, that erring son, after nearly a day's travel, arrived at his native village. He had parted with every available thing to obtain funds for the journey, and reached his father's house just before night, penniless. He knocked hastily at the door, not giving himself time to notice that the house bore no signs of mourning. The old housekeeper, who happened to be crossing the hall at the time the servant admitted him, could scarcely repress a scream of surprise at seeing her young master.

"For God's sake," gasped the penitent, "Mrs. Irwin, lead me to my mother; let me see her before the grave closes over her forever."

The almost incoherent words and eager, impassioned gestures of the penitent for a moment bewildered the good woman.

"Your mother! Mr. James — she is not dead; but you have seen the newspapers' mistake, then?"

"Not dead!" exclaimed he, falling on his knees; "then I thank thee, oh! my Creator, that I can yet sue for her forgiveness."

"Come, then, my dear boy," said the old housekeeper, bursting into tears, "and let me take you in to your parents. Oh! I have prayed for this hour night and day, and I knew that it would come;" and while the tears fell thick and fast down her aged cheeks, she led the now passive penitent across the hall, opened the door of the drawing-room, and ushered in the returning prodigal.

One glance around that well-remembered room was sufficient for the young man. His mother sat in her easy chair, wrapped in a large shawl, and bearing evident traces of a late illness; his sister was at her piano, playing one of the old airs which he had heard a thousand times from her; and his silver-haired father sat betwixt the mother and daughter, engaged in his usual occupation of reading. Yet, oh! how care-worn were the faces of all! And this was the work of that prodigal son. As he saw it all, a gush of old feelings swept across the penitent's soul, and falling on his knees, he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud in his remorse.

"My boy! — come to my arms," said the mother, almost hysterically, awarding her forgiveness almost before it was solicited.

Not so the father. Rising with a frown from his chair, he was about to advance on the intruder, when the daughter, rushing towards him, lifted her beseeching eyes to her parent's, and said,

"Father, only look at him — do but hear him!"

For a moment the conflict in that father's bosom almost shook his frame with emotion. At first he turned away, refusing to see his boy; but in every line of his agitated face might be seen the struggle betwixt affection for his son and his sense of injury. Nature at length triumphed; he suffered himself to be led towards the penitent, and the next moment the members of the re-united family were sobbing alternately in each others' arms. R.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now! —
Tears will unbidden start —
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations passed,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped —
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear:
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In terms my heart would thrill! —
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear —
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face — I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

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THE COLLOQUY OF MONOS AND UNA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

UNA. "Born again?"

MONOS. Yes, fairest and best beloved Una, "born again." These were the words upon whose mystical meaning I had so long pondered, rejecting the explanations of the priesthood, until Death himself resolved for me the secret.

UNA. Death!

MONOS. How strangely, sweet Una, you echo my words! I observe, too, a vacillation in your step — a joyous inquietude in your eyes. You are confused and oppressed by the majestic novelty of the Life Eternal. Yes, it was of Death I spoke. And here how singularly sounds that word which of old was wont to bring terror to all hearts — throwing a mildew upon all pleasures!

UNA. Ah, Death, the spectre which sate at all feasts! How often, Monos, did we lose ourselves in speculations upon its nature! How mysteriously did it act as a check to human bliss — saying unto it "thus far, and no farther!" That earnest mutual love, my own Monos, which burned within our bosoms — how vainly did we flatter ourselves, feeling happy in its first upspringing, that our happiness would strengthen with its strength! Alas! as it grew, so grew in our hearts the dread of that evil hour which was hurrying to separate us forever! Thus, in time, it became painful to love. Hate would have been mercy then.

MONOS. Speak not here of these griefs, dear Una — mine, mine forever now!

UNA. But the memory of past sorrow — is it not present joy? I have much to say yet of the things which have been. Above all, I burn to know the incidents of your own passage through the dark Valley and Shadow.

MONOS. And when did the radiant Una ask anything of her Monos in vain? I will be minute in relating all — but at what point shall the weird narrative begin?

UNA. At what point?

MONOS. You have said.

UNA. Monos, I comprehend you. In Death we have both learned the propensity of man to define the indefinable. I will not say, then, commence with the moment of life's cessation — but commence with that sad, sad instant when, the fever having abandoned you, you sank into a breathless and motionless torpor, and I pressed down your pallid eyelids with the passionate fingers of love.

MONOS. One word first, my Una, in regard to man's general condition at this epoch. You will remember that one or two of the wise among our forefathers — wise in fact, although not in the world's esteem — had ventured to doubt the propriety of the term "improvement," as applied to the progress of our civilization. There were periods in each of the five or six centuries immediately preceding our dissolution, when arose some vigorous intellect, boldly contending for those principles whose truth appears now, to our disenfranchised reason, so utterly obvious — principles which should have taught our race to submit to the guidance of the natural laws, rather than attempt their control. At long intervals some master-minds appeared, looking upon each advance in practical science as a retro-gradation in the true utility. Occasionally the poetic intellect — that intellect which we now feel to have been the most exalted of all — since those truths which to us were of the most enduring importance could only be reached by that *analogy* which speaks in proof-tones to the imagination alone, and to the unaided reason bears no weight — occasionally did this poetic intellect proceed a step farther in the evolving of the vague idea of the philosophic, and find in the mystic parable that tells of the tree of knowledge, and of its forbidden fruit, death-producing, a distinct intimation that knowledge was not meet for man in the infant condition of his soul. And these men — the poets — living and perishing amid the scorn of the "utilitarians" — of rough pedants, who arrogated to themselves a title which could have been properly applied only to the scorned — these men, the poets, pondered piningly, yet not unwisely, upon the ancient days when our wants were not more simple than our enjoyments were keen — days when *mirth* was a word unknown, so solemnly deep-toned was happiness — holy, august and blissful days, when blue rivers ran undammed, between hills unhewn, into far forest solitudes, primæval, odorous, and unexplored.

Yet these noble exceptions from the general misrule served but to strengthen it by opposition. Alas! we had fallen upon the most evil of all our evil days. The great "movement" — that was the cant term — went on: — a diseased commotion, moral and physical. Art — the Arts — arose supreme, and, once enthroned, cast chains upon the intellect which had elevated them to power. Man, because he could not but acknowledge the majesty of Nature, fell into childish exultation at his acquired and still-increasing do-

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minion over her elements. Even while he stalked a god in his own fancy, an infantine imbecility came over him. As might be supposed from the origin of his disorder, he grew infected with system, and with abstraction. He enwrapped himself in generalities. Among other old ideas, those of universal equality gained ground; and in the face of analogy and of God — in despite of the loud warning voice of the laws of *gradation* so visibly pervading all things in Earth and Heaven — wild attempts at an omni-prevalent Democracy were made. Yet this evil sprang necessarily from the leading evil, Knowledge. Man could not both know and succumb. Meantime huge smoking cities arose, innumerable. Green leaves shrank before the hot breath of furnaces. The fair face of Nature was deformed as with the ravages of some loathsome disease. And methinks, sweet Una, even our slumbering sense of the forced and of the far-fetched might have arrested us here. But now it appears that we had worked out our own destruction in the perversion of our *taste*, or rather in the blind neglect of its culture in the schools. For, in truth, it was at this crisis that taste alone — that faculty which, holding a middle position between the pure intellect and the moral sense, could never safely have been disregarded — it was now that taste alone could have led us gently back to Beauty, to Nature, and to Life. But alas for the pure contemplative spirit and majestic intuition of Plato! Alas for the *passion* which he justly regarded as an all-sufficient education for the soul! Alas for him and for it! — since both were most desperately needed when both were most entirely forgotten or despised.*

Pascal, a philosopher whom we both love, has said, how truly! — "*que tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment*;" and it is not impossible that the sentiment of the natural, had time permitted it, would have regained its old ascendancy over the harsh mathematical reason of the schools. But this thing was not to be. Prematurely induced by intemperance of knowledge, the old age of the world drew on. The mass of mankind saw not, or, living lustily although unhappily, affected not to see. But, for myself, the Earth's records had taught me to look for widest ruin as the price of highest civilization. I had imbibed a prescience of our Fate from comparison of China the simple and enduring, with Assyria the architect, with Egypt the astrologer, with Nubia, more crafty than either, the turbulent mother of all Arts. In history* of these regions I met with a ray from the Future. The individual artificialities of the three latter were local diseases of the Earth, and in their individual overthrows we had seen local remedies applied; but for the infected world at large I could anticipate no regeneration save in death. That man, as a race, should not become extinct, I saw that he must be "*born again*."

And now it was, fairest and dearest, that we busied our souls, daily, in dreams. Now it was that, in twilight, we discoursed of the days to come, when the Art-scarred surface of the Earth, having undergone that purification† which alone could efface its rectangular obscenities, should clothe itself anew in the verdure and the mountain-slopes and the smiling waters of Paradise, and be rendered at length a fit dwelling-place for man: — for man the Death-purged — for man to whose now exalted intellect there should be poison in knowledge no more — for the redeemed, regenerated, blissful, and now immortal, but still for the *material*, man.

UNA. Well do I remember these conversations, dear Monos; but the epoch of the fiery overthrow was not so near at hand as we believed, and as the corruption you indicate did surely warrant us in believing. Men lived; and died individually. You yourself sickened, and passed into the grave; and thither your constant Una speedily followed you. And though the century which has since elapsed, and whose conclusion brings us thus together once more, tortured our slumbering senses with no impatience of duration, yet, my Monos, it was a century still.

MONOS. Say, rather, a point in the vague infinity. Unquestionably, it was in the Earth's dotage that I died. Wearied at heart with anxieties which had their origin in the general turmoil and decay, I succumbed to the fierce fever. After some few days of pain, and many of dreamy delirium replete with ecstasy, the manifestations of which you mistook for pain, while I longed but was impotent to undeceive you — after some days there came upon me, as you have said, a breathless and motionless torpor; and this was termed *Death* by those who stood around me. Words are vague things. My condition did not deprive me of sentience. It appeared to me not greatly dissimilar to the extreme quiescence of him who, having slumbered long and profoundly, lying motionless and fully prostrate in a midsummer noon, begins to steal slowly back into consciousness, through the mere sufficiency of his sleep, and without being awakened by external disturbances. I breathed no longer. The pulses were still. The heart had ceased to beat. Volition had not departed but was powerless. The senses were unusually active, although eccentrically so — assuming often each other's functions at random. The taste and the smell were inextricably confounded, and became one sentiment, abnormal and intense. The rose-water with which your tenderness had moistened my lips

* "It will be hard to discover a better [method of education] than that which the experience of so many ages has already discovered; and this may be summed up as consisting in gymnastics for the body, and *music* for the soul." — Repub. lib. 2. "For this reason is a musical education most essential; since it causes Rhythm and Harmony to penetrate most intimately into the soul, taking the strongest hold upon it, filling it with *beauty* and making the man *beautiful-minded*. . . . He will praise and admire *the beautiful*; will receive it with joy into his soul, will feed upon it, and *assimilate his own condition with it*." — Ibid. lib. 3. Music (μουσικη) had, however, among the Athenians, a far more comprehensive signification than with us. It included not only the harmonies of time and of tune, but the poetic diction, sentiment and creation, each in its widest sense. The study of *music* was with them, in fact, the general cultivation of the taste — of that which recognizes the beautiful — in contra-distinction from reason, which deals only with the true.

* "History" from ἱστορεω, to contemplate.

† The word "*purification*" seems here to be used with reference to its root in the Greek πυρ, fire.

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to the last, affected me with sweet fancies of flowers — fantastic flowers, far more lovely than any of the old Earth, but whose prototypes we have here blooming around us. The eyelids, transparent and bloodless, offered no complete impediment to vision. As volition was in abeyance, the balls could not roll in their sockets — but all objects within the range of the visual hemisphere were seen with more or less distinctness; the rays which fell upon the external retina, or into the corner of the eye, producing a more vivid effect than those which struck the front or interior surface. Yet, in the former instance, this effect was so far anomalous that I appreciated it only as *sound* — sound sweet or discordant as the matters presenting themselves at my side were light or dark in shade — curved or angular in outline. The hearing, at the same time, although excited in degree, was not irregular in action — estimating real sounds with an extravagance of precision, not less than of sensibility. Touch had undergone a modification more peculiar. Its impressions were tardily received, but pertinaciously retained, and resulted always in the highest physical pleasure. Thus the pressure of your sweet fingers upon my eyelids, at first only recognised through vision, at length, long after their removal, filled my whole being with a sensual delight immeasurable. I say with a sensual delight. *All* my perceptions were purely sensual. The materials furnished the passive brain by the senses were not in the least degree wrought into shape by the deceased understanding. Of pain there was some little; of pleasure there was much; but of moral pain or pleasure none at all. Thus your wild sobs floated into my ear with all their mournful cadences, and were appreciated in their every variation of sad tone; but they were soft musical sounds and no more; they conveyed to the extinct reason no intimation of the sorrows which gave them birth; while the large and constant tears which fell upon my face, telling the bystanders of a heart which broke, thrilled every fibre of my frame with ecstasy alone. And this was in truth the *Death* of which these bystanders spoke reverently, in low whispers — you, sweet Una, gaspingly, with loud cries.

They attired me for the coffin — three or four dark figures which flitted busily to and fro. As these crossed the direct line of my vision they affected me as *forms*; but upon passing to my side their images impressed me with the idea of shrieks, groans, and other dismal expressions of terror, of horror, or of woe. You alone, habited in a white robe, passed in all directions musically about me.

The day waned; and, as its light faded away, I became possessed by a vague uneasiness — an anxiety such as the sleeper feels when sad real sounds fall continuously within his ear — low distant bell-tones, solemn, at long but equal intervals, and commingling with melancholy dreams. Night arrived; and with its shadows a heavy discomfort. It oppressed my limbs with the oppression of some dull weight, and was palpable. There was also a moaning sound, not unlike the distant reverberation of surf, but more continuous, which, beginning with the first twilight, had grown in strength with the darkness. Suddenly lights were brought into the room, and this reverberation became forthwith interrupted into frequent unequal bursts of the same sound, but less dreary and less distinct. The ponderous oppression was in a great measure relieved; and, issuing from the flame of each lamp, (for there were many,) there flowed unbrokenly into my ears a strain of melodious monotone. And when now, dear Una, approaching the bed upon which I lay outstretched, you sat gently by my side, breathing odor from your sweet lips, and pressing them upon my brow, there arose tremulously within my bosom, and mingling with the merely physical sensations which circumstances had called forth, a something akin to sentiment itself — a feeling that, half appreciating, half responded to your earnest love and sorrow; but this feeling took no root in the pulseless heart, and seemed indeed rather a shadow than a reality, and faded quickly away, first into extreme quiescence, and then into a purely sensual pleasure as before.

And now, from the wreck and the chaos of the usual senses, there appeared to have arisen within me a sixth, all perfect. In its exercise I found a wild delight — yet a delight still physical, inasmuch as the understanding had in it no part. Motion in the animal frame had fully ceased. No muscle quivered; no nerve thrilled; no artery throbbed. But there seemed to have sprung up in the brain, *that* of which no words could convey to the merely human intelligence even an indistinct definition. Let me term it a mental pendulous pulsation. It was the moral embodiment of man's abstract idea of *Time*. By the absolute equalization of this movement — or of such as this — had the cycles of the firmamental orbs themselves, been adjusted. By its aid I measured the irregularities of the clock upon the mantel, and of the watches of the attendants. Their tickings came sonorously to my ears. The slightest deviations from the true proportion — and these deviations were omni-prævalent — affected me just as violations of abstract truth were wont, on earth, to affect the moral sense. Although no two of the time-pieces in the chamber struck the individual seconds accurately together, yet I had no difficulty in holding steadily in mind the tones, and the respective momentary errors of each. And this — this keen, perfect, self-existing sentiment of *duration* — this sentiment existing (as man could not possibly have conceived it to exist) independently of any succession of events — this idea — this sixth sense, upspringing from the ashes of the rest, was the first obvious and certain step of the intemporal soul upon the threshold of the temporal Eternity.

It was midnight; and you still sat by my side. All others had departed from the chamber of Death. They had deposited me in the coffin. The lamps burned flickeringly; for this I knew by the tremulousness of the monotonous strains. But, suddenly these strains diminished in distinctness and in volume. Finally they ceased. The perfume in my nostrils died away. Forms affected my vision no longer. The oppression of the Darkness uplifted itself

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from my bosom. A dull shock like that of electricity pervaded my frame, and was followed by total loss of the idea of contact. All of what man has termed sense was merged in the sole consciousness of entity, and in the one abiding sentiment of duration. The mortal body had been at length stricken with the hand of the deadly *Decay*.

Yet had not all of sentience departed; for the consciousness and the sentiment remaining supplied some of its functions by a lethargic intuition. I appreciated the direful change now in operation upon the flesh, and, as the dreamer is sometimes aware of the bodily presence of one who leans over him, so, sweet Una, I still dully felt that you sat by my side. So, too, when the noon of the second day came, I was not unconscious of those movements which displaced you from my side, which confined me within the coffin, which deposited me within the hearse, which bore me to the grave, which lowered me within it, which heaped heavily the mould upon me, and thus left me in blackness and corruption to my sad slumbers with the worm.

And here, in the prison-house, which has few secrets to disclose, there rolled away days and weeks and solemn months, and the soul watched narrowly each second as it flew, and, without effort, took record of its flight — without effort and without object. Meantime the worm, with its convulsive motion, writhed untorturing and unheeded about me.

A year passed. The consciousness of *being* had grown hourly more indistinct, and that of mere *locality* had, in great measure, usurped its position. The idea of entity was becoming merged in that of *place*. The narrow space immediately surrounding what had been the body, was now growing to be the body itself. At length, as often happens to the sleeper (by sleep and its world alone is *Death* imaged) — at length, as sometimes happened on Earth to the deep slumberer, when some flitting light half startled him into awaking, yet left him half enveloped in dreams — so to me, in the strict embrace of the *Shadow*, came *that* light which alone might have had power to startle — the light of enduring *Love*. Men toiled at the grave in which I lay darkling. They upthrew the damp earth. Upon my mouldering bones there descended the coffin of Una.

And now again all was void. That nebulous light had been extinguished. That feeble thrill had vibrated itself into quiescence. Many lustra had supervened. Dust had returned to dust. The worm had food no more. The sense of being had at length utterly departed, and there reigned in its stead — instead of all things — dominant and perpetual — the autocrats *Place* and *Time*. For *that* which *was not* — for that which had no form — for that which had no thought — for that which had no sentience — for that which was soulless, yet of which matter formed no portion — for all this nothingness, yet for all this immortality, the grave was still a home, and the corrosive hours, co-mates.

"I KNOW THAT THOU WILT SORROW!"

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I know that thou wilt sorrow, when first I pass from earth,
And at thy pale and quivering lip shall gleam no sign of mirth,
For grief shall sit upon thy brow, in sad, unseemly guise,
And tears, e'en though thou art a man, shall well up to thine eyes.

For each young plant, each speaking flower, and old familiar place
Will seem to gaze with sadness, up to thine averted face;
And when, perchance, another hand my own sweet chords shall sweep,
Thou'lt list to those remembered tones, and turn aside and weep!

And when another's thoughtless voice, shall breathe to thee my name,
And whisper that the sound was linked with an undying fame,
No pride shall mantle o'er thy cheek, nor darkle in thine eye,
For idle words breathed of the dead, should pass as idly by.

Thou'lt miss my step at even, when thou drawest near thy home,
When gleam the ever-sleepless stars, from yon eternal dome;
And thou wilt sit and gaze at them, nor shalt thou gaze unmoved,
For, oh! thou 'lt think, that I too well their startling beauty loved!

Thou'lt miss me, and will seek to claim the tempest of thy soul,
For passions all untamed as those, shall bend to thy control;
And grief, that erst sat on thy brow, thou'lt spurn from out thy heart,
And with each old remembrancer most willingly will part.

When my dim-remembered features shall pass from memory,
When the music of my name, shall wake no answering melody,
Thou wilt turn thee to another, and she will be to thee,
E'en all that I have ever been, — all I could hope to be!

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THE ASSAULT.

BY J. H. DANA.

It was the last morning of the assault. The sun had risen heavily across the eastern highlands, flinging his slant beams upon the embattled armies of the cross, and disclosing, as the mists rolled upwards from the valley, mangonel, and tower, and battering-ram, and serried troops of warriors, drawn up in array before Jerusalem,—and now as the shout "to the Holy City," swelled out upon the air, and the priests, in sacerdotal robes, lifted up their chant again, the whole vast mass, as if by a simultaneous impulse, moved forward from their stations, and with lance, and shield, and banner, and shouts of triumph, and clashing of arms, marched on to the assault. All Europe was up. Prince and subject; noble and serf; layman and monk; the rich and the poor; the proud and the humble; old, young, and middle aged; stalwart men and feeble women; the knight in his armor, and the boor in his capote,—the bishop with his crozier, and the friar in his cowl; the halt, the deaf, the blind; all ranks and conditions of life swelled the gigantic host, which, gathering new accessions to its numbers in every land it traversed, had rolled on with threatening aspect over Palestine, carrying terror and desolation to the Saracens, until at length the mighty army was now arrayed before Jerusalem, burning to achieve the redemption of the sepulchre. Yes! Europe was there in arms, moved as one man, by one spirit. From hill and dale; from city and hamlet; from the castle of the noble and the cottage of the boor; from cloister, and forge, and plough, the sons of the church had gathered at her summons, fired with a lofty determination to avenge an insulted faith, and scourge back to the fastnesses from whence they came the sacrilegious followers of the crescent. There was the bluff Englishman, the fair-haired German, the tall gaunt Scot, the gay cavalier from Provence, the dark eyed son of Italy, and the wild and uncouth child of that green "Erin," of the ocean, lying on the utmost verge of civilization, and known only by vague rumor as the habitation of man. Ay! all these were there—there, with spear, and sword, and cross-bow—there, in glittering casque, and homely jerkin—there, on proudly caparisoned steeds, or marching with soiled buskin humbly on foot. Soldiers of every garb, tongue, and nation; men who had been enemies but were now friends; warriors, who had hitherto lived only for rapine, joined in that wild shout, and with an enthusiasm they had never felt before, swept on the second time to the assault—and ever as they marched, in solid phalanx or open column, Frank, or Saxon, or Italian, they swelled out the cry, "Ho! soldiers of the cross—on to the Holy City!"

And now the battle was joined. Foremost of all, in his lofty tower, stood Godfrey of Bouillon, cheering on the attack, and directing his unerring shafts against every one who appeared upon the walls;—while beneath and around him, plying mangonel and battering-ram, or showering arrows on the foe, pressed on the humbler soldiers of the cross—ay! pressed on, although the missiles of the Saracens poured down like rain, and melted lead, and scalding water, and fire itself, fell thick and fast upon the hosts of the assailants. And still on they pressed, and though the ground was strewed with the dying, and every moment some new assailant fell, the gallant line of the Crusaders never swerved, but as fast as one went down another filled his place; and as the long hours of the morning passed away, and the Saracens maintained their walls, fighting with the desperation of men who were contending for their homes, the fearless assailers kept pressing on to the attack, determined to succeed in the assault or leave their bones to bleach before the walls. One universal enthusiasm pervaded the whole host. Old and young; peaceful monks and timid women; the sick, the halt, the dumb, came forth from the camp, bringing weapons for those who had spent their missiles, carrying water for the parched combatants, or cheering the dying in their last moments of mortal agony. And higher and higher mounted the sun, and sultry and more sultry grew the air, yet still the Saracens made good their walls, and when the exhausted soldiers were almost fainting from the fatigues of the day, the beseiged made one more desperate rally, and, collecting all their strength for a last effort, they bore down upon the soldiers of the cross, and drove them, with terrific slaughter, from the walls. Back—back—back they fled, in wild dismay. In vain their leaders attempted to rally the worn-out soldiers; they themselves could scarcely support their frames, exhausted by their heavy armor and the stifling heat of noonday. Further effort was hopeless. The despair was general. A wild shout of exultation rung out from the walls, as the Saracens seized the image of a cross, spat upon it, and cast it, with insulting gestures, into the ditch. The taunt stung the assailants to the heart. At that instant a shining horseman, clad in armor brighter than the day, and waving on high a sword that shone with the brilliancy of the sun seven times brightened, was seen upon the Mount of Olives, beckoning to the discomposed assailants, and pointing onwards to the Holy Sepulchre; and as one after another of the wearied crusaders beheld the blessed vision, sighs, groans, and tears burst from the assembled thousands,

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and clashing their arms deliriously aloft, and waving their banners wildly to and fro upon the air, they cried out, "Ho! soldiers of the cross — on to the Holy City!"

And on they swept. Horse and foot; archer and man-at-arms; wounded and unhurt; noble and retainer; Frank, Gaul, and German; the Saxon, and Tuscan; the old, the young, the middle aged; leader and follower; proud and humble; free and bond; — on — on — on they pressed, as if a whirlwind had sent them reeling upon the foe, bearing every thing down before them, plying cross-bow and mangonel, hurling huge stones that crushed the foe like glass, and heaving battering-rams that shook the walls as if an earthquake was rolling by. Ay! on they pressed, for did not the archangel wave them to the onset? The foe shrank back amazed. Outwork, and doorpost, and palisade could offer no resistance to the enthusiasm of the Christians. Vain were the wildest efforts of the infidels to stay the progress of the assailing hosts; vain were their adjurations to the prophet, their impious prayers for help, their insulting prostrations before high heaven. The hurricane that levels cities was not more desolating than the onslaught of the Christians. They dashed across the plain, they drove in the outposts, they crossed the ditch itself; and now the tower of Godfrey reached the walls — the bridge was let down — a rush was made, and a knight sprang on the battlements. Another and another followed — the Saracens stood palsied — Godfrey, Baldwin, Bouillon rushed in — down went the sacrilegious infidels who opposed them — a wild conflict, beyond what the battle had yet seen, took place around the standard of the crescent; and lo! with a shout that men shall remember till the day of judgment, the impious ensign is hurled from the battlements, and the cross — the cross of Christ — floats wild and free above the towers of Jerusalem. Then rose up the acclamations of thousands — then pealed the triumphal chaunts of priests — then quailed the Saracen with fear in the remotest dens of that vast city. The day was won. The cross was avenged. Tancred and Robert of Normandy heard the triumphal shout, and burst open the furthermost gates with sudden energy; while Raimond of Toulouse scaled the walls upon the other side at the outcry, and shook the cross to the wind beyond the Holy Sepulchre. Down went the Saracens in street and lane, and open field, or wherever these unholy revilers of the church attempted to make their stand. From house to house, and street to street, the indignant conquerors pursued the foe, until the thoroughfares were filled with blood, and the infidels lay slaughtered in heaps on every hand; and wherever the Christians followed up the flying wretches, in mansion or in mosque, they kept in memory the insult to the cross which they had witnessed but the hour before, and keeping it in memory, their arms never tired, nor their weapons slackened. It was a day over which for ages the Saracen women wept. The mosque of Omar floated with gore; the streets were slippery with blood; not a nook or corner gave safety to one of that accursed race; and when, at length, the Saracens rushed in wild despair to the temple of Soliman, even there the avenging Christians sought them out, and a thousand, ay! ten times a thousand impious revilers slaked the earth with their gore. And when the work was done, and that fearful insult was avenged; when the conquering army had time to think of the mighty deed they had achieved; when they remembered that within the walls where they now were the Savior had been buried, a gush of holy tenderness swept over their souls, — old and young, noble and peasant, men, women, and children, — and with tears in their eyes, they cast aside their weapons, took off their sandals, and, rushing to the Holy Sepulchre, kissed the consecrated pavement, and washed the altar with their tears. And when twilight darkened over the city, the vespers of holy men went up to heaven, for the first time after the lapse of centuries, instead of the accursed Mezzuin's call. Night came down at length, and silence hung over the walls. The shrieks of the wounded; the groans of the dying; the crackling of burning habitations, and the impious revilings of the infidels had ceased: while not a sound broke the profound hush of midnight, except the faint gurgling of the brook of Kedron, and the low whispers of the night wind among the palaces of Jerusalem. And a thousand stars looked brilliantly down from the calm blue sky, as if the angels, whose thrones they are, were shouting hallelujahs that the last day of the Saracen had passed.

SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Lovèd of my soul! I seek in vain for thee.
  Why from my sight art thou, sweet star, away?
  Heaven is not fair without thy tender ray,
And all things robed in shadow seem to be.
The evening wind has lost its melody:
  Hushed are the chords on every bending bough;
  The waters have no voice of music now,
And silence, dove-like, broods upon the sea.
Is there no light, indeed — no joyous sound
  When Beauty dwelt with Song, and Nature cast
Treasures of Summer happiness around?
Oh, yes! unchanged the verdant prospect lies —
  The present is as lovely as the past —
It only lacks the lustre of thine eyes.

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THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

"Oh! there were hours
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers."

The relations of life abound with solemn warnings and touching incidents. Scarcely a community exists, however small, the history of which is not replete with scenes that, if delineated by the pen of a master spirit, and embellished with a few of the golden rays of fancy, would not seem fraught with romance. Nay, there is scarcely a family of any extent that has not stories in its private chronicles, "lights and shadows," joys and sorrows, full of interest, and calculated, when suitably embellished and elaborated, to "point a moral or adorn a tale." We "live, move and breathe" in a world of mystery. The shadows which veil a single year — nay, a single day — from the eye of poor mortality, may to some be charged with death and desolation, while to others they may serve to shut out the glorious light of hope and happiness and prosperity. The incident which to-day gladdens the heart and kindles the expectation, may to-morrow prove but as the lightning's flash, that foreruns the bolt of the destroyer. Thus we know not what is best for us, and while seeking to deserve the due of virtue and integrity, we should check our own hearts when envying the apparent success of another, and murmuring at what, to our imperfect vision, may appear an unequal distribution of the blessings of Providence.

Such was the tone of reflection in which I indulged a few evenings since, on returning from a visit to a friend — a friend whose career of honor and ambition had, but a year or two before, excited a feeling in the mind somewhat akin to envy. But let me not anticipate.

Laura Milnor, at the age of sixteen, was one of the loveliest of her sex. Her beauty was girlish and buoyant, and made up of such elements as youth and hope and innocence and joy. Her laugh thrilled upon the ear like the clear voice of a glad child; her step was elastic and aerial, and although as mirthful and happy as one who had never known a thought of grief or a dream of sorrow, she was one of the most susceptible of her sex, and was melted to tears almost as readily as she was excited to mirth. Blue eyes, auburn hair, and a voice full of music — she was too sensitive for the heartlessness of this world, and thus it was the fear of those who knew her character thoroughly, and were well acquainted with human nature in the aggregate, that she would be won too readily, and possibly waste the sweetness of her pure and guileless heart upon an unworthy object. Not so, however. At seventeen, she was the "bright, particular star" of her immediate circle, with groups of admirers, of various grades of merit and pretension, but with an avowed, preferred and envied suitor. He had a rival, it is true, and a formidable one; because, to a considerable fortune he added a sincerity of devotion and an assiduity of attention that seldom fail to make an impression upon the heart of woman, however obdurate. But the preferred suitor, Morton Markley, was a cousin, and had been preferred, to a slight degree, from earliest boyhood. His opportunities for pressing his suit, moreover, were of the best kind; he was a favorite with the family generally, and these influences were potent in determining Laura as to a choice. Nay, the avowal of preference was scarcely determined upon by her. It was rather made by the household circle, and regarded as a thing of course, than elicited from the artless girl in some quiet and impassioned moment of mutual confidence. At times, too, she felt something like a doubt — a doubt as to the *reality* of her attachment to her cousin. She knew — she *felt* that she esteemed him. He possessed many noble qualities. His habits were of the kind that her mother approved in an especial manner. He was not only strictly moral, but temperate from his earliest youth — a zealot in the cause, indeed — and withal thoroughly devoted to business. True, he was somewhat stiff and formal in his manners, possessed little or no imagination, had no taste for poetry or pathos, and was somewhat cold in his general character. In most of these particulars he afforded a broad contrast to his rival, George St. Clair, a free, dashing, thoughtless creature, all impulse and enthusiasm, with a flashing genius and a heart of fire. But all these qualities were moderated and subdued in the presence of Laura Milnor. She had achieved a conquest over his heart, and he yielded to her every wish, and even often anticipated her thoughts. But he saw her seldom, comparatively speaking, and although the impression he made at such times was decided, it was but momentary. Laura would occasionally hesitate, especially when she found the image of St. Clair rising up in her memory, and she discovered herself analysing his traits of disposition and manner, and contrasting them with those of her cousin. But she blushed when she detected the current of her thoughts, and turned away from the subject as from one that she ought not to contemplate. St. Clair, moreover, was a ripe scholar for his years, perfectly familiar with the poetry of the classics, and with modern literature. His practice was to mark the exquisite passages in his favorite authors, and thus, while indicating his own sentiments and tone of mind,

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to appeal, as it were, to the calm and reflecting spirit of Laura. How often did she find herself unconsciously meditating upon these gems of thought — these eloquent and impassioned pourings out of the souls of the gifted! How frequently did the brief but expressive notes touch a chord in her own breast, and speak in a still, but deep voice to her own spirit! It was on such occasions that she trembled lest she had mistaken the feeling that animated her with regard to her cousin. But then he was so good, so calm, so attentive! They had grown up side by side! Her mother, her brother, her elder sister, all respected him so much — he was so amiable, and his prospect in life was so excellent! No — it was impossible. There could not be any mistake as to the nature of her feelings, and she would consent and name the day.

The day *was* named, and the bridal took place. The party was large, gay, delightful. I shall never forget that wedding night. It was one of the happiest of my existence — a joyous epoch in memory's waste, which shines with no common glory as the mind wanders back and lingers above the regretted past. Laura, so charming before, seemed to excel all her former brightness and beauty. Sweet seventeen — the loveliest of the lovely, glittering in gems and satin, with her blue eyes brightened with a double lustre by the excitement of the moment, her auburn hair waving like a flood of moonbeams upon her white shoulders: approving relations and friends around! That indeed seemed a happy moment — the happiest of her life. But *was* it so? Her affianced also looked remarkably well. He had thrown off his gravity of manner, his dignity of deportment, and joined the jest and laugh as if the world to him also had assumed its sunniest smile. But I need not describe the etceteras of the wedding. At twelve o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Markley were taken in charge by the usual number of select and officiating friends, and driven to their own home, a neat but elegantly furnished establishment, No. 47 ——— Row.

I was absent from the city two years. On my return, one of my first visits was to the house of my old friend Markley. It was a delightful evening in the month of May, 1836. The weather for the preceding week had been wet and disagreeable, so that the change and a bright moon had won hundreds from their dwellings to enjoy the cool evening breeze, and gaze once more into the windows of the stores. I inquired for Mr. Markley. He was not in. For Mrs. Markley. Her parlor door was thrown open, and Laura stood before me — but how changed! She was paler, thinner, and, to my eye, lovelier than ever. The delicate cast of thought had given an intellectual aspect to her features. The ruddy glow, the buoyant, springy motion of girlhood, were no longer there; but, in the one case, the ripeness of the peach had been succeeded by the soft tints of the rose, and in the other, the gazelle-like bound had mellowed and melted into the more graceful and majestic movement of the perfect woman. Her reception was frank and cordial. My visit seemed a relief to her. She had "been alone for more than an hour, and had wanted so much to take a stroll. Her spirits had been checked for the week past by the gloomy weather, and *now*, when they seemed anxious to spring away, as if on new-born wings, she was compelled, like a bird in a cage, to remain within doors. Oh, these abominable meetings! This dreadful political excitement! These detestable societies! Would you believe it, Mr. Markley has not been home a single evening for these two weeks! He has become a violent politician, and is a member of several literary and philanthropic societies. These occupy four-fifths of his time, and although he is one of the very best husbands in the world, kind, gentle and affectionate when here, I do not see him except at meal times, three hours in a fortnight. And here I sit, 'moping' away my young hours, thinking all sorts of melancholy things, indulging sometimes in the wildest of fancies, and not unfrequently — although I am almost ashamed to confess it — killing the time and giving vent to my moody temper in a fit of crying! It is of no use to complain to Morton. He is perfectly mad upon the subject of politics, and fancies, dear soul, that he is building up for himself an enviable reputation."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed! Until the death of my first-born I bore it very well, for the little innocent engaged my attention in a thousand ways, and the time passed smoothly enough. But since that painful event — nearly a year ago — the time has hung heavily indeed. I don't know what I should do but for our old friend St. Clair. He calls frequently, and serves no little to chase away the gloom of these lonely hours. You remember St. Clair!"

"Certainly. I have not met him since the night of your wedding, and then, poor fellow, he endeavored to *look* and *act* his best, but he made a sorry failure of it. Has he married yet?"

"Oh, no! He tells me he will never marry, but of course the hour of temptation and trial is yet to come. He has changed very little within the last three years, and although not so gay and reckless as formerly, his spirits are still excellent. Mr. Markley prizes him very highly, and frequently consigns me to his care for a stroll, while he hurries off to some political club or abominable meeting. Can you furnish me with any remedy for the sort of infatuation I have described in the case of Morton? I am really provoked at him at times, and have ventured to remonstrate more than once, but never with a good effect either upon his temper or his conduct. Oh! how frequently have the lines of the poet risen to my memory during the tedious hours of waiting and of watching!

> ——— 'May slighted woman turn,
> And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
> Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
> Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
> That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
> Make her a slave: steal from her rosy cheek
> By needless jealousies; let the last star
> Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
> Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
> That makes her cup a bitterness — yet give
> One evidence of love, and earth has not

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An emblem of devotedness like here.
But, oh! estrange her once, it boots now how,
By wrong or silence, anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.'

I ridiculed them when they were first pointed out to me by St. Clair, but sad experience has taught me better."

Such, in brief, was the nature of the conversation of the night. I remained until a late hour, exceedingly anxious to see my old friend, but the clock struck eleven, and he had not returned. Wandering homeward, a crowd of strange thoughts pressed upon my brain. Can he love this gentle being? I asked. And then his whole course through life came to my recollection, and I dismissed every doubt. He does love her to the extent of his ability. Then why neglect her? Why permit melancholy to prey upon her gentle spirit? Why subject her to the fascinations of such a man as St. Clair?—temptations at which both would shrink with horror at first, but which, sooner or later, with such a being, such hearts, such sympathy of soul and of taste, must establish a bond very like that of love! The subject was a painful one, and I dismissed it, unwilling to probe it to the bottom.

I visited Laura repeatedly during the subsequent six months. I became deeply interested in her position, and more than once ventured to hint, jestingly, to her husband the duty of watching with a vigilant eye over so precious and delicate a flower. He appeared perfectly insensible to all insinuations upon the subject, and with unbounded confidence in, and as much attachment for Laura as his nature was capable of feeling, he became more and more wedded to his dream of political ambition and popular applause. He was a member of most of the societies that were in any degree connected with philanthropy, and of all on the political side to which he was attached; and thus, night after night, week after week, and month after month, he absented himself from the society of his wife.

But why prolong the story? Hour after hour, the conviction grew stronger in the mind of Laura that she had mistaken the sentiments of her husband. He had, she now believed, never loved her. He had either deceived her or been himself deceived. It was clear that he shunned her society, and although kind and obliging, this course was attributed rather to his tone of mind and moral principle than to a warmer and fonder emotion of his heart. She too had been mistaken. At least she thought so. The feeling that had induced her to become his wife was not love; not that deep and absorbing passion, that flame and fire of the soul, that she now could feel and appreciate. He was her cousin; she had known him long; he had ever been kind to her; her parents had urged her marriage, and she had been misled! But, alas! how had he deserted her! How had she been neglected! How cold had he become! How indifferent! What a contrast to St. Clair!—St. Clair, who even now would lay down his life for her; who even now *sought* her society, and was never so happy as when basking in her smile! Her heart thrilled, her brain throbbed, and her mind almost maddened as these wild thoughts forced themselves upon her. I say forced themselves, for she repelled them again and again, as fiends that would destroy her quiet, sap her principles, and render her an object of scorn even to herself. But night after night, and her husband was still abroad. At first she saw him depart with pride upon her lip and anguish in her heart. Then sullenness followed, and indifference came after. Then a feeling of pleasure tingled in her breast as the door closed behind him, and a still stronger sensation was experienced as the well known step of St. Clair was heard upon the pavement below her window. But why trace the progress of the weak, the erring human heart? Why linger over the guiltward progress of that neglected wife? Why harrow the soul with her struggles between duty on the one hand and infatuation on the other? Why point to her fall, as, step by step, she was hurried to the brink of ruin? Why detail the subtle sophistry of a gifted spirit—one, too, who had persuaded himself that he really loved with a pure and undying flame? Why recount his many appeals to fly to some other land, some distant shore, where the scorn of the heartless world could not point at and exult over another victim? Why picture the secret and agonizing thoughts of the wretched beauty; the sorrow that at moments fastened upon her soul, when some heart-touching expression fell from the lips of her husband, and she was recalled by a look or a phrase to her early dream of home and love and happiness?

It was late in the month of September, that, rambling down Spruce street, my attention was attracted by an unusual stir and confusion in the front parlor of my friend Markley's dwelling. Lights were passing to and fro with great rapidity, and ever and anon a shriek, as of one in mortal agony, broke upon the night. I hurried forward, rapidly ascended the stairs, and what a scene of horror was before me! The slight, yet beautiful form of Laura Markley lay upon the sofa, her hair dishevelled, her clothes in disorder, and her features pale and cold in the solemn aspect of death! It was almost midnight; her husband had been sent for, but had not yet arrived. Miserable being! Blind and misguided fool! He came in a few minutes after, and for weeks and weeks was little better than a maniac. The following brief note, the last ever penned by Laura, told the dreadful story:

"Forgive me, Charles! forgive me, if I have wronged you! I can endure it no longer. Night after night have you neglected me for the last two years, until my mind, maddened by doubt, despair, and a thousand fiendish phantoms, has ventured to pause and contemplate a deed of guilt! There is, I verily believe, another being on the face of the earth who loves me, and I—I—my hand trembles and my brain reels—I am yet yours, and in honor. But I fear I could not live, be neglected, and continue so. Forgive me, heaven!—forgive me, my husband, and pray for me."

* * * * * *

She had taken poison!

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THE PURITAN SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," ETC.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, not many miles removed from the line of the great North Road, singularly and somewhat romantically situated on a vast rocky hill, projecting sternly and abruptly into the lovely valley of the Nid, stands the old borough town of Knaresborough. As you approach it from the south, the aspect it presents is singularly wild and picturesque. A long line of steep limestone crags, running from east to west, limits the view in front; the river, deep, black and sullen, wheeling along below their base in many a turbid ripple, until it skirts their western cape, a huge and perpendicular crag of shaley limestone, crowned by the massy relics of an old Norman keep, rifted and gray, and overrun with immemorial ivy, but still majestic in their hoary grandeur. Beneath the shelter of this formidable keep — which, in its day, before the levelling force of gunpowder had reduced warfare to a mere matter of scientific calculation, had been deemed quite impregnable — the straggling country town climbs the hill-side from the stream's level, where the road is carried over a narrow, high-backed bridge of stone, in one long zigzag street, so perilously slippery and steep that the most daring riders dismount from their surest horses, whether ascending or descending, until, the summit gained, it expands into a neat borough, with market-place, and hostelries, and banks, and churches, all overlooked, however, and commanded by the old castle; and, in its turn, overlooking and commanding the wide range of hilly country of which it occupies the extreme and highest promontory.

Such is the picture it presents to the traveller of the present day, and singularly beautiful is that picture! The huge gray ruins and the stained limestone precipices, relieved and set off by the deep emerald verdure of the wide pastures in the valley, and the dark foliage of the hanging woods which skirt the margin of the river; the stream itself here dark and deep and silent, and there flashing like silver in the sunlight, and brawling noisily about the base of the great castle-rock; and, more than all, the life and animated bustle of the modern town, contrasted with the dim memories and solemn silence of those old towers, which frown upon the noisy thoroughfares of men, most like a grim and ghastly skeleton, glaring down from the gothic niche of some cathedral church upon the merry sports of thoughtless childhood. Far different was the scene which Knaresborough presented toward the middle of the seventeenth century, some few weeks later than the fatal field of Marston, whereon, untimely sacrificed and vainly, by the mad rashness of Prince Rupert, the flower of England's loyal chivalry lay weltering in their gore, for one who neither prized their faith nor sorrowed at their fall.

Those ruins, shapeless now, and undistinguished from the gray crags around them, were then a proud and lordly castle; that huge and rifted pile, that frowns above the lesser fragments, was the square dungeon keep, with battlemented turrets at each aerial angle, and bartizans for shot of arquebuss and musquetoon, and embrasures for heaviest ordnance; while round it swept the massy flankers, with thirteen strong round towers, well garnished with the lighter cannon of the day, sakers and culverins and falcons; and without these, still in concentric circles, half moon and counterscarp and ravelin, glacis and rock-hewn moat — a mighty fortress for the king, whose banner, hoisted there by the fugitives from that disastrous field, still waved defiance to his foemen.

It was a bright October morning with which we have to do; the sun was pouring a broad flood of light over the fertile vale, with its green meadow-land, its hanging woods, its ruddy cornfields, and its bright river; over the town and castle, crowded, this with fierce steel-clad veterans, mustered beneath the royal standard, that with the yeomanry and burghers, like their more regular comrades, in arms for church and king against the leaguering hosts of Cromwell; over the camp, the lines, the outposts of the puritans, which hemmed the destined town about with, as it were, a wall of iron. Upon the heights, just to the eastward of the town, the fierce, enthusiastic Lilburne had fixed his quarters, and hoisted the broad red cross of the parliament, and thence, on every side, had drawn his lines about the borough; the bridge and the high road, on the south side, were kept by a brigade of pikes and two strong bands of horse arquebusiers; the meadows and the vale were swept by four full regiments of the far-famed invincibles, the ironsides of Cromwell; the woods were filled with sharp-shooters, the roads blocked up with mounds and trenches, and all the north side of the town exposed to a tremendous fire from fifty wide-mouthed cannon, which, covered from the castle guns by a projecting hillock, battered the dwellings of the hapless burghers without remorse or respite. Nor were the besieged passive in the mean time, or fearful. Bright sheets of flame would leap out, ever and anon, from the dark castle embrasures, and clouds of snow-white smoke would swathe the giant keep in

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their dense vapory shroud, and with a roar that told the awful tale of civil warfare even to the distant walls of York, the heavy shot would plunge into the serried columns of the leaguers, thinning their ranks indeed, and shaking for a moment their array, but daunting not their fiery courage, nor damping their enthusiastic zeal. And now, with the long roll of drums and the soul-stirring flourish of the horn and bugle, from this point or from that of the beleaguered town, the cavaliers would sally out on their besiegers. Now by some ford of the swift river, neglected because thought impassable, a little troop of gentlemen, superbly mounted on high blooded chargers, fluttering with lace and waving with tall plumes and blue embroidered scarfs, would dash upon some picquet of the Puritans, and drive them back, scattered and broken and cut down, to the main body; and then, forced to retreat in turn, would fall back foot by foot, firing their petronels and musquetoons from every hedge and coppice, and charging again and again on their pursuers from every spot of vantage, till they had gained the river; then they would wheel, throw in one shattering volley, swim through the eddying waters, and raise their gallant cheer, "God for King Charles!" in safety. Now it would be a steadier and sterner effort; a heavy column would rush out, pikemen and musquetcers and horse in one dense body, bearing the outposts in at the pike's point, carrying some redoubt, and then deploying in its front, until their pioneers and axemen should spike its guns, fill up its ditches, and level its defences to the ground. Incessant were alarms and panics, sallies and feints and false attacks on the one hand; and, on the other, strict watches, stout resistance, guarded and sure approaches, for Lilburne knew right well the quality of his own troops—the nature of the force opposed to him. He had experienced often in the field the fiery and resistless charges of the impetuous cavaliers; he knew that in the stoutest veterans of the Parliament, none could be found who, for a single dash, could cope with the high-born and chivalrous adherents of the King; but he knew also that undisciplined and fiery gentlemen, how gallant and how desperate soever, would not endure the tedium of protracted operations, the dull monotony of a long siege, where passive opposition only can be offered, the lack of wine and the appliances of mirth, the scarcity of food, the daily sufferings, the daily waste, the daily growing anguish. He knew, and acted on this knowledge. Vastly superior in his numbers, he cared not for the loss of a picquet; he shook not at the defeat of an outpost, the destruction of a redoubt, or the success of a sally. If evening saw the line of his circumvallation broken, the morning sun beheld his working parties on the ground repairing the defences, protected by so powerful masses that any sally must be fruitless to annoy them, and evening found the lines again complete, but stronger, nearer, closer than before. Nor was this all. With his strong cavalry, he kept the country round in constant terror and excitement; he cut off every convoy, before it well had left the place from which it started; he surprised every stronghold of the cavaliers, at miles away from his scene of operations; he took and garrisoned the loyal house of Ripley; he battered Spofforth Castle, the old, time-honored dwelling of the Percies; he quelled the risings of the Langdales, the Vavasours, the Slingsbys and the Stourtons. He indeed bridled the bold valor of the West Riding, as he had boasted that he would—bridled it with a curb of iron!

Yet Knaresborough still held out!—castle and town held out, though worn and wasted with fatigue and famine. Hastily had the brave defenders thrown themselves into that stronghold, scantily victualled as it was, expecting succors from without, as it were, every hour, and prepared desperately to endure the utmost before submission to their hated foes. Hastily, rashly had they suffered themselves to be hemmed in, without a hope except to die, and desperately had they borne up against the tortures which had rewarded that hot rashness. And now the moment had arrived. For three whole days, the castle and the town had had no food at all! All stores had, many days since, been exhausted; the very grass that grew upon the ramparts had been all gathered, all consumed! The beasts of burthen, the domestic animals, the very vermin, had been sought eagerly for food—had been devoured greedily—till no more could be found at all in that most miserable town. There was not one house but had lost some of its inmates, by that most lingering, most terrible of deaths, mere famine!—and it was on the youngest, the fairest, the loveliest, the most beloved, that the dread doom fell first. The streets were heaped with carcasses, for now the living lacked the strength, the energy, to bury their own dead! Thrice had the burghers risen against the castle, to force its commandant, by surrendering to the Puritans, to free them from that lamentable durance; and thrice had the gray-headed cavalier, who held that last stronghold for an unthankful monarch—while the tears streamed hot and heavy down his emaciated cheeks, and his heart throbbed as if it would burst his bosom, for very pity—ordered the castle guns to play with grape upon the famished wretches, whose despair would have forced him from his duty. Three times, repulsed from the castle by their friends, had that most hapless populace rushed out to the besieger's camp, throwing themselves upon the mercy of their foes, and hoping so to force their way into the open country, and three times, at pike's point, had they been driven back into that town of sepulchres and charnel houses.

It was the third day that no particle of food, except some scraps of leather, roasted or sodden into soup, had passed the lips of any of the garrison, on which a sad deputation of the townsmen waited for the fourth time upon the captain of the castle. They came not now in turbulence, hoping to *force* submission, but tearfully and on their bended knees, to beg that stern old veteran, as they deemed him, that for the love of God, by all his hopes of Heaven, he would have mercy *not* on them, they said, "for we are men, and can endure the utmost, but for our wives, our perishing wives and children!"

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"My friends," he answered, "I feel for you — God is my judge I do! — and here, here is my witness that none hath heavier cause to feel than I have," and as he spoke, he opened the door of an inner chamber, and showed to those worn deputies the corpse of a fair, light-haired youth, stretched on a pallet bed, emaciated beyond all conception — yea! literally wasted to the bones! "Look there!" he said, "look there! Six little days ago that famished, cold, dead carcass was the most fair, the sprightliest, the bravest, the best, the noblest boy in all wide England! You see him, as he lies there — my boy, my glorious boy! — oh, God! last pledge of my lost angel, who, dying, left him to my paternal care, which here is proved forever! Gentlemen, ye are answered; when my King's orders reach me to yield up this hold, then will I yield it up — 'till then, please God, I shall maintain it; and so long as my trusty fellows have boots, and sword belts, and buff jerkins, we shall not lack a meal. So, my friends, fare ye well."

To this there was no answer; from this lay no appeal. They went away, as they had come, despairing; they betook themselves to their inhospitable homes, to their wan, starving families, and sat them down beside their fireless hearths, to pray for resignation, and for death to put an end to tortures which were fast becoming too terrible to bear. So the bright hours of daylight rolled over them unheeded, and the dark night came on — that season of repose and quiet, season of respite from all cares, relief from every wo — yet brought it no repose, no respite to the mourners of that city! The groans of manly agony, blent with the wailings of expiring infancy, and the faint sobs of women, suppressing their own agonies lest they should rend the hearts of others, went up that livelong night to Heaven; and there were humble prayers breathed out from penitent Christian bosoms; and there were wild, impatient, fierce ejaculations, which those who uttered them *called* prayer; and there were desperate blasphemies and curses, such as fiends howl out against the throne of grace, too fearful to be written!

In a low chamber of a lonely dwelling, close to the outposts of the enemy — looking down, indeed, upon the glacis and the dry moat of the town — there sat an aged man, shivering above the last expiring embers of his last brand — it was the last small fragment of the door, that dying brand! All else, the floor, the furniture, the casements, had been consumed already. Upon the hearth, beside the embers, there stood a mug of water, and a large dish, covered with thrice gnawed bones, part of a horse's ribs, clean picked and broken, so as to reach the marrow. He was a tall and stately figure, was that aged man, and he had been strong, sinewy and vigorous even in his old age; but now his form was bent and all his limbs contracted; the skin, yellow as parchment, was drawn tight across his withered brow; his nose was terribly, unnaturally sharpened, like the nose of a corpse; his eye was dim and lustreless; his ashy lips were glued together with a thin frothy slaver. Yet he had fought that morning in a fierce skirmish, which had well-nigh brought in a drove of cattle, and had been only driven back by a charge of the ironsides, a troop of which, commanded, too, by his own son, had fallen upon their flank, and borne them back into the town when confident of victory and full of high anticipation.

His corslet and buff coat were not yet laid aside; his plumed hat was cast listlessly beside him on the ground, but his blue baldric still sustained his rapier, spotted with many blood gouts, and, in the buff belt round his waist, his pistols, with the hammers down and the pans black with smoke, showed that he had not removed them since he had thrust them back into his girdle, just fired in the heat of action. There he sat, with his hands clenched and his teeth hard set, *silent*, yet cursing in his heart that recreant son, whom he had never forgiven — no! never for one moment's space! — that he had joined the Parliament against the King, and on whose head he now invoked the direst of calamities, that, by his too successful charge, he had cut off the last relief from that sad starving city.

Suddenly a faint sound fell on his ear, as of one clambering up the glacis. The old man listened, acutely, breathlessly, as though life were dependant on his sense of hearing! — again it came, clearer and louder, *nearer* than before. Sword in hand, on the instant the veteran sprang to the narrow casement which overlooked the moat and glacis, and there, scarce three feet from the window, in the steel cap and corslet, the scarlet cassock and unshapely boots of Cromwell's Ironsides, stood a tall, slender figure. The moon, which was dimly wading through the uncertain clouds, feebly defined the outlines of his form, and half revealed, as the old man fancied, the shapes and weapons of a score or two of his fanatical companions in the dark hollow of the moat below him.

"Treason — to arms — ho! treason!" — shouted the wretched father, at the utmost pitch of his querulous attenuated voice; but ere he had well syllabled the words, a faint and well-remembered sound responded to his high pitched clamor.

"Hist! — Father," — it said — "Father — it is I — I have brought hither food and wine, at great risk of my life — approach, quick! quick! and take them; I will return to-morrow and crave thy blessing!"

"Out on thee! Dog and traitor — die in thy treason, and thy gifts perish with thee! — Ho! treason! to arms! treason!"

And now the cry reached wakeful ears, and was again repeated and again — "Ho! treason! to arms! treason!" — and lights were seen flashing along the ramparts, and trumpets were blown through the streets, and sentinels were heard continually challenging, and hasty footsteps, and the clash of arms, drew nearer every moment; and still that aged man, implacable, and steeled against his son by bitter hate, shouted, "to arms! to arms!" and called the hue and cry that way with frantic energy.

"I will not be so balked — thou wilt repent this, father," said the young man, advancing nearer.

"Pray God I live to see thee hanged; I will repent this never! — approach me not, or I will rob the

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hangman of his due, and with mine own hand slay thee!"

"Thou wilt not, father," replied the other, as he laid his hand on the casement, and reaching into the chamber, set down upon the floor a small rush basket, and a tall flask of wine, — "thou wilt not, father — seeing that I have risked my life to bring thee meat and wine. I knew not, till to-day, that thou wert in this lamentable town!"

At first the old man listened, and seemed even somewhat mollified, but as his son alluded to the situation of the town, all his old rage returned, and with the words, "die dog!" he lounged full at his heart with his drawn rapier — the blow took effect, full on the polished corslet, and glanced off, inflicting a deep wound on his left arm, and hurling him to the ground.

"Ha! have I slain thee? — Ha! so perish all the enemies of good king Charles!"

"Praised be God," replied the Puritan, "praised be God, *that* sin is spared to thee — farewell!"

"Ho! guard — this way," shouted the veteran, now more incensed than ever, "ho! guard — this way!"

And with their arquebusses lowered, and their slow-matches lighted, a party of the night-watch rushed in from the street — the ruthless father pointed them to the figure of his flying son, and a quick volley followed — another — and another! — and all along the ramparts, from every battlement and crenelle, the sharp, clear flashes of the random musquetry streamed out into the midnight darkness — and the loud rattle of the shots startled the sentinels of Lilburne on their posts, and set the outposts and picquets on the alert throughout the whole of the beleaguering hosts.

Escaping from the random volleys, the young man hurried to his quarters; but ere he reached them, he was met by the grand rounds, interrogated, seized, dragged to head-quarters, tried for communicating with the enemy by a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged upon the morrow, between the glacis and the lines — before two hours had passed.

Meantime the old man *fed — coolly fed* on the meat, and quaffed the wine his child — his betrayed child — had brought to him — then mocked the throne of mercy with a prayer, and lay down, and slept soundly — while that same child, watched in a military dungeon, and prayed for mercy to his soul, which must be with its God, to-morrow.

The morrow dawned, and the accursed gallows stood there erect between the glacis and the lines — and the death-drums were beating through the camp — and the Parliamentarians mustered to punishment parade, with their war weapons trailed, and their grim visages suffused with more than their accustomed gloom.

The fearful tale was known — at once, almost instinctively it was revealed — all means were taken, and all methods tried to preserve the victim son — threats of retaliation — proffers of terms — entreaties — ransom — bribes — but all were tried in vain.

In the full blaze of noon, before the besieged town, before the besieging army, before men, angels, God — the son died on the gallows tree, victim of filial piety — martyr to military discipline — and the old ruthless man, who had consigned his own child to that fearful doom, looked on, and strove to smile, and would have braved it out even to the end — but the offended majesty of nature stood forth in its dread might! — the fierce revulsion of conflicting passions conquered the wretched clay! — with the sneer on his lip, and the bold evil words upon his tongue — he staggered — fell! — they lifted him, but he was dead.

That night, a courier with a white flag paused at the outposts of the Roundheads. It was a messenger from Charles, licensing his commander to surrender his good and faithful town of Knaresborough — and the next day the garrison marched out with colors flying and drums beating, and all the honors of war granted them, — and filed in their superb array beneath the gibbet and the corpse of him who died a felon's death, for succoring a father at his need! — Ho! the morality of warfare! The glory of the victor!

O, SAY, DO I NA' LO'E YE LASSIE.

O, say, do I na' lo'e ye, lassie?
O, say, do I na' lo'e ye well?
Aye! mair than tongue can utter, lassie,
Or mair than tender looks can tell.
Ye're i' my dreams by night, my lassie,
An' ye are i' my thoughts by day,
An' ye're the beacon star, my lassie,
That guides me through life's troubled way.

I lo'e ye for those tresses, lassie,
That i' bright jetty masses flow;
I lo'e ye for that bosom, lassie,
As white an' fair as driven snow;
I lo'e ye for those cheeks, my lassie,
O' sweetest tinge o' rosy hue;
An' O, I lo'e ye, dearest lassie,
For those twa cannie e'en o' blue.

I lo'e ye for that form, my lassie,
Like to the deer's, sae fu' o' grace;
I lo'e ye for that smile, my lassie,
That plays across thy charming face.
But what I lo'e still more, my lassie,
Is that which is worth mair to gain:
It is the bonnie min', my lassie,
Which i' gude truth ye ca' your ain.

S.

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AUZELLA.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

"ABSOLUTION, father, for breath is fleeting fast," cried the dying man, in a scarce audible voice. As the monk approached the bed, the sick man started from his pillow, and, with clenched hands and straining eyes, uttered, in a low, sepulchral tone, "Avaunt! avaunt, thou damning fiend! thine hour is not yet come. Oh, mercy! mercy!" His bosom heaved convulsively, the dew of agony gathered thick upon his brow, and, with a beseeching look, he pointed to the crucifix on the wall.

"Confession alone can save you, my son. While there is yet time, relieve your bosom of its load of sin, and seek for pardon."

"*Too late!* oh, lost forever! The hour approaches; come near." Drawing from under his pillow a parchment, he placed it in the hands of the monk. "My confession, father; *now*, now, sign me with the cross." Uttering a wild cry of anguish, the dying man, with desperate energy, flung himself towards the monk, and attempted to grasp the symbol of salvation..... A vivid, lurid gleam, followed by an astounding crash, mingled with horrid yells and piercing screams! When the monk was found by a lay brother, he still breathed, but unconscious of external objects, from which state he never recovered; the bed was empty, and the bedclothes lay in wild disorder, as if torn by a mighty struggle. In the hand of the prostrate monk was found a manuscript:

THE CONFESSION OF THE LOST.

Upon the confines of the Hartz Mountains, in a lowly hut, I first saw the light. My mother yielded up her life in giving me birth, and the nourishment of a pet goat sustained the feeble spark of infancy. My remaining parent proved, though rough and uncultivated, a kind nurse. The hours of childhood were passed in assisting my father in collecting dried wood for burning charcoal, and oft, as I penetrated through the tangled forest, would I stand and gaze upon the clear blue flame that night after night arose from one of the highest peaks, and though an ague would creep over me at the recollection of some of the tales of horror that clothed those mountains in such fearful dread, still an unconquerable desire to witness their midnight orgies grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength.

About two hundred feet from the base of the loftiest of that extended chain of mountains, jutted out a perpendicular rock. Upon the summit stood the castle of Rudolfo, whose weather-beaten battlements had for ages frowned defiance upon the plain below. Dark hints and mysterious whispers surrounded that isolated spot with gloom and fear; no footsteps ever approached its portals after sundown, and an Ave Maria was silently, though fervently breathed, when the benighted hunter or weary traveller caught a glimpse of the solitary light that was ever seen in one of the casements of the castle.

Count Rudolph was a man of valor; his arm was held invincible in the battle field; but of a temperament morose and savage, his vassals quailed beneath the glance of his bright gray eye, and trembled when the sound of his loud clear voice rang through the vaulted halls. Among the dependants that sat at his board below the salt, or rallied around his banner, were hearts that thirsted to bury their daggers in his blood; but the mantle of superstitious mystery so completely enveloped him, that the hand, however daring, shrunk from the murderous deed.

The iron-bound features of Count Rudolph never relaxed, save when his looks rested upon his daughter. Then would the contracted brow expand, and those eyes so formidable emit a ray of feeling. He seldom smiled, but the effect was startling; a meteor, dazzling by its brightness, to render the darkness more visible. And that daughter was a glorious creature! The tall, graceful form, the dark hazel eyes, commanded the allegiance of all that looked upon her. To her father her features bore a strong resemblance, but moulded in the most perfect female softness.

The lady Auzella was seldom seen beyond the boundaries of the castle, but the report of her wondrous beauty had spread far over Germany, and many a valiant knight had sued in vain for her fair hand, notwithstanding the vague and strange reports that were ever afloat about Count Rudolph and his unhallowed deeds.

It was my twentieth birthday. The hours of labor were exchanged for hunting, a pastime of which I was most fond. So intent was I in chasing the chamois and hungry wolves that infest those regions, I thought not of the departure of day, until warned by the declining sun shedding its golden rays through the "forest's thickening gloom." An unconquerable feeling of dread at being thus benighted, caused me to hasten my footsteps towards my humble cot. With a steady eye and nervous limbs, I bounded over the impetuous stream that rolls down the mountain side, and springing from crag to crag, I emerged from the dense shadow of trees, and stood upon a platform of rock overgrown with moss and stunted oak.

Involuntarily I lingered to gaze upon the scene before me. The whole country glowed with the effulgence of the setting sun, whilst the amphitheatre of

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hills that bounded the horizon was clothed in gorgeous purple. On the right stood the castle, its turrets and towers catching the lingering sunbeams, bringing them out in bold relief from the mass of frowning mountains that formed the back ground. The only sound that broke upon the ear was the incessant roar of the cataract. Whilst thus I stood entranced, a strain of music suddenly burst through the air, so wild, so melodious, that it seemed an echo from the spheres. Amazed, I listened breathlessly; again the same sweet notes were borne upon the gentle gales. I turned, when lo! beside the rushing torrent sat a female; her long tresses were floating upon the breeze, and revealed the features of the Lady Auzella! Ere the melting strains were ended that had held bound my soul, shrieking, affrighted, she fled towards me. With horror I beheld a huge bear spring from the overhanging crag, and stand within a foot of his prey. In one moment I took a sure and deadly aim—fired—the monster rolled headlong down the rapid stream; the next instant the fainting form of Auzella reposed within my arms! My fate was sealed; the past, the future, all, all were forgotten. We met again and again; I loved, ardently, madly, and was beloved! Yes! the high-born, haughty damsel loved the humble youth.

We lived in the spring-time of love; the cold, bleak winds of autumn had not yet chilled our hearts, when, with the impassioned fervor of affection, I besought the gentle Auzella to fly with me to other lands, where with my sword I would carve for myself a name worthy for her to share. Silently she listened, then raising her head from my bosom, fixed her expressive eyes upon me, and whispered, as soft as a zephyr's sigh—

"Hast thou, dear Carl, resolution to win fame and wealth, and, with my father's consent, this hand?"

"Try me, beloved, and thou wilt find no braggart in thy lover."

"Then, by thy vows of love, ere 'yon moon fills her horn,' pluck from the mountain's blazing pile a firebrand; bear it with all speed to my father's feet, and by that token fearlessly claim the hand of Auzella!"

She ceased, and fled from me. In that brief space a new existence burst upon my senses. The voice of love had pointed out the way to the possession of *gold* and the hand of her whom I adored; but how? To league myself with devils! A cold shudder crept over me; within my breast raged a fearful struggle. It passed away, and, with the purpose of my soul determined, I awoke from the *dream* of life to the reality of existence.

* * * * * *

Strange, that man should shrink in after years from lifting the veil that has shadowed crimes recklessly committed in youth. Does he scorn and bid defiance to the eyes of Omnipotence, and tremble at the opinions of his fellow worms? How incongruous, but alas! how true!

Although years have rolled past—and time, as it has flown onward, has hurried with them into the vast abyss of eternity, pleasures, sins and sorrows—the events of that *fearful* night, that fatal hour, are concentrated in one burning spot within my brain.

Like king Midas, the cravings of discontent proved my destruction. Destruction! aye, one endless chain of wretchedness, perpetuated through life, with no oblivion in the *grave*.

* * * * * *

With desperate energy I braved the lightning's lurid gleam, and heeded not the tempest that raged around me. As I bent my footsteps towards the ever-burning flame, sounds, as if from the abyss of Hades, burst upon my ear. I stood palsied with horror, and as a bright flash burst through the gloom, shrieks and wild laughter rang through the air, and revealed my presence! "Ah! standest thou there to mock me, thou fiend, thou devil? Hurl not reason *yet* from its tottering throne! Begone!"

The hour was past, the trophy *gained*, my bride *won*; but an *oath* was taken that is engraved upon my heart with a firebrand, and ever thrills my frame with anguish—with never-ceasing torture!

How shall I unravel the tangled thread of my after life? Shall I dwell upon the hour that called Auzella *mine?*—the joy I felt as I clasped my beautiful, my adored *wife* to my heart, notwithstanding the dark flash from Count Rudolph's eyes? A brief state of happiness was mine—an oasis in the wilderness of life.

I *now* had gold unbounded. We left the frowning castle for the gay metropolis. The mountain boy was no longer the shy boor, but the wealthy *noble* and the crafty man.

Once launched upon the ocean of dissipation, I trimmed my sails to catch the breeze of pleasure, and thought not of the whirlpools that surrounded me; when, one night, in the midst of a gay revel, whilst the sparkling cup and the merry jest passed freely round the festive board, a touch of *fire*, a whisper which penetrated my very soul, reminded me of my *oath*—that *fearful oath!* Then fled the scene of enchantment, the faces of beauty, the chrystal lights, and the music, breathing its soft strains through the fragrant air; and, in the mind's eye, the burning mountain, the horrid yells of demoniacal laughter, were beheld with frightful distinctness.

* * * * * *

Murder my friend!—the companion of my midnight revels, the sharer of my pleasures—*never!* But thine oath! Ah! then did I feel the serpent's sting; his envenomed coil compressed every fibre of my defenceless body; no escape from his toils. I had voluntarily *sold myself* to the demon of the burning mountain!

Out upon it! why quakes this feeble frame as the hour approaches when I shall "throw off this mortal coil?" Can tortures be greater than what I do and *ever will* suffer? Why not snap asunder the cord at once?

But the deed was *done*, and *then* deeper did I plunge into the vortex of vice, for the slight barrier of conscience was broken down, and I moved through the gazing crowd an envied man. Ah, ah, envied!

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How little dreamed the gaping fools of the livid spot *within*. But, amidst the volcano that was consuming me, burned one pure flame — the shrine on which it was kindled was still unpolluted — my love for Auzella. She was my day-star, my dream of all that was pure. Her smile would chase the demon from my breast, and lull me into forgetfulness.

But the cup of misery that I had tasted was not yet drained. Jealousy mingled with its bitter dregs, and poisoned my blood and shot through every vein.

Suddenly there appeared among us a youth of striking mien and of great beauty, though of a wild and singular aspect. He was ever with Auzella! I chased from my breast the dark thoughts that would sometimes enter. With the madness of despair, I bore her to the gloomy castle where dwelt her father. She murmured not at thus being torn from scenes of festive mirth to hours of dreary sadness; her eyes still sparkled with their wonted fire. We visited the spot where first I dared breathe my aspiring hopes, and as I folded her to my breast again, I told her how dear she still was to me.

Count Rudolph had become more morose, and seldom went beyond the castle walls. He seemed to take no pleasure in the presence of his child, and when I encountered the glance of his eye fixed upon me, a strange, undefinable sensation would creep over me: a vague recollection of scenes gone by. Thus passed four long, weary weeks. For me were no dreams of the future, no surveying of the past; all, all was a chaos of guilt and dread.

Twice, in the still hour of midnight, did I miss Auzella from my side. At first I heeded it not, but as thought pressed upon thought, my brain became maddened; horrible suspicions crept over me, Grasping my pistols, I fled from the castle, and, without one definite object, I strode hastily towards *that* fatal spot. The same wild yells met my ear, and, by the clear blue flame, I beheld a scene of sickening horror! — while I think upon it, my brain becomes frenzied — but I must relieve the tortures of this breast by tracing my sum of misery.

Aye! I beheld a motley group sitting around the fire, who, with shouts of laughter and demoniacal gestures, were tearing asunder a human frame, a fresh victim! There was a pause, when a voice arose upon the stillness that sent my blood curdling to my heart; I looked, and saw *my wife*, and by her side that stranger youth! Slowly I moved my hand towards my pistol, and, setting my teeth, grasped it firmly. Another voice rang through the air, and there sat Count Rudolph, the demon of the burning mountain; well did I remember, by that light, those unhallowed eyes and *that smile*. The glance was but momentary, for revenge was heaving my bosom almost to bursting. There sat the only object on earth that was dear to me; for *her* I had bartered my *soul*, and there she was, in seeming fellowship with devils. Ages of misery were crowded in that moment. She turned, and smiled upon the beardless boy. Nature could endure no longer — I fired! Loud yells and horrid imprecations mingled with the thunder's roar; one fierce scream was borne upon the blast, and, from the spot where sat Auzella, up rose a *vulture!* For a moment she hovered near me; I saw the crimson blood stream from its breast, and casting a look upon me, (which, by day and night, haunts the deepest spot in memory's waste,) flapped her broad wings, and was soon lost in the impenetrable gloom.

* * * * * *

Darkness fell upon me; reason was lost amid the breakers of despair. A wreck, deserted by Hope, within my heart is the torch of anguish, kindled at the funeral pile of VICE. E.

THOUGHTS IN SPRING.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

It is the spring time. Varied flowers are sending
Their new-born odors on the sighing breeze,
The sun its brightness from the sky is lending,
Flinging its kisses to the budding trees,
And Nature, lovely Nature fair doth seem,
As the creation of a poet's dream.

The robin's mellow strain in wild notes gushes
From the snow blossoms of the apple tree;
The cat-bird's scolding from the leafy bushes,
The wren's low music thrilling comes to me,
Seeming the hymns of Nature freely given,
As stainless offerings of its praise to Heaven.

Earth is a sea of verdure. Blossoms springing
All gem-like dewy from the velvet sod,
Like whispered melody their perfume flinging,
Earth's altar'd incense rising up to God, —
Whose word I read in there as in his book,
When e'er their beauties meet my eager look.

Thro' laughing verdure silvery is straying,
Reflecting, mirror-like, the pure calm sky,
A babbling stream, o'er rock and lichen playing,
Sweet as the softness of a loved one's sigh —
Floating along with harmony as rife
As pass the hours in some bright day of life.

The river far away is calmly stealing,
Thro' its green banks all glittering with light,
Like beaming fancies in the poet's feeling,
Who worships ever all that 's fair and bright;
Creating images that living start
Warm from the gushings of his burning heart.

Yes! this is spring time, mild and glorious spring,
When earth is like a paradise, and gay
With birds, and buds, and flowers, and everything,
Whose beauties serve to gild awhile life's clay.
Bidding hearts revel in enjoyment wild,
Making one happy even as a child.

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SCHOOL-BOY RECOLLECTIONS.

A FROLIC AMONG THE LAWYERS.—A SCENE FROM LIFE.

BY T. W. THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "HOWARD PINCKNEY," ETC.

I was born in New Orleans. I had very bad health there in my early childhood, and "My Aunt Betsey," of whom I have before spoken, took a voyage by sea from Baltimore to the "crescent city," for the purpose of returning with me to a climate which the physicians had said would strengthen my constitution.

She brought me up with the greatest kindness, or rather, I should say she kept me comparatively feeble by her over-care of my health. When I was about fourteen years of age, my father brought my mother and my little sister Virginia on from New Orleans to see me. My meeting with my kind mother I shall never forget. She held me at arms' length for an instant, to see if she could recognise, in the chubby, healthy boy before her, the puny, sickly child with whom she had parted with such fond regret on board the Carolina, but a few years before; and when, in memory and in heart, she recognized each lineament, she clasped me to her bosom with a wild hysteric joy which compensated her, more than compensated her, she said, for all the agony which our separation had caused her. I loved my mother devotedly, yet I wondered at the emotion which she exhibited at our meeting, and, child though I was, a sense of unworthiness came over me, possibly because my affections could not sound the depths of hers.

My father's recognition was kinder than I had expected, from what I remembered of our parting in New Orleans. He felt prouder of me than at our parting, I presume, from my improved health and looks, and this made him feel that my being tied to the apron strings of my good old aunt would not improve my manliness. A gentleman whom he had met at a dinner party, who was the principal of an academy, a kind of miniature college, some thirty miles from Baltimore, had impressed my father, by his disquisitions, with a profound respect for such a mode of education.

"William," said my father, in speaking on the subject to Mr. Stetson, "will be better there than here among the women; he'll be a baby forever here. No, I must make a man of him. I shall take him next week with me, and leave him in the charge of Mr. Sears." My mother insisted upon it that I should stay awhile longer, that she might enjoy my society, and that my sister and myself might become attached to each other ere they returned to New Orleans. But my father said, "No, my dear; you know it was always agreed between us that you should bring up Virginia as you pleased, and that I would bring up William as I pleased."

"Let us take him, then, back to New Orleans," exclaimed my mother; "he is healthy enough now."

"But he would not be healthy long there, my dear. No, I have made inquiry: Mr. Sears is an admirable man, and under his care, which I am satisfied will be paternal, William will improve in mind, and learn to be a man — will you not, William?"

I could only cling to my mother without reply.

"There," exclaimed my father, exultingly, "you see the effect of his education thus far."

"The effect of his education thus far!" retorted my aunt Betsey, who did not relish my father's remark; "he has been taught to say his prayers, and to love his parents and tell the truth. You see the effects in him now," and she pointed to me, seated on a stool by my mother.

All this made no impression upon my father. He was resolved that I should go to Belle Air, the county town, situated twenty-five miles from Baltimore, where the school was, the next week, and he so expressed himself decidedly.

The condemned criminal, who counts the hours that speed to his execution, scarcely feels more horror at the rush of time than did I. One appalling *now* seemed to possess me. I was deeply sensitive, and the dread of my loneliness away from all I loved, and the fear of the ridicule and tyranny of the oldsters, haunted me so that I could not sleep, and I have lain awake all night, picturing to myself what would be the misery of my situation at Belle Air. In fact, when the day arrived, I bade my mother, aunt Betsey and my little sister Virginia farewell with scarcely a consciousness, and was placed in the gig by my father as the stunned criminal is assisted into the fatal cart.

This over-sensitiveness — what a curse it is! I lay no claims to genius, and yet I have often thought it hard that I should have the quality which makes the "fatal gift" so dangerous, and not the gift. My little sister Virginia, who had been my playmate for weeks, cried bitterly when I left her. I dwelt upon her swimming eye with mine, tearless and stony as death. The waters of bitterness had gathered around my heart, but had not yet found an outlet from their icy thrall, 'neath which they flowed dark and deep.

Belle Air, at the time I write of, was a little vil-

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lage of some twenty-five or more houses, six of which were taverns. It was and is a county town, and court was regularly held there, to which the Baltimore lawyers used to flock in crowds; and many mad pranks have I known them play there for their own amusement, if not for the edification of the pupils of Mr. Sears.

My father drew up at Mr. Kenny's tavern, and as it was about twelve when we arrived, and the pupils were dismissed to dinner, he sent his card to the principal, who in a few minutes made his appearance. Talk of a lover watching the movements and having impressed upon his memory the image of her whom he loveth! — the schoolboy has a much more vivid recollection of his teacher. Mr. Sears was a tall, stout man, with broad stooping shoulders. He carried a large cane, and his step was as decided as ever was Doctor Busby's, who would not take his hat off when the king visited his school, for the reason, as he told his majesty afterwards, that if his scholars thought that there was a greater man in the kingdom than himself, he never could control them. The face of Mr. Sears resembled much the likeness of Alexander Hamilton, though his features were more contracted, and his forehead had nothing like the expension of the great statesman; yet it projected very similarly at the brows. He welcomed my father to the village with great courtesy, and me to his pupilage with greater dignity. He dined with my father, with me by his side, and every now and then he would pat me on the head and ask me a question. I stammered out monosyllabic answers, when the gentleman would address himself again to his plate with renewed gusto.

Mr. Sears recommended my father to board me at the house of a Mr. Hall, who had formerly been the sheriff of the county, and whose wife and daughters, he said, were very fine women. He repented, he said, when he first took charge of the academy, that there was not some general place attached to it where the pupils could board in common, but after reflection had taught him that to board them about among the towns-people would be as well. He remarked that I was one of his smallest pupils, but that he could look on me *in loco parentis*, and doubted not that he could make a man of me.

After dinner he escorted my father, leading me by the hand, down to the academy, which was on the outskirts of the town, at the other end of it from Mr. Kenny's. The buzz, which the usher had not the power to control in the absence of Mr. Sears, hushed instantly in his presence, and as he entered with my father, the pupils all arose, and remained standing until he ordered them to be seated. Giving my father a seat, and placing me in the one which he designed for me in the school, Mr. Sears called several of his most proficient scholars in the different classes, from Homer down to the elements of English, and examined them. When a boy blundered, he darted at him a look which made him shake in his shoes, and when another boy gave a correct answer and took his fellow's place, and glanced up for Mr. Sears' smile, it was a picture which my friend Beard, of Cincinnati, would delight to draw. The blunderer looked like one caught in the act of sheep-stealing, while the successful pupil took his place with an air that would have marked one of Napoleon's doubtful soldiers, when the Emperor had witnessed an act of daring on his part. As for Mr. Sears, he thought Napoleon a common creature to himself. To kill men, he used to say, was much more easy than to instruct them. He felt himself to be like one of the philosophers of old in his academy; and he considered Doctor Parr and Doctor Busby, who boasted that they had whipped every distinguished man in the country, much greater than he of Pharsalia or he of Austerlitz.

When the rehearsal of several classes had given my father a due impression of Mr. Sears' great gifts as an instructor, and of his scholars' proficiency, he took my father to Mr. Hall's, to introduce us to my future host.

We found the family seated in the long room in which their boarders dined. To Mr. Sears they paid the most profound respect. Well they might, for without his recommendation they would have been without boarders. Hall was a tall, good humored, careless man. His wife was older than himself, tall too, but full of energy. He had two daughters, Harriet and Jane. Harriet was a quick, active, lively girl, and withal pretty, while Jane was lolling and lazy in her motions, and without either good looks or prettiness. The matter of my boarding was soon arranged, and it had become time for my father to depart. All this while the variety and excitement of the scene had somewhat relieved my feelings, but when my father bade me be a good boy and drove off, I felt as if the "last link" was indeed broken, and though I made every effort, from a sense of shame, to repress my tears, it was in vain, and they broke forth the wilder from their previous restraint. Harriet Hall came up instantly to comfort me. She took a seat beside me at the open window at which I was looking out after my father, and with a sweet voice, whose tones are in my memory yet, she told me not to grieve because I was from my friends; that I should soon see them again, and that she would think I feared they would not be kind to me if I showed so much sorrow. This last remark touched me, and while I was drying my eyes, one of the larger boys, a youth of eighteen or twenty, came up to the window — for the academy by this time had been dismissed for the evening — and said,

"Ah, Miss Harriet, is this another baby who is crying for home?"

In an instant my eyes were dried. I cast one glance at the speaker — he was a tall, slim, reckless looking fellow, named Prettyman — and from that day to this I have neither forgotten it, nor, I fear, forgiven him.

In the night, when we retired to our rooms, I found that my bed was in a room with two others, Prettyman and a country bumpkin, by the name of Muzzy. As usual on going to bed, I kneeled down to say my prayers, putting my hands up in the attitude of supplication. I had scarcely uttered to myself the first words, "Our Father," but to the ear that heareth all things, when Prettyman exclaimed —

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"He's praying! 'By the Apostle Paul!' as Richard the Third says, that's against rules. Suppose we cob him, Muzzy?" Muzzy laughed, and got into bed; and I am ashamed to say that I arose with the prayer dying away from my thoughts, and indignation and shame usurping them, and sneaked into bed, where I said my prayers in silence, and wept myself in silence to sleep. In the morning, with a heavy heart, and none but the kind Harriet to comfort me, I betook myself to the academy.

Parents little know what a sensitive child suffers at a public school. I verily believe that these schools engender often more treachery, falsehood and cruelty than exists in West India slavery; I was about saying even in the brains of an abolitionist. Most tenderly nurtured, under the care of an affectionate old aunt, who was always fixing my clothes to keep me warm, coddling up something nice to pamper me with, watching all my outgoings and incomings, and seeing that everything around me conduced to my convenience and comfort, the contrast was indeed great when I appeared at the Belle Air academy, one of the smallest boys there, and subjected to the taunts and buffetings of every larger boy than myself in the institution. My father little knew what agony it cost me to be made a man of.

I am not certain that the good produced by such academies is equal to their evils. I remember well for two or three nights after Prettyman laughed at me, that I crept into bed to say my prayers, and, at last, under his ridicule — for he practised his gift on me every night — I not only neglected to say them, but began to feel angry towards my aunt that she had ever learned them to me, as they brought so much contempt upon me. Yet, such is the power of conscience, at that tender age, that, when I awoke in the morning of the first night that I had not prayed, I felt myself guilty and unworthy, and went into the garden and wept aloud, tears of sincere contrition.

Too often, in public schools, the first thing a youth learns from his elders, is to laugh at parental authority, and to exhibit to the ridicule of his fellows the letter of advice which his parent or guardian feels it his duty to write to him, taking care, with a jest upon them, to pocket the money they send, with an air of incipient profligacy which, any one may see, will soon not only be rank but prurient — such a moral contagion should be avoided, and, I therefore am inclined to think that the Catholic mode of tuition, where some one of the teachers is with the scholars, not only by day but by night, is preferable. And, in fact, any one who has witnessed the respectful familiarity they teach their pupils to feel and act towards them, and the kindness with which they return it, cannot but be impressed with the truth of my remark.

There were nearly one hundred pupils at Belle Air, at the period of which I write, and the only assistant Mr. Sears had, was a gaunt fellow named Dogberry. Like his illustrious namesake in Shakspeare, from whom I believe he was a legitimate descendant, he might truly have been "*written down an ass.*"

The boys invented all sorts of annoyances to torture Dogberry withal. A favorite one was, when Mr. Sears was in the city, which was at periods not unfrequent, for them to assemble in the school before Dogberry came, and setting one by the door to give notice when the usher was within a few feet of it, to begin as soon as he appeared in sight, to shout, as with one voice — first *Dog*, and then, after a pause, by way of a chorus, *berry*.

As soon as notice was given by the watcher, he leaped to his seat, and every tongue was silent, and every eye upon the book before it. The rage of Dogberry knew no bounds on these occasions. He did not like to tell the principal, for the circumstance would have proved not only his want of authority over the boys, but the contempt in which they held him.

A trick which Prettyman played him, nearly caused his death, and, luckily for the delinquent, he was never discovered. Dogberry was very penurious, and he saved two-thirds of his salary; as it was not large, he had, of course, to live humbly. He dined at Hall's and took breakfast and supper in his lodgings, if he ever took them, and the quality of the dinner of which he made himself the receptacle, caused it to be doubted. His lodgings were the *dormant* story of a log cabin, to which he had entrance by a rough flight of stairs without the house and against its side. Under the stairs there was a large mud-hole, and Prettyman contrived one gusty night to pull them down, with the intention of calling the usher in the tone of Mr. Sears, for he was a good mimic, and causing him to fall in the mud. Unluckily, the usher heard the racket without, and not dreaming it was the fall of the stairs, he leaped from his bed, and hurried out to see what it was. He fell on them, and though no bones were broken, he was laid up for several weeks. The wind always had the credit of the affair, and Prettyman won great applause for his speedy assistance and sympathy with Dogberry, whom he visited constantly during his confinement.

The night of the adjournment of court, the lawyers, and even the judges, had what they called a regular frolic. Mr. Sears was in Baltimore, and the scholars were easily induced to join in it — in fact they wanted no inducement. About twelve o'clock at night we were aroused from our beds by a most awful yelling for the ex-sheriff. "Hall, Hall," was the cry — soon the door was opened, and the trampling of feet was heard — in a minute the frolickers ascended the stairs, and one of the judges, with a blanket wrapped round him, like an Indian, with his face painted, and a red handerchief tied round his head, and with red slippers on, entered our room, with a candle in one hand and a bottle in the other; and, after making us drink all round, bade us get up. We were nothing loath. On descending into the dining-room, lo! there were the whole bar, dressed off in the most fantastic style, and some of them scarcely dressed at all. They were mad with fun and wine. The ex-sheriff brought forth his liquors, and was placed on his own table as a culprit, and tried and found guilty of not having been, as in duty bound, one of the originators of the frolic. He was,

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therefore, fined glasses round for the company, and ordered by the judges to pay it at Richardson's bar. To Richardson's the order was given to repair. Accordingly, without they formed a line, Indian file. Two large black women carried a light in each hand beside the first judge, and two smaller black women carried a light in the right hand beside the next one. The lawyers followed, each with a light in his hand, and the procession closed with the scholars, who each also bore a light. I, being smallest, brought up the rear. There was neither man nor boy who was not more or less inebriated, and the wildest pranks were played.

When we reached Dogberry's domicile, one of the boys proposed to have him out with us. The question was put by one of the judges and carried by acclamation unanimously. It was further resolved, that a deputation of three, each bearing a bottle of different liquor, should be appointed to wait on him, with the request that he would visit the Pawnee tribe, from the far west, drink some fire-water with them, and smoke the pipe of peace.

Prettyman, whose recklessness knew no bounds, and who, as I suppose, wished to involve me in difficulty, moved that the smallest and tallest person in the council be of that deputation. There happened to be a quantity of logs, which had been gathered there for the purpose of building a log house. Mr. Patterson (I use here a fictitious name) was at this time the great lawyer of Maryland. He was dressed in a splendid Indian costume, which a western client had given him, and he had painted himself with care and taste. He was a fine looking man, and stretching out his hand, he exclaimed:

"Brothers, be seated; but not on the prostrate forms of the forest, which the ruthless white man has felled to make unto himself a habitation. Like the big warrior Tecumseh, in council with the great white chief Harrison, we will sit upon the lap of our mother the earth — upon her breast we will sleep — the Pawnee has no roof but the blue sky, where dwelleth the Great Spirit — and he looks up to the shining stars, and they look down upon him — and they count the leaves of the forest and know the might of the Pawnees."

Every one, by this time, had taken a seat upon the ground, and all were silent. As the lights flashed o'er the group, they formed as grotesque a scene as I have ever witnessed.

"Brothers," he continued, "Those eyes of the Great Spirit," pointing upwards to the stars, "behold the rushing river, and they say to our fathers, who are in the happy hunting grounds of the blest, that, like it, is the might of the Pawnee when he rushes to battle. The white men are dogs — their carcasses drift in the tide — they are cast out on the shore, and the prairie-wolf fattens on them.

"Brothers — the eyes of the Great Spirit behold the prairies and the forest, where the breath of the wintry wind bears the red fire through them — where the prairie-wolf flies, and the fire flies faster. Brothers, the white man is the prairie-wolf, and the Pawnee is the fire.

"Brothers — when the forked fire from the right arm of the Great Spirit smites the mountain's brow, the eagle soars upwards to his home in the clouds, but the snake crawls over the bare rock in the blast, and hides in the clefts and in the hollows and holes. Behold! the forked fire strikes the rock and scatters it as the big warrior would throw pebbles from his hand, and the soaring eagle darts from the clouds and the death-rattle of the snake is heard, and he hisses no more.

"Brothers — the Pawnee is the eagle, the bird of the Great Spirit, and the white man is the crawling snake that the Great Spirit hates.

"Brothers — the shining eyes of the Great Spirit sees all these things, and tells them to our fathers, who are in the happy hunting ground of the blest, and they say that some day, wrapped in the clouds, they will come and see us, for our land is like theirs."

This was said with so much eloquence, by the distinguished lawyer, that there was the silence of nearly a minute when he concluded. In the company was a lawyer named Short, who, strange to say, was just six feet three inches and a half high, and he had a client — which is stranger still — named Long, who was but five feet high.

"Who has precedence, Judge Willard?" called out somebody in the crowd, breaking in upon the business of the occasion, as upon such occasions business always will be broken in upon — "who has precedence, Long or Short? "Long," exclaimed the judge, "of course. It is a settled rule in law, that you must take as much land as is called for in the deed — therefore Long takes precedence of Short. May be, Short has a remedy in equity; but this court has nothing to do with that — so you have the *Long* and the *short* of the matter."

"Judge," cried out the ex-sheriff, "we must go to Richardson's — you know it is my treat."

"The Pawnee — the eagle of his race" — exclaimed Patterson, "the prophet of his tribe; he who is more than warrior — whose tongue is clothed with the Great Spirit's thunder — who can speak with the eloquence of the spring air when it whispers amidst the leaves and makes the flowers open and give forth their sweets — he, the Charming Serpent, that hath a tongue forked with persuasion — he, even he, will go in to the white man, and invite him to come forth and taste the fire-water, and smoke the pipe of peace with the Pawnee. Then, if he comes not forth when the charming serpent takes him by the hand, and bids him, the Pawnees shall smoke him out like a fox, and his blazing habitation shall make night pale, and there shall be no resting place for his foot, and children and squaws shall whip him into the forest, and set the dogs upon his trail, and he shall be hunted from hill to hill, from river to river, from prairie to prairie, from forest to forest, till, like the frightened deer, he rushes, panting, into the great lakes, and the waters rise over him, and cover him from the Pawnees' scorn."

This was received with acclamation. Mr. Patterson played the Indian so well, that he drew me one

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of the closest to him, in the charmed circle that surrounded him. His eye flashed, his lips quivered with fiery ardor, though at the mimic scene. I was so lost in admiration of him, that I placed myself beside him without knowing it. He saw the effect he had produced upon me, and was evidently gratified. Taking me by the hand, he said:

"Warriors and braves, give unto me the brand, that the Charming Serpent may light the steps of the boy to the hiding-place of the pale-face. He shall listen to the eloquence of the Charming Serpent when he takes the white man by the hand — he shall learn how to move alike the heart of the pale-face and the red man.

"Brothers — the Charming Serpent to-night," said he, handing me the candle, and placing himself in an oratorial attitude, while every man lifted up his candle so that it shone full upon him, — "Brothers, the Charming Serpent to-night could speak unto the four winds that are now howling in the desolate Pawnee paths of the wilderness, and make them sink into a low moan, and sigh themselves to silence, were he to tell them of the many of his tribe who are now lying mangled, unburied, and cold, beneath the shadow of the rocky mountains — victims of the white man's vengeance.

"Brothers: O! that the Great Spirit would give the Charming Serpent his voice of thunder — then would he stand upon the highest peak of the Alleghanies, with the forked lightning in his red right hand, and tell a listening and heart-struck world the wrong of his race. And, when all of every tribe of every people had come crouching in the valleys, and had filled up the gorges of the hills, then would the Charming Serpent hurl vengeance on the oppressor. But come," said he, taking the candle in one hand, and myself by the other, "the Pawnee talks like a squaw. The Charming Serpent will speak with the pale-face, and lead him forth from his wigwam to the great council fire."

Accordingly, the Charming Serpent took me by the hand, and led me up the stairs. His steps were steady, and it was evident that his libations had excited his brain, and, instead of weakening him, given him strength.

"What's your name?" said he to me kindly.

"William Russel, sir."

"Do you know me, my little fellow?"

"Yes, sir, you're Mr. Patterson, the great lawyer."

"Ah, ah! they call me a great lawyer, do they! What else do they say?"

"That you're the greatest orator in the country," I replied — for what I had drank made me bold too.

"They do — I know they do, my little fellow — I believe, in fact, that I could have stood up in the Areopagus of old, in favor of human rights, and faced the best of them. Yes, sir, I too could have 'fulmined over Greece.' But we are not Grecians now — we are Pawnees."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Pawnee," called out some one from the crowd, "Short was to go, he is the tallest man."

"The tallest man," re-echoed Mr. Patterson, speaking in his natural tone. "The judge, sir, has already decided that by just legal construction, Short is short, no matter how long he is; and, if he claims to be long, sir, I can just inform him that Lord Bacon says 'that tall men are like tall houses, the upper story is the worst furnished.'" Here, every eye was turned on Short, and there was a shout of laughter.

"If," continued Mr. Patterson — and it was evident his potations were doing their work — "if it be true — I'll just say this to you, sirs. Doctor Watts was a very small man; and, I repeat it for the benefit of all small men —

'Had I the height to reach the pole
Or meet the ocean with my span,
I would be measured by my soul —
The mind's the standard of the man.'

"There, gentlemen of the jury; if that be true, I opine that the tallest man in the crowd is now addressing you. But, I forget. I am a Pawnee.

"Brothers: The tall grass of the prairies is swept by the fire, while the flint endureth the hot flames of the stake. The loftiest trees of the forest snap like a reed in the whirlwind, and the bird that builds there leaves her eggs unhatched. The highest peak of the mountain is always the bleakest and barest — in the valley are the sweet waters and the pleasant. Damn it," said he, speaking in his proper person, for he began to forget his personation, "why do we value the gem —

'Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because he meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.'

"That's Burns — an illustrious name, gentlemen. When I was minister abroad, I stood beside the peasant poet's grave, and thanked God that he had given me the faculties to appreciate him. Suppose that he had been born in this land of ours, sirs; all we who think ourselves lights in law and statesmanship, would have seen our stars paled — paled, sirs, as the fire of the prairie grows dim, when the eye of the Great Spirit looks forth from the eastern gates — damn it, that's Ossian and not Pawnee — upon it in its fierceness.

'Thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight — thou shinest not on my soul.'

"That's Byron — I knew him well — handsome fellow. 'Thou shinest not on my soul' — no, but thou shinest on the prairie."

"The usher — Dogberry — let's have Dogberry," called out several of the students.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Patterson; "Dogberry, ha! He's Goldsmith's village teacher, that caused the wonder

'That one small head could carry all he knew.'

Dogberry — Dogberry — but that sounds Shakspearian. 'Reading and writing comes by Nature.' That's certainly not his sentiments; were they, he should throw away the usher's rod and betake himself to something else; for if these things come by nature, then is Dogberry's occupation gone. Yes, he had better betake himself to the constableship. Come,

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my little friend — come, son of the Pawnee, and we will arouse the pale face."

Stepping by the side of Mr. Patterson, we ascended to the little platform in front of Dogberry's door, at which we rapped three times distinctly. "Who's there?" cried out a voice from within. Dogberry must of course have been awake for at least half an hour.

"Pale face," said the Pawnee chief, "thou hast not followed the example of the great chief of the pale faces; the string of thy latch is pulled in. Upon my word, this is certainly the attic story," he continued in a low voice.

"I am not very well to-night, gentlemen, unless your business is pressing."

"Pressing! Pale face, the Pawnees have lit their council fire, and invite thee to drink with them the fire-water and smoke the pipe of peace."

"Thank you, gentlemen, I never drink," responded Dogberry, in an impatient tone.

"Never drink! Pale face, thou liest! Who made the fire-water, and gave it to my people, but thee and thine? Lo! before it, though they once covered the land, they have melted away like snow beneath the sun."

"I belong to the temperance society," cried out Dogberry from within.

"Dogberry," exclaimed Patterson — whose patience, like that of the crowd below, who were calling for the usher as if they were at a town meeting, and expected him to speak, was becoming exhausted — "Dogberry, compel me not, as your great namesake would say, to commit either 'perjury' or 'burglary,' and break your door open. You remember in Marmion, Dogberry, that the chief, speaking of the insult which had been put upon him, said,

> 'I'll right such wrongs where'er they're given,
> Though in the very court of Heaven.'

Now I will not say that I would make you drink wherever the old chief would 'right his wrongs,' but this I will say, that wherever I, Burbage Patterson, get drunk, I think you can come forth and take a stirrup cup with him; he leaves for the Supreme Court to-morrow."

"Mr. Patterson," said Dogberry, coming towards the door, "your character can stand it — it can stand anything — mine can't."

"There's truth in that," said Mr. Patterson aside to me. "Gentlemen, let us leave the pedagogue to his reflections; and now it occurs to me that we had better not uncage him, for, boys, he would be a witness against you; more, witness, judge, jury and executioner — by the by, clear against law. Were I in your place, I would appeal, and for every stripe he gives you, should the judgment be reversed, do you give him two."

Here a sprightly fellow, one of the scholars, named Morris, from Long Green, ran up the steps and said to Mr. Patterson,

"Do, sir, have him out, for if we get him into the frolic too, we are as safe, sir, as if we were all in our beds. He has seen us all through some infernal crack or other."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Patterson, in a low tone to Morris, "he has been playing Cowper, has he — looking from the loopholes of retreat, seeing the Babel and not feeling the stir?"

"Yes sir, but he'll make a stir about it to-morrow."

"He shall come forth, then," said Mr. Patterson; "Dogberry, open the door; they speak of removing Sears, and why don't you come forth and greet your friends? We have an idea of getting the appointment for you."

This flattery took instant effect, for we heard Dogberry bustling to the door, and in a moment it was opened about half way, and the usher put his head out, and said, but with the evident wish that his invitation would be refused, "Will you come in sir? Why, William Russell!" to me, in surprise.

"Pale face, this is a youthful brave, whom I want the pale face to teach the arts of his race. Behold! I am the Charming Serpent. Come forth and taste of the fire-water."

As Mr. Patterson spoke, he took Dogberry by the hand, and pulled him on to the platform. The usher was greeted with loud acclamations and laughter by the crowd. He, however, did not relish it, and was frightened out of his wits. He really looked the personification of a caricature. His head was covered with an old flannel nightcap, notwithstanding it was warm weather, and his trousers were held up by his hips, while his suspenders dangled about his knees. On his right leg he had an old boot, and on his left foot an old shoe, and was without coat or vest. As Mr. Patterson held up the light, so that the crowd below could see him, there was such a yelling as had not been heard on the spot since those whose characters the crowd were assuming had left it.

Dogberry hastily withdrew into his room, but followed by Mr. Patterson and myself, each bearing a light. When we entered, the crowd rushed up the steps.

"For God's sake, sir, for the sake of my character and situation, don't let them come in here."

"They shall not, if you will promise to drink with me. Pale face, speak, will you drink with the Pawnee?"

"Yes sir," said Dogberry, faintly.

The Charming Serpent here went to the door, and said,

"Brothers, the Charming Serpent would hold a private talk with the chief of the pale faces. Ere long, he will be with you. Let the Big Bull (one of the lawyers was named Bull, and he was very humorous,) pass round the fire-water and the calumet, and by that time the Charming Serpent will come forth. Brothers, give unto the Charming Serpent some of the fire-water, that he may work his spells."

A dozen handed up bottles of different wines and liquors. The Charming Serpent gave Dogberry the candles to hold, took a bottle of Champaigne, and handed me another. Then shutting the door, he said,

"This is the fire-water that hath no evil in it. It courses through the veins like a silvery lake through the prairie, where the wild grass waves green and

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placid, and it makes the heart merry like the merriment of birds in the spring-time, and not with the fierce fires of the dark lake, like the strong fire-water, that glows red as the living coal. Brothers, we will drink."

Dogberry's apartment was indeed an humble one. Only in the centre of it could you stand upright. Over our heads were the rafters and bare shingles, formed exactly in the shape of the capital letter A inverted, or rather V. Opposite the door was a little window of four panes of glass, and under it, or rather beside it, in the corner, was a little bedstead, with a straw mattrass upon it. A small table, with a tumbler and broken pitcher, and candle in a tin candlestick on it, stood opposite the bed. A board, nailed across from rafter to rafter, held a few books, and beside it, on nails, were several articles of clothing. There were besides in the apartment two chairs, and a wooden chest in the corner, by the door.

"Come, drink, my old boy," exclaimed Patterson.

"Thank you, Mr. Patterson, your character can stand it, I tell you, but mine can't."

"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip," reiterated Patterson, offering Dogberry the glass.

"Thank you, Mr. Patterson, I would not choose any," said he.

"You can't but choose, Dogberry; there is no alternative. Do you remember what the poet beautifully says of the Roman daughter, who sustained her imprisoned father from her own breast?—

'Drink, drink and live, old man; Heaven's realm holds no such tide.'

Do you remember it? I bid you drink, then, and I say to you, Hebe nor Ganymede ever offered to the immortals purer wine than that. Drink! here's to you, Dogberry, and to your speedy promotion," and Mr. Patterson swallowed every drop in the glass, and re-filling it, handed it to the usher.

Without much hesitation, he drank it. He now filled me up a glass nearly full, and I followed the example of my preceptor, he the while looking at me with astonishment.

"How do you like the letter, Mr. Dogberry?" asked Mr. Patterson of the pedagogue.

"What letter, sir? Mr. Patterson, I must say this is a strange proceeding. I don't know, sir, to what you allude."

"Don't know to what I allude! Why, the letter wishing to know if you would take the academy at the same price at which Sears now holds it."

"Sir, I have received no such letter. I certainly, sir, would, if it was thought that I was—"

"Was competent. Merit is always modest; you're the most competent of the two, sir—take some."

So saying, Mr. Patterson filled up the tumbler, and Dogberry swallowed the compliment and the wine together, and fixed his eye on the rafters with an exulting look. While he was so gazing, the lawyer filled his glass, and observed, "Come, drink, and let me open this other bottle; I want a glass myself." Down went the wine, and, with a smack of his lips, Dogberry handed the glass to Mr. Patterson.

"Capital, ain't it, eh?"

"Capital," re-echoed Dogberry. The wine and his supposed honors had aroused the brain of the pedagogue in a manner which seemed to awake him to a new existence. While Mr. Patterson was striking the top from the other bottle, Dogberry handed me the candle which he held—the other he had put in his candlestick, taking out his own when he first drank—and lifting the tumbler, he stood ready.

Again he quaffed a bumper. The effect of his potations on him was electrical. He had a long face, with a snipe-like nose, which was subjected to a nervous twitching whenever its owner was excited. It now danced about, seemingly, all over his face, while his naturally cadaverous countenance, under the excitement, turned to a glowing red, and his small ferret eyes looked both dignified and dancing, merry and important. "So," exclaimed he, "I am to be principal of the academy; ha, ha, ha! oh, Lord! William Russell, I would reprove you on the spot, but that you are in such distinguished company."

Whether Dogberry meant only Mr. Patterson, or included himself, I do not know, but as he spoke he arose, and paced his humble apartment with a proud tread, forgetting what a figure he cut, with his suspenders dangling about his knees and his nightcap on, and forgetting also that his attic was not high enough to admit his head to be carried at its present altitude. The consequence was that he struck it against one of the rafters, with a violence that threatened injury to the rafter, if not to the head. He stooped down to rub the affected part, when Mr. Patterson said to him,

"'Pro-di-gi-ous,' as Dominie Sampson, one of you, said, ain't it? Come, we'll finish this bottle, and then go forth. The scholars are all rejoiced at your promotion, and are all assembled without to do you honor. They have made complete saturnalia of it. They marvel now why you treat them with so much reserve."

"Gad, I'll do it," exclaimed Dogberry, taking the tumbler and swallowing the contents.

"Just put your blanket around you," said Patterson to him. "Let your nightcap remain; it becomes you."

"No, it don't indeed, though, eh?"

"It does, 'pon honor. That's it. Now, pale face, come forth; the eloquence of the Charming Serpent has prevailed."

So speaking, Mr. Patterson opened the door, and we stepped on to the platform.

The scene without was grotesque in the extreme. In front of us, I suppose to the number of an hundred persons, were the frolickers, composed of lawyers, students and town's-people, all seated in a circle, while Mr. Patterson's client from the West, dressed in costume, was giving the Pawnee war dance. This client was a rough uneducated man, but full of originality and whim. Mr. Patterson had gained a suit for him, in which the title to an estate in the neighborhood was involved, worth upwards of sixty thousand dollars. The whole bar had believed that the suit could not be sustained by Patterson, but his luminous mind had detected the clue through the labyrinths of litigation, where they saw nothing but con-

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fusion and defeat. His client was overjoyed at the result, as every one had croaked defeat to him. He gave Mr. Patterson fifteen thousand dollars, five more than he had promised, and besides had made him a present of the splendid Indian dress in which, as a bit of fun, before the frolic commenced, he had decked himself, under the supervision of his client, who acted as his costumer, and afterwards dressed himself in the same way. The client had a great many Indian dresses with him, which he had collected with great care, and on this occasion he threw open his trunks, and supplied nearly the whole bar.

The name of Mr. Patterson's client was Blackwood, and the admiration which he excited seemed to give him no little pleasure. Most of the lawyers in the circle had something Indian on them, while the boys, who could not appear in costume, and were determined to appear wild, had turned their jackets wrong side out, and swapped with each other, the big ones with the little, so that one wore his neighbor's jacket, the waist of which came up under his arms, and exhibited the back of his vest, while the other wore a coat the hip buttons of which were at his knees.

On the outskirts of this motley assembly could be seen, here and there, a negro, who might be said at once to contribute to the darkness that surrounded the scene and to reflect light upon it, for their black skins were as ebon as night, while their broad grins certainly had something luminous about them, as their white teeth shone forth.

We stood about a minute admiring the dance, when it was concluded, and some one espied us, and pointed us out to the rest. We, or rather I should say Dogberry, was greeted with three times three. I have never seen, for the size of the assembly, such an uproarious outbreak of bacchanalian merriment. After the cheers were given, many of the boys threw themselves on the grass and rolled over and over, shouting as they rolled. Others jerked their fellows' hats off, and hurled them in air. Prettyman stood with his arms folded, as if he did not know what to make of it, and then deliberately spreading his blanket on the ground, as deliberately took a seat in the centre of it, as if determined to maintain the full possession of his faculties, and, like an amateur at a play, enjoy the scene. Morris held his sides, stooped down his head, and glanced sideways cunningly at Dogberry, throwing his head back every now and then with a sudden jerk, while loud explosive bursts of laughter, from his very heart, echoed through the village above every other sound.

"A speech from Dogberry!" exclaimed Prettyman.

"Ay, a speech!" shouted Morris, "a speech!"

"No, gentlemen, not now," exclaimed Richardson, the proprietor of one of the hotels; "I sent down to my house an hour ago, and have had a collation served. Mr. Patterson, and gentlemen and students all, I invite you to partake with me."

"Silence!" called out Mr. Patterson. All were silent. "Students of the Belle Air Academy and citizens generally, I have the honor to announce to you that my friend, Mr. Dogberry, is about to supersede Mr. Sears. We must form a procession and place him in our midst, the post of honor, and then to mine host's." So speaking, Mr. Patterson descended, followed by Dogberry and myself. The students gave their candles to the negroes to hold, joined their hands, and danced round Dogberry with the wildest glee, while he received it all in drunken dignity.

When I have seen since, in Chapman's floating theatre, or in a barn or shed, some lubberly, drunken son of the sock and buskin enact Macbeth, with the witches about him, I have recalled this scene, and thought that the boys looked like the witches and Dogberry like the Thane, when the witches greet him:

'All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!'

The procession was at length formed. Surrounded by the boys, who rent the air with shouts, with his nightcap on his head and his blanket around him, with one boot and one shoe, Dogberry, following immediately after the judges, proceeded with them to Richardson's hotel. Whenever there was the silence of a minute or two, some boy or other would ask Dogberry not to remember on the morrow that he saw them out that night.

"No, boys, no, certainly not; this thing, I understand, is done in honor of me. I shan't take Sears in even as an assistant. Boys, he has not used me well."

We arrived at Richardson's as well as we could, having business on both sides of the street. His dining room was a very large one, and he had a very fine collation set out, with plenty of wines and other liquors. Judge Willard took the head of the table and Judge Nolan the foot. Dogberry was to the right of Judge Willard and Mr. Patterson to the left. He made me sit beside him. The eating was soon despatched, and it silenced us all a little, while it laid the groundwork for standing another supply of wine, which was soon sparkling in our glasses, and we were now all more excited than ever. It was amusing to see the merry faces of my schoolmates twinkling about among the crowd, trying to catch and comprehend whatever was said by the lawyers, particularly those that were distinguished.

Songs were sung, sentiments given, and Indian talks held by the quantity. Dogberry looked the while first at the boys and then at the lawyers and then at himself, not knowing whether or not the scene before him was a reality or a dream. The great respect which the boys showed him, and Patterson's making an occasional remark to him, seemed at last not only fully to impress him with the reality, but also with a full, if not a sober conviction of his own importance.

"A song!—a song!" was shouted by a dozen of the larger students; "a song from Morris. Give us 'Down with the pedagogue Sears.' Hurrah for old Dogberry—Dogberry forever."

"No," cried out others, "a speech from Mr. Patterson—no, from the Pawnee. You're fineable for not speaking in character."

Here Prettyman took Mr. Patterson courteously by the hand, and said something to him in a whisper.

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"Ah ha!" exclaimed Mr. Patterson, "so shall it be; I like Morris. Come, my good fellow, sing us the song you wrote; come, Dogberry's star is now in the ascendant. 'Down with the pedagogue Sears'—let's have it."

Nothing loth, Morris was placed on the table, while the students gathered round him, ready to join the chorus. Taking a preparatory glass of wine, while Mr. Patterson rapped on the table by way of commanding silence, Morris placed himself in an attitude and sang the following song, which he had written on some rebellious occasion or other:

SONG.

You may talk of the study of imperial power,
And tell how their subjects must fawn, cringe and cower,
And offer the incense of tears;
But I tell you at once, that there's none can compare
With the lyt-at that rules o'er the lads of Belle Air,
So down with the pedagogue Sears.
(Chorus,) Down, down,
Down with the pedagogue Sears.

The serf has his Sunday — the negroes tell o'er
Their Christmas, the Fourth, aye, and many days more,
When they feel themselves any man's peers;
But we're tasked night and day by the line and the rule,
And Sunday's no Sunday, for there's Sunday school,
So down with the pedagogue Sears.
(Chorus,) Down, down, &c.

So here's to the lad who can talk to his lass,
And here's to the lad who can take down his glass,
And is only a lad in his years:
Who can stand up and act a bold part like a man,
And do just whatever another man can,
So down with the pedagogue Sears.
(Chorus,) Down, down,
Down with the pedagogue Sears—

"Hip, hip, hurrah—once more," shouted Morris. "Now then"—

Down, down,
So down with the pedagogue Sears.

While the whole room was in uproarious chorusing, who should enter but Sears himself. He looked round with stern dignity and surprise, at first uncertain on whom to fix his indignation, when his eye lit on Dogberry, who, the most elated and inebriated of all, was flourishing his nightcap over his head, and shouting, at the top of his voice,

"Down with the pedagogue Sears."

As soon as Sears caught a view of Dogberry, he advanced towards him, as if determined to inflict personal chastisement on the usher. At first Dogberry prepared again to vociferate the chorus, but when he caught the eye of Sears, his voice failed him, and he moved hastily towards Mr. Patterson, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried out,

"Dogberry, be true to yourself."

"I am true to myself. Yes, my old boy, old Sears, you're no longer head devil at Belle Air Academy. You're no devil at all, or if you are, old boy, you're a poor devil, and be d—d to you."

"You're a drunken outcast, sir," exclaimed Sears. "Never let me see your face again; I dismiss you from my service," and so speaking, he took a note book from his pocket, and began hastily to take down the names of the students. The Big Bull saw this, and caught it from his hand.

"Sir, sir," exclaimed Sears, enraged, "my vocation, and not any respect I bear you, prevents my infliction of personal chastisement upon you. Boys, young gentlemen, leave instantly for your respective boarding houses."

During this, Patterson was clapping Dogberry on the shoulder, evidently endeavoring to inspire him with courage.

"Tell him yourself," I overheard Dogberry say.

"No, no," replied Patterson, "it is your place."

"Well, then, I'll tell you at once, Sears, you're no longer principal of this academy; you're dished. Mr. Patterson, sir, will tell you so."

"Mr. Patterson!" exclaimed Sears, now for the first time recognizing, in the semblance of the Indian chief, the distinguished lawyer and statesman. "Sir, I am more than astonished."

"Sir," rejoined Patterson, drawing himself up with dignity, "I am a Pawnee brave; more, a red man eloquent or a pale face eloquent, as it pleases me; but, sir, under all circumstances, I respect your craft and calling. What more dignified than such? A poor, unfriended boy, I was taken by the hand by an humble teacher of a country school, and here I stand, let me say sir, high in the councils of a great people. Peace to old Playfair's ashes. The old philosopher, like Porson, loved his cups, and, like Parr, loved his pipe; but, sir, he was a ripe scholar and a noble spirit, and I have so said, sir, in the humble monument which I am proud, sir, I was enabled, through the education he gave me, to build over him.

'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.'

Yes, as some one says, he was 'my friend before I had flatterers.' How proud he was of me! I remember well catching his eye in making my first speech, and the approving nod he gave me had more gratification to me than the approbation of bench, bar and audience. Glorious old Playfair! Mr. Sears, you were his pupil too. Many a time have I heard him speak of you; he said, of all his pupils, you were the one to wear his mantle. And, sir, that was the highest compliment he could pay you—the highest, Mr. Speaker, for he esteemed himself of the class of the philosophers, the teachers of youth. Sir, Mr. Sears, I propose to you that in testimony of our life-long respect for him, we drink to his memory."

This was said so eloquently, and withal so naturally, that Sears, forgetful of his whereabouts, took the glass which Mr. Patterson offered him, and drank its contents reverently to the memory of his old teacher.

"Sir," resumed Patterson, "how glorious is your vocation! But tell me, do you subscribe to the sentiment of Don Juan?—

'Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions—
It mends their morals—never mind the pain.'"

The appropriate quotation caused a thrill to run through the assembled students, while they cast ominous looks at each other. For the life of him, Sears could not resist a smile.

At this Mr. Patterson glanced at us with a quiet meaning, and turning to Mr. Sears, he continued:

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"The elder Adams taught school—he whose eloquence Jefferson has so loudly lauded—the man who was for liberty or death, and so expressed himself in that beautiful letter to his wife. Do you not remember that passage, sir, where he speaks of the Fourth being greeted thereafter with bonfires and illuminations? His son, Johnny Q., taught school. My dark-eyed friend Webster, who is now figuring so gloriously in the halls of Congress and in the Supreme Court, taught school. Judge Rowan, of Kentucky, a master spirit too, taught school. Who was that

'Who passed the flaming bounds of time and space,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze:
Who saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night'—

Who was he? Milton, the glorious, the sublime—who, in his aspirations for human liberty, prayed to that great spirit who, as he himself says, "sends forth the fire from his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleaseth"—Milton, the schoolmaster.

'If fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appealed to the avenger, Time:
If Time, the avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And if the word 'Miltonic' mean 'sublime,'
He deigned not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not madly the sire to laud the son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

'Thinkest thou, could he—the blind old man—arise,
Like Samuel, from the grave, to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again, all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes
And heartless daughters, worn, and pale, and poor—'

Would he not be proud of his vocation, when he reflected how many great spirits had followed his example? The schoolmaster is indeed abroad. Mr. Sears, let us drink the health of the blind old man eloquent."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Patterson, but before my scholars, under the circumstances, it would be setting a bad example, when existing circumstances prove they need a good one. Sir, it was thought that I should not return from Baltimore until to-morrow, and this advantage has been taken of my absence. But, Mr. Patterson, when such distinguished gentlemen as yourself set the example, I know not what to say."

"Forgive them, sir, forgive them," said Patterson, in his blandest tone.

"Let them repair to their homes, then, instantly. Mr. Patterson, your eloquent conversation had made me forget myself; I don't wonder they should have forgotten themselves. Let them depart."

"There, boys," exclaimed Mr. Patterson, "I have a greater opinion of my oratorical powers than ever. Be ye all dismissed until I again appear as a Pawnee brave, which I fear will be a long time, for 'tis not every day that such men as my western client are picked up. But, Mr. Sears, what do you say about Dogberry? He must be where he was; to-morrow must but type yesterday. Dogberry, how is Verges?"

"I don't know him," said Dogberry, doggedly.

"Why, sir, he is the associate of your namesake in Shakspeare's immortal page. Let this play to-night, Mr. Sears, be like that in which Dogberry's namesake appeared—let it be 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

Sears smiled, and nodded his head approvingly.

"Then be the court adjourned," exclaimed Mr. Patterson. "Dogberry, you and my friend Sears are still together, and you must remember in the premises what your namesake said to Verges, 'An' two men ride of a horse, one man must ride behind.'"

Giving three cheers for Mr. Patterson, we boys departed, and the next day found us betimes in the academy, where mum was the word between all parties.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

That pale withered flower, oh! once thou wert fair,
But now ev'ry leaf has been nipped by a blight—
Dost thou pine for the bosom, its fragrance to share,
Whence I won thee, sweet nestler, at parting one night?

How beauteous thy head, as it modestly stoop'd
Its blushes to hide in her bosom of snow—
How sweetly above thee her fair tresses droop'd—
How pure was the heart beating stilly below!

Oh! sweet was her smile as the first blush of Eve,
And soft was her voice as the low summer wind,
When she gave thee away, half reluctant to leave,
Like an angel from heaven sent down to mankind.

I have cherished thee since as if never to part,
Thou remindest me so of that fair girl away;—
But, oh! can I banish the blight from thy heart,
Or save thee from withering day after day?

And thus, oh! how often, the ones we love best,
Drop away from our sides like the roses in June—
But why should we weep! since they pass to their rest,
And if parted awhile, we shall follow them soon.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

CUTTING OUT.

We had now been several months at sea, and, although our stores had been more than once replenished from the prizes we had taken, our provisions began to grow scarce. The skipper accordingly announced his intention of going into port. We bore up, therefore, for Charleston, that being the most convenient harbor.

My emotions on approaching the place where Beatrice resided, I shall not attempt to describe. A full year had passed since we had parted, and in all that time I had heard of her but once. Might she not now be married to another? The proverbial fickleness of her sex; the known opposition of her family to my suit; her uncertainty whether I still continued to care for her, or whether even I was yet alive; and a thousand other reasons why she might be unfaithful to me, rose up before me to torture me with doubts. But most of all, I reflected on our different situations in society. She was rich, courted, allied to rank—I was poor, unknown, and a rebel officer. Many a night as I lay in my solitary hammock, or trod my silent watch on deck, the fear that I might find Beatrice the wife of another, filled my soul with agony. And yet could I doubt her faith?

At length we entered Charleston harbor, and with a gentle breeze floated up towards the town. It was a moonless night, but the sky above was spangled with a thousand stars, and the low outline of the city before us glittered with myriads of lamps. The wind just ruffled the glassy surface of the bay, fanning us, as it swept by, with a delicious coolness. Here and there, on either shore, a light from a solitary house flickered through the darkness, while occasionally a sheet of summer lightning would play along the western firmament, where a low belt of clouds skirted the horizon, and hung like a veil above the city. Everything reminded me of the night when I had sailed up this same harbor with Beatrice. What had I not witnessed since then! The shipwreck, the battle, the hurricane, fire and sword, danger in every shape, almost death itself—I had endured them all. During that period where had been Beatrice? A few hours would determine.

With a beating heart, the next morning I sought the residence of Beatrice's uncle. How my brain swam and my knees tottered when I came in sight of the mansion which contained the form of her whom I loved! I had understood that the family, except one or two of the ladies of it, was out of town, and I burned with impatience to ascertain whether Beatrice was among the absentees. Yet my heart failed me when I came in sight of the residence of her uncle. I recollected the terms on which I had parted with Mr. Rochester, and I scarcely thought myself allowable in intruding on his hospitality in any shape. But, then, how else could I obtain an interview with Beatrice? Again and again I approached the door, and again and again I changed my mind and retired; but at length remembering that my conduct was attracting attention, and unable longer to endure my suspense, I advanced boldly to the portal, and knocked at the hall door. It was answered by a strange porter. With a fluttering heart I inquired for Miss Derwent. I felt relieved from a load of fear when informed that she was in town, and hastily thrusting my card into the man's hand, I followed him eagerly into the drawing-room. He disappeared, and I was alone.

Who can forget his emotions, when, after a long separation from the object of his love, he finds himself under the same roof with his mistress, awaiting her appearance? How he pictures to himself the joy with which the announcement of his arrival, especially if unexpected, will be received! He fancies every look that will be exchanged and every word that will be said at the moment of meeting. As the moments elapse, he imagines, however short the time may be, that the appearance of his mistress is unavoidably delayed, and a hundred fears arise, vague, unfounded, and but half believed, that perhaps her affection has grown lukewarm. Each successive instant of suspense increases his doubts until they amount almost to agony; and as a light footfall—oh! how well remembered!—breaks upon his ear, he almost dreads to meet her whom but an hour before he would have given worlds to behold. So was it now with myself. As minute after minute elapsed, and still Beatrice did not appear, my fears amounted almost to madness; and when at length I heard her light tread approaching, my heart began to beat so violently that I thought I should have fainted. Anxious to resolve my doubts, by observing her demeanor before I should be seen myself, I sprang into the recess of a window. As I did so, the door open-

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ed and Beatrice entered hurriedly, looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her cheek was flushed, her step was quick and eager, and her eyes shone with a joy that could not be affected. She advanced several steps into the room, when, perceiving no one, she gazed inquiringly around, with a look, I thought, of disappointment. I moved from the recess. She turned quickly around at the noise, blushed over brow, neck and bosom, and, with a faint cry of joy, sprang forward, and was locked the next instant in my arms.

"Beatrice — my own, my beautiful!"

"Harry — *dear* Harry!" were our mutual exclamations, and then, locked in each other's embrace, for a moment we forgot in our rapture to speak.

At length we awoke from this trance of delight, and found leisure for rational conversation. Sitting side by side on the sofa, with our hands locked together, and our eyes looking as it were into each other's souls, we recounted our mutual histories since our separation. With mine the reader is already acquainted. That of Beatrice was naturally less chequered, but yet it was not without interest.

I have said that an alliance had been projected between Beatrice and her cousin, and that Mr. Rochester had placed his whole soul on the consummation of this project. The consciousness of my interest in the heart of Beatrice had induced their conduct towards myself, under the hope that if once separated from her, I would be eventually forgotten by Miss Derwent. Time, however, proved how false had been this hope. Instead of prospering in his suit from my absence, every day only seemed to make the success of her cousin more problematical. In vain her uncle persuaded; in vain he expostulated; in vain he lavished all his scorn on me as a beggar and a rebel — Beatrice continued unmoved; now defending me from every imputation, and now with tears giving up the contest, although unconvinced. The letter she received from me, by acquainting her with my projected cruise, prepared her for the long silence on my part which had ensued; and although reports, no doubt originating with her persecutors, were circulated respecting my arrival in port, and the disreputable life I was said to lead, she remained faithful to me amid it all. Oh! what is like woman's love? Amid sorrow and joy; in sunshine or storm; whether distant or near; in every varied circumstance of life, it is the solace of our existence, the green spot amid the arid deserts of the world. Nothing can change it — nothing can dim its brightness. Even injury fails to break down the love of woman. You may neglect, you may abuse her, if you will; but still, with a devotion not of this earth, she clings to you, cheering you in distress, smiling on you in joy, and amply repaid if she only win in return one kind word, one look of approval. Thank God! that, fallen as we are, there is left to us that link of our diviner nature — the pure, deep, unchanging love of woman.

With what joy did I hear that Beatrice was still mine, wholly mine, and how ardently did I press her to my bosom, invoking her again and again to repeat the blessed words which assured me of her love! Hours passed away as if they had been minutes. And when at length I rose to depart, and, imprinting another kiss on her but half averted lips, took my leave with a promise to return again the ensuing morning, my astonishment passed all bounds to learn that noon had long since passed, and that the evening was almost at hand.

During the short time that we remained in port, I was daily with Beatrice, and when we parted she pledged herself to be mine at the end of another year, come what might. My heart, I will admit, reproached me afterwards for winning this promise from her, and inducing her to give up wealth and luxury for the bare comforts an officer's pay could afford; and yet her love was such a priceless gem, and she looked up to me with such unreserved devotedness, that I could not regret a vow which ensured me the right to protect her from the cold tempests of the world. Besides, we were both young and full of hope, and I trusted some fortunate event might occur which would yet allow us to be united with the concurrence of her friends.

"Uncle is suspected and watched by the colonial authorities," said Beatrice, as we parted, "and I fear me that he is linked in with some of those who have designs against the state. I tremble to think what might be his fate if detected in any conspiracy to restore the king's authority."

"Fear not, dearest," I replied, "I will interest Col. Moultrie in his favor, and besides, your uncle must see the danger of any such attempt at present."

"And yet I have fearful forebodings."

"Cheer up, sweet one, he has nothing to dread. But now I must go. God bless you, Beatrice!" and I kissed her fervently.

She murmured something half inaudibly, returned my parting embrace with a sigh, and, while a tear stood in her eye, waved a final adieu with her kerchief. In an hour the schooner had sailed.

We had been at sea but a few days, having run down the Bahamas in that time, when we spoke a French merchantman, and obtained from him the intelligence that an English ship, with a valuable cargo and a large amount of specie, was then lying at the port of ———, in one of the smaller islands. She was well armed, however, and carried the crew of a letter of marque. But the skipper instantly determined on attempting her capture. Accordingly, we bore up for the island within an hour after we had spoken the merchantman, and having a favorable breeze to second our wishes, we made the low headlands of the place of our destination just as the sun sank behind them into the western ocean. Not wishing to be detected, we hauled off until evening, spending the intervening time in preparing for the adventure.

The night was fortunately dark. There was no moon, and a thick veil of vapors over-head effectually shrouded the stars from sight. The seaboard was lined with dusky clouds; the ocean heaved in gentle undulations; and a light breeze murmured by, with a low soft music in its tone, like the whisper of a

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young girl to her lover. As the twilight deepened, the shadowy outlines of the distant land became more and more indistinct, until at length they were merged in the obscurity of the whole western firmament. No sound was heard over the vast expanse as we resumed our course, and silently stretched up towards the island.

It was nearly midnight when we reached the mouth of the harbor. All within was still. The town lay along the edge of the water, distinguishable by its long line of flickering lamps; while a dark mass on the left of the harbor betrayed the position of the battery guarding the port. One or two small coasting vessels were moored at the quay, and, a few cables' length out in the harbor, rode at anchor the merchantman. He was in part protected by the guns of the fort; but other means of defence had not been forgotten, for his nettings were triced up, and he swung at his anchor as if springs were on his cables. A solitary lantern hung at his mast-head, throwing a faint radiance around the otherwise shadowy ship. Not a sound arose from his decks. Occasionally a low murmur would float down from the far-off town, or the cry of a sentry at the fort would rise solemnly on the still night air; but except these faint sounds, at long intervals apart, a deep, unbroken silence buried the whole landscape in repose.

"Pipe away the boats' crews," said the skipper, when, everything having been planned, we had steered our craft under the shadow of the huge cape, and now lay to in our quiet nook, hidden from observation.

The boatswain issued his summons almost in a whisper, and the men answered with unusual promptness. In a few minutes the boats were manned, and we were waiting with muffled oars for the signal. We lingered only a moment to receive the last orders of the captain, when, with a whispered "give way," the gallant fellows bent to the oars, and we shot from the schooner's side. In a few moments she was lost in the gloom. I watched her through the gathering night, as spar after spar faded into the obscurity, until at length nothing could be seen of her exquisite propo tions but a dark and shapeless mass of shadow; and at length, when I turned my eyes in her direction again, after having had my attention for a moment called away, even the slight outline of her form had disappeared, and nothing but the gloomy seaboard met my eye.

The night was now so dark that we could scarcely see a fathom before us; but, guided by an old salt who had been brought up on the island, and knew the harbor as accurately as a scholar knows his horn book, we boldly kept on our course. As we swept around the headland, we perceived that the town, so lately alive with lights, was now buried in a profound darkness. The solitary lantern, however, still burned at the fore-peak of the Englishman, like a star hanging alone in the firmament, to guide us on our way. Every eye was fixed on it as we rapidly but noiselessly swept up towards the merchantman. The fort was buried in gloom. The other vessels in the harbor lay hidden in the palpable obscurity ahead. No sound was heard, no object was seen, as we moved on in our noiseless course. At length the huge hull of the merchantman began to be indistinctly visible upon our starboard bow, and, lying on our oars for a moment, we held a short, eager consultation on our future course. It was soon, however, terminated. As yet we had remained undiscovered, and as the slightest accident might betray us, not a moment was to be lost if we would surprise the foe. It had been arranged that I should dash into the larboard side of the Englishman, while the two other boats should attack him simultaneously on his starboard bow and quarter; and accordingly, as my companions sheered off, I gave a whispered order to my men to pull their best, and the next instant we were shooting with the rapidity of an arrow right on to the foe.

The instant preceding the attack is always a thrilling one. You know not but that in a few minutes you may be in eternity, and as yet you are not carried away with that reckless enthusiasm which, in the heat of the contest, makes you insensible to every thing but the struggle. On the present occasion I felt as I had never felt before. The odds against us were fearful, for the ship was admirably defended, and we had every reason to believe that her crew outnumbered our own. As I looked around on my men, I saw more than one hardy veteran cast an uneasy glance at the foe. But it was no time now to pause. We had scarcely pulled a dozen strokes, and were yet some distance from the ship, when the sentry from her quarter cried out, "Boat ahoy!" and then perceiving that we still advanced, he fired his piece and gave the alarm. I saw the moment for action had come. Disguise was now useless. Instantaneously I forgot the feelings which had just been passing through my mind, and, like a war-horse starting at a trumpet, I sprang up in the stern sheets, and waving my sword aloft, shouted,

"Give way, my lads—give way, and lay us aboard the rascals—with a will, boys—pull!"

As if fired with an enthusiasm which nothing might resist, my gallant fellows sprang to their oars with renewed vigor at my words, until the oaken blades almost snapped beneath their brawny arms; and we were already within a few fathoms of the ship's quarter when a volley from the merchantman hit the stroke-oarsman in front of me, and he fell dead across the thwart. The boat staggered in her course. I could hear our companions surging but a short distance behind, and I burned to be the first to mount the enemy's deck.

"On—on!" I shouted; "pull for your lives, my lads—pull, pull!"

A thundering cheer burst from the brave veterans, as they bent with even redoubled power to their task, and with a few gigantic strokes sent us shooting upon the quarters of the foe. Waving my sword above my head, I sprang at once up the ship's side, calling on my crew to follow me. They needed not the invocation. The boat had scarcely touched the vessel before every man, cutlass in hand, was clambering over the side of the foe; and in an instant, with one

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simultaneous spring, old and young, officer and men, we tumbled in upon the enemy. And like men they met us. It was no child's play — that conflict! Fearfully outnumbering us, apprised of and ready for our onset, fighting on their own decks too, and knowing that succor was at hand from the fort even in case of defeat, the crew of the Englishman met our attack with an unbroken front, giving back blow for blow and shout for shout. Short, wild and terrific was the conflict. Conscious of the vicinity of the other boats, the enemy wished to overcome us before we could be succored; while we struggled as desperately to maintain our footing until aid should arrive. But our efforts were in vain. Pressing on to us in dense, overpowering numbers, and hemming us in on every quarter but that by which we had boarded the ship, they seemed determined to drive us into the ocean pell-mell, or slaughter us outright. No quarter was asked or given. Man after man fell around me in the vain attempt to maintain our footing. Already I had received two cutlass wounds myself. Our ranks were fearfully thinned. Yet still I cheered on my men, determined rather to die at bay than surrender or retreat. But all seemed in vain. Three several men had already fallen before my arm, and the deck was slippery with the blood of friend and foe; yet the enemy did not appear to lessen in numbers. As fast as one man fell, another filled his place. Despair took possession of us. I saw nothing before us but a glorious death, and I determined that it should be one long after to be talked of by my countrymen. All this, however, had passed almost in a minute. Suddenly I heard a cheer on the starboard bow of the enemy, and as it rose clear and shrill over all the din of the conflict, I recognised the Fireflies clambering over the ship's side in that direction.

"Huzza! the day's our own!" I shouted, in the revulsion of feeling. "Come on, my lads, and let us hew the scoundrels to the chine!" and, with another wild huzza, I dashed like a madman upon the cutlasses of the foe. My men followed me with the fury of a whirlwind. Wild, terrible, overpowering was that charge; fierce, desperate and relentless was the resistance. The scene that ensued eternity will not eradicate from my memory. Hand to hand and foot to foot we fought, each man striving with his opponent, conscious that life or death depended on the issue: while swords clashed, pistols exploded, shouts rent the air, and blood flowed on every hand as if it had been water. Now the foe yielded, and now we retired in turn. Swaying to and fro, striking around pell-mell, thrusting, parrying, hewing, wrestling in the death-grip, or hurling the fallen from our path, now clearing our way by main force, and now breaking the enemy's front by a deceptive retreat, we succeeded at length in driving the foe back in a broken mass on their assailants from the bow. Then they rallied, and, with the fury of tigers at bay, returned to the charge. If ever men fought like demons, they did. As they grew more and more desperate, they fairly howled with rage. Their curses were terrific. God help me from ever witnessing such a sight again! I saw that it only needed another vigorous charge to complete their defeat, and rallying my little band around me once more, though every man of them was wounded, we dashed on to the foe, determined to cut our way through to our friends, or drive the enemy down the hatchway.

"Once more, my boys, once more — huzza for liberty! — on!"

"Come on, ye rebel knaves!" growled the leader of the British, and striking at me with his cutlass, to challenge me to single combat, he roared, "Take that, ye hell-hound." One of my men sprang to my aid.

"Back — back!" I shouted, "leave him to me."

"Ay, God's curse be on you —" but his words were lost in the clash of the conflict. For a moment I thought he was more than my match, but his very rage overreached itself, and failing to guard himself sufficiently, he exposed his person, and the next instant my sword passed through his body. He fell backwards without a groan. His men saw him fall, and a score of weapons were pointed at me.

"Down with him — hew him to the ground," roared the British.

"Hurrah for Parker! — beat back the villains!" thundered my own men, and the contest, which had paused during the combat between the fallen chief and myself, now raged with redoubled frenzy, the whole fury of the enemy being directed against myself. I remember shouts, curses, and groans, the clash of cutlasses and the roar of fire-arms, and then comes a faint memory of a sharp pain in my side, succeeded by a reeling in my brain, and a sensation of staggering, as if about to fall. After that all is blank.

When I recovered my senses, I was lying on the quarter deck, while the cool night breeze swept deliciously over my fevered brow, and my ears were soothed with the gentle ripple of the waters as the ship moved on her course. A solitary star, struggling through a rent in the clouds overhead, shone calmly down on me. I turned uneasily around.

"How are you, Parker?" said the voice of the lieutenant, approaching me. "We are nearing the schooner rapidly, when you'll have your wound attended to — I bandaged it as well as I could."

"Thank you," I said, faintly. "But have you really brought off the prize?"

"Ay, ay," said he, laughing, "we got off, although they hailed cannon balls around us like sugar-plums at a carnival in Rome. Never before did I run such a gauntlet. But the sleepy fellows did not get properly awake until we had made sail — had they opened their fire at once, they might have sent us to Davy Jones' locker in a trice."

"And the enemy's crew?"

"All snug below hatches, every mother's son of them. They fought like devils, and came within an ace of beating us. But, faith, yonder is the old schooner. Ship, ahoy!"

We were soon aboard. My wound proved a serious, though not a dangerous one, and for several weeks I was confined to my hammock.

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A DAY AT NIAGARA.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

"WELL, here's an evil of rail-road travelling that I never thought of before!" screamed a bright girl, with pouting, rosy lips, and a dimpled chin, at the risque of spoiling as sweet a voice as ever warbled "Away with Melancholy," on a May morning; addressing her words to our good cousin, who had taken upon himself the responsible charge of escorting a party of ladies, (among whom were the fair speaker, his sister, and my fortunate self,) to see the great 'lion' of this western world.

"You say that we are within five miles of Niagara, yet I cannot hear its voice for the eternal gabble, gabble of this locomotive. Why, all my dreams have been associated with the geographic recollections of childhood, which invariably said, 'The roar of the cataract may be heard distinctly at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles.'"

"You forget," replied her brother, "that it is when those wise assurances were written, which make the eyes of the school-girl stand out 'as visibly as letters on a sign,' that this rapid, noisy mode of travelling was unthought of: wait a little, my sweet sis., till we reach the point of our destination, and Niagara's thundering bass will sound all the mightier, for bursting suddenly upon your ear."

While these remarks were passing, we were nearing the end of our journey; and on reaching the depot, our party was among the foremost to leave the puffing, snorting, "black poney" behind, as we turned our faces towards the hotel. But neither my fair cousin nor myself seemed *astounded* at the noise of the cataract; much to the surprise of her brother. The truth was, that in this particular of *sound* our "loud expectations" exceeded the reality; though it may as well be remembered here as elsewhere, that before leaving Niagara, our ears *were* "filled with hearing," no less than were our "eyes satisfied with seeing." The sun was first hiding his face behind the golden curtain of a July evening, and tea already sending its grateful fragrance from the ample board, as we reached "The Cataract House;" so it was agreed that we should refresh ourselves with a dish of the green beverage, before sallying out for a peep at the Falls:—furthermore, that until then, no one of our party should approach a certain window which commanded a view of the rapids, upon the penalty of our good-natured cousin's displeasure; and as we had one and all promised obedience to his wishes, each poised herself on the tip-toe of curiosity, long enough to swallow a boiling draught, at the expense of sore, though not *disabled* tongues, for some days thereafter. We were, however, too unmerciful to allow our gallant the comforts of his cigar after tea; but by sundry hints, in the form of bonnets and shawls, compelled his politeness to yield to our impatience for the evening ramble. Our footsteps were first directed to the bridge which extends over the boiling, angry rapids, to Goat Island. Even here, it would seem that as much of the awful, the sublime, and the beautiful, had met together, as human eyes could endure to look upon! As we leaned over the railing of the bridge, (holding on instinctively with convulsive grasp,) and surveyed the yawning whirlpools beneath, encompassed by the ever-restless foam, I, for one, thought I had never seen any thing terrific before! But from the imperfect view of the falls, which the gathering shades of twilight and the American side gave us that evening, my "first impressions" were those of bitter disappointment. "And is this the end of all my vast imaginings?" said I, in haste to myself, but breathed it not aloud; for, indeed, even then and there, the scene was grand and imposing: so I held my peace, resolving to await the morning beams, for its rainbow crown, and retire to my pillow *opinionless*, touching the glories of the grand cataract.

The sun looked down upon us the next morning without the shadow of a cloud between, and preparations commenced at an early hour, for a day at Niagara. Much to our delight, we found a familiar party of ladies and gentlemen, at a sister hotel, who had arrived during the night, and would join us in the pleasures of the day. As it happened that the gentlemen of said party outnumbered the ladies, the *fair* responsibilities of our obliging cousin (who had performed the part of "beau-general" much to the credit of his gallantry) were *fairly* divided with the other beaux, and all things being arranged, each lady could boast of her own protector. I know of nothing that quickens the pleasing excitement of these excursions more than an unexpected recruit of acquaintances and friends. Never was there a gayer or happier little company than left the "Cataract House" that shadowless summer morning, to cross the green waters of Niagara river for the Canada side. Oh! how those bright faces come up before me now, as if among the vivid recollections of yesterday! There was the brilliant Mrs. —— with her raven curls, matchless form, and "dangerous eyes of jet," ever and anon returning a dazzling smile for the involun-

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tary gaze of admiration. And what coquette by *nature* ever learned, until she had been the happy wife and mother *more* than two years, to confine her favorable glances to *one* beloved object. Albeit the beautiful Mrs. —— is "a jewel of a wife," though I heard her adoring husband confess that very day, that she "caught" him "with her eyes!" There, too, in striking contrast, was the gentle wife of our happy cousin, with her hazel "eyes, like shaded water;" the carnation of modesty on her cheeks, and "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" beaming on her brow. And then the fair Miss ——, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. ——, from New York, who were exposing, for the first time, their fragile flower of sixteen summers, whose delicate complexion, and lily hands, needed none to affirm that "the winds of heaven never visited her too roughly;" but whose chief attraction seemed in some way connected with the appellation of "heiress!" So no doubt thought a whiskered "fortune-hunter," who, by dint of bows and smiles, had contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of our party, and played the devoted to Miss ——, after the most approved fashion. To say nothing of the pretty sister of our cousin, with her tiny feet — "the lightest and gentlest that ever from the heath-flower brushed the dew!" Nor of the radiant and fascinating belle of ——, who had already commenced a flirtation with the rich southerner, who was her chosen *knight* for the day. Nor of other laughing eyes and mirth-stirring spirits that made up the party. But, alas! the shadow of death falls ever upon life's retrospect picture. Of one individual, whose gallantry, good sense and extraordinary musical powers, rendered him a favorite of the fair, on that occasion, may it now be said, "the places that knew him shall know him no more." In early manhood, and in a stranger's grave, sleeps he whose active step, whose buoyant spirits, whose melody of song and sparkling wit concealed from us the insatiate disease, whose slow, sure worm had even then fastened upon his vitals. Consumption sent him to the balmy south, there to find a resting place 'mid orange groves and perpetual-blooming flowers. Peace be with the ashes of the early, the gifted dead.

No sooner was our little barge on the centre of the rapid tide, and the eye glanced upward and round about, than a scene of magnificence and glory burst upon us, which it had "never entered into the heart to conceive!" Many have attempted to describe it; but if the ablest pen of the most ready writer hath failed to embrace half its wondrous beauties, let not this humble pen dare to desecrate what for sublimity and loveliness is verily *indescribable!* To us it seemed that "the fountains of the deep were again broken up" — as if old *Ocean* was pouring forth his deep green floods into that awful abyss, so wide, so vast, so terrible was their rush to the brink — so mighty and resistless their plunge into the boiling chasm! There hung the rainbow, with God's promise in its hues of beauty —

> "That arch, where angel-forms might lean,
> And view the wonders of the mighty scene!"

On reaching the Canada side, our first "post of observation" was Table Rock. The picture it presents — who shall paint it? The most striking feature of the whole is the vast *quantity* of water which pours unceasing and unspent, and its consequent deeply emerald hue as it passes the rocks, before breaking in its fall to the pure, amber-shaded foam, which sends up an eternal incense of spray to Heaven. Another feature of beauty which arrested our attention was the meeting of the floods at the termination of the "Horse-shoe Fall," where an angle of the rocks causes a continual *embrace of the waters*. The eye could scarce weary in viewing this *one* beauty of the scene; but before the mighty *whole*, awe-struck, the heart could only bow in silent adoration to that Great Being who made it all, for "the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters!" We next ascended the craggy steep to a wide-extended plain above, where are placed the barracks of the "Forty-third regiment of Her Majesty's troops." Fortunately for us, the day was one of regular review, and the whole regiment was out on duty. As we reached the brow of the hill, where, on the one side, was Niagara in all its glory, and on the other an extensive military display of red coats and arms of steel flashing in the sunlight, I thought that Nature and Art needed no embellishment from the pen of Fancy — "'Twas like enchantment all!" While in the full enjoyment of this glorious scene, her Majesty's well-disciplined band played the familiar air of "God save the Queen!" as to *us* it was never played before, and my heart vibrated with as much joy as it ever felt at the sound of our national air, "Hail Columbia!"

Our party returned to the hotel at sunset, all uniting in the opinion that it is impossible to anticipate too much of enjoyment at Niagara, so far as it respects the marvellous and beautiful in nature, and only regretting that we could not pass a month, instead of a day, with its scenes around us. A few hours, previous to our departure the following morning, were spent in exploring Goat Island, so far as our limited time would allow. 'Tis in sooth a "fairy isle," lashed day and night by the untiring rapids, and affording various and beautiful views of the great cataract it divides. The luxuriant foliage of its majestic trees shelters the admirer of the scenes around from the noonday heat, and the odors from its garden of flowers regale his senses the while.

We bade a reluctant adieu to Niagara, calling to mind all the imaginations that the heart had devised — all the descriptions we had heard from others' lips — but with the words of "the Queen of the East" on our own, "*The half was not told me.*"

By way of concluding this imperfect sketch, we add some few lines, which were written in despite of a resolution most religiously *made* against such a presumptive measure; for, somehow or other, the humblest, as well as the loftiest pen, will attempt in numbers to express the unnumbered thoughts and "strange, which crowd into the brain" at Niagara. And while this prince of cataracts flows on, its ter-

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rific beauties will be still the oft-told but unspent theme of the "spirit-stirring muse."

NIAGARA.

"How dreadful is this place!" for GOD is here!
His name is graven on th' eternal rocks,
As with an iron pen and diamond's point:
While their unceasing floods his voice proclaim,
Oft as their thunder shakes the distant hills.
O! if the forest-trees, which have grown old
In viewing all the wonders of this scene,
Do tremble still, and cast to earth their leaves—
Familiar as they are with things sublime—
Shall not the timid stranger here unloose
His sandals, ere he treads on "holy ground,"
And bow in humble worship to his God?
For unto such as do approach with awe
This bright creation of th' Immortal Mind,
Methinks there comes, amid the deafening roar
Of "many waters," yet "a still, small voice,"
Which saith, "Ye children of the dust, fear not—
Know that this GOD, this awful GOD, is *yours!*"
Yes, here have wrath and peace together met—
Justice and Mercy sweetly have embraced;
For, o'er the terrors of the angry floods,
The bow of promise and of beauty hangs:
When in the sunbeams, with its matchless hues,
Or as a silver arch on evening's brow,
Saying, "God's works are marvellous and great,
But ah! when understood, his name is LOVE."

CEDAR BROOK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

MAJOR DADE'S COMMAND.

A REQUIEM for the gallant dead?
A dirge for those who died,
With banner streaming overhead,
Unsoiled, unterrified!
A gallant but devoted band,
They fell, unyielding, sword in hand.

They hear not now the Indian yell,
Nor cannon's angry roar;
The clash of arms, or 'larum bell,
Shall startle them no more!
Unlike and severed were their homes—
One sepulchre contains their bones.

The spangled banner that has led
So oft to victory,
Its stars undimmed, above their bed,
Unfolded to the sky,
When in the unconquered hearts below,
The tide of life had ceased to flow.

No sculptured imagery on high,
Reveals their lonely grave.
No epitaph can passer spy,
To tell where rest the brave!
Such may become the gilded tomb,
But not the stern old forest's gloom.

Like streamers, to the passing breeze,
The unshorn grass waves here;
As silent mourners, blighted trees,
Or monuments appear;
The glad, wild birds their requiem sing,
And flowers around their incense fling.

The smile that struggles in the eye,
When withered is the heart,
Reminding us of hopes gone by,
No joy, but gloom impart;
So nature loses all its bloom,
And beauty round the loved one's tomb.

Though wild and distant is the spot,
Where their bleached bones are laid,
More hallowed ground is honored not
By widow, sire, or maid:
And fame shall shield from vulgar tread,
The ashes of the valiant dead.

And though around their lowly tomb,
No kin or friends are found,
Who weep the blight of manhood's bloom
On valor's sacred ground;
Yet loving hearts are chill with woe,
And eyes are dim with sorrow's flow.

As to some venerated shrine,
Whose lights have ceased to burn,
Shall pilgrims here, in after time,
Their wand'ring footsteps turn,
And view in Fancy's magic glass,
The scene of death before them pass.

Perchance, upon the spot they fell,
Some monument may then
Its lofty column rear to tell
The gratitude of men;
The noble dead! they need it not;
Their valor consecrates the spot. CONRAD.

THE WIDOW.

THERE sits a mourner, solitary now
With downcast eyes, and pale dejected brow.
Cold is the pillow where she laid her head,
When last they sat beneath their favorite shade—
Hushed is the voice, which ever to her own
Answered in tones of tenderness alone.

Stilled are the merry notes of childish glee,
And she is left—of all that family!
She looks abroad—and sees no welcome smile,
No cheerful sounds her weary hours beguile,
She looks within—and all is mute despair,
She looks to Heaven—oh! joy! her all is there. M. S. B. B.

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WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Since our last number went to press, we have been called upon to mourn the death of Willis Gaylord Clark, one of the contributors to this Magazine, and a poet of unusual sweetness, elegance, melody and pathos. He died, in his thirty-second year, of pulmonary consumption. He had more than once been almost prostrated by this fell disease, but his constitution had rallied against its attacks, and he, as well as his friends, entertained hopes of his recovery; but about two months before his death, the disease apparently returned with renewed violence, and, after sinking gradually beneath its power, Mr. Clark's life terminated on Sunday, the 13th of June, 1841.

As a man, Mr. Clark was universally esteemed. His warm heart, frank nature, and social qualities endeared him to all his friends, and he has left a blank in the little circle which he was wont to grace. To the last he enjoyed the society of his friends. He breathed to them the wish that no venomous tongue should be suffered to insult his fame when he was dead, and thus rob his orphan boy of his father's only heritage — his name. God knows, the heart that could entertain aught evil towards the departed deserves not the companionship or sympathy of mankind. The dying moments of Mr. Clark were filled with the memory of his lost wife — to whom he has written some of the sweetest verses in the language — and his parting request was that he should be buried by her side, at the same hour of the day at which she was interred. Need we say his request was religiously fulfilled?

The closing days of the poet are finely drawn in the following lines, for which we are indebted to Robert Morris, Esq., another of our valued contributors, and one of the circle of Mr. Clark's friends. They need no eulogy at our hands. They will commend themselves to all who loved the departed, or admire true poetry.

A DEATH SCENE IN THE CHAMBER OF A POET.

Come hither, friend! My voice grows thin and weak —
My limbs are feeble, and I feel that Death
Will soon achieve his conquest. Look not sad!
The being best beloved has gone before —
Why should *I* tarry here? An angel form
Beckons me on. Amid my morning dreams,
I hear *her* voice and see her starry eyes!
That voice so full of woman tenderness;
Those eyes that mirrored an unsullied soul!
Then look not sad! My peace is made with God,
And in the hope, which is the dawn of Heaven —
The Christian's hope — I will a little hence
On my mysterious journey. Soon — how soon! —
The rush will break upon me! The dim stars,
Which now, this mellow night, like sands of gold,
Glitter amid the distance — it may be
That I may pass their confines on my course;
That peopled worlds may greet my spirit's gaze!
Look, gentle friend, how brightly do they shine!
How like to living things! How beautiful!
How more than wonderful the mighty hand
That placed them there, all radiant with light!

Oh, God! in whose high presence soon my soul
Will stand uncovered, what a worm am I
Amid thy wonders vast and infinite!
And yet I feel th' immortal burns within —
The quenchless light of an eternal soul!
Yes! as the frame decays; as this frail dust
Sinks to its native earth, the spirit's wings
Unfold, and all within seems eager for the flight!

My voice is almost lost. Friend! — faithful friend,
Long tried and well beloved — before I leave
This summer scene of earth, you fields and flowers —
Alas! like youth and life, they soon will fade —
I have a boon to crave. My boy, my only boy,
Will soon be fatherless! Forgive this tear;
It is among the last.

Hither, my child!

There lives his mother's image — her soft eyes,
So large and full and dove-like; her brown hair,
So rich and silken, and her cheek of rose!
Oh! what a fate was hers! But yesterday,
All youth and hope and beauty; and to-day,
A banquet for the cold and creeping worm!
But far above the grave her spirit dwells,
Among the white-robed circles of the blest:
In that bright clime where Faith and Fancy soar,
And Love and Hope and Joy walk hand in hand.

But to the boon.
I would not, when my dust
Lies still and cold, leave bitter memories.
I would not leave a wound in any breast,
But fain with all the world would die in peace,
Forgiving all, and asking all forgiveness.
The only legacy that I may leave
My idol boy, is a weak dream of fame:
A phantom that has cheated me of life,
And tells me now, I fear, before the grave.
And yet, how that will dream, tempting and bright,
Has spanned my youthful life, as does the bow
The summer storm! And now, e'en while I gaze,
And feel the mortal passing slowly off,
How dust still clings to dust, and a desire
Burns at my breast, that justice may be done
My memory! — that he, in after time —
(Poor child, how little recks he of this scene! —)
May speak his father's name with love and pride.

* * * * * * * * * *

A hand — a friendly hand! — mine eyes grow dim —

His pale lip quivered, and the hectic tinge
Passed from his hollow cheeks. And see, he sleeps!
Alas! 'tis Death's unchangeable repose —
The spirit of the poet soars to God!

Mr. Clark possessed poetic talents of no ordinary merit. He belonged to the school of Goldsmith and Pope, rather than to that of Byron or Coleridge. He was more remarkable for sweetness than passion, for melody than force, for fancy than imagination. The rank to which he belonged was not the highest, but in that rank he occupied one of the foremost stations. He was distinguished for his grace and euphony. Few men have written so elegantly as Mr. Clark; no man has excelled him in the melody of numbers. He obviously devoted the greatest attention to the composition of poetry, and no piece left his hand until it had received its utmost polish. There was a deep abiding sense of religion in his compositions which commend them to every heart. He was indeed almost the first poet to render the poetry of religion attractive: for Young, Cowper, Wordsworth, and even Milton, too often fail in this. But Mr. Clark was always successful, breathing, as he did, aspirations after a higher and better state of being, and emulating, if that were possible, the wrapt enthusiasm of the Hebrew poet, when dreaming of the "better land" — that land to which he has now followed his long-wept wife. Yes! he has gone -

"Gone to his Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round him blowing,
And on his ear the murmur blest
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing! —
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves!
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of loveliness make glad
The city of our God forever!"

Why should we mourn his loss? This is no home for the weary spirit. Earth has nothing to satisfy the immortal mind; but, with a reach after higher and holier things, it struggles to be away, satisfied only when roaming free through the wide expanse of Eternity.

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FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER,

A BALLAD—WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

J. DODSLEY HUMPHREYS.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 *Chesnut Street.*



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These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought, the thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel,
I only know we lov'd in vain.
I only feel farewell,
I only feel farewell, farewell,
I only know I loved in vain,
I only feel, I only feel farewell.

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Sports and Pastimes.

ANGLING.

The prevailing attributes and domestic economy of fishes may be described as exactly the reverse of those of birds. These gay and airy creatures possess the power of surveying distinctly, at a glance, an immeasurable extent of horizon; their acute perception of sound appreciates all intonations, and their glad voices are exquisitely skilled in their production. Though their bills are hard, and their bodies closely covered by down and feathers, they are by no means deficient in the sense of touch. They enjoy all the delights of conjugal and parental affection, and perform their incumbent duties with devotedness and courage. They cherish and defend their offspring, and will sometimes even die in their defence; and of all the wonderful labors of instinctive art, none is so beautiful as the formation of their mossy dwellings. With what deep and continuous affection does the female brood over her cherished treasures!—how unwearied is the gallant mate in his tender assiduities, and with what melodious love does he outpour that rich and varied song by which he seeks to soothe her sedentary task!

"Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods!"

But close at hand, on that umbrageous bough, sits the fond partner of his joys and sorrows, so that it is in no spirit of selfish solitary musing that he ever murmurs, by woodland stream and shadow-haunted brook, "a music sweeter than their own." The slender winged and glossy plumaged swallow, which skims the verdure of the new-mown meadow, or dimples the surface of the breezeless lake—the ponderous but giant-pinioned eagle, winging his way from distant isles, o'er waters glittering with redundant life—the proud, far-sighted falcon, which, launching from some hoar cliff or lightning-scathed peak,

"Doth daily with the wind, and scorn the sun,"—

the wild and fearful lapwing, with graceful crest and dark dilated eye, are each and all enslaved for many a long-enduring season by this love of offspring, and toil in its support from dewy morning until latest eve.

But it is far otherwise with our voiceless dwellers in the deep, who exhibit but few attachments, are conversant with no interchanging language, and cherish no warm affections. Constructing no dwellings, they merely shelter themselves from danger among the cavernous rocks of the ocean, in the silent depths of lakes, or beneath the murky shade of the overhanging banks of rivers; and the cravings of hunger alone seem to exercise a frequent or influential action over their monotonous movements. We must not, however, conceive that the life of fishes is not one of enjoyment, for we know that the Great Creator "careth for all his creatures;" and it ought perhaps rather to be said that we cannot appreciate the nature of their feelings, than that they are in any way fore-doomed to a negation of pleasure. Assuredly, however, the hand of nature has been most prodigal in bestowing on their external aspect every variety of adornment. Their special forms are infinite, their proportions often most elegant, their colors lively and diversified—and nothing seems wanting, either in their shape or structure, to excite the unfeigned admiration of mankind. Indeed, it almost appears as if this prodigality of beauty was intended solely for such an end. The brightness of metallic splendor, the sparkling brilliancy of precious gems, the milder effulgence of the hues of flowers, all combine to signalize fishes as among the most beautiful objects of creation. When newly withdrawn from their native element, or still gliding submerged amid its liquid coolness, their colors, fixed or iridescent, are seen mingling in spots, or bands, or broader flashes—always elegant and symmetrical, sometimes richly contrasted, sometimes gradually softened into each other, and in all cases harmonizing with a chaste fulness of effect which Titian and Rubens might envy, but could never equal. For what reason, then, it has been asked, has all this adornment been bestowed on creatures which can scarcely perceive each other amid the dim perpetual twilight of the deep? Shakspeare has already said that there are "more things in *heaven* and *earth* than are dreamt of in our philosophy;" and we fear it is no answer to the foregoing question to add, that the same observation applies with even greater truth to the "*waters beneath the earth.*"

NUTRITION AND GROWTH OF FISHES.

The nutritive functions of fishes follow the same order of progression as those of the other classes of the vertebrated kingdom. They seize, and in some measure divide, their food with their teeth; they digest it in the stomach, from whence it passes into the intestinal canal, where it receives a supply of bile from the liver, and frequently a liquid similar to that of the pancreas; the nutritive juices, absorbed by vessels analogous to lacteals, and probably taken up in part also directly by the veins, are mingled with the venous blood which is flowing towards the heart, from whence it is pushed to the branchiæ, in which, coming in contact with the water, it is converted into arterial blood, and then proceeds to the nourishment of the whole body.

Fishes are in general extremely voracious, and the rule of "eat or be eaten," applies to them with unusual force. They are almost constantly engaged either in the active pursuit or patient waiting for their prey—their degree of power in its capture depending, of course, on the dimensions of the mouth and throat, and the strength of the teeth and jaws. If the teeth are sharp and curved, they are capable of seizing and securing either a large and fleshy bait, or the slenderest and most agile animal; if those parts are broad and strong, they are able to bruise the hardest aliment; if they are feeble or almost wanting, they are only serviceable in procuring some inert or unresisting prey. Fishes indeed, in most instances, show but little choice in the selection of their food, and their digestive powers are so strong and rapid as speedily to dissolve all animal substances. They greedily swallow other fishes, notwithstanding the sharp spines or bony ridges with which they may be armed; they attack and devour crabs and shell-fish, gulping them entire, without the least regard to the feelings of their families; they do not object occasionally to swallow the young even of their own species, and the more powerful kinds carry their warfare into other kingdoms of nature, and revel on rats, reptiles and young ducklings, to say nothing, gentle reader, of the ferocious shark, which not seldom makes a meal even of the lord of the creation. A particular friend of ours has his right leg in the West Indies, in consequence of an act of aggression alike unpleasant and uncalled for, and which a Christian-minded pedestrian finds it easier to forgive than

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forget. The species which live chiefly on vegetables are few in number, almost all fishes preferring pork to green peas.

The growth of these creatures depends greatly on the nature and amount of food, different individuals of the same species exhibiting a large disparity in their dimensions. They grow less rapidly in small ponds or shallow streams, than in large lakes and deep rivers. We once kept a minnow, little more than half an inch long, in a small glass vessel for a period of two years, during which time there was no perceptible increase in its dimensions. Had it continued in its native stream, subjected to the fattening influence of a continuous flow of water, and a consequent increase in the quantity and variety of its natural food, its cubic dimensions would probably have been twenty times greater; yet it must have attained, long prior to the lapse of a couple of years, to the usual period of the adult state. The growth itself seems to continue, under favorable circumstances, for a length of time, and we can scarcely set bounds to, certainly we know not with precision, the utmost range of the specific size of fishes. Salmon sometimes attain a weight of eighty pounds and upwards, and the giant pike of Kaiserslautern is alleged to have measured nineteen feet, and to have weighed 350 pounds. No doubt, an incorrect allegation does not in any way increase the actual size of fishes, and few people now-a-days can take exact cognizance of what was done at Manheim in the year 1497; but, even in these degenerate days, amid our own translucent waters, and among species in no way remarkable for their ordinary dimensions, we ever and anon meet with ancient individuals which vastly exceed the usual weight and measure of their kind. But, in spite of this, let no angler, whether in the bloom of early youth, the power of matured manhood, or with the silver locks of "hoar antiquity" above his wrinkled brow, ever induce within himself, or express to others, the belief that, at all times and places, he is perpetually catching enormous trouts in vast numbers, because we happen to know that this is not the case. We don't insist upon any one weighing every fish he captures, but we insist that no one, after jerking out a few pair, will maintain next morning, or even that very night, that he has had a most toilsome but very glorious day, and has killed five dozen and four of the finest trouts the human eye ever gazed upon. "All men are liars"—and several anglers—is a proposition the exact import of which depends much on the mode of construction.

THE MUSCULAR MOVEMENTS OF FISHES.

The vertebral column, composed of numerous articulations, united by cartilages which permit of certain movements, curves with great facility from side to side; but the vertical motion is much more restricted, chiefly in consequence of the projection of the upper and under spiny processes of the vertebræ. The great organ of movement in all fishes is the tail. The muscles, by which it is brought into play, extend in lengthened masses on either side of the vertebral column. The body, being supported chiefly by the swimming bladder, (which, however, is absent in several species, is propelled forward by the rapid flexure of the extremity acting laterally upon the resistance offered by the water. Generally speaking, neither the pectoral nor the ventral fins are of any material use during swift progressive motion; they rather serve to balance the body, or to aid its gentler movements while in a state of comparative repose. In *flying fishes*, as they are called, the pectoral fins are of such great length and expansion as to support these creatures in the air; and the strength of muscular action might probably suffice even for a longer flight, but for the necessity of constant moisture for the purposes of respiration. The drying of the gills in an individual of this class is attended by results analogous to those produced in the case of a land animal; and a flying fish is obliged to descend to respire, in like manner as a swimming quadruped, or disguised mammiferous animal, as we may term a whale, is under the necessity of ascending for the same purpose.

The heads of fishes exercise but a slight movement independent of the rest of the body, but the jaws, opercular bones, branchial arches, and other parts, are very free in their motions. The muscles, like those of other vertebrated animals, are composed of fleshy fibres more or less colored, and of tendonous fibres of a white or silvery aspect. With the exception, however, of certain spinal muscles, which are sometimes of a deep red, the flesh of fishes is much paler than that of quadrupeds, and still more so than that of birds. In several species it is even entirely white.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND SENSES OF FISHES.

As fishes respire through the intervention of water alone, that is, as they can scarcely avail themselves, in rendering their blood *arterial*, of anything more than the small portion of oxygen contained in the air which is suspended in the water, their blood is necessarily cold, and the general energy and activity of their senses are by no means so great as those of quadrupeds and birds. Their brain also, though of similar composition, is proportionally much smaller, whether as compared with the total size of the body, with the mass of nerves which proceed from it, or with the cavity of the cranium in which it is contained. In the turbot (*Gadus lota*) for example, the weight of the brain to that of the spinal marrow is ascertained to be as 8 to 12, and to that of the whole body as 1 to 720; and it has been ascertained that the brain of a pike, weighed in proportion to the whole body, is as 1 to 1305. Now, in many small birds, the brain, viewed in relation to the rest of the body, is equal to a twentieth part. In the generality of fishes, the spinal cord extends along the whole of the caudal vertebræ, and it is thus that it preponderates over the brain; but the fishing frog, or sea devil (*Lophius piscatorius*), the moon fish (*Lampris guttatus*), and a few others, form exceptions to this rule, the spinal marrow disappearing before it reaches the eighth vertebra. The brain of fishes by no means fills up the cavity of the cranium; and the interval between the *pia mater*, which envelopes the brain itself, and the *dura mater*, which lines the interior of the skull, is occupied only by a loose cellulosity, frequently impregnated by an oil, or sometimes, as in the sturgeon and thunny, by a more compact fatty matter. It has also been remarked that this void between the cranium and the brain is much less in young subjects than in adults; from which it may be inferred that the brain does not increase in an equal proportion with the rest of the body. Cuvier, in fact, has found its dimensions nearly the same in different individuals—of the same species—of which the general size of one was double that of the other.

Although we should be sorry to lower the subjects of our present observation in the estimation of society, we think it undeniable that, of all vertebrated animals, fishes exhibit the smallest apparent symptoms of refined sensibility. Having no elastic air to act upon, they are necessarily mute, or nearly so, and all the sweet sensations which the delightful faculty of voice has called into being among the higher tribes, are to them unknown. Their glazed, immovable eyes, their fixed and bony faces, admit of no playful range in their physiognomical expression, of no variation connected with emotion. Their ears, surrounded on every side by the bones of the cranium, destitute of external conch, without any internal cochlea, and composed merely of certain sacks and membranous canals, scarcely suffice for the perception of the loudest sounds. Yet they will sink affrighted into the darksome depths of lakes, beneath the banks of rivers, or in oceans blue profound, when the "sky lowers and mutters thunder," and with elemental fierceness the sheeted lightning flashes broad and bright above their liquid dwellings.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Quacks of Helicon: A Satire. By L. A. Wilmer. *Philadelphia: Printed by J. W. Macclefield.*

A SATIRE, professedly such, at the present day, and especially by an American writer, is a welcome novelty, indeed. We have really done very little in the line upon this side of the Atlantic — nothing, certainly, of importance — Trumbull's clumsy poem and Halleck's "Croakers" to the contrary notwithstanding. Some things we have produced, to be sure, which were excellent in the way of burlesque, without intending a syllable that was not utterly solemn and serious. Odes, ballads, songs, sonnets, epics, and epigrams, possessed of this unintentional excellence, we could have no difficulty in designating by the dozen; but, in the matter of directly-meant and genuine satire, it cannot be denied that we are sadly deficient. Although, as a literary people, however, we are not exactly Archilocuses — although we have no pretensions to the ηχεητικς ιαμβοι — although, in short, we are no satirists ourselves, there can be no question that we answer sufficiently well as subjects for satire.

We repeat, that we are glad to see this book of Mr. Wilmer's; first, because it is something new under the sun; secondly, because, in many respects, it is well executed; and, thirdly, because, in the universal corruption and rigmarole amid which we gasp for breath, it is really a pleasant thing to get even one accidental whiff of the unadulterated air of *truth*.

The "Quacks of Helicon," as a poem and otherwise, has many defects, and these we shall have no scruple in pointing out — although Mr. Wilmer is a personal friend of our own, and we are happy and proud to say so — but it has also many remarkable merits — merits which it will be quite useless for those aggrieved by the satire — quite useless for any *clique*, or set of *cliques*, to attempt to frown down, or to affect not to see, or to feel, or to understand.

Its prevalent blemishes are referrible chiefly to the leading sin of *imitation*. Had the work been composed professedly in paraphrase of the whole manner of the sarcastic epistles of the times of Dryden and Pope, we should have pronounced it the most ingenious and truthful thing of the kind upon record. So close is the copy, that it extends to the most trivial points — for example to the old forms of punctuation. The turns of phraseology, the tricks of rhythm, the arrangement of the paragraphs, the general conduct of the satire — everything — all — are Dryden's. We cannot deny, it is true, that the satiric model of the days in question is insusceptible of improvement, and that the modern author who deviates therefrom, must necessarily sacrifice something of merit at the shrine of originality. Neither can we shut our eyes to the fact, that the imitation, in the present case, has conveyed, in full spirit, the higher qualities, as well as, in rigid letter, the minor elegancies and general peculiarities of the author of "Absalom and Achitophel." We have here the bold, vigorous, and sonorous verse, the biting sarcasm, the pungent epigrammatism, the unscrupulous directness, as of old. Yet it will not do to forget that Mr. Wilmer has been *shown how* to accomplish these things. He is thus only entitled to the praise of a close observer, and of a thoughtful and skilful copyist. The images are, to be sure, his own. They are neither Pope's, nor Dryden's, nor Rochester's, nor Churchill's — but they are moulded in the identical mould used by these satirists.

This servility of imitation has seduced our author into errors which his better sense should have avoided. He sometimes mistakes intention; at other times he copies faults, confounding them with beauties. In the opening of the poem, for example, we find the lines—

> Against usurpers, Olney, I declare*
> A righteous, just, and patriotic war.

The rhymes *war* and *declare* are here adopted from Pope, who employs them frequently; but it should have been remembered that the modern relative pronunciation of the two words differs materially from the relative pronunciation of the era of the "Dunciad."

We are also sure that the gross obscenity, the filth — we can use no gentler name — which disgraces the "Quacks of Helicon," cannot be the result of innate impurity in the mind of the writer. It is but a part of the slavish and indiscriminating imitation of the Swift and Rochester school. It has done the book an irreparable injury, both in a moral and pecuniary view, without effecting anything whatever on the score of sarcasm, vigor or wit. "Let what is to be said, be said plainly." True; but let nothing vulgar be *ever* said, or conceived.

In asserting that this satire, even in its mannerism, has imbued itself with the full spirit of the polish and of the pungency of Dryden, we have already awarded it high praise. But there remains to be mentioned the far loftier merit of speaking fearlessly the truth, at an epoch when truth is out of fashion, and under circumstances of social position which would have deterred almost any man in our community from a similar Quixotism. For the publication of the "Quacks of Helicon," — a poem which brings under review, by name, most of our prominent *literati*, and treats them, generally, as they deserve (what treatment could be more bitter?) — for the publication of this attack, Mr. Wilmer, whose subsistence lies in his pen, has little to look for — apart from the silent respect of those at once honest and timid — but the most malignant open or covert persecution. For this reason, and because it is the truth which he has spoken, do we say to him from the bottom of our hearts, "God speed!"

We repeat it: — *it is* the truth which he has spoken, and who shall contradict us? He has said unscrupulously what every reasonable man among us has long known to be "as true as the Pentateuch" — that, as a literary people, we are one vast perambulating humbug. He has asserted that we are *clique*-ridden, and who does not smile at the obvious truism of that assertion? He maintains that chicanery is, with us, a far surer road than talent to distinction in letters. Who gainsays this? The corrupt nature of our ordinary criticism has become notorious. Its powers have been prostrated by its own arm. The intercourse between critic and publisher, as it now almost universally stands, is comprised either in the paying and pocketing of black mail, as the price of a simple forbearance, or in a direct system of petty and contemptible bribery, properly so called — a system even more injurious than the former to the true interests

* Of Mr. Poe's.

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of the public, and more degrading to the buyers and sellers of good opinion, on account of the more positive character of the service here rendered for the consideration received. We laugh at the idea of any denial of our assertions upon this topic; they are infamously true. In the charge of general corruption there are undoubtedly many noble exceptions to be made. There are, indeed, some very few editors, who, maintaining an entire independence, will receive no books from publishers at all, or who receive them with a perfect understanding, on the part of these latter, that an unbiassed *critique* will be given. But these cases are insufficient to have much effect on the popular mistrust: a mistrust heightened by late exposure of the machinations of *coteries* in New York — *coteries* which, at the bidding of leading booksellers, manufacture, as required from time to time, a pseudo-public opinion by wholesale, for the benefit of any little hanger on of the party, or pettifogging protector of the firm.

We speak of these things in the bitterness of scorn. It is unnecessary to cite instances, where one is found in almost every issue of a book. It is needless to call to mind the desperate case of Fay — a case where the pertinacity of the effort to gull — where the obviousness of the attempt at forestalling a judgment — where the wofully over-done be-Mirrorment of that man-of-straw, together with the pitiable platitude of his production, proved a dose somewhat too potent for even the well-prepared stomach of the mob. We say it is supererogatory to dwell upon "Norman Leslie," or other by-gone follies, when we have, before our eyes, hourly instances of the machinations in question. To so great an extent of methodical assurance has the *system* of puffery arrived, that publishers, of late, have made no scruple of keeping on hand an assortment of commendatory notices, prepared by their men of all work, and of sending these notices around to the multitudinous papers within their influence, done up within the fly-leaves of the book. The grossness of these base attempts, however, has not escaped indignant rebuke from the more honorable portion of the press; and we hail these symptoms of restiveness under the yoke of unprincipled ignorance and quackery (strong only in combination) as the harbinger of a better era for the interests of real merit, and of the national literature as a whole.

It has become, indeed the plain duty of each individual connected with our periodicals, heartily to give whatever influence he possesses, to the good cause of integrity and the truth. The results thus attainable will be found worthy his closest attention and best efforts. We shall thus frown down all conspiracies to flout insanity upon the public consideration at the obvious expense of every man of talent who is not a member of a *clique* in power. We may even arrive, in time, at that desirable point from which a distinct view of our men of letters may be obtained, and their respective pretensions adjusted, by the standard of a rigorous and self-sustaining criticism alone. That their several positions are as yet properly settled; that the posts which a vast number of them now hold are maintained by any better tenure than that of the chicanery upon which we have commented, will be asserted by none but the ignorant, or the parties who have best right to feel an interest in the "good old condition of things." No two matters can be more radically different than the reputation of some of our prominent *litterateurs*, as gathered from the mouths of the people, (who glean it from the paragraphs of the papers,) and the same reputation as deduced from the private estimate of intelligent and educated men. We do not advance this fact as a new discovery. Its truth, on the contrary, is the subject, and has long been so, of every-day witticism and mirth.

Why not? Surely there can be few things more ridiculous than the general character and assumptions of the ordinary critical notices of new books! An editor, sometimes without the shadow of the commonest attainment — often without brains, always without time — does not scruple to give the world to understand that he is in the *daily* habit of critically reading and deciding upon a flood of publications one tenth of whose title-pages he may possibly have turned over, three fourths of whose contents would be Hebrew to his most desperate efforts at comprehension, and whose entire mass and amount, as might be mathematically demonstrated, would be sufficient to occupy, in the most cursory perusal, the attention of some ten or twenty readers for a month! What he wants in plausibility, however, he makes up in obsequiousness; what he lacks in time he supplies in temper. He is the most easily pleased man in the world. He admires everything, from the big Dictionary of Noah Webster to the last diamond edition of Tom Thumb. Indeed his sole difficulty is in finding tongue to express his delight. Every pamphlet is a miracle — every book in boards is an epoch in letters. His phrases, therefore, get bigger and bigger every day, and, if it were not for talking Cockney, we might call him a "regular swell."

Yet in the attempt at getting definite information in regard to any one portion of our literature, the merely general reader, or the foreigner, will turn in vain from the lighter to the heavier journals. But it is not our intention here to dwell upon the radical, antique, and systematized rigmarole of our Quarterlies. The articles here are anonymous. Who writes! — who causes to be written! Who but an ass will put faith in tirades which *may* be the result of personal hostility, or in panegyrics which nine times out of ten may be laid, directly or indirectly, to the charge of the author himself? It is in the favor of these saturnine pamphlets that they contain, now and then, a good essay *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which may be looked into, without decided somnolent consequences, at any period not immediately subsequent to dinner. But it is useless to expect criticism from periodicals called "Reviews" from never reviewing. Besides, all men know, or should know, that these books are sadly given to verbiage. It is a part of their nature, a condition of their being, a point of their faith. A veteran reviewer loves the safety of generalities, and is therefore rarely particular. "Words, words, words" are the secret of his strength. He has one or two ideas of his own, and is both wary and fussy in giving them out. His wit lies with his truth, in a well, and there is always a world of trouble in getting it up. He is a sworn enemy to all things simple and direct. He gives no ear to the advice of the giant Moulineau — "*Relier, mon ami, commencez au commencement.*" He either jumps at once into the middle of his subject, or breaks in at a back door, or sidles up to it with the gait of a crab. No other mode of approach has an air of sufficient profundity. When fairly into it, however, he becomes dazzled with the scintillations of his own wisdom, and is seldom able to see his way out. Tired of laughing at his antics, or frightened at seeing him flounder, the reader at length shuts him up, with the book. "What song the Syrens sang," says Sir Thomas Browne, "or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond *all* conjecture" — but it would puzzle Sir Thomas, backed by Achilles and all the Syrens in Heathendom, to say, in nine cases out of ten, *what is the object* of a thorough-going Quarterly Reviewer.

Should the opinions promulgated by our press at large be taken, in their wonderful aggregate, as an evidence of what American literature absolutely is, (and it may be said that, in general, they are really so taken,) we shall find ourselves the most enviable set of people upon the face of the earth. Our fine writers are legion. Our very atmosphere is redolent of genius; and we, the nation, are a huge, well-contented chameleon, grown pursy by inhaling it. We are *tercies et rotundi* — enwrapped in excellence. All our poets are Miltons, neither mute nor inglorious; all our poetesses are

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"American Hemanses;" nor will it do to deny that all our novelists are great Knowns or great Unknowns, and that every body who writes, in every possible and impossible department, is the admirable Crichton, or at least the admirable Crichton's ghost. We are thus in a glorious condition, and will remain so until forced to disgorge our ethereal honors. In truth, there is some danger that the jealousy of the Old World will interfere. It cannot long submit to that outrageous monopoly of "all the decency and all the talent" in which the gentlemen of the *press* give such undoubted assurance of our being so busily engaged.

But we feel angry with ourselves for the jesting tone of our observations upon this topic. The prevalence of the spirit of puffery is a subject far less for merriment than for disgust. Its truckling, yet dogmatical character — its bold, unsustained, yet self-sufficient and wholesale laudation — is becoming, more and more, an insult to the common sense of the community. Trivial as it essentially is, it has yet been made the instrument of the grossest abuse in the elevation of imbecility, to the manifest injury, to the utter ruin, of true merit. Is there any man of good feeling and of ordinary understanding — is there one single individual among all our readers — who does not feel a thrill of bitter indignation, apart from any sentiment of mirth, as he calls to mind instance after instance of the purest, of the most unadulterated quackery in letters, which has risen to a high post in the apparent popular estimation, and which still maintains it, by the sole means of a blustering arrogance, or of a busy wriggling conceit, or of the most barefaced plagiarism, or even through the simple immensity of its assumptions — assumptions not only unopposed by the press at large, but absolutely supported in proportion to the vociferous clamor with which they are made — in exact accordance with their utter baselessness and untenability? We should have no trouble in pointing out, to-day, some twenty or thirty so-called literary personages, who, if not idiots, as we half think them, or if not hardened to all sense of shame by a long course of disingenuousness, will now blush, in the perusal of these words, through consciousness of the shadowy nature of that purchased pedestal upon which they stand — will now tremble in thinking of the feebleness of the breath which will be adequate to the blowing it from beneath their feet. With the help of a hearty good will, even *we* may yet tumble them down.

So firm, through a long endurance, has been the hold taken upon the popular mind (at least so far as we may consider the popular mind reflected in ephemeral letters) by the laudatory system which we have deprecated, that what is, in its own essence, a vice, has become endowed with the appearance, and met with the reception of a virtue. Antiquity, as usual, has lent a certain degree of specialness even to the absurd. So continuously have we puffed, that we have at length come to think puffing the duty, and plain speaking the dereliction. What we began in gross error, we persist in through habit. Having adopted, in the earlier days of our literature, the untenable idea that this literature, as a whole, could be advanced by an indiscriminate approbation bestowed on its every effort — having adopted this idea, we say, without attention to the obvious fact that praise of all was bitter although negative censure to the few alone deserving, and that the only result of the system, in the fostering way, would be the fostering of folly — we now continue our vile practices through the supineness of custom, even while, in our national self-conceit, we repudiate that necessity for patronage and protection in which originated our conduct. In a word, the press throughout the country has not been ashamed to make head against the very few bold attempts at independence which have, from time to time, been made in the face of the reigning order of things. And if, in one, or perhaps two, insulated cases, the spirit of severe truth, sustained by an unconquerable will, was not to be so put down, then, forthwith, were private chicaneries set in motion; then was had resort, on the part of those who considered themselves injured by the severity of criticism, (and who were so, if the just contempt of every ingenuous man is injury,) resort to arts of the most virulent indignity, to untraceable slanders, to ruthless assassination in the dark. We say these things were done, while the press in general looked on, and, with a full understanding of the wrong perpetrated, spoke not against the wrong. The idea had absolutely gone abroad — had grown up little by little into toleration — that attacks however just, upon a literary reputation however obtained, however untenable, were well retaliated by the basest and most unfounded traduction of personal fame. But is this an *age* — is this a day — in which it can be necessary even to advert to such considerations as that the book of the author is the property of the public, and that the issue of the book is the throwing down of the gauntlet to the reviewer — to the reviewer whose duty is the plainest; the duty not even of approbation, or of censure, or of silence, at his own will, but at the sway of those sentiments and of those opinions which are derived from the author himself, through the medium of his written and published words? True criticism is the reflection of the thing criticised upon the spirit of the critic.

But *à mon moutons* — to the "Quacks of Helicon." This satire has many faults besides those upon which we have commented. The title, for example, is not sufficiently distinctive, although otherwise good. It does not confine the subject to *American* quacks, while the work does. The two concluding lines enfeeble instead of strengthening the *finale*, which would have been exceedingly pungent without them. The individual portions of the thesis are strung together too much at random — a natural sequence is not always preserved — so that although the lights of the picture are often forcible, the whole has what, in artistical parlance, is termed an accidental and spotty appearance. In truth, the parts of the poem have evidently been composed each by each, as separate themes, and afterwards fitted into the general satire, in the best manner possible.

But a more reprehensible sin than any or than all of these is yet to be mentioned — the sin of indiscriminate censure. Even here Mr. Willmer has erred through imitation. He has held in view the sweeping denunciations of the Dunciad, and of the later (abortive) satire of Byron. No one in his senses can deny the justice of the general charges of corruption in regard to which we have just spoken from the text of our author. But are there *no* exceptions? We should indeed blush if there were not. And is there *no* hope? Time will show. We cannot do everything in a day — *Non se gano Zamora en un ora*. Again, it cannot be gainsaid that the greater number of those who hold high places in our poetical literature are absolute nincompoops — fellows alike innocent of reason and of rhyme. But neither are we *all* brainless, nor is the devil himself so black as he is painted. Mr. Willmer must read the chapter in Rabelais' *Gargantua*, "*de ce qu' est signifié par les couleurs blanc et bleu*" — for there is *some* difference after all. It will not do in a civilized land to run a-muck like a Malay. Mr. Morris *has* written good songs. Mr. Bryant is not *all* a fool. Mr. Willis is not *quite* an ass. Mr. Longfellow *will* steal, but perhaps he cannot help it. (For we have heard of such things,) and then it must not be denied that *nil tetigit quod non ornavit*.

The fact is that our author, in the rank exuberance of his zeal, seems to think as little of discrimination as the Bishop of Autun* did of the Bible. Poetical "things in general" are the windmills at which he spurs his rosinante. He as often hits at what is true as at what is false; and thus his lines are like the mirrors of the temples of Smirna, which repro-

* Talleyrand.

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sent the fairest images as deformed. But the talent, the fearlessness, and especially the *design* of this book, will suffice to save it even from that dreadful damnation of "silent contempt" to which editors throughout the country, if we are not very much mistaken, will endeavor, one and all, to consign it.

Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Miller Davidson. By WASHINGTON IRVING. *Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*

The name of Lucretia Davidson is familiar to all readers of Poetry. Dying at the early age of seventeen, she has been rendered famous not less, and certainly not more, by her own precocious genius than by three memorable biographies — one by President Morse, of the American Society of Arts, another by Miss Sedgwick, and a third by Robert Southey. Mr. Irving had formed an acquaintance with some of her relatives, and thus, while, in Europe, took great interest in all that was said or written of his young countrywoman. Upon his return to America, he called upon Mrs. Davidson, and then, in 1833, first saw the subject of the memoir now before us — a fairy-like child of eleven. Three years afterwards he met with her again, and then found her in delicate health. Three years having again elapsed, the MSS. which form the basis of the present volume, were placed in his hands by Mrs. Davidson, as all that remained of her daughter.

Few books have interested us more profoundly. Yet the interest does not appertain solely to Margaret. "In fact the narrative," says Mr. Irving, "will be found almost as illustrative of the character of the mother as of the child; they were singularly identified in taste, feeling, and pursuits; tenderly entwined together by maternal and filial affection, they reflected an inexpressibly touching grace and interest upon each other by this holy relationship, and, to my mind it would be marring one of the most beautiful and affecting groups in modern literature, to sunder them." In these words the biographer conveys no more than a just idea of the exquisite loveliness of the picture here presented to view.

The MSS. handed Mr. Irving, have been suffered, in great measure, to tell their own thrilling tale. There has been no injudicious attempt at mere authorship. The compiler has confined himself to chronological arrangement of his memoranda, and to such simple and natural comments as serve to bind rather than to illustrate where no illustration was needed. These memoranda consist of relations by Mrs. Davidson of the infantine peculiarities of her daughter, and of her habits and general thoughts in more matured life, intermingled with letters from the young poetess to intimate friends. There is also a letter from the bereaved mother to Miss Sedgwick, detailing the last moments of the child — a letter so full of all potent nature, so full of minute beauty and truth and pathos, that to read it without tears would be to prove one's self less than human.

The "Poetical Remains" of this young creature, who perished (of consumption) in her sixteenth year, occupy about two hundred pages of a somewhat closely printed octavo. The longest poem is called "Lenore," and consists of some two thousand lines, varying in metre from the ordinary octo-syllabic, to the four-footed, or twelve-syllabled iambic. The story, which is a romantic love-tale, not ill-conceived in its incidents, is told with a skill which might put more practised bards to the blush, and with occasional bursts of the truest poetic fire. But although as indicative of her future power, it is the most important, as it is the longest of her productions, yet as a whole it is not equal to some of her shorter compositions. It was written not long before her death, at the age of fifteen, and (as we glean from the biography) after patient reflection, with much care, and with a high resolve to do something for fame. As the work of so mere a child, it is unquestionably wonderful. Its *length*, viewed in connection with its keeping, its unity, its adaptation, and completeness, will impress the metaphysician most forcibly, when surveying the capacities of its author. Powers are here brought into play which are the last to be matured. For fancy we might have looked, and for the lower evidences of skill in a perfect versification and the like, but hardly for what we see in Lenore.

Yet remarkable as this production is, from the pen of a girl of fifteen, it is by no means so incomprehensible as are some of the shorter pieces. We have know instances — rarely, to be sure — but still we have known instances when finer poems in every respect than Lenore have been written by children of as immature age — but we look around us in vain for anything composed at eight years, which can bear comparison with the lines subjoined —

"TO MAMMA.

"Farewell, dear mother, for a while
I must resign thy plaintive smile;
May angels watch thy couch of wo,
And joys unceasing round thee flow.

"May the almighty Father spread
His sheltering wings above thy head.
It is not long that we must part,
Then cheer thy downcast drooping heart.

"Remember, oh! remember me,
Unceasing is my love for thee!
When death shall sever earthly ties,
When thy loved form all senseless lies,

"Oh! that my form with thine could flee,
And roam through wide eternity;
Could tread with thee the courts of heaven,
And count the brilliant stars of even."

Nor are these stanzas, written at ten, in any degree less remarkable —

"MY NATIVE LAKE.

"Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light
Upon thy bounding bosom bright.
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

"The little isles that deck thy breast,
And calmly on thy bosom rest,
How often, in my childish glee,
I've sported round them, bright and free!
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

"How oft I've watch'd the fresh'ning shower
Bending the summer tree and flower,
And felt my little heart beat high
As the bright rainbow graced the sky.
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

"And shall I never see thee more,
My native lake, my much-loved shore
And must I bid a long adieu,
My dear, my infant home, to you?
Shall I not see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain?"

In the way of criticism upon these extraordinary compositions, Mr. Irving has attempted little, and, in general, he seems more affected by the loveliness and the purity of the child than even by the genius she has evinced — however highly he may have estimated this latter. In respect, however, to a poem entitled "My Sister Lucretia," — he thus speaks — "We have said that the example of her sister Lucretia was incessantly before her, and no better proof can be given of it than in the following lines, which breathe the heavenly aspirations of her pure young spirit, *in strains to us quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more*

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artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration." The nature of inspiration is disputable — and we will not pretend to assert that Mr. Irving is in the wrong. His words, however, in their hyperbole, do wrong to his subject, and would be hyperbole still, if applied to the most exalted poets of all time.

Incidents of Travel in Central America, etc. By JOHN L. STEPHENS. *Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.*

Mr. Stephens' former book, "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and Palestine," was everywhere well received, and gained him high reputation — reputation not altogether well deserved. No one can deny his personal merits as a traveller, his enthusiasm, boldness, acuteness, courage in danger, and perseverance under difficulty. His manner of narration is also exceedingly pleasing; frank, unembarrassed and direct, without pretension or attempt at effect. But neither were his reflections characterised by profundity, nor had he that degree of education which would have enabled him to travel, with benefit to himself or to others, through regions involving so much of historical importance as Egypt, and especially as Arabia Petrea. Through a deficiency of previous information in regard to the moot points of this classical ground, he suffered many things to pass unexamined, whose examination would have thrown light upon history, and lustre upon his own name. Our remarks here apply more particularly to the southern regions of Arabia. In regard to Arabia Petrea, he committed some errors of magnitude. Before entering upon his travels, he had been much interested in Keith's book upon the literal fulfilment of the Biblical Prophecies. In this work the predictions of Isaiah, respecting the ancient Idumea, are especially insisted upon, and the sentence, "*None shall pass through thee forever and ever*," quoted as a remarkable instance of literal fulfilment. Dr. Keith states roundly that all attempts at passing through Idumea have actually failed, and expresses his belief that such will always be the case. Mr. Stephens resolved to test this point, and congratulates himself and his readers upon the success of his attempt at traversing the disputed region from one end to the other. The truth is, however, that Arabia Petrea, through which he unquestionably did pass, *is not at all the Idumea alluded to in the prophecies*, this latter lying much farther to the eastward. The traveller had contented himself with the usual understanding upon this subject. In the matter of the prophecy, both he and Dr. Keith might have spared themselves much trouble by an examination of the Biblical text in the original, before founding a question upon it. In an article on this head, which appeared in the New York Review, we pointed out an obvious mistranslation in the Hebrew words of the prediction — a mistranslation which proves Mr. Stephens to have thrown away his courage and labor. The passage in Isaiah 34, 10, which is rendered in our bibles by the sentence, "And none shall pass through thee forever and ever," runs in the original Hebrew thus —

Leneitsach metsachim ein over bah.

Literally — *Leneitsach*, for an eternity; *metsachim*, of eternities; *ein*, not; *over*, moving about; *bah*, in it. For an eternity of eternities (there shall) not (be any one) moving about in it. The literal meaning of *bah* is "in it," and not "through it." The participle *over*, refers to one moving to and fro, or up and down, and is the same phrase which is rendered "current," as an epithet applied to money, in Genesis, 23, 16. The prophet only intends to say that there shall be no marks of life in the land, no living being there, no one moving up and down in it. A similar mistranslation exists in regard to the prophecy in Ezekiel, 35, 7, where death is threatened (according to the usual construction) to any traveller who shall *pass through*. The words are

Venathati eth har Seir leshimmamah ushemmamah, vehichrati mimmennu over vasaf —

Literally, "And I will give the mountain Seir for a desolation and a desolation, and I will cut off from it him that goeth and him that returneth." By "him that goeth and him that returneth," reference is had to the passers to and fro, to the inhabitants. The prophet speaks only of the general abandonment and desolation of the land.

We are not prepared to say that misunderstandings of this character will be found in the present "Incidents of Travel." Of Central America, and her antiquities, Mr. Stephens may know, and no doubt does know, as much as the most learned antiquarian. Here all is darkness. We have not yet received from the Messieurs Harper a copy of the book, and can only speak of its merits from general report, and from the cursory perusal which has been afforded us by the politeness of a friend. The work is certainly a magnificent one — perhaps the most interesting book of travel ever published. An idea has gone abroad that the narrative is confined to descriptions and drawings of Palenque; but this is very far from the case. Mr. S. explored no less than six ruined cities. The "incidents," moreover, are numerous, and highly amusing. The traveller visited these regions at a momentous time; during the civil war, in which Carrera and Morazan were participants. He encountered many dangers, and his hair-breadth escapes are particularly exciting.

The Marrying Man. A Novel. By the Author of "COUSIN GEOFFREY." *Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*

This novel is *inscribed* to Theodore Hook, who, we are given to understand in the preface, was the *chaperon* of "Cousin Geoffrey," and "The Old Bachelor," — two books of which we indistinctly remember to have heard. The "Marrying Man" is not badly written, and will answer sufficiently well for the ordinary patrons of the circulating library. Better books might have been re-published, no doubt; but this, we presume, will sell, and thus serve its purpose.

The Poems and Prose Writings of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. Two Volumes. Vol. the First. Philadelphia. Printed for the Proprietor.

This is a large octavo, embracing, we believe, the principal poems of Mr. Fairfield, if not all of them, and to be followed by a collection of his prose writings. His prose, so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, is scarcely worth reading. His poems have, in many respects, merit — in some respects, merit of a high order. His themes are often well selected, lofty, and giving evidence of the true spirit. But their execution is always disfigured by a miserable verbiage — words meaning nothing, although sounding like sense, like the nonsense verses of Du Bartas.

The Moneyed Man. By HORACE SMITH. *Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*

This is a good book, and well worth the re-publication. The story is skilfully constructed, and conveys an excellent moral. Horace Smith is one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." He is, perhaps, the most erudite of all the English novelists, and unquestionably one of the best in every respect. His style is peculiarly good.

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The Science of Government. Founded on Natural Law. By CLINTON ROOSEVELT. *New York: Dean and Trevett. Philadelphia: Drew and Scammel.*

Will *any* one be kind enough to tell us who is Mr. Clinton Roosevelt? We wish to know, of course. Mr. Roosevelt has published a little book. It consists of a hundred little pages. Ten of these pages would make one of our own. But a clever man may do a great thing in a small way, and Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably a clever man. For this we have his own word, and who should know all about it better than he? Hear him!—

"Learned men have long contended that it was impossible for any human intellect to grasp what has been here attempted;—that a Cyclopædia only could embrace in one view all the arts and sciences which minister to man's necessity and happiness—and *that* they give but little credit for, as a Cyclopædia is a mere arbitrary [we follow Mr. R.'s spelling as in duty bound] alphabetical arrangement. *We* [Mr. Roosevelt is a *we*] would not say we have done even what we have without much toil and sacrifice. It has cost the best ten years of the writer's life to settle its great principles, and give it form and substance. The great interests of man were in a state of chaos, and this science [Mr. Roosevelt's] is to harmonise them, and run side by side with true religion so far as that is meant 'to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and make on earth peace and good will to man.'"

Ah!—we begin to breathe freely once more. We *had* thought that the world and all in it (this hot weather) were going to the dogs,—"proceeding to the canines," as Bilberry has it—but here is Mr. Roosevelt, and we feel more assured. We entrench ourselves in security behind his little book. "A larger work," says he, "would have been more imposing in appearance, but the truth is, large works and long speeches are rarely made by men of powerful thought." Never was anything more true. "As to boasting," he continues, very continuously, "the writer is well aware that it is the worst policy imaginable." In this opinion we do not so entirely acquiesce. "The little man"—says he—the reader will perceive that we are so rapt in admiration of Mr. Roosevelt that we quote him at random—"The little man may say this book was not done *secundum artem*—not nicely or critically." He must be a *very* little man indeed, who would say so. *We* think he has done it *quite* nicely. "My tone"—we here go on with Mr. Roosevelt—"may seem not strictly according to *bien science*." Oh, *yes* is it, Mr. Roosevelt; don't distress yourself now—it *is*, we assure you, very strictly according to *bien science*, (good heavens!) and to every thing else.

"These remarks," he observes, "are made that none may lightly damn the work." Of course; any one who should damn it lightly should be damned himself. "But liberal criticism [ah! that is the thing,] will be accepted as a favor, [the smallest favors thankfully accepted] and writers who may undertake the task will confer an obligation by directing a copy of their articles to the author, at New York, from England, France or Germany, or any part of our own country where this work may reach." Certainly; no critic could do less—no liberal critic. We shall send Mr. Roosevelt a copy of our criticism from Philadelphia, and we would do the same thing if we were living at Timbuctoo.

Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L. By LAMAN BLANCHARD. 2 *vols. Lea and Blanchard.*

This work contains the most authentic biography of the lamented L. E. L. yet issued from the press, together with a collection of her posthumous pieces, and several lighter effusions already published. The volumes possess uncommon interest. The detail of her every-day life, the picture of her gaiety and sweetness, and the criticisms on her genius, will commend it to all who have loved, in other days, the poetry of this sweet writer. Nor will the details of her melancholy death prove of less interest. After fully examining all the evidence relating to this tragedy, the author arrives at the conclusion that her death was natural, and instigated neither by her own sorrows nor by the jealousy of others. The conduct of her husband seems, in every respect, to have been without censure.

Of the genius of Miss Landon it is almost unnecessary to speak. Without the elegance of Mrs. Hemans, she had considerable grace; with a fine ear, she was often careless in her rhythm; possessing a fancy exuberant and glowing, she showered her metaphors too indiscriminately around her. But few equalled her—if we may so speak—in the *passionate purity* of her verse. Affection breathed through every line she wrote. Perhaps there was a mannerism, certainly an affectation, in her constant reference to love, and blighted love especially; but even this error was made seductive by the never-ceasing variety which she contrived to throw around her theme, and the sweetness, richness, and enthusiasm of her song. Her great faults were a want of method, and a careless, rapid habit of composition. From first to last, she was emphatically an "*improvisatrice*." She wrote from whim rather than from plan, and consequently was often trite, and always careless. These observations will apply, we think, equally to her prose. Her "Ethell Churchill" may be taken as a specimen, and the best specimen, of her style in romance writing. It would be almost invidious to name any one of her long poems as the finest. In her shorter pieces she is often more successful than in more extended flights; and some of her most carelessly written stanzas glitter most with the dew of Castaly. Without fear of contradiction, we may say that she has left no living female poet to compete with her in fame, unless Mrs. Norton may be said to be her rival; and even with Mrs. Norton, so different are the two writers, no parallel can be drawn. Let us be contented with placing Hemans, Landon and Norton together in one glorious trio—the sweetest, brightest, loftiest of the female poets of the present generation.

Lectures on the Sphere and Character of Woman, and Other Subjects. By GEORGE W. BURNAP, *Pastor of the First Independent Church of Baltimore. Philadelphia: Kay and Co.*

These lectures are designed as a *pendant* to a course delivered to the Young Men of Baltimore, last winter, by Mr. Burnap. From the "Sphere and Duties" of Woman the author has excluded all allusion to her physical education and her political rights—regarding the first as a topic for the physician, the last for the jurist. Perhaps this subdivision is injudicious. At all events, from what we here know of Mr. Burnap, we should have been pleased to have his subject extended to Woman in all her relations.

The volume appears to us not only well written, but forcibly original in many of its views and illustrations. A passage, at page 50, in which the lecturer suggests the idea of an instinctive reverence in which each sex holds the other, is not only new, but embodies a truth of important result. Mr. B. justly styles the feeling a human religion. Its moral effects are unquestionably great. The deterioration of every community which isolates the sexes, or prevents their free intercommunication, is here traced to a distinct and sufficient cause.

These lectures are handsomely printed and bound, and would form an appropriate present to any lady.

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The Lady of Refinement in Manners, Morals and Religion. By Mrs. Sandford, *Author of "Woman in her Social and Domestic Character." James Loring: Boston.*

Mrs. Sandford is the wife of an English clergyman, and has given frequent evidences of her capacity. Her former work, "Woman in her Social and Domestic Character," was well received in her own country. Whether it has been re-published here we cannot say. "The Lady of Refinement" is well written, and appears to be carefully matured in its opinions.

SECRET WRITING.

Our remarks on this head, in the July number, have excited much interest. The subject is unquestionably one of importance, when we regard cryptography as an exercise for the analytical faculties. In this view, men of the finest abilities have given it much of their attention; and the invention of a perfect cypher was a point to which Lord Chancellor Bacon devoted many months; — devoted them in vain, for the cryptograph which he has thought worthy a place in his *De Augmentis*, is one which can be solved.

Just as we were going to press with the last sheet of this number, we received the following letter from F. W. Thomas, Esq., (of Washington,) the well-known author of "Clinton Bradshawe," "Howard Pinckney," &c. &c.

My Dear Sir: — The enclosed cryptograph is from a friend of mine (Dr. Frailey,) who thinks he can puzzle you. If you decipher it, then are you a magician, for he has used, as I think, the greatest art in making it.

Your friend,
F. W. Thomas.

£7i A itagi niinbiiit thitvniaih9g h auchhiif b ivgiht itau ☞ gvuitif 4 ugu2ihitu £iiiuall0 ngnu£d i2 ra5ta whbo ttbibiiu'n9 A ni it X hu 4 ithu ☞ i i bunuibiun i8t b eaovuhoSu vii2dboif' ni nih6Xht na8ig an chough ufivoiigg2 nbvvo8il b Eanvu£avg inoh:si7 uuu m vihengbu iit6 A itagi i7uug h fiivu ju gvugulvtu bubooibab9 A i uuadi-tiavg nbug istavi fvahuu £duubu nuuts i bui 4 uiu£8i ht d£bu evodhiSa ! nbuviliti uavth£g thei —it dbuvo8if in niaivu avgtvuvobi buaiig uii iti £g8v9 i2 gvuuu A uu iiubu2 thg tai —it i8tavi tbvgiiti ituu A i2 intuuibo taovug au dvaihfh' invitbog 2f a buvghbgight ittauh8h7g hi t7eig-gbbo £iiitavigt.

This cipher is printed precisely as we received it, with the exception that we have substituted, for convenience sake, in some instances, characters that we have in the office, for others that we have not. Of course, as these characters are substituted *throughout*, the cryptograph is not affected.

By return of mail we sent the solution to Mr. Thomas; but as the cipher is an exceedingly ingenious one, we forbear publishing its translation here, and prefer testing the ability of our readers to solve it. *We will give a year's subscription to the Magazine, and also a year's subscription to the Saturday Evening Post, to any person, or rather to the first person who shall read us this riddle.* We have no expectation that it will be read; and, therefore, should the month pass without an answer forthcoming, we will furnish the key to the cipher, and again offer a year's subscription to the Magazine, to any person who shall solve it *with the key*.

Lest the tenor of our observations on Cryptography should be misunderstood, and especially lest the nature of our challenge should be misconceived, we take occasion to refer to our Review of Mr. Walsh's "Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France," published in the April number of the Magazine. M. Berryer, the French Minister, is there said to have displayed the highest ingenuity in the solution of a cipher addressed by the Duchess of Berri to the legitimists of Paris, but of which she had neglected to furnish the key. Berryer discovered this to be the phrase "Le gouvernement provisoire." Beneath this sentence the alphabet had been placed, letter for letter; and thus when *a* was intended *t* was written, when *b* was meant *e* was substituted, and so on throughout. This species of cryptograph is justly considered very difficult. We remarked, however, that we would engage to read any one *of the kind*; and to this limit our correspondents must confine themselves. To be sure, we said, in our last number, that "human ingenuity could not construct a cipher which human ingenuity could not resolve" — but then we do not propose, just now, to make ourselves individually the test of "human ingenuity" in general. We do not propose to solve *all* ciphers. Whether we can or cannot do this is a question for another day — a day when we have more leisure than at present we have any hope of enjoying. The most simple cryptograph requires, in its solution, labor, patience, and much time. We therefore abide by the limits of our cartel. It is true that in attempting the perusal of Dr. Frailey's we have exceeded these limits by very much; but we were seduced into the endeavor to read it by the decided manner in which an opinion was expressed that we could not.

E. St. J. will observe that his cipher includes *every* letter of the natural alphabet. Then (admitting it to be a cipher of the kind proposed) his key-phrase must contain every letter of the natural alphabet. In such case no letter of the phrase can stand *for more than one* of the alphabet, and the whole would be nothing more than a simple cipher, where the natural characters are represented, invariably and respectively, by arbitrary ones. But in this supposition there could be no such words as *it*, &c. — words seen in the cryptograph. *Therefore*, his cipher is *not* within the limits prescribed — Q. E. D. We do not say that we *cannot* solve it, but that we will not make the attempt. This for the obvious reasons above assigned.

P. S. We have just received the annexed letter from Mr. Thomas, enclosing one from Dr. Frailey:

Washington, July 6th, 1841.

My Dear Sir,

This morning I received yours of yesterday, deciphering the "cryptograph" which I sent you last week, from my friend, Doctor Frailey. You request that I would obtain the Doctor's acknowledgment of your solution. I have just received the enclosed from him.

Doctor Frailey had heard me speak of your having deciphered a letter which our mutual friend, Dow, wrote upon a challenge from you last year, at my lodgings in your city, when Aaron Burr's correspondence in cipher was the subject of our conversation. You laughed at what you termed Burr's shallow artifice, and said you could decipher any such cryptography easily. To test you on the spot, Dow withdrew to the corner of the room, and wrote a letter in cipher, which you solved in a much shorter time than it took him to indite it.

As Doctor Frailey seemed to doubt your skill to the extent of my belief in it, when your article on "Secret Writing" appeared in the last number of your Magazine, I showed it to him. After reading it, he remarked that he thought he could puzzle you, and the next day he handed me the cryptograph which I transmitted to you. He did not tell me the key. The uncommon nature of his article, of which I gave you not the slightest hint, made me express to you my strong doubts of your ability to make the solution. I confess that your solution, so speedily and correctly made, surprised me. I congratulate myself that I do not live in an age when the black art is believed in, for, innocent as I am of all knowledge of cryptography, I should be arrested as an accessory before the fact, and, though I escaped, it is certain that you would have to die the death, and, alas! I fear upon my testimony.

Your friend,
F. W. Thomas.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq.

Washington, July 6th, 1841.

Dear Sir,

It gives me pleasure to state that the reading, by Mr Poe, of the cryptograph which I gave you a few days since for transmission to him, is correct. I am the more astonished at this since —— (We omit the remainder of the letter, since it enters into details which would give our readers some clue to the cipher.)

As ever, yours, &c.,
Chas. S. Frailey.

F. W. Thomas, Esq.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1841. No. 3.

THE FIRESIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze
Like a bon fire frae the sea —
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea —
An' fine it is on green hill-side,
Where hums the bonny bee —
But rarer, fairer, finer far
Is the *Ingle-Side* for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
An' haughs hae a' the seemed ware
That simmer growth can gie —
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e —
That makes to us a ward complete —
O the *Ingle-Side* for me! *Old Song.*

Who does not remember this glorious old song, with its simple melody, and well-managed accompaniments that seem to chime in with every word uttered by the singer, not only upholding him in his sentiment, and illustrating his positions by all kinds of impressive flourishes, but absolutely chuckling and caracoling over the unanswerable nature of the argument? If ever accompaniment expressed a positive certainty that the words of a song were the truest words in the world, it is this very accompaniment. It takes it for granted that nobody will dispute its opinion. It is as dogmatic as Aristotle, or Bob Hobbes, but yet, unlike them in some respects, it seems always to know pretty well what it is talking about. The truth is, that there are few persons who can remain altogether unconvinced by its illustrations, or at least who can remain unpersuaded by its ingenious manner of setting them forth. We say *its* illustrations, for any one with half an eye can perceive that the "music is married to the immortal verse," and that the twain are one. We speak of them conjointly when we maintain the force of the song's illustrations. What indeed can be more forcibly "put," as the lawyers say, (and sometimes the rhetoricians,) than the points of its thesis? What can be more slyly seducing — what can be more apt to take a body unawares than allusions to "canty hearths where cronies meet, an' the darlins o' our e'e?" To be sure, the case might have been better made out if the "morning bleeze" had been kept out of sight, or slurred over as a thing of no moment. Neither was it judicious to dwell upon the "flowery lea," or the "bonny bee," or the little "birds in the tree," and that sort of thing. The song might have taken a hint, too, from our engraving, and said a word about a girl with blue eyes (we presume they are blue,) and auburn hair, (we *know* it is auburn,) and another little girl and a little boy, both with clean faces, and a dog looking wise at one side of the ingle, with a tabby cat at the other, watching chesnuts in the act of being roasted, and congratulating herself that no fabulous monkey is present to make use of her fair hand as a cat's paw. All this the song might have forcibly introduced — but we presume it did its best, and we are obliged to it.

Still, we are not convinced. We were never convinced of anything in our lives, and never intend to be convinced, for excellent reasons. It is said there were once seven wise men — a matter which may be very well doubted. But, admitting this point, it was, of course one of the seven who first promulgated the fact that every question has two sides. Late discoveries have assured us that it would be no question at all if it had not. Some questions, indeed, are trigonal, or quadrigonal, or pentagonal, or sexagonal, or septagonal, or octagonal, or nonagonal. Some even are polygonal, while others have an infinity of sides like the mathematical circle, and thus there is found to be no end to them at all, as is the case with the ordinary circle which every body understands. These latter are questions about Tariffs, and Boundary Lines, and National Banks, questions of privilege

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and drivel-ege, and Congressional questions of order and disorder, with other matters of that kind. Most queries, however, appear at first glance to have no more than two sides; and it is only when we get hard and fast in the middle of an argument respecting them, so that it is as wrong to go back as it is preposterous to go forward, that we perceive each of the two sides which had appeared to a cursory view so staid and so definite, branching off, like gamblers at *Vingt Un*, into an infinitesimal series of little divisions, each as distinct and each as perverse as the original ones. For this reason and others (reasons *are* as plenty as blackberries, John Falstaff to the contrary notwithstanding) for this reason and a thousand others, we keep clear of all argumentative discourses, as it is impossible to say when or where they may end. By keeping clear of them, we mean to say that we never indulge in them ourselves. Yet we like them very well in other people. Nothing amuses us more, for instance, than a young man who fancies himself a genius in the logical line, and who will take it upon himself, at a moment's warning, to demonstrate that two and three blue beans do not make five. We could listen to him by the hour; and when at length he comes to find out that the blue-bean question, pretty much like all other questions, is one of the polygonal species with infinitesimal sides, we hardly know a more interesting object than he becomes, especially if you have not been so impolite as to interrupt him, and he has had all the discourse to himself.

Our retiring habits, in this particular, being thus understood, it will be seen at once that we have no design of arguing the point with the Old Song which we have quoted at the head of this paper. We cannot undertake to support the pretensions of the "flowery lea" against those of the "chimney corner." In the case of hill-side versus ingle-side we beg leave to keep aloof. We do not say with the blue-bean gentlemen that there is much to be said on *both* sides of the question; for the truth is we perceive at a glance that the subject has a wonderful variety of aspects, each highly important and interesting, and upon every one of which we could preach a very excellent sermon if occasion required. At a first view there is only the ordinary double-sided question, whether the ingle-side be preferable to the hill-side, or the hill-side to the ingle. But then we have at once in continuation, the concomitant sub-queries whether the hill-side be a hill-side of donkey-thistle or of purple heather — whether there be sheep on it or snakes — whether it be winter or summer — whether it be a rainy day or a sun-shiny one — whether the ingle be smoky or not smoky — whether, in the latter case, we choose to be cured like bacon or be left uncured — whether wood or coal be burnt, and whether, if coal, you have any tendency to what Dr. Blunderbuzzard calls pulmonary phthisis.

Now each of these sub-queries involves a point of especial importance, and each of these points must be definitely settled, before we begin to make up our minds on the main one, and the worst of it is that each of these points, too, may be subdivided into I cannot tell how many others, all equally momentous, if not more so, and every one of them to be fully discussed and permanently decided upon, before we can do anything at all towards drawing a judicious conclusion. So that in the end we lose both our way, and our labor, and are forced, in respect to the matter of this song, to fall back upon one of those very rare questions which have really but two sides, and base our final decision upon that. This question is simply whether the lady who sings the song, be pretty or ugly. The only difficulty about this mode of forming an opinion is that the opinion itself is apt to have something of a variable character — but then it would be no fashionable opinion if it had not.

At present we decide against the lea and give judgment for "THE FIRESIDE."

FRAGMENT:

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST COMING OF SPRING.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

At length has come the Spring! welcome to me
Art thou, oh! wind, that journeyest to the sea! —
The south-west wind, whose warm, health-bringing plume,
Wafts odor from a wilderness of bloom;
From groves that bend with blossoms, from broad plains
Clothed in rich garments of a thousand stains —
Blue, crimson, gold, green, azure, purple flowers,
Given in profusion by the beauteous showers.
I have heard stories of thy place of birth, —
Oh! wind, that sheddest beauty on the earth! —
Which make me sad, to think my life must glide
Slowly and coldly by the Atlantic's side.
Thine are the "happy valleys" of our land,
Shut in by mountains, and the South-sea strand;
They never feel the tyranny of frost;
Nor hail, nor snow is on their green tops tost;
For nursed by thee successive verdures spring,
And melts the sceptre of the Winter-king!

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SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

In the Edinburg Review for July, 1840, there is an article entitled "Recent Shakspearian Literature," very interesting to the students of the poet. It purports to be a review of about fourteen works from *Tieck's Dramaturgische Blätter*, published in Breslau, 1826, to *De Quincey's Life of Shakspeare*, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1840.

As is generally the case with similar papers in this class of the quarterlies, the article is less a *review* of the works enumerated in the rubric than a pouring forth of the opulence of the reviewer's own mind, on the occasion of a brief allusion to the productions criticized. The author of it, in his estimate of Shakspeare, approaches nearer the views which posterity will probably entertain of the poet, than those which have till now characterized even the most rapturous of his admirers. The mightiest bard, not only of modern times, but by far the mightiest bard that has appeared among uninspired mortals, here begins to assume a yet higher apotheosised splendor; and, if not to rank among the constellations and the gods, like the half fabulous immortalities of the ancient world, at least to take his place in the history of mankind, as the mind which has reached the point farthest removed from brute matter.

I hope the article will be widely reprinted in our own country. Its tendency is most beneficial. We are, from necessity, in the present point of our developement, a hard working, practical, matter-of-fact people—full—too full of mere worldly occupation and excitement. Subjects in no way connected with the higher exercise of the intellect absorb the public mind. Commercial and political questions unavoidably monopolize the national sympathies. We are compelled at present to strain every nerve to *make money*, that the ravages of the monetary tempest which has swept like a tornado or an earthquake, or an oriental plague over our land, may be repaired. There is danger in this state of things that we entirely forego the contemplation of those subjects, which, however without temporal pecuniary profit, repay the laborer with moral purity and elevation, which soften the asperity of the passions, infuse gentleness and liberality into opinion, strengthen the spiritual part of our nature, and ennoble and dignify life—at the same time that they cheer, guide, protect and sweeten it.

There is no repose, no patient leisure and calm tranquillity in our young and rapidly growing country. There is the same difference, I mean in respect to literary and scientific pursuits, between us and some of the European communities, Germany for instance, that there was between the Israelites travelling through the desert and the same people when gathered around the temple in the holy city. I believe we, too, are undergoing a kind of forty years penance, in order to shake off such of the habits and opinions of our European ancestors as are wrong—six thousand years of bloody prejudices and political errors. There will come a day of prosperity, when institutions shall be no longer doubtful, national character no longer unsettled, when we shall have a fixed standard of political morals far different from any that has hitherto prevailed in the world; and when the human mind, under these more favorable circumstances, will develope itself in a new manner.

But this depends upon ourselves. Nations, like individuals, are free agents. We can go upwards or downwards; we can hail our Messiah or we can reject him; and in order that we may mount not sink in the scale of moral being, it is desirable that we should not permit ourselves to be bound down too closely and too continually to the local and temporary but exciting exigencies of the present hour, that pecuniary and political subjects should not engross too much of our attention, lest we become altogether "of the earth, earthy." Music, poetry, painting, sculpture, eloquence and science, the fine performances of a Forrest or a Kean, have a tendency to mingle with our daily and (when too exclusively persisted in) narrowing and degrading occupations; something that turns the spirit another way, and fills, refreshes and intellectualizes the character. Such articles as that alluded to on the wonderful and still scarcely appreciated excellences of Shakspeare, will be as softening and reviving in their effects upon thousands of minds, parched and hot under the influence of merely mechanical employments, or interested and selfish impressions, as a plentiful summer shower is to nature, when burnt and withered with a long drought.

The reading of this article has turned me again for a few evenings to my most favorite author, and raised many new ideas in my mind, which is always the case when I open those fascinating pages. I propose to furnish, in several papers, some of the thoughts which crowd upon me while reading him. I cannot bear to read him alone. It is like listening to an oration from the fiery lips of Cicero in an empty hall, or hearing Channing address deserted aisles. I want a circle to

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share those streams of light; I want to feel that the music-waves roll to the hearts of others beside myself. It almost seems selfish to brood over delights so ethereal, to gaze on vistas so resplendent, to enter a temple so gorgeous and so vast without some one at my side to call on in the moment of rapture.

There is, moreover, in the article of the Edinburg Review, the following extraordinary announciation.

"But the work which we should have most pleasure in believing to represent the state of German opinions, is Dr. Ulrici's 'Essay on Shakspeare's Dramatic Art, and his relation to Calderon and Goethe.' This book seems to us to be not only one of the most solidly philosophical pieces of criticism which have issued from the Teutonic school, but on its own absolute merits, an unusually valuable contribution to the literature of Shakspeare's works. The theory upon which the treatise rests is assuredly partial and imperfect; and also, so far as it goes beyond opinions already received, palpably unsound; but the aspect in which it presents the poet of all nations is one which has been too often overlooked among ourselves, and grossly misunderstood by some of the most celebrated of Ulrici's countrymen. The general discussions, which make up a considerable part of the volume, we must be allowed to waive. We cannot, especially in the way of commentary on a German text book, attempt to investigate either the essence of the drama in general, or the essential differences between the views of life suggested respectively by Christianity and Grecian Paganism. The religious test thus indicated is that to which the critic subjects both Shakspeare and the poets with whom he compares him. '*Shakspeare's peculiar character*,' says he, '*consists in the greater purity and clearness, decision and completeness, with which the Christian view of life is represented in his dramas. It consists especially in this, that every where the two great elements of human life, and of the history of the world, the divine guidance and the freedom of man, stand out in their legitimate authority, in organic connexion and reciprocal action, and thus in the whole fulness of their truth and reality.*' He insists, emphatically, that he recognizes in Shakspeare's dramas, not indeed formally taught, either theologically or ethically, but embodied in the genuine form of poetical representation, the doctrines of the universal sinfulness of man, and of divine grace in his salvation; doctrines which, as he truly adds, are altogether left out of sight in Goethe's view of life, and by Calderon either misunderstood or unpoetically used. All this must be to many of us not a little startling; *but there lies at the bottom of it a mighty truth*, not merely important in itself, but bearing a *close relation to the great dramatist's cast of thought*; a truth which, in one sense or other, *does* furnish *the clue to some of the most perplexing riddles in the poet's works*. In following out his own system, Ulrici, as was to have been expected from its one-sidedness, has been led to many conclusions which cannot possibly be admitted; but *fewer of these are to be attributed to the essential parts of his theory*, than to the peculiar way in which he has worked it out. In several instances he has literally resolved the leading idea, in which he represents the unity of each drama to consist, in a substantive enunciation of a moral precept, an error against which he himself protests. He has erred still further in acknowledging, as he seems to do almost invariably, the principle of what has been called poetical justice—a principle not involved in his own system upon any right interpretation of it, and assuredly quite alien to the far-reaching speculations of Shakspeare. But a man who thinks of poetry as Ulrici thinks, can never write of it altogether unworthily: one who is willing to consider Shakspeare as coming up to so lofty a standard, cannot fail to entertain that reverence for genius, and truth, and goodness, which is the source of all pleasure as well as soundness in criticism; and the admirable analysis of the poet's works which constitute the latter half of the volume, shows the writer to be fully qualified for expounding such a creed."

Startling, indeed! but, if true, this is one of the most singular discoveries ever made in literature. We have been accustomed to hear Shakspeare praised for everything but Christianity, or, indeed, any sense of religion. He has been sometimes represented even as a kind of *neutral principle*, from whom flow all opinions, all creeds, all virtues, all crimes, with a facility equally indifferent to the source which sends them forth. He has been attacked sometimes as a bigot, and sometimes as an infidel; sometimes as a whig, sometimes as a democrat; but no one before, that I am aware of, ever undertook to show him forth as a great prophet of Christianity.

I have not seen the work of Dr. Ulrici, nor are the following papers devoted exclusively to a consideration of our author in this point of view, but, in several parts of them, I have so considered him. They are not written systematically. They were commenced with the intention of saying all I had to say in a single article, but the subject is so large, and grew so under my hand, that I was obliged to let my observations run into several papers, and I soon found myself, moreover, compelled not only to confine my attention principally to one tragedy, but to leave many considerations respecting that tragedy untouched.

I wish to repeat that I am by no means *thoroughly* acquainted with Shakspeare, and do not dream of offering any more than the mere momentary impressions which the perusal of such parts of him as I happen to read make upon me. After the great students of his works, the laborious and learned critics of different nations who have devoted years to the understanding of him, it would be presuming to attempt to throw light on him. I have only endeavored to express what I feel and see and think while reading him, and to venture here and there an examination of him upon the idea suggested by Dr. Ulrici, as it may strike a reader like myself, unacquainted with other arguments concerning it than those probabilities existing in the plays. The theory of Ulrici is so beautiful and so consonant to the lofty rank which our poet occupies, that one cannot help wishing, and scarcely believing, that it may be true. It

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has the force and convincingness which characterize the solution of an enigma. And, in this view, it possesses something of the solemnity of the creation itself. The creation is an enigma of which Christianity is the solution. Without that, all is vague, contradictory, dark; an existing impossibility — powerless omnipotence — fiendish generosity and love — the omnipresence of a Divinity everywhere absent — a mockery — a paradox. Christianity makes all clear and simple. It scarcely requires *proof* more than the solution of any other enigma. When the Divine secret is revealed, it is self-evident.

With all reverence be it advanced, the suggestion of this theory, in reference to the works of Shakspeare, has something of the same fitness. The *creation* of the poet was, before, in many places, dark and inexplicable; but the light shed upon him by the word Christianity makes many things clear and intelligible. It raises him to something of the magnitude of a prophet, and the most stupendous fabric of profane literature acquires a more solemn grandeur by this connection with the sacred work of God.

During Shakspeare's life, he was, it is well known, celebrated beyond his expectations, and many of those acquainted with him and his productions thought quite beyond his merits. He was one of the fashionable poets of England; his verses were familiar to the lips of kings and queens, and himself, besides having acquired a pecuniary independence by his pen, received the highest honors, as he thought, which could be bestowed on him. He was, in short, a successful writer, and he passed away from the earth with the agreeable consciousness of having procured for himself a niche in the temple of Fame.

It is pretty certain, however that no person on the globe, at the period of his life, had any *just* appreciation of him. Notwithstanding the triumphant success of his career, and the high honor and opulence he attained, his real character, as such a mighty patriarch of literature, was not dreamed of either by himself or any of his contemporaries. As a mind impregnated with a fire nearly beyond the mortal sphere — as one whose birth was an event in which mankind were personally interested — who was to give a name to his age — who, at that point of his posthumous celebrity where other great men begin to recede into the shadows of the past, was to start up anew, in more living distinctness and intellectual splendor — was to pass in this apotheoside grandeur over the usually impenetrable barriers of nations and languages, and to become (like some of the universal and ever-enduring elements of nature — like light, fire or air) a constant pleasure and nutriment to the human mind — as this extraordinary, and, I may say, *mysterious* being — no one knew him. His *full* brightness was veiled not only from his contemporary friends and admirers, but, as is now universally acknowledged, from many of his most distinguished subsequent editors and commentators. The rapturous eulogies, the commendatory verses, the folios on folios written upon him — extravagant as they are — fall short of his *true* value. Even Johnson, Warburton, Theobald, Pope, and the rest of his commentators of the same rank, appear to have meted out to him less than the deserved measure of praise. It appears that the *comparative* smallness of their minds (I mean comparative with Shakspeare's) did not permit them to comprehend the complete dimensions of the subject they had undertaken. They have all too much the air of critics, instead of humble followers and pupils. They assume a familiarity with him which their relative nature did not warrant. There is a greater difference between him and any one who has lived with him or subsequent to him, considered as two *minds*, than is always understood by those who even confine themselves to panegyric.

My idea of this wonderful prophet of poetry is that his intellectual dimensions are too great for any *one man* who ever lived to explore them by himself. He could but discover a portion of the vastness of his intelligence and contemplate one or two aspects of it. No one age could completely seize all the meaning that lies in him. It has required two centuries to place within the reach even of superior and well cultivated minds a just idea of him. He died in 1616, and he is beginning to be understood in 1840. Although aided by the accumulated Shakspeareun lore of the two preceding centuries — although the most learned and greatest geniuses of the two ages have contributed the beams of their science and literature to shed light on him — although innumerable theatres in so many lands have given his plays to the world — still even yet, greatly as he is admired and studied, he is not fully appreciated. There are thousands and millions who often read his works with delight yet without understanding half their profound depth and celestial beauty — and even they who have studied him the most — who have fitted themselves for that study by their previous pursuits — who have written books upon classes of his characters, do not yet completely comprehend him. To-morrow, perhaps, the wisest among them will take up one of his plays and discover some resplendent meaning — some new beam reflected from the human heart, never known to them before. For myself I frankly confess I have never understood him. Every day I make new discoveries, and have no doubt I shall continue to do so as long as I live.

The advance of Shakspeare upon the world has been as broad, deep and steady as the on-flow of civilization itself. So much has been said and written of him that, it may be, some will turn from the title of these papers as from a thing of which there has been enough. They will mutter with Hamlet, "Something too much of this." But I may assure them that the mere idea that they know enough of Shakspeare — that they have seen him enough and that his praise has got to be only a fashion, is sufficient to prove that they know nothing of him.

The true pupil kindles at the sound of his name — at the rustle of his robe, at the sight of his footmark. Whoever comes with a new idea concerning him or to speak in his praise is welcome; and so convinced is he that a part of him as yet is *terra incognita* that he is always on the watch for some discovery in him.

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To my eye, Shakspeare is a world. I do not understand by this a mere phrase expressive of the variety and beauty of the plays, but I mean those works are morally invested with attributes resembling the physical globe. This planet is given by Providence as the abode of man's body. A vast extent of variegated surface, when he first began to move upon it, he knew nothing about it. The dawn of it upon the human mind was that of a bright scene — a circle of land — a verdant plain. The more it was studied the more it grew in variety and size. It was found divided into wonderful compartments and the first dazzled wanderers beheld with joy and wonder the huge-rolling sea arrest their steps on one side, the ice-topped mountains towering above them on the other,— broad and winding rivers — silver lakes — fathomless caverns — and awful, sombre forests. Each age since, the adventurous step of man has wandered farther and farther, has climbed the mountain — crossed the sea — circumnavigated the globe — and found out what it is — how it hangs in the air — how it revolves around the sun and many of the secrets of its bosom. Each age since, man has occupied himself studying its nature and forming theories concerning it.

To me, Shakspeare — although they who have not closely and habitually studied him, may smile at such a hyperbolical comparison — yet to me, Shakspeare lies like this solid and wonderful globe we inhabit. He is a second nature — a new creation — a more amazing production of the inscrutable Deity who formed the shoreless sea — and built the cloud cleaving Alps and Andes. He is a significant illustration of the degree of intellectual perfection to which the human mind — so destined — so worthy to be immortal — may reach even in this sublunary sphere.

The theory of Ulrici accords exactly with my impressions of Shakspeare. Such an event as his coming — such superhuman powers of mind — such a mixture of all that is grand, terrible and profound with all that is tender — sweet, and aerial — in one brain, seems fit to be linked with a great purpose. The idea of an ever superintending Providence being in my mind, I cannot join those philosophers who find in our poet merely a collosal diamond or a chance giant — as if the same hazard which gives to the farmer an overgrown cucumber or pumpkin had dropped the rare soul of this first of human geniuses among men. To me — I repeat, he resembles the globe. I see in him always, as when I travel over any country, sweet and striking scenes. I enter him as I do a landscape or an island; looking around, above, and beneath me, and sure to find wonders and beauties. Here, the bending rose — there — the silver brook — yonder the swelling hill — and again the shadowy forest. I stop sometimes to examine the hues of a violet half withdrawn from sight by the road side — and then I am struck at the majestic grandeur of the oak at whose root it grows. Suddenly a storm which awes and startles my soul sweeps over me — and then the broad sunshine breaks upon the glittering face of nature. These are in the *foreground* of Shakspeare, but this is not *Shakspeare*. He has far remote wonders and beauties. If I choose to *travel* into him, I shall come upon things new and strange. He has foreign countries and distant wonders like Rome or Jerusalem. There are even in him tracts yet untravelled, and secrets — like the Pyramids and hieroglyphics of Egypt, like the Polar seas and the central wastes of Africa — which future time will perhaps unravel, but which we do not yet understand.

The meaning of *Othello* has always been locked from me. I have not yet been a reader of commentators and, perhaps, some of the crowd of distinguished writers who, ever since his death, have been endeavoring to throw light on him, may have accounted for the till now inexplicable mystery of it. But I could never conceive it. Why a perfectly noble mind, should be so cruelly tortured without guilt on its own part; why a scene of innocent happiness should be thus wantonly destroyed was always an unanswerable question I asked myself on seeing or reading this, one of the greatest of his five great tragedies. The reader will find the mystery solved, by an extract, in the course of these papers.

Hamlet is yet full of unexplained mystery. Why he does not kill the bloody usurper? Why he ill treats Ophelia? Was he mad? etc. etc. etc., are long standing themes of debate.

In the *Tempest*, Act 1. Scene 2, when Prospero is telling his history to Miranda, there is one of these little enigmas which lie in our poet like the veil sometimes thrown over the intentions of nature, known only to those who study her habitually.

PROSPERO. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?
MIRANDA. Sir, most heedfully.
PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or ch-ng'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. — *Thou attend'st not.*
MIRA. O, good sir, I do.
PRO. *I pray thee, mark me.*
I thus, neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, — he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prer-gative: — Hence his ambition
Growing — *Dost hear?*

Now, what means the inattention of the young girl? Why does her mind wander from a history — one would suppose the most interesting revelation which could be made to her — so that her father cannot, apparently, keep her attention to the end of it? Thousands of people read and see this play without knowing that she is under the operation of a *sleeping-spell*, administered by her father.

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Again, why is Prospero so harsh and coarse to Ariel? The most delicate creature that ever man had to do with—all gentleness—all submission, yet hear how the great and good magician uses him.

PRO. "Thou dost forget," etc.
ARIEL. I do not, sir.
PRO. "Thou liest, malignant thing," etc.

Again of Sycorax—

PRO. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st was banished; *for one thing she did*
They would not take her life.

Now what *was* that *one thing?*

THE WILDWOOD HOME.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Oh! show a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody,
As she lifts the soft fringe from her dark blue eye,
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that over her bosom lie,
Are bright as the gems above.

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds from the sunny glade,
Sit nodding amongst the flowers.
While the holy child of the mountain spring,
Steals past with a murmur'd song,
And the wild bee sleeps in the bells that swing
Its garlanded banks along.

And spotted fawns, where the vines are twin'd,
Are dancing away the hours,
With feet as light as the summer wind
That hardly bends the flowers.

Where day steals away with a young bride's blush,
To the soft, green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush,
Her curtains of gossamer light.

The seraph that hides in the hemlock dell,
Oh! sweetest of birds is she,
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.
Where Nature still gambols in maiden pride
By valley and pine-plumed hill,
Hangs glorious wreaths on each mountain side,
And dances in every rill.

There are glittering mansions with marble walls,
Surmounted by mighty towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls,
Amongst exotic flowers,
They are fitting homes for the haughty minds,
Yet a wildwood home for me,
Where the pure, bright waters, the mountain winds,
And the bounding hearts are free.

REPROOF OF A BIRD.

BY JOSEPH EVANS SNODGRASS.

"Look forth on Nature's face and see
What smiles play on her blissful cheek!
In voice of love she speaks thro' me,
When I thy homestead, daily seek!

"Canst thou be sad while trees and flowers
Wear looks of goodness—while each spear
Of herbage which adorns thy bowers,
Its head so gladsomely, doth rear?

"Behold those dew-drops on each leaf,
But think not they of sorrow tell;
They 're tears of gladness, not of grief,
That God-ward from each petal swell.

"O'er fears of hunger brood'st thou? See
How fare we of the wing, and those
Of floral life! Nor yet toil we
Nor spin—and still none hunger knows.

"Raise, then, thy head! Dream not of woe,
Who human bosoms loves to sway!
Again I bid thee look—for lo!
All else but thee wear smiles to-day!"

Sweet bird! reprove no more;—thy song
Shames these sad feelings in my breast,
Which it hath cherished far too long,
As if some welcome angel-guest.

I own, if cherish'd, they too soon,
Like fabled serpent in the breast,
Would venom only leave as boon,
For being by a fool caress'd!

Of gladness speak thy notes alone—
Of calmest self-content—and say
Plainly to hearts of sadden'd tone—
'Tis best to cast sad thoughts away.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

SCOURING THE CHANNEL.

"How is the night overhead?" asked Westbrook, as I came down into the mess-room, and, pushing the jug toward me, he added, "you see, we're going to make a night of it; take a pull at the Jamaica — it's rare stuff."

"Misty, with a light breeze; we'll make the land, if we keep on this course, before morning. We've harried the enemy's shipping enough in the chops of the channel — I can't see what the skipper means by running in so close to the English coast."

"Faith! he's after some harum-scarum prank — blowing a stray merchantman out of water in sight of land, or throwing a shot into Portsmouth by way of bravado to the fleet. Well, what need we care? A short life and a merry one — cut away at the junk, my good fellow; cut deeper — ay! that's it, a slice like we lawyers take of our client's money, the better half of the whole."

"A lawyer! — what do you know of the profession?" said I.

"I was once a lawyer myself," said he, as he transferred a huge slice of the beef into his mouth.

"A lawyer! — a land shark! — you a lawyer!" were the exclamations of astonishment which burst from every lip.

"Ay! am I the first jolly fellow who gave up a bad trade for a good one? I beg your pardon, Parker — I believe you come from a race of lawyers; but if so, it is no more than happened to myself. My friends made a land shark of me, but as nature intended me for something better, the experiment failed. My first case was enough for me, and I cut the profession, or, rather, it cut me. The court asked me to repeat an authority I had quoted, but I was so taken aback by something that had happened to me just before, and which I'll tell you by and bye, that, for the life of me, I couldn't call to mind a single point decided. I grew embarrassed, stammered, looked down, came to a dead halt; and at length, when I heard the spectators tittering around me, I grasped my hat, shot from the court-house, and have never entered one since without an aguish shiver. The judge said I was a fool; my client agreed with him; I never got a cent; everybody laughed at me; and so I kicked Coke and Plowden into the fire, cursed the law to my heart's content, and took to the service in a fortnight, thinking it better to thrive on biscuit and salt junk, than to work for nothing and starve for my pains."

"Shure, and a dacent gentleman" — said O'Shaughnessy, — "would have been spoilt in making a black-gown of you, Westbrook. But it was a great mistake, that breaking down in your spache; you should have served them like my old chum, Terence McBalawhangle, thricked the tutors of Trinity."

"How was that?" asked the mess, in a breath.

"Fath, pour us out a brimmer, and I'll tell you the same. A nate, dacent lad, and a witty, was Terence; and many's the time he's made my sides ache for a week, by raison of laughing at his droll sayings, the sinner. And I thought I should have died when the tutor tould him to recite the task from the essay on the human understanding — a crusty, metaphysical work, bad cess to it. Divil a bit did Terence know of the same — he hadn't a turn, he said, for the dry bones of Ezakiel — but he put a good face on the matter, and ran on, like a petrel over the waves, never halting even to breathe, until the tutor stopped him, and tould him there was nothing in the text-book like what he was saying. 'Shure, and I know that,' says Terence, without moving a muscle of his face, 'but, you see, I didn't agree with Mr. Locke, so I thought I'd just give ye my own sentiments.'"

"Your friend Terence," said Westbrook, filling a bumper, after the roars of laughter which followed this anecdote had subsided, "ought to have had a New Jersey justice, instead of a fellow of Trinity, to mystify. He might have succeeded better."

"Maybe they're like old Sir Peter Beverly, of the county of Clare, one of the quorum, and never right but by mistake. Many's the poor fellow he's had transported because the man was brought up before dinner, when the justice was out of humor. Shure and didn't he send off Teague O'Daly, the brightest lad at a wake or a fair within thirty miles around, just for no other raison than because Teague made love to his daughter's maid? — and didn't he refuse the testimony of Teague's cousin, only ten removes off, because he said the lad was suspected of staling a watch? — and when they all shwore at his injustice — the gouty porpoise — he said, with a big oath that made my hair stand on end — I was younger then ye know — 'Constable, stop that noise; here I've

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had to commit three fellows without being able to hear a word of their defence.'"

"Well, I can't say I ever saw an Irish justice, O'Shaughnessy, at least not one like Sir Peter; but the justice court of New Jersey is almost a match for him."

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, each township has its justice, and when the county court is held, all the justices come up to the county town to preside at the trials. The court-house, however, at Skanamuctum — shove us up the jug — was always too small, and the bench especially wouldn't hold a quarter of the judges, so that the man who got into court first secured the best seat. Sometimes, however, on a hot day, the old fellows couldn't hold out, or else they saw a crony in the crowd whom they thought likely to treat, so that, one by one, they would drop off the bench; but as there were always a dozen or two awaiting to get on, the judges' seats were never empty. As for knowing anything about the case — ah! this is prime! — they never pretended to it. Indeed, I've often seen not a single judge on the bench, when the verdict was rendered, who had been there when the trial began."

"That beats you, O'Shaughnessy," roared a reefer, almost suffocated with laughter, from the foot of the table.

"Bravo!" said I; "you made a good escape, Westbrook, when you gave up pleading before such Shallows — but you haven't yet told us what happened to you to embarrass you so at your *début*."

"Oh, no! I had forgot. I was just admitted, you must know, and all my friends advised me to make my maiden speeech on one of the cases coming up at the next Oyer and Terminer. I looked around for some burglar, horse-thief, or other sort of rascal, for a client, but not a sinner of a one could I find willing to trust himself in my hands. I began to despair, thinking I should never have the chance to figure so again, for the celebrated Judge Traskey himself had come down special, to try a desperate case of murder, and the whole bar were itching to show off before him. He was said to be as sharp as a north-easter, and every other word was either an opinion, a growl, or a witticism. You may judge my joy, when, on walking down to the court-house, and looking very imposing in my own opinion, but scarcely daring to hope for such a God-send as a client, I heard the sheriff tell me that there was a poverty-struck sheep-stealer in the dock, who was in want of a lawyer, and would be glad to get a brisk hand for a trifle of a fee. Such a chance of making a speech wasn't to be lost, and, thinking all the time what a sensation I should create, I asked to see the prisoner. As the sheriff couldn't bring him out into the bar, I went into the dock. Well, I heard through the poor rascal's story — and a long one it was — and I was just about to leave him, when I found that the sheriff had gone, in the mean time, to bring in the judge in procession, and, forgetting all about me, had left me locked in. Here was a scrape with a vengeance. To wait till the judge entered, and then sneak out of the dock, the laughing stock of the bar, was not to be thought of. What was to be done? The railing around the dock was high, and guarded by iron spikes, but over it was my only outlet, and springing up at once, I began to clamber out of the hole. At that very instant his honor entered the court-room, and the first thing that caught his eye was a man leaping the dock. 'Sheriff, look to your prisoner,' said he. 'May it please your honor,' said I, attempting to explain, and essaying to leap down, in which endeavor the spikes caught in the skirts of my coat, and I hung fast — 'may it please your honor —' 'It doesn't please me, you rascal,' said the judge, waxing angry, 'to be bearded by a prisoner.' 'It's all a mistake,' said I, struggling to get loose, while the perspiration rolled off me, and I heard the suppressed tittering around. 'So says every thief,' retorted the judge, in a towering passion. 'But I'm an attorney!' I answered. 'All the worse for you,' roared his honor. 'I'm counsel in the case!' said I, 'Then, if you defend yourself, you have a fool for a client,' said the judge, beside himself with rage. At this point the mirth of the spectators could no longer be controlled, but burst forth in roars of laughter which effectually silenced my further explanations. At length the mistake was made clear to the bench, and I was suffered to be taken down. I tried to brave it out, by delivering my speech afterwards, but an unlucky mention of the word 'mistake' set the bar in a roar, and so completely confounded me that I talked nonsense at random, until I broke down as I told you, and, since then, I never think of a law-point without a cold sweat all over."

"By the staff of St. Patrick! and you're right," said O'Shaughnessy. "Here's confusion to lawyers, and a bumper for the girls!"

"The girls — hurrah!" sang the mess in one voice. "No heel-taps!" and it was drank enthusiastically.

"Ah! and Parker has a song on the sweet angels," said Westbrook; "we'll all join in the chorus."

"The song — the song!" roared the mess.

Thus pressed, I had no escape, and taking a pull at the beaker to clear my throat, I sang the following stanzas:

THE GIRLS WE LOVE.

Air — *Nancy Dawson.*

Our country's girls have azure eyes,
And tresses like the sunset skies,
And hearts to seek, nor need disguise —
As pure as heav'n above, sir;
With voices like a seraph's light,
And forms that swim before the sight,
And waists to tempt an anchorite —
They are the girls to love, sir.

Though France may boast her dark brunette,
And Spain her eyes of flashing jet,
And Greece her tones you ne'er forget —
So like the song of dove, sir —
Columbia's maids have tones as sweet,
And cheeks where snow and roses meet;
Such lips, and then, egad! such feet!
They are the girls to love, sir!

Oh! we are reefers bold and gay;
We brave the storm and court the fray,
Yet ne'er forget the girls away,
However far we rove, sir.
I sometimes fancy they're decoys
To lure us on to fancied joys;
They'll be our ruin yet, my boys! —
Here's to the girls we love, sir.

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The deafening chorus of the last three lines of this song, repeated by the whole mess in full voice, had scarcely died away, when the quarter-master knocked at the door, and told us that we had given chase to a strange sail, and that there would soon be hot work on deck. Before he had well finished the room was empty, and we had all sprung up the gangway.

As I stepped upon the deck, I cast my eyes naturally upwards, and, for a moment, was almost staggered at the press of sail we were carrying. My astonishment was, however, of short duration, for when I saw on our bow the distant lights of the English coast, glimmering like stars on the horizon, I knew at once that we must overtake the chase directly, or abandon her altogether. We were already in dangerous proximity to the enemy's shores, and every minute lessened the distance betwixt them and the FIRE-FLY. Yet the skipper maintained his course. The chase was a large brig, running in towards the land with every rag of her canvass strained to the utmost; while we were endeavoring to get to windward of her, and thus force her out to sea. It soon became evident that we were succeeding in our aim. Indeed I had rarely seen the little FIRE-FLY do better. Before fifteen minutes, we were well in on the land side of the chase, and had every apparent chance of capturing her without the firing of a shot. Hitherto she had been doggedly silent. But finding now that we had beat her on the tack she had chosen, and seeing no chance of escape but in going off dead before the wind, and spreading the pyramid of light sails in which a brig has always the advantage of a schooner, she put her helm suddenly down, and, throwing out rag after rag, was soon seen speeding away through the twilight like a frightened bird upon the wing. At the same instant she began firing from her signal guns, to warn the coasters, if any there were, in her vicinity.

"By my faith," said Westbrook, "she makes noise and flutter enough; one would think her a wounded gull, screaming as she flew. But her alarm guns won't save her. See how our old growler will pick off her fancy yards—there goes one now!" and, as he spoke, a shot from our long gun cut away the maintopmast of the brig just by the cap. She fell behind at once. Another ball or two, sent with unerring aim, was attended with like success, and before twenty minutes we were ranging alongside of the chase, with our ports up, our lanterns lighted, the men at the guns, and everything, in short, prepared to pour in a broadside if the Englishman did not surrender. We saw her ensign come down as we drew alongside, but a jack was still left flying at the fore.

"Have you surrendered?" asked the skipper, leaping into the main-rigging, as we ranged up by the quarter of the foe.

There was a dogged silence of a minute, and the skipper was about waving his hand as a signal to open our fire, when a voice from the quarter-deck of the brig answered—

"We've hauled down our flag."

We took possession of the chase, and found her indeed a prize. She was deeply laden with silks, but we were most pleased with a booty of specie to the amount of several hundred thousands of dollars. I never saw a more cowardly set of men than her crew. They had run below hatches, in spite of all the master could do, almost as soon as we opened our fire on them; and when we boarded her, there was no one on deck except her skipper, a surly, obstinate old English man, who was doggedly biting off a piece of pigtail as long as the tiller by which he stood. He told us that he had spoken, but the day before, several outward bound vessels, and that nothing was talked of along shore but the Yankee schooner that was scouring the channel, a craft that, it was whispered, was sailed on account of Davy Jones, and which it would be as impossible to escape from as from a *pampero* off Buenos Ayres. We could not but smile at this flattering picture of ourselves and craft. The old skipper told us, in conclusion, that no less than two men-of-war, besides the usual channel cruisers, had been despatched in pursuit of us, and he even hinted, coolly turning his quid, that he had little fear of a long imprisonment, for we would be sure to be caught before twenty-four hours should elapse.

As it would be impossible to carry off the prize, and as the conflict had doubtless been heard on shore, the skipper determined to end the adventure as boldly as he had begun it, and, accordingly, he ordered the brig to be set on fire, when we should have removed whatever of the cargo was most valuable and portable. It was accordingly done. When we filled away to leave the chase, the smoke could just be seen, curling in light wreaths up her hatchways, but she presented no other evidence of the ruin that was so soon to overtake her. Her forward sails had been left standing, and her helm lashed down, and she now lay to beautifully, drifting bodily off to leeward like a line-of-battle ship. The utter desertion of her decks, her slow, majestic movements as she rose and fell, the twilight into which she was gradually fading, and the glittering line of lights behind her, along the hostile coast, associated inseparably in our minds with ideas of danger to ourselves, contributed to form a scene as imposing as it was beautiful, and one that raised a feeling of interest in our bosoms, tinged in no slight degree with that awe which always accompanies a sensation of peril. While we gazed breathlessly, however, on the fast receding brig, dark clouds of smoke began to puff up her hatchways, and rolling heavily to leeward, settle on the face of the waters. Directly a forked tongue of flame shot up into the air, licked around her mast, and then went out as suddenly as it had appeared. Soon, however, darker masses of smoke rolled, volume on volume, up the hatchways, and directly, like a flash of lightning, the fire shot clear and high up from the hold, and catching to the shrouds, stays, and every portion of the hamper, ran swiftly across the ship, mounted up the rigging, and licking and wreathing around the spars, soon enveloped the chase in a pyramid of flame, which eddied in the breeze, and streamed like a signal banner far away to leeward. How wild and fantastic, like spirits dancing

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on the air, were the attitudes and shapes the fire assumed! Now the flames would blaze steadily up for a minute; now they would blow apart like whiffs of smoke; and now they would leap bodily away, in huge and riven masses, into the dense canopy of smoke to leeward. At times they would wind spirally around the hamper; again they would taper off far up into the unfathomable night. On every hand the waves had assumed the hue of fire. The heavens above were lurid. The crackling and hissing of the flames could be heard even at our distance from the brig. Millions of sparks, sent up from the blazing ship, whirled off on the wind, and showered down to leeward. Occasionally a stray spar fell simmering into the water. At length the brig fell off from her course, and drifting broadside on before the wind, came down towards us, rolling so frightfully as to jerk the flames, as it were, bodily out of her. I was still gazing spell-bound on the magnificent spectacle, when I heard an exclamation of surprise over my shoulder, and turning quickly around, I saw the skipper gazing intently over the burning ship, as if he watched for something hidden behind her. He saw my movement, and asked,

"Do you not detect a sail to windward, just in the rear of the brig? Wait till the wind whirls away the fire — there!"

There was no mistaking it. A large man-of-war, to judge by her size and rig, partially concealed by the brig, was coming down to us, with studding-sails all spread, and the English cross flying at her main.

"We are already under a press of sail — as much as we can conveniently spread," said the skipper, as if musingly, looking aloft; "and the Englishman will have to give the brig somewhat of a berth. Ah! there comes the enemy — a frigate, as I live!"

Every one on board had by this time had their attention turned to the approaching stranger, and now, as she bore away to leave the wreck to starboard, every eye was fixed on her form. She came gallantly out from behind her fiery veil, riding gracefully on the long surges, and seeming, as her white sails reflected back the flames, more like a spectral than a mortal ship. The momentary admiration with which we gazed on her, as she emerged into view, soon, however, faded before the anxious feelings arising out of the extremity of our peril. But there was nothing to be gained by idle forebodings. The frigate was evidently gaining on us, and it became necessary to spread every inch of canvass we had, in order to escape her. Men also were sent aloft, and buckets whipped up to them, in order that our sails might be kept constantly wet; the masts were eased, the water started, every useless thing thrown overboard, and all the exertions which desperate men resort to were adopted to ensure our escape. After an agitating suspense of five minutes, we found that we were slowly drawing ahead of the frigate, and our hopes were still further raised, in a short space afterwards, by the growing thickness of the fog.

"We are not caught this time yet," said I to Westbrook, "and now for *la belle France*."

"Ay! the skipper's had enough of such hot quarters as these, I fancy; at least, after such a haul of specie, he'll not run any more risks if he can help it. Depend upon it, we shall be making love to the fair Parisian *grisettes* before a fortnight rolls overhead."

"Not so fast, Mr. Westbrook," said the old quartermaster, who overheard us by chance — "do you see that?" and he pointed to a rocket which that instant shot up from the deck of the frigate, and then arching over in the sky, broke into a thousand sparkles, which fell shivering to the water. "If I know anything of such sky-lighters, that bloody Englishman has a consort somewhere hereabouts — and there he is on our lee-bow, the varmint."

We both turned around hastily as he spoke, and, sure enough, a rocket was seen streaming, comet-like, through the heavens, apparently sent up from a ship well on our lee-bow.

"By the true cross!" sung out O'Shaughnessy, at this instant, "here's another fellow wasting his fireworks to windward. Shure, and, as the thief said to the hangman when he saw the crowd, we're beset — ohone!"

I could scarcely contain my laughter, although by this time rockets were rising into the air on our three sides, with a rapidity which showed that we had got somewhere into the midst of the channel fleet, and that the frigate astern was telegraphing to her consorts of our whereabouts. Our situation was alarming in the extreme. Beset on all sides, we had scarcely the slightest chance of escape, our only hope, in fact, consisting in the darkness of the night, and the ignorance of our position on the part of the men-of-war ahead. For a moment — and it was the only one of the kind in his life — our skipper seemed to be at fault; and he stood near the starboard railing, with his teeth firmly clenched and his brow contracted, gazing vacantly ahead. Suddenly, however, he turned to the man at the wheel, and ordered him to bear up towards the sail on our weather bow. He then sent down into his cabin for a catalogue of the English navy, which we had taken in a prize but a few days before.

Meanwhile the frigate astern had vanished in the gathering gloom, while the man-of-war on our lee-bow was yet unseen. The enemy, however, off our weather cat-head, began to loom faint and shadowy through the fog, and just as he became distinctly defined against the horizon, we heard the roll of the drum beating to quarters, and directly beheld in our foe a heavy frigate, with her ports open and lighted, and a formidable battery frowning across the gloom. We had by this time edged away so as to bring the Englishman a point or two on our lee-bow, and now, running up the British ensign, we bore boldly towards the foe. Every one saw that a *ruse* was intended, though in what manner it was to be executed we were yet in doubt, and more than one of us trembled for the event. A few moments of breathless suspense brought us up to the Englishman, and as we passed on opposite tacks, and looked up at his enormous hull, and his vast batteries overshadowing us, even the stoutest heart felt a momentary flutter. The captain of the frigate stood in the mizzen rig-

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ging, looking down on our little craft, while our own skipper, with hat off, gazed up at his enemy from the quarter-deck larboard gun. It was luckily too dark to see our uniforms from the frigate's deck.

"What craft is that?" thundered the English captain.

"The Alert, of his Britannic Majesty's navy—Captain Sashcby," answered the skipper. "What frigate have we had the honor of telegraphing?"

"The Achilles—Captain Norton. Come to under our lee. You were in chase; at least so we understood the lights. What has become of the enemy?—he was the same one, we suppose, who fired the vessel whose light we saw up to windward."

"Ay! the scoundrel was the Yankee schooner, whom the admiralty has sent us down specially to overhaul. We lost her in the fog, but thought she had gone down towards you."

"You'd better keep less away," said the English captain. "Fill on your course again. We shall beat up on your late track, lest the Yankee may have lain to, as the safest way to get off in this fog. If we throw up three rockets successively, we shall want you to come up towards us. If we fire two guns, the rascal will be to windward; if one, to leeward."

"Ay, ay, sir!—fill away again!" and, with a courteous wave of the hand, the two captains parted company.

During the whole of this colloquy, we had lain to at but a short distance from the quarter of the foe, and, at any moment, if our disguise had been penetrated, we could have been sunk by a single broadside. Accustomed though we were to peril, our hearts beat at this dangerous proximity, and when at length we filled away on our course, and gradually lost sight of the frigate, the relief we experienced was indescribable. We kept away, cracking on every thing we could, and for nearly an hour our cheat remained undiscovered. At the end of that time, to judge by the rockets on the windward horizon, the three frigates learned that they had been outwitted. They doubtless gave us chase, but we were now clear of the fleet, and, moreover, had some leagues start of them. Before daylight we had made the French coast, and we were safely moored, before forty-eight hours, in the harbor of Brest.

OH! A MERRY LIFE DOES A HUNTER LEAD.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Oh! a merry life does a hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day!
He whistles his dog and mounts his steed,
And scuds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle startles the tuneful lark
As he warbles his morning song!

Oh! a hunter's life is the life for me!
That is the life for a man!
Let others sing of the swelling sea;
But match the woods if you can!
Then give me my gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer as they bound along!
My steed and my dog, and the cheerful lark
To warble my morning song.

THE WIDOW'S WEALTH.

BY E. CLEMENTINE STEDMAN.

Addressed to my little boy, who, on seeing me weep at pecuniary misfortunes, brought a silver piece which had been presented to him, and with tears in his eyes, said—"*Mother, will this do you any good?*"

Nay, keep thy gift my precious boy!
It but a drop would be
From the wide ocean of the wants
That are oppressing me.

But blessings on the tender heart
From whence the offering rose—
Which fain would give its 'little all,'
To soothe a mother's woes!

Ah! when I gaze on *thee* my child,
I feel that wealth is mine;
For gems of the "first water," are
Those guileless tears of thine.

'Tis thy caress, my blessed one!
The hopes in thee bound up,
That bid my thanks ascend to Heaven
O'er sorrow's bitter cup.

And shall thy noble soul expand
To manhood's ripened years?
And will a mother's sorrow *then*,
Have power to move thy tears?

Then come——and whilst I fold thee here,
My widowed heart is blest;
Nor would I for a fortune sell
The "jewel" on my breast.

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FLIRTATION.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived,
But eyes that acted truth so well,
Were sure to be believed.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies.
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies."

"My dear Rosa, how could you be so imprudent as to waltz with young Sabretash last night? — Colonel Middleton looked excessively annoyed:" said Mrs. Crafts to her beautiful daughter, as they sat together over their late breakfast.

"I acknowledge the imprudence of the act, mamma; but, really, I could not help it. I am heartily wearied of this perpetual restraint," was the reply.

"I thought you were too well practised in flirtation, Rosa, to find any character too difficult for you to play."

"Oh, it is easy enough to suit the taste of everybody, but terribly fatiguing to be obliged to play propriety and prudery so long. However, seven thousand a year is worth some trouble."

"So, then, you count the lover as nothing?"

"I beg your pardon, mamma; the Colonel is handsome and gentlemanly — *un peu passé*, it is true, but still a very good-looking appendage to a fine house and a rich equipage."

"Well, make the most of your time, Rosa; I told you I could only afford three winters in town, and this is the last, you know."

"Don't be alarmed, mamma; I will never return to our dull country village again. I will marry anybody before I will bury myself for life in a stupid country place, and I think Colonel Middleton is rapidly approaching "*Proposition Point*."

"He may steer another course, if you are not more cautious than you were last evening. I saw him in close conversation with your cousin Grace while you were dancing."

"And so you want to make me jealous of poor cousin Grace! Ha, ha, ha! that would be too ridiculous — a little pale-faced thing, too timid to speak above her breath, and with manners as unformed as a school-girl's! No, no, mamma, the Colonel is welcome to talk to her as much as he likes; I am not afraid."

"But you know his taste for poetry and painting — suppose he should discover her talents for both?"

"Never fear, mamma; she is too bashful to develope the few attractions which she possesses. He dotes on music and beauty and graceful manners; is rather particular in his ideas of elegance in dress, and has many of those *finikin* fancies which cousin Grace could never satisfy. Indeed I mean to make use of her to forward my own views."

"Well, well, Rosa, I dare say you can manage your own affairs; but, at the same time, I would advise you to avoid Captain Sabretash."

"I suppose you think he has never forgiven me for my share in the affair of his sister; but I can assure you he has quite forgotten it. He is one of those butterflies of fashion who have no sting."

"You are mistaken, Rosa; he has as much skill as yourself in acting a part, and I tell you that he never has and never will forgive you."

"Why, then, does he haunt me so perpetually in society? Why does he seek to be my partner in the dance, and my companion on all occasions?"

"I cannot answer that question, Rosa; but I have watched him very closely, and I believe he means you no good."

"I am not afraid of him, mamma; he is a charming beau, and his gay wit is a great relief to me after listening to the grave and somewhat heavy wisdom of the gallant Colonel."

Possessed of great beauty, a fine figure, a graceful address, and a host of superficial accomplishments, Rosa Crafts had always managed to be the belle of every circle in which she mingled. How this *éclat* was obtained may be readily divined, for where there is no real dignity of character, no sincerity of heart, no firmness of principle, all tastes may be studied and adopted. But Rosa's love of admiration had carried her beyond the limits of prudence. She pleased so *generally* that she never became attractive *individually*, and she had attained her twenty-fifth year without receiving any eligible offer of marriage. The straitened circumstances in which her widowed mother had been left, rendered a wealthy alliance

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necessary to the support of the style of living which Rosa had insisted upon adopting, and Mrs. Crafts began to lose patience when she found her money diminishing, her debts increasing, and her daughter verging towards an *uncertain age*, without any prospect of bringing their schemes to a successful issue. It was just at this juncture that Colonel Middleton came within the sphere of her attractions, and was marked as a victim destined to fulfil her matrimonial speculations. The Colonel was a man whom almost any woman might have admired, even if he had not possessed the talisman of wealth. In his youth he had been eminently handsome, and time had dealt leniently with him, for the weight of forty years had fallen so lightly upon him that it would have puzzled the wisest physiognomist to count their number on his brow. His cheek wore the rich bloom of health, his well-formed mouth still displayed the glittering pearls which had been a distinguishing beauty in his boyhood, the thick wavy masses of his dark hair fell on temples but faintly tracked by the "foot of the crow," and his tall figure still retained its symmetry, notwithstanding a slight tendency to *embonpoint*. He could scarcely be ignorant of his personal advantages, but he was by no means a vain man. In his youth, he had been mortified by the belief that his handsome face was more valued than his gifted mind; and the consciousness that, whatever might be his physical merits, his intellectual gifts were of far more value, tended to make him but little sensible to the impulses of vanity. But though possessing so many spells to awaken love, and endowed with a heart singularly alive to affection, he had been destined to disappointment. His fastidious taste had never been fully satisfied, and he had reached his thirtieth year before he found a woman who could excite a deep interest in his heart. While in Europe, he met with an English gentleman who was travelling with his invalid daughter, and the beauty, the delicacy of feeling, and the gentle reserve of Laura Pendleton's character, soon won his warmest regard. Her melancholy, the consequence, as it seemed, of fragile health, was so touching, her style of beauty was so ethereal, her manners were so full of timid gentleness, that he became deeply attached to her. Knowing the prejudices of her father, he did not venture *first* to avow his love to the shrinking girl, but taking advantage of her absence, he made known his wishes to Mr. Pendleton, and begged his acquiescence in his suit. He received a most flattering reply from the gratified father, and only wanted to be assured by Laura herself of his felicity, when she was suddenly taken seriously ill. He was of course denied all access to her, but her father treated him as her accepted lover, and even went so far as to decide that the marriage should take place immediately upon her recovery. When Colonel Middleton was admitted to the presence of Laura, she was still confined to her apartment, and never, from the time of his proposal to the hour when they stood before the altar to be wedded, did he see his affianced bride except in the company of her father or mother. He did not then know that there was a design in this vexatious restraint. Laura's timidity and melancholy had evidently increased, but the sudden threatening of death at the moment of betrothment might easily account for this, and in the mean time she received her lover with her usual quiet kindness, passively suffering all his fondness, and offering no opposition when her father urged a speedy union. They were married at the house of the British Consul, and while her parents returned to their native land, the Colonel and his bride continued their sojourn in sunny Italy. It was not until months afterwards that he learned the whole truth. She had loved another — she had plighted her faith — but the authority of her parents had compelled her to break her troth, and the offer of Colonel Middleton had been made at the moment when the certainty of entire separation from the object of her affection had made her utterly regardless of her future fate. She neither accepted nor rejected him; her father managed the whole matter, and she had culpably sacrificed the peace of both by thus weakly yielding to despair. Some months after her marriage, the news of her lover's death threw her into a paroxysm of grief and self-reproach, and taught the husband that he had won the hand only, while the heart was still another's. Her feelings were too pure, and her mind too deeply imbued with truth, to be satisfied with the deception which her silence had practised upon her husband; and as her inert and timid temper had been the cause of her error, she determined to devote her life to its expiation. But she mistook penance for expiation. Instead of resolutely stifling her regrets for the past, and applying herself to the fulfilment of her duties — instead of remembering that duty to her husband required the oblivion of former affections — she vainly fancied that by giving herself up to sorrow, she should make a proper atonement for her fault; and she therefore sought not to check the ravages which grief was making in her health. For seven long years did the Colonel watch over the failing strength and minister to the daily comforts of her whose heart was buried in the grave of another. She esteemed him, she was grateful to him, she loved him with sisterly affection; but she remembered the thrill which a dearer voice had once sent to her heart, and because her husband could awaken none of those fervent feelings of youthful passion, she rejected the peace which might yet have grown up in the calm atmosphere of domestic life, and cherished her unhappiness like a bosom friend. She died at length in her husband's arms, lamenting, when too late, the weakness and morbid sensibility which had led her to waste her life in pining after unsubstantial bliss, when true contentment might have been the daily companion of her existence.

It was after this sad termination of his first attachment that Colonel Middleton met with the beautiful Rosa Crafts. Younger in feelings than in years, he had never drank from the pure fount of reciprocal affection; he had been loved where he could offer no return; he had loved where no answering fondness became his reward; and though past the age of romance, he yet thirsted for the sweet waters of mu-

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tual tenderness. But with all his genius, his tact and his experience, he was a mere tyro in his knowledge of woman. No man has ever deeply understood the peculiarities of woman's nature until the intimate communion of wedded life has given him an insight into its mysteries; no man has ever been qualified to portray the many-colored varieties of female character, unless an intelligent and amiable wife has been the mirror that reflected, or, at least, the telescope which brought near to his view the minute traits which alone can give *truthfulness* to the picture. The beauty of the stately Rosa had fascinated Colonel Middleton, and having ascertained, to his satisfaction, that no one occupied a prior place in her affections, he never thought of the possibility that she was incapable of loving; it never occurred to him that the temple might be unoccupied only because the portals were too narrow to admit an object of worship.

Aided by her mother, whose skill in reading character was very great, Rosa adapted herself with inimitable skill to the fancies of the rich Colonel Middleton. The little personal vanity which had lurked unsuspected in his bosom, was fanned into a gentle flame by her adroit flatteries, and could not fail to throw additional light upon the lovely woman who seemed to forget the homage due to her own charms in her admiration of her new friend. Though timid almost to nervousness when on horseback, she was ready every morning for a ride with him; though far too indolent to love walking, she never declined a ramble with the enthusiastic lover of nature; though delighting in gorgeous colors and an *outré* style of dress, she affected almost quaker-like simplicity as soon as she learned his taste in this respect; passionately fond of waltzing, she became a perfect prude after she heard his opinion of it; and even her habits of coquetry, which had become almost a second nature to her, were exchanged for gentle reserve and modest self-possession when his eye was upon her. But the master-stroke of policy was that which induced him to believe her endowed with intellectual gifts.

Cousin Grace, of whom Rosa had spoken so contemptuously, was the orphan daughter of Mrs. Crafts' only sister, and for several years she had been the inmate of her aunt's family. A small income, which she derived from her patrimony, rendered her independent, and she resided with her aunt simply because she could claim no other eligible home. But her early education had made her very unlike her present companions. Truth and piety were the leading traits of her character; industry, contentment and kindliness were the daily practice of her life. Without making any ostentatious display of her religion, she made it the rule of her conduct, and therefore it was that, though she occasionally mingled in the gay scenes in which Rosa delighted, she never allowed herself to become involved in any of the schemes of her beautiful cousin. Her kindness of heart led her to feel sincerely attached to Rosa, in spite of her faults, and her humility prevented her from dreaming of rivalship, although, if seen any where else than at the side of so brilliant a beauty, Grace might have charmed by the placid and child-like sweetness of her countenance. Her retiring manners and timid reserve in society prevented many from learning the full value of her mental gifts, but to the few who knew her intimately, she appeared a creature of rare endowments. Grace had not been blind to the arts which were practised to attract Colonel Middleton, but, looking upon him as fully qualified, both by age and experience, to take care of himself, she felt some little amusement at the manœuvres of her aunt and cousin, until a knowledge of his past history, together with the discovery of his high-toned feelings, excited a deeper interest in his welfare. Henceforth she watched the plans of her cousin with something like regret; but regret unmingled with any selfish feeling, for Grace, with all her gentleness, had a proper sense of the dignity of her sex, and did not think that *marriage* was absolutely essential to a woman's respectability. The affair was still in suspense when Grace received a summons to attend a sick friend in her native village, and departed for an absence of some weeks, while Rosa remained to complete the conquest of the amiable Colonel.

One morning, on entering the parlor at his accustomed hour for their ride, Colonel Middleton found neither Mrs. nor Miss Crafts visible, and throwing himself on a sofa, he awaited their appearance. As he took his seat, he observed a book peeping from under one of the cushions. It was most *judiciously* placed, for had it been lying on a table, he never would have thought of opening a volume whose form and binding bore such a marvellous resemblance to an *album*. But the slight mystery connected with it — the fact of its being *half hidden* — excited his curiosity, and he busied himself in inspecting its varied pages. He found it to contain some very beautiful pencil drawings, a few exquisitely colored miniature likenesses, and various short poems. There was no name in the volume — nothing by which he could identify the owner — but he soon found that the drawings were all by one person, and he began to suspect that so delicate a pencil had been held only by a *poet's* hand. He remembered some expressions which had fallen from the lips of the lovely Rosa only on the previous day; he took from his pocket-book a little note, beautifully written on rose-tinted paper, which he had received from her a short time before; he compared it with the poems; the round, clear Italian characters were the same in both, and, with a thrill of delight, the Colonel at once admitted the belief that the beautiful object of his regard was as gifted as she was lovely. Forgetting the prolonged delay of her appearance — a delay designed to afford him ample opportunity of satisfying his curiosity — his eyes wandered eagerly over the volume. He was still more charmed, however, when, on one of the last pages in the book, he met with a pencil sketch of himself. There was no mistaking the likeness; it was a most spirited head, and the features were his own. For a moment the Colonel was elated to almost boyish glee, and could scarcely refrain

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from pressing to his lips this precious proof of Rosa's feelings.

At that critical moment, Mrs. Crafts and her daughter entered the room. A slight blush — a modest dropping of her fringed eyelids, betrayed the surprise of the *artless* Rosa as she observed the Colonel's occupation.

"Pray, who is the author of these beautiful sketches?" he asked, as soon as he had paid his respects to the ladies.

A look of maternal pride on the one side, and of girlish diffidence on the other, was exchanged between mother and daughter, but no reply was made.

"Are the poems by the same hand as the drawings?" said he, still retaining his hold of the volume, which Rosa gently strove to take from him.

A timid "yes" was uttered by the beautiful girl, while her mother, pretending to hear a summons from an *invisible* servant, *judiciously* left the room. Colonel Middleton drew Rosa to a seat beside him, and, as he clasped her hand in his, exclaimed —

"Dear, dear Rosa, do you mean to monopolize all the choicest gifts of Heaven? Look here," pointing, as he spoke, to his own portrait in the volume, "and tell me if I may dare to hope that your own heart was the mirror which reflected these features?"

Rosa uttered a faint cry, and, overpowered with shame, hid her face on the arm of the sofa, while her white neck was suffused with a deep red hue that might easily have been mistaken for a blush. The Colonel was overpowered; his foible was a desire to be the first and only object of affection to a woman's heart, and he could not doubt that he had now attained his hopes. A passionate expression of his feelings and a proffer of his heart and hand were the only evidences of gratitude which he could bestow on the gentle girl. What a fine piece of acting was Rosa's gradual return to self-possession! The blushing timidity with which she listened to his passionate tenderness, her delicate dread lest his discovery of her *secretly cherished* attachment should be the motive of his present offer, and, finally, the modest yet fervent abandonment of feeling with which she allowed her head to rest on his shoulder, while his arm encircled her slender form and his lip imprinted a lover's kiss on her fair brow, would have made the fortune of a theatrical *débutante*. It was all settled; the album decided the affair, and Rosa Crafts was certainly destined to become Mrs. Colonel Middleton.

But, once sure of her lover, Rosa had no desire to become a wife sooner than prudence required. She could not give up old habits without an effort, and she determined to enjoy her liberty as long as possible, by deferring the period of her marriage. Colonel Middleton busied himself in refitting his beautiful villa on the banks of the Hudson, and during his temporary absences, Rosa obtained many a moment of freedom from restraint. Fortune seemed to favor the wishes of the heartless woman of the world, for ere the time fixed for their marriage had arrived, Colonel Middleton was ordered to take command of his regiment in Florida. He was too good a soldier to hesitate, whatever might have been his disappointment, and the day which should have witnessed his union with his beautiful bride, dawned upon him amid the everglades of that wild and perilous district. Rosa felt his absence as a positive relief. Nothing was easier than to write tender and beautiful letters to her distant lover — nothing more pleasant than to return to society as an affianced bride, certain of a future establishment, and privileged to seek present enjoyment.

"How can you be so attentive to that consummate flirt?" asked a friend, as Captain Sabretash returned from leading Miss Crafts to her carriage after a gay party.

"I have good reason for my conduct, Harry," was the reply; "she has not a more devoted attendant in society than myself."

"I know it, and therefore it is that I am surprised at your inconsistency."

"Inconsistency, Harry! You don't know me, or you would not think me inconsistent. Can nothing but admiration and love render one watchful? I tell you that never had that woman a lover half so devoted and so observant as myself; but it is with the keen eye of hatred that I watch her every movement; it is the spirit of vengeance which actuates my every attention."

"It is a queer way of showing hatred. Do you mean to continue such devotion after her marriage with Colonel Middleton?"

"That marriage will never take place, Harry. Think you the noble-minded Colonel would wed her if he knew all that I could tell him? I will not oppose idle words to a lover's passion, but I will bring him proof such as he cannot doubt of her unworthiness, and thus will I fulfil my revenge."

Among the admirers whom Rosa drew around her during the Colonel's absence, was one who excited her peculiar interest. The Baron de Stutenhoff was a Russian, with clear blue eyes, a profusion of long light hair, and also *presumed* to be in possession of a *mouth*, although his bushy fox-colored mustachios and untrimmed beard rendered the fact somewhat difficult of proof to those who had never seen the gentleman expand his jaws at a supper-table. He was no impostor — no Spanish barber, no French cook, no Italian mountebank disguised *en marquis*. The Baron de Stutenhoff was actually a Baron, privileged to wear the crosses and ribbons of several orders at his buttonhole, and bearing on his cheek a broad and not very seemly scar of a sabre-cut received in honorable combat. He had been captivated with the charms of the beautiful coquette, and she was by no means displeased with the opportunity of flirting with so distinguished a man. He became her constant attendant in society; his habits and tastes assimilated to her own far better than did those of the sensitive and gifted Colonel Middleton, and when he talked, in bad French, of his fine estates, of the rich pomp of Russian life, of the droskas, with their silver bells and lining of costly furs, Rosa could not help wishing that she had not been quite so precipitate in her acceptance of the Colonel's proposal. Nothing would have suited her vain humor so well as

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full glancing eye; no sullen doggedness upon his lip, for he was that day, that glad day, a freeman — a slave no longer — but free, free, by the gift of his noble master — free as the wild bird that sung so loudly in the forest — free as the liberal air that bore the carol to his ears. His frock of forest green and buskins of the untanned deer-hide set off his muscular, symmetrical proportions, and his close-curled short auburn hair showed a well turned and shapely head. Behind this gay and happy pair came several maids and young men, two and two, and after these an old gray-headed man, the father of the bride, and leaning on his arm an aged matron, the widowed mother of the enfranchised bridegroom.

Merrily rung the gay, glad bells, and blithely swelled up the bridal chorus as they collected on the little green before the ancient arch, and slowly filed into the precincts of the forest shrine; but very speedily their merriment was changed into dismay and terror and despair, for scarcely had they passed into the sacred building, before the knight, with his dark followers, leaped into their saddles, and thundering down the hill at a tremendous gallop, surrounded the chapel before the inmates had even time to think of any danger. It was a strange, wild contrast, the venerable priest within pronouncing even then the nuptial blessing, and proclaiming over the bright young pair the union made by God, which thenceforth no man should dissever — the tearful happiness of the blushing bride, the serious gladness of the stalwart husband, the kneeling peasantry, the wreaths of innocent flowers; and at the gate the stern, dark men-at-arms, with their scarred savage features, and their gold-gleaming harness and raised weapons. A loud shriek burst from the lips of the sweet girl, as, lifting her eyes to the sudden clang and clatter that harbingered those dread intruders, she saw and recognized upon the instant the fiercest of the Norman tyrants — dreaded by all his neighbors far and near, but most by the most virtuous and young and lovely — the bold, bad Baron of Maltravers. He bounded to the earth as he reached the door, and three of his followers leaped from their horses likewise, one sitting motionless in his war-saddle, and holding the four chargers. "Hold, priest!" he shouted, as he entered, "forbear this mummery; and thou, dog Saxon, think not that charms like these are destined to be clasped in rapture by any arms of thy low slavish race!" and with these words he strode up to the altar, seemingly fearless of the least resistance, while his men kept the door with brandished weapons. Mute terror seized on all, paralyzed utterly by the dread interruption — on all but the bold priest and the stout bridegroom.

"Nay, rather forbear thou, Alberic de Maltravers! These two are one forever — woe be to those who part them!"

"Tush, priest — tush, fool!" sneered the fierce Baron, as he seized him by the arm, and swinging him back rudely, advanced upon the terrified and weeping girl, who was now clinging to the very rails of the high altar, trusting, poor wretch, that some respect for that sanctity of place which in old times had awed even heathens, might now prevail with one whom no respect for anything divine or human had ever yet deterred from doing his unholy will.

"Ha! dog!" cried he, in fiercer tones, that filled the chapel as it were a trumpet, seeing the Saxon bridegroom lift up a heavy quarter-staff which lay beside him, and step in quietly but very resolutely in defence of his lovely wife — "Ha! dog and slave, dare you resist a Norman and a noble? — back, serf, or die the death!" and he raised his huge mace to strike him.

"No serf, sir, nor slave either," returned the Saxon, firmly, "but a freeman, by my good master's gift, and a landholder."

"Well, master freeman and landholder," replied the other, with a bitter sneer, "if such names please you better, stand back — for Marian lies on no bed but mine this night — stand back, before worse come of it!"

"I will die rather" — was the answer — "Then die! fool! die!" shouted the furious Norman, and with the words he struck full at the bare brow of the dauntless Saxon with his tremendous mace — it fell, and with dint that would have crushed the strongest helmet into a thousand splinters — it fell, but by a dexterous sleight the yeoman swung his quarter-staff across the blow, and parried its direction, although the tough ash pole burst into fifty shivers — it fell upon the carved rails of the altar and smashed them into atoms; but while the knight who had been somewhat staggered by the impetus of his own misdirected blow, was striving to recover himself, the young man sprang upon him, and grappling him by the throat, gained a short-lived advantage. Short-lived it was indeed, and perilous to him that gained — for although there were men enough in the chapel, all armed with quarter-staves, and one or two with the genuine brown bill, to have overpowered the four Normans, despite their war array — yet so completely were they overcome by consternation, that not one moved a step to aid him; the priest, who had alone showed any spark of courage, being impeded by the shrieking women, who, clinging to the hem of his vestments, implored him for the love of God to save them.

In an instant that fierce grapple was at an end, for in the twinkling of an eye, two of the men at arms had rushed upon him and dragged him off their lord.

"Now by the splendor of God's brow," shouted the enraged knight, "thou art a sweet dog thus to brave thy masters. Nay! harm him not. Raoul, — he went on — harm not the poor dog," — as his follower had raised his battle axe to brain him, — "harm him not, else we should raise the ire of that fool, Mortemar! Drag him out — tie him to the nearest tree, and this good priest beside him — before his eyes we will console this fair one." And with these words he seized the trembling girl, forcing her from the altar, and encircling her slender waist in the foul clasp of his licentious arms. "And ye," he went on, lashing himself into fury as he continued, — "and ye churl Saxons, hence! — hence dogs and harlots to your kennels!"

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No farther words were needed, for his orders were obeyed by his own men with the speed of light, and the Saxons overjoyed to escape on any terms, rushed in a confused mass out of the desecrated shrine, and fled in all directions, fearful of farther outrage.—Meanwhile, despite the struggles of the youth, and the excommunicating anathemas which the priest showered upon their heads, the men-at-arms bound them securely to the oak trees, and then mounting their horses, sat laughing at their impotent resistance, while with a refinement of brutality worthy of actual fiends, Alberic de Maltravers bore the sweet wife clasped to his iron breast, up to the very face of her outraged, helpless husband, and tearing open all her jerkin, displayed to the broad light the whole of her white, panting bosom, and poured from his foul, fiery lips a flood of lustful kisses on her mouth, neck, and bosom, under the very eyes of his tortured victim. To what new outrage he might have next proceeded, must remain ever doubtful, for at this very instant the long and mellow blast of a clearly winded bugle came swelling through the forest succeeded by the bay of several bloodhounds, and the loud, ringing gallop of many fast approaching.

"Ha!" shouted he, "ten thousand curses on him; here comes de Mortemar. Quick—quick—away! Here, Raoul, take the girl, buckle her tight to your back with the sword-belt, and give me your two-handed blade; I lost my mace in the chapel!—That 's right! quick! man—that 's right—now, then, be off—ride for your life—straight to the castle; we will stop all pursuit. Fare thee well, sweet one, for a while—we will conclude hereafter what we have now commenced so fairly!"

And as he spoke, he also mounted his strong charger, and while the man, Raoul, dashed his spurs rowel-deep into his horse's flanks, and went off at a thundering gallop, the other four followed him at a slower pace, leaving the Saxons in redoubled anguish—redoubled by the near hope of rescue.

But for once villany was not permitted to escape due retribution, for ere the men-at-arms, who led the flight, had crossed the little bridge, a gallant train came up at a light canter from the wood, twenty or thirty archers, all with their long bows bent, and their arrows notched and ready, with twice as many foresters on foot, with hounds of every kind, in slips and leashes, and at their head a man of as noble presence as ever graced a court or reined a charger. He was clad in a plain hunting frock of forest green, with a black velvet bonnet and a heron's plume, and wore no other weapon but a light hunting sword—but close behind him rode two pages, bearing his knightly lance with its long pennon, his blazoned shield, and his two-handed broadsword. It was that brave and noble Norman, Sir Hugh de Mortemar. His quick eye in an instant took in the whole of the confused scene before him, and understood it on the instant.

"Alberic de Maltravers!" he cried, in a voice clear and loud as the call of a silver trumpet, "before God he shall rue it," and with the words he snatched his lance from the page, and dashing spurs into his splendid Spanish charger, thundered his orders out with the rapid rush of a winter's torrent. "Bend your bows, archers,—draw home your arrows to the head! stand, thou foul ravisher, dishonored Norman, false gentleman, and recreant knight! Stand on the instant, or we shoot! Cut loose the yeoman from the tree, ye varlets, and the good priest. Randal cast loose the bloodhounds down to the bridge across yon knoll, and lay them on the track of that flying scoundrel. Ha! they will meet us."

And so in truth they did, for seeing that he could not escape the deadly archery, Alberic de Maltravers wheeled short on his pursuers, and shouted his war-cry—"Saint Paul for Alberic!—false knight and liar in your throat. Saint Paul! Saint Paul! charge home,"—and with the words the steel-clad men-at-arms drove on, expecting by the weight of their harness to ride down and scatter the light archery like chaff. Unarmed although he was, De Mortemar paused not—not for a moment!—but galloped in his green doublet as gallantly upon his foe as though he had been sheathed in steel. He had but one advantage—but one hope!—to bear his iron-clad opponent down at the lance point, without closing—on! they came, on!—Maltravers swinging his two-handed sword aloft, and trusting in his mail to turn the lance's point—de Mortemar with his long spear in rest—"Saint Paul! Saint Paul!"—they met! the dust surged up in a dense cloud! the very earth appeared to shake beneath their feet!—but not a moment was the conflict doubtful.—Deep! deep! through his linked mail, and through his leathern jerkin, and through his writhing flesh, the grinded spear head shove into his bosom, and came out at his back, the ash staff breaking in the wound. Down he went, horse and man!—and down, at one close volley of the grey goose shafts, down went his three companions!—one shot clear through the brain by an unerring shaft—the others stunned and bruised, their horses both slain under them. "Secure them," shouted Hugh, "bind them both hand and foot, and follow,"—and he paused not to look upon his slain assailant, but galloped down the hill, followed by half his train, the bloodhounds giving tongue fiercely, and already gaining on the fugitive. It was a fearful race, but quickly over!—for though the man-at-arms spurred desperately on, his heavy Norman horse, oppressed, moreover, by his double load, had not a chance in competing with the proud Andalusian of de Mortemar. Desperately he spurred on—but now the savage hounds were up with him—they rushed full at the horse's throat and bore him to the earth—another moment, Raoul was a bound captive, and Marian, rescued by her liege lord, and wrapt in his own mantle, was clasped in the fond arms of her husband!

"How now, good priest," exclaimed sir Hugh, are these two now fast wedded?"

"As fast, fair sire, as the holy rites may wed them."

"Then ring me, thou knave, Ringan, a death peal! Thou, Gilbert, and thou, Launcelot, make me three halters, quick—nay! four—the dead knight shall swing, as his villainy well merits, beside the living

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knaves!—Sing me a death chant, priest, for these are judged to death, unhouselled and unshriven!"

Not a word did the ruffians answer, they knew that prayer was useless, and with dark frowning brows, and dauntless bearing, they met their fate, impenitent and fearless. For Marian begged their lives in vain. De Mortemar was pitiless in his just wrath! And the spurs were hacked from the heels of the dead knight, and the base halter twisted round his cold neck, and his dishonored corpse hung up upon the very tree to which he had bade bind the Saxon bridegroom. And the death peals were sung, and the death hymn was chanted; and ere the sounds of either had died away in the forest echoes, the three maurauders writhed out their villain souls in the mild air, and swung three grim and ghastly monuments of a foul crime and fearful retribution—and this dread rite consummated the Saxon's bridal!

WHY SHOULD I LOVE THEE?

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE.

Why should I love thee? Thou so altered!
So cold! so passionless! The hand
Which erst so much at parting faltered—
The cheek which blushed at meeting—and
The eyes whose eloquent depths of jet,
So much of silence could redeem—
They haunt me with their sweetness yet,
But, oh! how changed they seem!

Why should I love thee, thou false-hearted?
Thou smil'st, but smil'st no more for me!
The bloom hath not thy lip departed,
Thy voice hath still its witchery.

But looks and words, though they bewitch me,
Can paint no love, where love is not;
Thy very kindnesses but teach me
How much I am forgot!

Why should I love thee? Why repine?
Thy lip some other fond lip presses;
Thine arm some other's arms entwine;
Thy cheek some other cheek caresses;
And though to part with thee be sadness,
Oh! God! how difficult to bear,
To hope to win thee now were madness!
To love thee were despair!

A BELLE AT A BALL.

BY F. W. THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "HOWARD PINCKNEY," ETC.

Miss Merryvale is dressed with taste—
With taste she always dresses—
A zone is round her virgin waist,
And flowers in her tresses;
That full-blown fellow, in her curl,
Bobs with an everlasting twirl,
As, with an air like Juno's, she
Nods to the goodly company.
Prouder it looks than when on high
It flouted at a flaming sky;
For now, no more on thorny stem,
It graces beauty's diadem.

Her neck is bare—her shoulders too,
And with the cold they had been blue,
But for the flakes of mealy hue—
The powder of the pearl—
Which, like the frost on frozen shore,
Or web of gossamer, was o'er
The fascinating girl.
Deepest the drift in hollow places.
Thus maids forsaken by the graces,
And dim with hope deferred—
(I only speak from what I've heard;

So little of the sex I've seen,
I hold each one a fairy *quean*—)
Appear in such a garb of flour,
And talk with such continuous power,
And try to look so dapper,
That one might think the miller's maid
Had come, most naturally arrayed,
And bore away the clapper.

That powder is a great transgression
Against the rosy cheek;
It buries up the whole expression;
It makes the eye look weak,
Unnatural the tress;
And throws upon the brow a blight,
As though it had grown gray with fright
At single blessedness.
Pray who would such a woman toast?
Unless he meant to drink to one
Long, long since with the buried gone,
And now an awful ghost?
Which, like all ghosts that earthward rove,
Must horrify the hues of love.

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MISFORTUNES OF A TIMID GENTLEMAN.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

Book I.

No excuse is necessary for giving my autobiography to the public. It is true I am but a timid gentleman — a quiet, inoffensive sort of person, too diffident of my own powers to be celebrated, and too much averse to the bustle of the world to figure as a politician or public character of any sort; yet I cannot help thinking there are some passages in my life which will be read with profit.

I attained my eighteenth year without more reverses of fortune than usually attend a youth of romantic aspirations and of a poetic and visionary turn of mind. I was a curious mixture of boldness and timidity. My parents formerly lived in a very mountainous part of the country; and while most of my days were spent in daring exploits amidst crags and precipices, at night I trembled to meet, in the social circle of neighbors, a bright eye or a dimpled cheek. The extreme bashfulness with which I approached the other sex of my own age subjected me to a good deal of ridicule, and finally caused me, in self-defence, to ascribe my repugnance to their society to what was anything but the true cause — an intuitive hatred of womankind. And truly my conduct supported the assertion. Never was there a greater mope or a more decided book-worm. I pretended society had no charms for me. I affected to look with indifference on the most fascinating beauty. I shunned all intercourse with the daughters of the neighboring gentry. All this arose, in fact, from my excessive timidity. I never could look upon a young female, however common-place her attractions, without the utmost agitation. When I attempted to speak, I invariably blushed, and my heart beat violently. Thus unfortunately organized, I reached, as I observed before, my eighteenth year. Until this time I had kept almost entirely aloof from female society, and, as a matter of course, my heart was still my own.

For several years past I had lived in town. City life had no charms for me, but circumstances compelled me to make a virtue of necessity; and in studiously avoiding contact with the beautiful and accomplished beings who beset me on all sides, I found my leisure hours very well occupied. My parents urged upon me the necessity of mingling more in society. They assured me my awkwardness would soon give way to ease and grace if I did so, and spared no pains to show me how much depended on polished manners and a graceful demeanor. I had two sisters, accomplished and elegant. Every opportunity afforded by their extensive acquaintance and flattering popularity was at my disposal; but I could not overcome that diffidence which nature had implanted in me, and in spite of the solicitations of my family, I remained what I had always been — a timid, visionary youth.

Before the summer of my eighteenth year had passed away, I accidentally acquired the friendship of a middle aged gentleman, who had passed most of his life in the boudoir and drawing-room. Mr. Desmond was a warm-hearted, agreeable sort of person, deeply versed in books, but too good-natured to be pedantic, and too diffident to pique himself on the extent of his knowledge, which, in reality, was what prompted me to cultivate his acquaintance. At first our conversation was purely literary. I was charmed with the wonderful taste he displayed in criticising the literature of the day; but I soon found that his discrimination was not confined to topics of this nature. He discoursed fluently on scientific subjects, while with equal ease he could touch upon the tritest gossip afloat. Insensibly I found myself, a few evenings after our first meeting, listening with great delight to an exordium on the sex. I had never found any one whose sentiments respecting matters of this kind were so judicious and so happy. I felt the full force of every word he advanced in favor of cultivating the society of the amiable — the beautiful. My feelings, naturally ardent, were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, and I fervently hoped my unfortunate temperament would not forever exclude me from the charms he so eloquently eulogised. Mr. Desmond, unlike the generality of my acquaintances, did not ridicule me. Indeed he kindly remarked, instead of regarding my excessive bashfulness as anything to my discredit, that he looked upon it as an evidence of a good heart and an amiable disposition, and trusted I would never stifle the best traits which nature had given me — a modest mien and a feeling mind. I felt exceedingly grateful for the interest he seemed to take in my welfare, and for the charitable opinion he expressed of my failings. At the same time he earnestly advised me to avoid as much as possible being too sensitive, and assured me that by pondering less, and mingling more in society, I would be not only happier, but better adapted to meet the cares of the world. Deeply impressed with the truth of this remark, I resolved to follow his advice, whatever might be the sacrifice on my part. An opportunity soon occurred. Like an

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unskilled skater beginning his career, I conceived it extremely fortunate that my *début* was to be gradual. I was invited by Mr. Desmond to spend an evening with a few of his female acquaintances. I had heard him speak of the two Miss Melvilles as very amiable girls — angelic beings — modest, witty and intelligent; but I confess these exordiums, however warm and sincere from the mouth of Mr. Desmond, did not prepossess me in favor of the young ladies so enthusiastically described. There was something, however, in one of the names that struck my fancy. Virginia — a soft, pretty name, full of love and euphony — Virginia Melville! I really thought it extremely beautiful. And Emily, too — an exquisite name, but not so charming as Virginia. Virginia Melville, I fancied, could not but be pretty — interesting, at least. With a fluttering heart, I followed my friend into the drawing-room of Mrs. Melville's residence, where I was introduced to the young sisters. My bashfulness was entirely overcome by the admiration which their charms and conversation excited. My most extravagant anticipations relative to the beauty of Virginia Melville were fully realized. I had never seen, had never conceived, a being so perfect — so angelic. She had not reached her sixteenth year, and nothing save her intelligent mind and fine intellectual eye bespoke a more matured age. Her figure was slight — almost ethereal — yet sufficiently developed to convey the idea of a budding rose. It left an impression on the mind of the beholder, that, while nothing could then add to its captivating gracefulness — nothing make it more perfect — time, by its mellowing influence, would increase the softness of the contour, and render that which seemed unrivalled still more exquisitely, transcendently beautiful. Timidly I raised my eyes to a countenance which I shall never forget. It was characterized by all the graces of physical and intellectual beauty combined; yet ineffable as the former were, they were truly eclipsed by the superior brilliancy of the latter. I had never dreamed of features so faultless, eyes so expressive, lips so sweet, and complexion so fair and ethereal. A high, pale forehead, a beautifully formed head, long silken hair of a dark brown, falling gracefully over a damask cheek and a swan-like neck, and finely pencilled eyebrows, under which were lashes and eyes of equal brilliancy, gave the whole countenance that intellectual cast so supremely, irresistibly fascinating, when combined

> "with all youth's sweet desires,
> Mingling the meek and vestal fires
> Of other worlds with all the bliss,
> The fond, weak tenderness of this!"

I felt, deeply, passionately, the full influence of those charms I have so feebly attempted to describe. I felt, too — and oh! if ever that fair enchantress to whose power I have bowed — if ever she read these lines, I trust she will pardon my vanity — I felt that the being before me was formed for my happinesss; that my fate depended on her; that my future career would be presided over by her image! Of all my fantasies, this may prove the most visionary; but before I moralize on future events, I must not omit a description of Emily Melville, the sister of my charmer.

Though both were extremely beautiful, no just comparison can be made between the attractions of Emily and Virginia Melville. Emily was nearly two years older than her sister, and doubtless that short space of time contributed to effect the difference which, while the family likeness was preserved, was so obvious in their style of beauty. Her figure was taller and fuller than her sister's, and her features were characterized by an expression of serenity and loveliness truly bewitching. A superficial observer would pronounce her cold, but what appeared coldness was really mildness; and mildness was her ruling trait. There was a languid softness in her eye that contrasted beautifully with the bright, laughing eye of her sister. Hers was the eye of a Dudu — Virginia's that of a Haidee; the one a fawn's — the other a gazelle's. I was not sorry to see that my friend seemed deeply interested in Miss Emily Melville. It is certainly not strange, if there is love at first sight, that there is also jealousy. I felt quite happy when I learned that, though surrounded by admirers, Virginia's heart was untouched; and on this frail foundation I was foolish enough to build a castle. I imagined a thousand extravagant things, fully as romantic as impracticable. I fancied how happy I would be if I lived near a lonely little glen, in a charming little cottage, covered with nice little woodbines; how I would marry this lovely little maiden, and how she would be all my own, and how I would love her and be with her forever, and never say an ill-natured word to her; how we would spend our long summer evenings in rambling about a picturesque little park, which I intended to adorn with shrubs and deer; and, in short, how very, very happy we would be! how exceedingly pleasant would be our journey down the hill of life, and how we would both die together from sheer joy and old age! Oh, youth! child of fantasy, why lead'st thou into error? — why buoy us with visions which cannot be realized?

The evening passed away, and I am not quite sure that I was sorry when the hour of departure had arrived. The strange and overwhelming passion which had taken possession of my soul filled me with embarrassment, and aware that I acted ridiculously, it afforded much relief to escape. With Desmond I was abrupt, or silent and moody. I could not define my sensations, and chose rather to keep them to myself than to subject myself to any experimental advice, even from my bosom friend. Taking the earliest opportunity to get rid of him, I hurried to my room; but I could not sleep; I could not lie down. I sprang from my bed, and paced the chamber in a kind of ecstacy, absorbing but indescribable. I rushed to the window, bathed my brow in the cold moon-beams, and gazed rapturously on the spangled canopy above me. Everything looked beautiful. My breast expanded. I inhaled with delight the lucid night air, and fancied there never was a being so foolish and so happy. What an hour — what a theme for poetry! I had never written anything in verse,

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but what with moonshine and love, I could not fail to succeed. I opened my desk, carefully locked the door, and examined the room to be certain that none should witness my indiscretion. I then drew forth the writing instruments, and prepared to lose not a passing thought. After much difficulty I indited a line; but not another could I wrest from my distracted brain. I threw down my pen in despair, pushed my desk away, and heartily bemoaning my poetic barrenness, retired somewhat calmed to my bed. A gradual dormancy, entrancing, delightful, stole over my senses. I thought of Virginia Melville. I recalled every feature of her beautiful countenance; not a smile, not a word that had charmed me, were lost. I saw all, heard all again. Then the whole became confused. I roamed in a garden, where the hyacinth bloomed and the honeysuckle and woodbine gracefully twined round the oak, and the rose unfolded its young buds. The place was lonely — far from the haunts of man; yet the song of the linnet and the thrush enlivened its solitude, and I felt that I was not alone. And while I roamed in this Elysian garden, I espied a beautiful rose, a fairy-like rose, young and tender and blooming. And I approached it and gazed upon it, and methought it moved. I paused in wonder. I knelt me down on the green sward, and my eyes were fixed upon the rose. And I fancied it expanded to my view, and wore a beauteous form. In rapture I feasted on this fairy vision. I was silent. I felt the inadequacy of language to express my admiration; and I gazed, and my heart was full. The fairy-rose, with downcast looks, smiled upon me. That smile betrayed it; I recognised in the disguise the features of her I loved. I was wild — enchanted. I snatched a leaf from a weeping willow, and inscribed thereon a verse. I flung it on the breeze, and it was borne to the hand of the beauteous vision. And whilst she read I trembled. A mystic veil now obscured my sight. Full of doubt, I rushed wildly from the spot. I bitterly deprecated my boldness. I imagined my love was offended. I strove to banish thought. I was unhappy. I could think of naught but the vision. Overcome with emotion, I returned to the garden. I sought the white rose. Again I gazed upon it, and again it assumed its magic form. The celestial countenance of the beauty was placid and pensive. I passionately implored forgiveness. A smile, a bewitching smile, played upon her lips, and her sparkling eyes beamed with tenderness. I rushed forward to clasp her to my bosom. The vision was no more — I held but a rose! I looked upon it and sighed. I bore it away, and cherished it as an emblem of my love. A long time seemed to elapse. I wore the rose next my heart, and thought of her I adored. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "why must this be? I yearn to look once more upon the object of my thoughts. I can think of naught but her as I roam through life's weary desert. Forever I think of her — forever my memory clings to the past: —

> "I strive to call the vision back;
> I strive in vain, but still
> The bosom chords so sweetly touched
> In plaintive tumult thrill."

And I ask myself what is this? and my heart tells me it is love — yea! the voices of a thousand angels proclaim, IT IS LOVE!

My dream ended. With the imaginary words still ringing in my ears, I awoke. I scarcely knew whether to think myself the most happy or most miserable creature on earth. Full of conflicting emotions, I rushed out into the clear morning air. It was now early spring. The weather was cool, bracing, delightful. A delicious fragrance was wafted from the neighboring woods and fields, and I breathed freely, and felt all the vigor — the majesty of manhood. My heart was full to overflowing. I fancied the heavens, the rising sunbeams, the bustling pedestrians, all smiled upon me; and I was enchanted with the beauty of nature, the benevolence and affection of mankind. I wondered if ever such a thing as a misanthrope really existed, and my joyous heart and buoyant mind answered, no! Oh, heaven-born flame! — lit by angels, fanned into existence by the Divine hand — what art thou —

> "Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
> In living breste, ykindled first above,
> Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
> And thence poured into men, which men call Love?

In a state of the most delightful beatitude, I rambled about during the day, my countenance irradiated with smiles, my heart bursting with the kindest feelings of humanity. Unconsciously I wandered near the dwelling of her I loved. I watched with eagerness for a glimpse of the fairy form, the bright vision of my dreams. A graceful figure glided from the door. That undulating, musical walk, those fairy-like feet, those sparkling eyes, shining like diamonds beneath a sweeping veil — oh! it could be no other — it was Virginia Melville! With intense, rapturous interest, I gazed upon her till she vanished in the distant throng. Then, indeed, I felt the bitterness of my lot. Days, mayhap weeks, were to pass before I could again feast my eyes on her charms. If the interim were to be a blank in my existence, I could bear it; but I felt that it was to be a desert. And, indeed, a most sterile one it proved. When, after a lapse of months, I look back upon the time, how slowly, painfully it wore away, I cannot conceive how I endured all the misery I suffered.

Once more I found myself in *her* presence. Was it a dream? Did I really behold her again? How very, very beautiful she looked! Her sparkling eyes were full of mirth and intelligence, her lips were wreathed in the most fascinating smiles; she seemed the beau-ideal of all that is graceful, elegant and spiritual, and I felt — I keenly felt — how utterly unworthy I was of one so purely angelic.

After the usual compliments of the evening, Mr. Desmond prevailed on Virginia to try her skill on the piano. With the kindest smile imaginable, she acceded to the request; and gliding gracefully into the seat, she swept her fairy fingers over notes which had never been touched by any more fair or delicate. A light, pretty air was the subject of her muse. I listened with rapture to the flowing sounds, persuaded that if I had heard more brilliant musicians

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perform, I had never so thoroughly enjoyed the power of music. There was a soul, combined with a precision of time and facility of execution, in Miss Melville's playing, that thrilled upon the finest chords of my heart, like the evening zephyr on the strings of an Æolian harp.

That night I wended my way home, so completely enchanted as to act like one in a delirium. I was overwhelmed with the most delightful sensations. For hours I could not sleep, and when, at length, an ecstatic trance stole over my senses, I had dreams so heavenly, so joyous, so full of love and hope and happiness, that I fancied Paradise had no joys to equal them — no angels so bright and beautiful as Virginia. To describe my varied sensations for the next week would require volumes — volumes which, when written, would breathe nothing but passion, wild, fervent and confused.

Accompanied by my friend Desmond, I continued constantly to visit the Miss Melvilles. In the presence of Virginia I now became silent. I could not speak. My heart was too full. Words appeared weak and inexpressive; and, with my eyes forever riveted on those charms that thrilled my soul, the hours flew past — hours the most delightful that I had ever spent — hours which will ever remain a bright, sunny spot in my past career.

Nothing had yet transpired illustrative of the title I have chosen for my autobiography. All went on to my satisfaction — though I had not the slightest cause to imagine that my passion was reciprocated — and I flattered myself with the belief that for once the course of true love ran smooth. Vanity of vanities! When has the philosophy of the Bard been in error?

If the reader will be kind enough to suppose that a few months have elapsed since my introduction to the Miss Melvilles, I shall introduce him to a social group, assembled at Mrs. Melville's residence one fine evening in the early part of summer.

First in order, both by reason of their beauty and accomplishments, were the fair members of the circle, the two Miss Melvilles, Mrs. Annah, their amiable and elegant sister, and Miss Azile, an intimate friend. As a connection existed between the latter young lady and the Miss Melvilles, which I may find it necessary to revert to on some future occasion, I shall briefly sketch her portraiture.

Miss Azile was one of those persons who, once seen, are never forgotten. Seldom did there exist a being more highly gifted in mind and person. In her form and features there was symmetry, delicacy, elegance and expression; in her mind, acuteness, power and refinement. Her eye was one through which the rays of a lofty soul brilliantly beamed; her teeth were chiselled Parian, enshrined in ruby; and her dimpled cheek and glowing complexion were bowers for grace and love. She had a mind characterized by unusual vigor. Her wit was genuine, and when she indulged in satire, all felt the keenness of a weapon which, though mercifully wielded, was, in her hands, sanguinary, irresistible.

The ungentle portion of the company comprised Mr. Martagon, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Desmond and myself. As the two former have not been mentioned before, I shall expend a few lines in their illustration.

Mr. Martagon was a gentleman who, having, during his days of juvenile indiscretion, suffered his heart to be torn and pierced by various cruel young ladies, was somewhat afflicted with the *cacöethes scribendi* — a disease inseparable, I believe, from blighted affection. In person he was large, raw-boned — perhaps a little unwieldy; but these characteristics were made up for by a countenance unusually prepossessing. Mr. Martagon was withal a wag among the ladies, and his wit was really quite pungent and original

Mr. Pratt was of a different cast. Being closely related to the Miss Melvilles, there was an obvious resemblance, in features and mind, between him and those young ladies. A handsome person, a countenance mild but decisive, and a highly intelligent mind, stored with much useful knowledge, formed some of those recommendations which endeared him to the one sex and caused him to be admired and esteemed by the other.

Having now, assisted by the courtesy of the reader, delineated imperfectly the chief objects of my little scene, I shall take a short respite, leaving behind me the assurance that, in my second book, much rare and amusing matter may be expected.

TO HELEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece —
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in that shadowy window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The folded scroll within thy hand —
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land!

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NEVER BET YOUR HEAD.

A MORAL TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"Con *tal que las costumbres de un autor*," says Don Tomas De Las Torres, in the Preface to his Amatory Poems, "*sean puras y castas, importo muy poco que no sean igualmente severas sus obras*"—meaning, in plain English, that, provided the morals of an author are pure, personally, it signifies nothing what are the morals of his books. We presume that Don Torres is now in Purgatory for so heterodox an assertion. It would be a clever thing, too, in the way of poetical justice, to keep him there until his "Amatory Poems" get out of print, or are laid definitively upon the shelf through lack of readers. Every fiction *should have* its moral; and, what is more to the purpose, our modern critics have discovered that every fiction *has*. These ingenious fellows demonstrate a hidden meaning in the "Antediluvians," a parable in "Powhatan," new views in "Cock Robin," and transcendentalism in "Hop O' My Thumb." It has been proved that no man can sit down to write without a very profound design. Thus to authors in general much trouble is spared. A novelist, for example, need have no care of his moral. It is there—that is to say it is somewhere—and the moral and the critics can take care of themselves. When the proper time arrives, all that the gentleman intended, and all that he did not intend, will be brought to light, in the "Dial," or the "Down-Easter," together with all that he ought to have intended, and the rest that he clearly meant to intend:—so that it will all come very straight in the end.

There is no just ground, therefore, for the charge brought against me by certain ignoramuses—that I have never written a moral tale, or, in more precise words, a tale with a moral. They are not the critics predestined to bring me out, and *develop* my morals:—that is the secret. By and bye the "North American Quarterly Humdrum" will make them ashamed of their stupidity. In the meantime, by way of staying execution, by way of mitigating the accusations against me, I offer the sad history appended—a history about whose obvious moral there can be no question whatever, since he who runs may read it in the large capitals which form the title of the tale. I should have credit for this arrangement—a far wiser one than that of La Fontaine and others, who reserve the impression to be conveyed until the last moment, and thus sneak it in at the fag end of their fables.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is an excellent injunction—even if the dead in question be nothing but dead small beer. It is not my design, therefore, to vituperate my deceased friend, Toby Dammit. He was a sad dog, it is true, and a dog's death it was that he died; but he himself was not to blame for his vices. They grew out of a personal defect in his mother. She did her best in the way of flogging him while an infant—for duties to her well-regulated mind were always pleasures, and babies, like tough steaks, are invariably the better for beating—but, poor woman! she had the misfortune to be left-handed, and a child flogged left-handedly had better be left unflogged. The world revolves from right to left. It will not do to whip a baby from left to right. If each blow in the proper direction drives an evil propensity out, it follows that every thump in an opposite one knocks its quota of wickedness in. I was often present at Toby's chastisements, and, even by the way in which he kicked, I could perceive he was getting worse and worse every day. At last I saw, through the tears in my eyes, that there was no hope of the villain at all, and one day when he had been cuffed until he grew so black in the face that one might have mistaken him for a little African, and no effect had been produced beyond that of making him wriggle himself into a fit, I could stand it no longer, but went down upon my knees forthwith, and, uplifting my voice, made prophecy of his ruin.

The fact is that his precocity in vice was awful. At five months of age he used to get into such passions that he was unable to articulate. At six I caught him gnawing a pack of cards. At seven he was in the constant habit of catching and kissing the female babies. At eight he peremptorily refused to put his signature to the Temperance pledge. Thus he went on increasing in iniquity, month after month, until, at the close of his first year, he not only insisted upon wearing Melnotte frocks, but had contracted a propensity for cursing and swearing, and for backing his assertions by bets.

Through this latter most ungentlemanly practice, the ruin which I had predicted to Toby Dammit overtook him at last. The fashion had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength," so that when he came to be a man he could scarcely utter a sentence without interlarding it with a proposition to gamble. Not that he actually *laid* wagers—no. I will do my friend the justice to say that he

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would as soon have laid eggs. With him the thing was a mere formula — nothing more. His expressions on this head had no meaning attached to them whatever. They were simple, if not altogether innocent expletives — imaginative phrases wherewith to round off a sentence. When he said "I'll bet you so and so," nobody ever thought of taking him up; but still I could not help thinking it my duty to put him down. The habit was an immoral one, and so I told him. It was a vulgar one — this I begged him to believe. It was discountenanced by society — here I said nothing but the truth. It was forbidden by act of Congress — here I had not the slightest intention of telling a lie. I remonstrated — but to no purpose. I demonstrated — but in vain. I entreated — he smiled. I implored — he laughed. I preached — he sneered. I threatened — he swore. I kicked him, and he called for the police. I pulled his nose, and he bet me that I dared not do it again.

Poverty was another vice which the peculiar physical deficiency of Dammit's mother had entailed upon her son. He was detestably poor; and this was the reason, no doubt, that his expletive expressions about betting seldom took a pecuniary turn. I will not be bound to say that I ever heard him make use of such figures of speech as "I'll bet you a dollar." It was usually "I'll bet you what you please," or "I'll bet you what you dare," or "I'll bet you a trifle," or else, more significantly still, "*I'll bet you my head.*"

This latter form seemed to please him the best: — perhaps because it involved less risk; for Dammit had become excessively parsimonious. Had any one taken him up, his head was small, and thus his loss would be small too. But these are my own reflections, and I am by no means sure that I am right in attributing them to him. At all events, the phrase in question grew daily in favor, notwithstanding the gross impropriety of a man's betting his brains like bank-notes: — but this was a point which my friend's perversity of disposition would not permit him to comprehend. In the end, he abandoned all other forms of wager, and gave himself up to "*I'll bet you my head,*" with a pertinacity and exclusiveness of devotion that displeased not less than it surprised me. I am always displeased by circumstances for which I cannot account. Mysteries force a man to think, and so injure his health. The truth is, there was something in *the air* with which Mr. Dammit was wont to give utterance to his offensive expression — something in his *manner* of enunciation — which at first interested, and afterwards made me very uneasy — something which, for want of a more definite term at present, I must be permitted to call *queer*; but which Mr. Coleridge would have called mystical, Mr. Kant pantheistical, Mr. Carlisle twistical, and Mr. Emerson hyper-fizzitistical. I began not to like it at all. Mr. Dammit's soul was in a perilous state. I resolved to bring all my eloquence into play to save it. I vowed to serve him as Saint Patrick, in the Irish chronicle, is said to have served the snakes and toads when he "awakened them to a sense of their situation." I addressed myself to the task forthwith. Once more I betook myself to remonstrance. Again I collected my energies for a final attempt at expostulation.

When I had made an end of my lecture Mr. Dammit indulged himself in some very equivocal behavior. For some moments he remained silent, merely looking me inquisitively in the face. But presently he threw his head to one side, and elevated his eyebrows to great extent. Then he spread out the palms of his hands and shrugged up his shoulders. Then he winked with the right eye. Then he repeated the operation with his left. Then he shut them both up very tight, as if he was trying to crack nuts between the lids. Then he opened them both so very wide that I became seriously alarmed for the consequences. Then, applying his thumb to his nose, he thought proper to make an indescribable movement with the rest of his fingers. Finally, setting his arms a-kimbo, he condescended to reply.

I can call to mind only the heads of his discourse. He would be obliged to me if I would keep my opinions within my own bosom. He wished none of my advice. He despised all my insinuations. He was old enough to take care of himself. Did I mean to say anything against his character? Did I intend to insult him? Did I take him for an idiot? Did I still think him baby Dammit? Was I a fool? — or was I not? Was I mad? — or was I drunk? Was my maternal parent aware, in a word, of my absence from the domiciliary residence? He would put this latter question to me as to a man of veracity, and he would bind himself to abide by my reply. Once more he would demand explicitly if my mother knew that I was out. My confusion, he said, betrayed me, and he would be willing to bet his head that she did not.

Mr. Dammit did not pause for my rejoinder. Turning upon his heel, he left my presence with undignified precipitation. It was well for him that he did so. My feelings had been wounded. Even my anger had been aroused. For once I would have taken him up upon his insulting wager. I would have won his little head. My maternal parent was *very* well aware of my temporary absence from home.

Khoda shefa middhed — Heaven gives relief — as the Musselmen say when you tread upon their toes. It was in pursuance of my duty that I had been insulted, and I bore the insult like a man. It now seemed to me, however, that I had done all that could be required of me, in the case of this miserable individual, and I resolved to trouble him no longer with my counsel, but to leave him to his conscience and to himself. But although I forbore to intrude with my advice, I could not bring myself to give up his society altogether. I even went so far as to humor some of his less reprehensible propensities, and there were times when I found myself lauding his wicked jokes, as epicures do mustard, with tears in my eyes: — so profoundly did it grieve me to hear his evil talk.

One fine day, having strolled out together arm in arm, our route led us in the direction of a river. There was a bridge, and we resolved to cross it. It was roofed over, by way of protection from the weather,

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and the arch-way, having but few windows, was thus very uncomfortably dark. As we entered the passage, the contrast between the external glare, and the interior gloom, struck heavily upon my spirits. Not so upon those of the unhappy Dammit, who offered to bet me his head that I was hipped. He seemed to be in an extravagantly good humor. He was excessively lively — so much so that I entertained I know not what of uneasy suspicion. It is not impossible that he was affected with the transcendentals. I am not well enough versed, however, in the diagnosis of this disease to speak with decision upon the point; and unhappily there were none of my friends of "The Dial" present. I suggest the idea, nevertheless, because of a certain austere species of Merry-Andrewism which seemed to beset my poor friend, and caused him to make quite a Tom-Fool of himself. Nothing would serve him but wriggling and skipping about under and over everything that came in his way, now shouting out, and now lisping out, all manner of odd little and big words, yet preserving the gravest face in the world all the time. I really could not make up my mind whether to kick or to pity him. At length, having passed nearly across the bridge, we approached the termination of the foot-way, when our progress was impeded by a turnstile of some height. Through this I made my way quietly, pushing it around as is usual. But this turn would not serve the turn of Mr. Dammit. He insisted upon leaping the stile, and said he could cut a pigeon-wing over it while in the air. Now this, conscientiously speaking, I did not think he could do. The best pigeon-winger over all kinds of style, was my friend Mr. Carlyle, and as I knew *he* could not do it, I would not believe it could be done by Toby Dammit. I therefore told him, in so many words, that he was a braggadocio, and could not do what he said. For this I had reason to be sorry afterwards — for he straightway *bet me his head* that he could.

I was about to reply, notwithstanding my previous resolutions, with some remonstrance against his impiety, when I heard, close at my elbow, a slight cough, which sounded very much like the ejaculation "*ahem!*" I started, and looked about me in surprise. My glance at length fell into a nook of the frame-work of the bridge, and upon the figure of a little lame old gentleman of venerable aspect. Nothing could be more reverend than his whole appearance; for, he not only had on a full suit of black, but his shirt was perfectly clean and the collar turned neatly down over a white cravat, while his hair was parted in front like a girl's, his hands were clasped pensively together over his stomach, and his two eyes carefully rolled up into the top of his head.

Upon observing him more closely, I perceived that he wore a black silk apron over his small-clothes; and this was a thing which I thought very odd. Before I had time to make any remark, however, upon so singular a circumstance, he interrupted me with a second "*ahem!*"

To this observation of his I was not immediately prepared to reply. The fact is, remarks of this nature are nearly unanswerable. I have known a profound Quarterly Review stumped by the word "*Fudge!*" I am not ashamed to say that I turned to Mr. Dammit for assistance.

"Dammit," said I, "what are you about! don't you hear? — the gentleman says '*ahem!*'" I looked sternly at my friend while I thus addressed him; for, to say the truth, I felt particularly puzzled, and when a man is puzzled, he must knit his brows and look savage, or else he is pretty sure to look like a fool.

"Dammit," observed I — although this sounded very much like an oath, than which nothing was farther from my thoughts — "Dammit," I suggested — "the gentleman says '*ahem!*'" I do not attempt to defend my remark on the score of profundity; I did not think it profound myself; but I have noticed that the effect of our speeches is not always proportionate with their importance in our own eyes; and if I had shot Mr. D. through and through with a Paixhan bomb, or knocked him in the head with one of Doctor McHenry's epics, he could hardly have been more discomfited than when I addressed him with those simple words — "Dammit, what are you about? — don't you hear? — the gentleman says '*ahem!*'"

"You don't say so?" gasped he at length, after turning more colors than a pirate runs up one after the other when chased by a man-of-war. "Are you quite sure that he said *that?* Well, at all events I am in for it now, and may as well put a bold face upon the matter. Here goes, then — *ahem!*"

At this the little old gentleman seemed pleased — God only knows why. He left his station in the nook of the bridge, limped forward with a gracious air, took Dammit by the hand and shook it cordially, looking all the while straight up in his face with a countenance of the most unadulterated benignity which it is possible for the mind of man to imagine.

"I am quite sure you'll win it, Dammit," said he with the frankest of all smiles, "but we are obliged to have a trial, you know, for the sake of mere form."

"Ahem!" replied my friend, taking off his coat with a deep sigh, tying a pocket-handkerchief around his waist, and producing an unaccountable alteration in his countenance by twisting up his eyes, and bringing down the corners of his mouth — "ahem!" And "ahem," said he again, after a pause; and devil the word more than "ahem!" did I ever know him to say after that. "Aha!" thought I, without expressing myself aloud — "This is quite a remarkable silence on the part of my friend, Toby Dammit, and is no doubt a consequence of his great verbosity upon a previous occasion. One extreme induces another. I wonder if he has forgotten the many unanswerable questions which he propounded to me so fluently on the day when I gave him my last lecture? At all events he is cured of the transcendentals.

"Ahem!" here replied Toby, just as if he had been reading my thoughts, and looking like a very old sheep in a reverie.

The old gentleman now took him by the arm, and led him more into the shade of the bridge — a few paces back from the turnstile. "My good fellow,"

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said he, "I make it a point of conscience to allow you this much run. Wait here till I take my place by the stile, so that I may see whether you go over it handsomely, and transcendentally, and don't omit any flourishes of the pigeon-wing. A mere form, you know. I will say 'one, two, three, and away.' Mind you start at the word 'away.'" Here he took his position by the stile, paused a moment as if in profound reflection, then looked down, then *looked up*, and, I thought, smiled very slightly, then tightened the strings of his apron, then took a long look at Dammit, then put his fore-finger to the side of his nose, and finally gave the word as agreed upon—

One—two—three—and away!

Punctually, at the word "away," my poor friend set off in a strong gallop. The style was not very high, like Mr. Pue's—nor yet to say very low like that of Mr. Pue's reviewers, but upon the whole I made sure that he would clear it. And then what if he did not?—ah, that was the question—what if he did not? "What right," said I, "had the old gentleman to make any other gentleman jump? The little old dot-and-carry-one! who is *he?* If he asks me to jump, I won't do it, that's flat, and I don't care who *the devil he is.*" The bridge, as I say, was arched and covered in, in a very ridiculous manner, and there was a most uncomfortable echo about it at all times—an echo which I never before so particularly observed as when I uttered the four last words of my remark.

But what I said, or what I thought, or what I heard, occupied only an instant of time. In less than five seconds from his starting my poor Toby had taken the leap. I saw him run nimbly, and spring grandly from the floor of the bridge, cutting the most awful flourishes with his legs as he went up. I saw him high in the air, pigeon-winging it to admiration just over the top of the stile; and of course I thought it an unusually singular thing that he did not *continue* to go over. But the whole leap was the affair of a moment, as they always say in the crack historical novels, and before I had a chance to make any profound reflections, down came Mr. Dammit on the flat of his back on the same side of the stile from which he had started. In the same instant I saw the old gentleman limping off at the top of his speed, having caught and wrapped up in his apron something that fell heavily into it from the darkness of the arch just over the turnstile. At all this I was much astonished; but I had no leisure to think, for Mr. Dammit lay particularly still, and I concluded that his feelings had been hurt, and that he stood in need of my assistance. I hurried up to him and found that he had received what might be termed a serious injury. The truth is, he had been deprived of his head, which after a close search I could not find anywhere—so I determined to take him home, and send for the homœopathics. In the meantime a thought struck me, and I threw open an adjacent window of the bridge, when the sad truth flashed upon me at once. About five feet just above the top of the turnstile, and crossing the arch of the foot-path so as to constitute a brace, there extended a flat and sharp iron bar, lying with its breadth horizontally, and forming one of a series that served to strengthen the structure throughout its extent. With the edge of this brace it appeared evident that the neck of my unfortunate friend had come precisely in contact.

He did not long survive his terrible loss. The homœopathics did not give him little enough physic, and what little they did give him he hesitated to take. So in the end he grew worse, and at length died, a lesson to all riotous livers. I bedewed his grave with my tears, worked a *bar* sinister on his family escutcheon, and for the general expenses of his funeral, sent in my very moderate bill to the transcendentalists. The scoundrels refused to pay it, so I had Mr. Dammit dug up at once, and sold him for dog's meat.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

BY G. A. HAYBOLD.

The first kiss of love, when the favor is won,
Fills the heart with pure bliss, if 'tis modestly done,
For 'tis like a brief glance from the sun's clouded eye
Which just touches the earth and flies back to the sky.

Ah! the bliss of that moment; 't will ever remain,
While my heart in its depths can feel pleasure or pain;
For that kiss, to my heart was like rain to the flower,
Just ready to die, till refresh'd by a shower.

The soft touch of *her* hand, the bright glance of her eye,
The whisper'd word spoken, the half suppress'd sigh,
May be proofs of true love, but the *kiss* is the token,
And pledge of a faith which may *never* be broken.

How fondly does memory dwell on it yet!
The scene and the hour, who can ever forget,
When reclin'd on your bosom, sustained in your arms,
You breathed out the heart long subdued by her charms!

Her *kiss* was the answer; so slight yet so sweet,
'Twas enough; and that moment your bliss was complete;
From the lips to each heart went a holier thrill,
Delighting and binding those hearts closer still.

That first kiss of love, when no mortal was near,
Was a *sign* that dispersed the last vestige of fear;
She is mine, she is mine; mine now and forever;
By those holiest ties that death only can sever.

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LAME FOR LIFE, OR LESLIE PIERPOINT.

A TALE, IN TWO PARTS.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "MYD," "THE QUADROONE," ETC.

"Is health returnless? Never more may I
Throw by the staff on which, alas! I lean?
Is the woof woven of my destiny?
Shall I be ne'er again what I have been?
And must the bodily anguish be combined
With the intenseness of the anxious mind?"—F. W. THOMAS.

If the reader will take the trouble to look in the revised edition of the Philadelphia Directory for the year 1838, he will find recorded the name of

"Leslie Pierpoint, GENT. House No. 2—7 South Sixth St."

At the period of which we write this was the residence of this distinguished party to our story, and still would have been but for the simple incident that has led us to write it.

It was on a cold, bleak evening, late in the autumn of that year, that Major Pierpoint (for he had once borne a commission in the National Guards—so he loved proudly to designate the militia) was seated before his cheerful grate, with the crimson curtains warmly drawn over the closed shutters. The room was partly library and partly sitting room. Rich cases filled with costly volumes adorned two of its sides, while lounges and one or two luxurious patent easy chairs occupied the other. The floor was covered with a thick Wilton carpet that returned no sound to the foot-fall, and a hearth rug of Turkish fabric lay before the fire in the rich fleece of which the slippered feet of Mr. Leslie Pierpoint were half buried. The whole apartment wore an air of comfort and elegant ease, combined with that cheerful warmth and inviting repose which are so delightful of a wintery night. There was a large round table near the centre of the room, strewed with books, magazines, pamphlets, opened letters, &c., &c. In the midst of it stood a tall bronzed lamp that shed a soft, clear light over all. The table turned upon a pivot so that Mr. Pierpoint, without moving from the comfortable arm-chair in which he was reposing, wrapped in his brilliant Chinese *robe de chambre* (a present from his particular friend, Mr. Dunn), could revolve it by the slightest touch and bring within his reach any book or paper lying on the side opposite to his chair. Mr. Pierpoint was a wealthy bachelor, and, therefore, was an epicure in luxuries of this description. Bachelors, having nothing else to do but to make themselves comfortable, can carry these little personal conveniences to their perfection. Having said that Mr. Leslie Pierpoint was a bachelor, it becomes us to explain how he came to be a bachelor. He possessed a handsome person and an ample fortune—was not only well born, but a gentleman by education and cultivated tastes—and even at this period of his life, when forty-one years had passed over his head, a child might have numbered the gray hairs mingled with the fine brown locks that shaded his noble forehead. Why, then, was Leslie Pierpoint a bachelor? Let us go back twenty years, and inquire of by-gone days.

It is the year 1808. One of the most stately mansions in Third street, then one of the most aristocratic portions of Philadelphia, is brilliantly lighted. Its gorgeous rooms are thronged by the beauty and chivalry of the city. We mingle with them also, dazzled by the flash of jewelled brows, bewildered by the beauty of the wearers, confounded by the music and moving forms, entranced, intoxicated by the whole scene of enchantment! Let us retire a little to the silence and shade of this verandah, where the moon finds its way to the marble floor through trellised vines, and where the music and the sound of dancers' feet reach but faintly the ear. There are others here besides us who have quitted the gay scene to seek refreshment of spirits in the quiet night breeze and in the calm light of the moon. Hither approach us, leaning on each other, arm fondly linked in arm, a noble pair. How stately his carriage, yet how tenderly he bends till his lips breathe upon the cheek of the fair creature he whispers to! They pause in the shadow of the thick vines! Her eyes meet his upturned and swimming with tenderness,—his arm glides around her waist—she is pressed to his manly breast, and their lips meet! It is but for an instant—a footstep is heard! and they move on again arm in arm. His lips bend over her willing ear as they slowly promenade the verandah. She suddenly starts, and with her face receding a little from his, says, in an earnest manner:

"Indeed, Leslie, you wrong me. Nothing could change my love for you!"

"But, yet, there are circumstances which *might*

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transpire, and which might lead you to withdraw your affection, dear Clara."

"No, no! nothing on earth. I feel I shall love you while I have a heart to love. Dear, *dearest* Leslie, how can you doubt me?"

"I do not doubt you, dear Clara," he said laughing and lifting her hand to his lips. "God knows," he earnestly added, "I should be miserable to doubt where all my hopes of happiness are centered."

"Indeed, you should not — you ought not! What should I gain, Leslie, by transferring my love to another? Certainly not a nobler person, a finer face, a better fortune (if I may name this), a kindlier heart, or better temper. Believe me, dear Leslie, when I say you are the handsomest man I ever beheld, so that no higher degree of personal beauty could lead me from you!"

"You are a silly flatterer, child, and I half believe, fell in love with me because you thought me the 'handsomest man you ever beheld!'"

"Now you are mocking me, Leslie. But I will confess that the first time I saw you promenading the ball rooms at the ——— Assemblies with Miss P—— on your arm, I was struck with your stately and elegant walk. I had not seen your face, but followed you with my eye till you turned and, and —"

"Met your gaze full fixed upon mine! That was not the first time *you* had attracted my attention that evening, Clara. I had observed you on my first entrance, and my heart from that instant became yours."

Leslie Pierpoint pressed her to his heart as he spoke.

"It shall ever be yours, dearest Leslie," was the softly whispered response of the blushing girl; "nothing would turn my love from you."

"Thank you for the pledge, dearest — I believe you. Come let us return into the rooms — our absence will be remarked."

After Leslie had plucked a "Forget me not" and placed it in her hair, the lovers slowly returned from the verandah.

A few weeks passed, and Leslie Pierpoint had prevailed on the blushing Clara to name the day when she would redeem her pledge given in the verandah, and become wholly and irrevocably his own. It was now at hand, and Leslie counted the hours which envious Time thrust between him and his anticipated bliss. Leslie loved the chosen bride of his bosom with the most impassioned ardor. His whole heart was involved in his affection, and he had so given himself up to his passion that any revulsion promised to make him miserable. The beautiful Clara Clayton, on her part, was deeply enamored of Leslie, but it was rather with his handsome person than with his mind; for of his fortune she thought little, being equally wealthy. She was a gay, haughty, spoiled beauty, with not half heart enough to measure Leslie's broad love, nor half mind enough to penetrate the superior powers of his intellect. But if they married, they were both likely to be happy so long as one retained her loveliness and the bewitching smile and flashing dark eyes that had captured Leslie, and the other the elegant form, air and gait which had first inspired Clara with an interest in him.

The week preceding his wedding day Leslie was commissioned a Major of Militia, and the following day he turned out for review with the battalion to which his regiment was attached. He had purchased a high spirited horse for this occasion, and had but twice mounted him previous to his appearance on parade; and though the animal evinced an indomitable spirit, and had once proven nearly unmanageable, yet these traits were regarded by the youthful officer rather as recommendations for the military service for which he destined him than as serious objections. He was, moreover, a finished horseman and well knew he could so control the fiery animal's impatient action as to render it subservient to a more masterly display of his own horsemanship.

On the day of parade, therefore, Leslie Pierpont made his appearance on the field, the best mounted officer in the battalion. His steed, as he pranced along, seemed to beat the air rather than the earth, so lightly he moved over the ground, so daintily he bent his slight yielding fetlocks to his rider's weight.

"Ah, Major, a beautiful creature you have there," said General ———, whose aid-de-camp Leslie was that day; "you outshine us all. What an eye! Will he stand fire?"

"I have not tried him, General. But a horse of his blood has no fear in him. He can never be taken by surprise."

"Do not trust him! See!" and the General suddenly flashed his sword before his eyes.

The animal moved not from the statue-like attitude in which Leslie had reined him up beside the General.

"Very well. He may do; but I advise you, Major Leslie, to be upon your guard during the day, I don't much like the beast's eye. It looks devilish."

"I have no fears, General; let him do his worst," answered Leslie laughing, and in a moment afterwards he galloped along the line to execute an order.

During the parade the beautiful steed behaved admirably, and elicited, by the grace and swiftness of his movements, the universal admiration of every eye. At length the firing by platoon commenced. At the first discharge, he leaped bodily into the air with his rider and lit upon the ground twenty feet distant; and Leslie's superior horsemanship only saved him from being thrown to the earth. He now sat more firmly and watched him with hand and eye. But the successive discharges of musketry, even by companies, had no further effect upon the animal, save that there was a wider dilation of the pupil of the eye and a quick erect movement of his delicately shaped ears. This favorable change not only put Leslie off his guard but made him so self confident that he resolved to ride up to a park of artillery about to be discharged, gaily betting with General ———, as he triumphantly rode past this officer, that he would not flinch even at that.

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"*Nous verrons*, Leslie," said the General smiling. "Do not be too confident."

With the reckless impetuosity of youth, and desirous of defending the character of his favorite horse from his military friend's aspersions, Leslie spurred onward to the point. He drew up in the rear, within a few paces of the ordnance, and awaited the signal for their discharge. There were eight pieces of cannon and they were to be fired in rapid succession. At the first loud, sharp report, the animal sprung, with a mad leap, directly among the echoing artillery. Maddened by the reiterated peals, he dashed, with the most terrific bounds, across the line of fire and within a few feet of the muzzles of the pieces. At the discharge of the last piece he became so terrified that he threw himself headlong upon the earth and bit and pawed the ground with fury. Major Leslie, who had maintained his seat with perfect skill and coolness, fell beneath him and received his whole weight upon one of his legs and his left side. Instantly the animal ceased his struggles, and when those who hastened to Major Leslie's assistance arrived on the spot, they discovered that the horse had broken a blood vessel and was fast bleeding to death. Leslie himself, though silent, was pale from suffering.

On extricating him, it was painfully apparent that his leg was not only broken but that his knee was crushed. He was immediately removed to his mother's residence and the most distinguished surgical skill called in to his relief. But for many days he lay upon a bed of anguish during which, Clara, joyfully embracing the sweet privileges of a betrothed bride, watched over him like some angelic messenger of health and peace. At length he was able to change his recumbent posture for an easy chair; but it was many weeks before he left it to attempt to walk about the chamber. The first time he did so it was with Dr. M——— on one side and Clara on the other. It was a painful effort, but two or three turns about the room were accomplished with less difficulty than had been apprehended. He walked very, very lame it is true, but that was to be expected.

"He will soon get to his feet again as well as ever, wo'nt he, Doctor?" asked Clara, partly to assure her own anxiety and partly to relieve the foreboding of poor Leslie, who, by the expression of his face, she saw, believed he should be lame for life.

Dr. M—— looked at Leslie, shook his head sadly and said,

"He will no doubt walk well enough in a few weeks, Miss Clayton. But then that wo'nt make much difference," he added, smiling, "since he has no more conquests to make. If you should be lame, Major, you must regard it a fortunate thing to have secured so fair a bride while possessing all your natural attractions of person."

"My God, Doctor! you talk as if you thought there was some possibility that I might be lame for life. Do tell me if this lameness I now have proceeds from physical weakness or from imperfection in the limb?"

"It is cruel to deceive you, my dear Major, though painful to tell the truth," answered Dr. M——, after a pause that did honor to his heart; "your leg was broken in several places, producing an exceedingly difficult compound fracture. It is improbable though not impossible that the parts should ever perfectly re-unite. I fear, therefore, you must bring both religion and philosophy to your aid, and try to endure it cheerfully. This fair being who has so assiduously nursed by your pillow will help you to bear it."

Leslie did not look up in the Doctor's face while he spoke. His head had fallen upon the arm of his chair, and there, with his face buried in his hands, he lay still several minutes after he had ceased to speak. His chest heaved with suppressed emotion, some deep o'er-mastering feeling. At length he groaned heavily and looked up with a faint attempt to smile.

"This is a hard lot, Doctor, but I must attempt to bear it as well as I can. I am not unprepared for this announcement. I have apprehended it myself from the severe character of the injury I received."

"You will not find it difficult, Major Leslie," said the physician, with sympathy in his tone, to endure even lameness. Your mind, by several weeks previous illness, is prepared to submit to still greater suffering if necessary. In illness we bear things, and take things we could not do in health. Nature prepares the body and Heaven the mind for all it meets with on earth. Even death is met quietly and calmly by the invalid exhausted by a lingering illness. The idea of lameness if presented to you in full health would have shocked you. I dare say you would have unhesitatingly said you preferred death to it."

"I should have said so and thought so," answered Leslie, earnestly.

"But you do not now. On the contrary, you have just expressed a cheerful submission to your fate. The same spirit will enable you to endure it with equanimity. Good morning! I will call in and see you once a day till you can ride out."

The kind medical adviser then took his leave, and for a few moments after his departure the lovers remained silent. At length Leslie looked up to seek Clara's face with a smile as if to tell her that he had schooled his spirit to submission, with a smile as if to assure her that so long as he was blessed with her love he cared not for any misfortune that Providence should see fit, in its infinite wisdom, to send. But Clara saw not the smile nor the beautiful submission expressed on his pale features. Her face was buried in her hands and turned away from him, while the heaving of her form and the sobs that broke from her surcharged heart told how deeply Leslie's misfortune sunk into it. He was touched by her violent grief, and would have risen to approach her, but was unable to move.

"Clara," he said, in a low, soothing tone. She made no reply but continued to be wholly absorbed in her affliction.

"Dearest Clara," he again repeated still more tenderly, "come hither, and do not give way to grief in this manner. I care not for it; so, if these tears are shed for me, dry them and come sit by me. I assure you, that I would prefer lameness with your

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love to fulness and perfection of limb without it. Come and sit by me and let us converse calmly upon this subject. It will tranquilize both our minds and give us strength and patience to bear, as we should do, an ill seemingly so grievous. In the end it may prove a blessing. *You* ought not to mourn, for it will ensure to you, as my wife, all my society. I can name two or three brides," he added, playfully, "that would thank Heaven for any accident that would break their husbands' legs so that it would confine them at home with them. Come, Clara, cheer up!"

To this address from Leslie the lady made no reply save by increased weeping; and his mother entering the chamber at the moment, she embraced the opportunity to excuse herself and hurried from the room without taking her kerchief from her face, or even giving her lover look or reply.

"Poor Clara," he sighed looking after her, "she feels this affliction most deeply. For myself I could endure it. Books, friends, and, above all, Clara's dear society will make the time pass cheerfully. She will yet be resigned to it. How strong must be that love which shows itself by such profound and unextinguishable sorrow! Ah, mother! have you seen the Doctor?"

"Yes, dear Leslie," she answered with emotion.

"And he has told you I shall be lame for life?"

"Alas, my dear child, alas! may Heaven give you strength and patience to bear this affliction!"

"It has, dear mother. I am perfectly resigned," he answered calmly.

"God bless you — God be blessed!" and the mother wept in gratitude upon her son's neck.

There was a few moments' silence which the invalid at length broke.

"I could bear this affliction, dearest mother, without a murmur if I stood alone. But, dear Clara! She weeps as if her heart was breaking. I fear it will be the death of her — she feels so much for me. I wish you could convince her that I care nothing about it if she will not."

Mrs. Pierpoint did not reply but shook her head gravely and sighed very heavily.

"What means that sigh, mother?" asked Leslie with surprise and a misgiving of he knew not what.

"Nothing, son. But I fear Clara's tears are devoted rather to the shrine of her own vanity than shed upon the altar of her love."

"How mean you, mother?" demanded Leslie, with heightened color.

"Clara Clayton, dear boy, loves herself more than she loves any body else. I have known Clara from a child. I should never have chosen her as your wife; but you loved her and there was no alternative but acquiescence. Though I approved not, I spoke not, knowing how vain a parent's words are with children in affairs of the heart. Clara is proud that she has captivated the handsomest young man in the town whom all the young ladies were sighing for; but she loves you not, Leslie, as a true woman should love."

"My dear mother, how you wrong the angelic girl! Has she not watched over my sick bed like a sister, yea, like a beloved and loving wife? Has she not sympathized in all my afflictions? Did she not just now quit the chamber overcome by the intensity of her grief? You wrong her, dear mother, indeed you wrong her!"

"I hope I do. Time will determine, my son."

"But why this suspicion? What has Clara done?"

"Nothing. I judge from my knowledge of her character."

"Then you do not know her, and have built your judgment upon a false foundation. Clara is every thing I wish her to be. Send for her, mother; I would see her. I will convince you that you are in error respecting her. But should you be right, *I* love *her* and after we are married, as I mean to be in a few weeks, we shall live very happy together, and in time I shall teach her to love *me* better than she loves *herself*."

Mrs. Pierpont made no answer and left the room to seek the fair subject of their conversation. In a few seconds she returned with a grave look and said that, leaving word with the footman to say to Mr. Leslie that she did not feel well, Miss Clayton had ordered the carriage and driven home.

"Poor Clara," said Leslie with sympathy; "she is herself sick and needs quiet and repose. The painful announcement of this morning has shocked her nerves. Mother, why do you look so grave and sad — so incredulous?"

"I hope Miss Clayton had no other motive in so suddenly departing than indisposition. But, my dear Leslie, I hope she will prove herself all you hope and desire."

"Of that I am sure, dear mother," he answered warmly. "I only grieve that you should have conceived a prejudice against one who is so soon to become my wife and your daughter."

"Let us speak no more upon this subject now, Leslie. You need repose."

Mrs. Pierpoint then drew the curtains and darkened the room. The invalid threw himself back in his easy-chair and soon, yielding to the soothing influence of the soft twilight in his chamber, sunk into a refreshing sleep.

Clara Clayton sprung from the carriage as it drew up at her own door, and, without entering the parlor, hurriedly ascended to her own chamber. Closing the door, she turned the key in the lock, and then with a hand each firmly holding a string of her unloosed hair, and her mantle awry, she paced the room several minutes with a quick, nervous tread. Her brow was set and her face much flushed, and the expression it wore was grief mingled with mortified pride. Yes, Clara Clayton's pride was humbled. She had loved Leslie Pierpoint for his personal beauty — the elegance of his figure, his high-bred air and carriage, his manly tread and distinguished appearance in the street. These first captivated her fancy, and when at length chance threw them together, his admira-

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tion of her, combined with the excellent qualities of his head and heart, inspired her with love — love such as so selfish a person was capable of feeling. She also felt flattered in the attentions of the handsomest man of the day; and it was with the triumphant reflection of how envious some score of her female rivals would feel that she surrendered her heart (as much as she had, at least,) to the blinded Leslie. So their ill-fated love went on, he loving her with the devotion of idolatry, she loving herself with no whit less self-adoration. The handsome Leslie administered to her vanity! It might all have gone on very well, however, even to matrimony, as thousands of other similar attachments have done, *similar* save that the cases are more frequently reversed, and the lover is, instead, the one whose vanity is administered to by the beauty of the lady! But the untoward accident that befel Leslie removed the veil! and often has he blessed his stars for it. A broken leg is, doubtless, a much less affair than a broken manly heart!

Clara Clayton continued to pace her room in vexed and troubled thought. From what has been said above, the reader will readily divine its complexion! Suddenly she stopped and clenched her jewelled fingers together and wrung them with a look of pitiable and painful despair.

"Oh, God! lame for life! A *cripple!* Miserable! miserable that I am? How can I love him now? How can I marry a cripple? Walk Chesnut Street leaning on a lame husband's arm — or, no — worse still, perhaps, he leaning on mine! Think of this morning as he walked the room! I never saw any body go lamer! It is absolutely shocking! Then how can I dance as he cannot! He will never give nor go to parties! A lame husband! The idea is absolutely horrid!"

With this praiseworthy and very sensible utterance of her peculiar feelings on the subject, Miss Clara Clayton threw her bonnet upon the bed, her shawl upon the floor and herself into a chair. For a few seconds she remained silent; at length her thoughts found their proper language.

"Yes, it must be! I will address him a note this very morning, stating plainly my reasons why I wish to withdraw from my engagement with him! He is too generous to refuse me! He will see at once how it would break a high-spirited woman full of youth and beauty to be tied down for life to a sofa and arm-chair — a mere machine to hand him his crutches and night-cap! He is too generous to wish it! I do wish he had not met with this awkward accident. I don't think I could have found a better husband than poor Leslie! But then it is no use to dwell on this now. I cannot think of marrying him after what has happened, and he can't expect — no one can expect it. I am decided. I will write to him frankly and request him to release me from my engagement.

With this determination, this sweet young lady sat herself down to her escritoire to write poor Leslie's sentence of death — death to confidence in woman! She bent her graceful head over the gilt-edged note paper, and nibbled her pen several seconds. At length she began to write: —

"*Thursday morning*, 11 *o'clock.*
"*No.* 2— *Chesnut Street.*

"To Major Leslie Pierpoint: —
"Sir: ——"

Here she paused and blushed with something like shame.

"No, this is too cold. I will not offend him." And she then took a fair sheet and wrote as follows:

"To Leslie Pierpoint, Esq.: —
"Dear Sir: ——"

This address did not suit her. After a few moments' deliberation she laid a fresh sheet before her and thus commenced, in a free, decided way, as if she had fully determined on the mode in which she should communicate her resolutions to him: —

"Dear Leslie:

"You must have been surprised, doubtless, at my sudden departure this morning without seeing you. To speak frankly and deal truly with you, Dr. M——'s shocking communication, being so wholly unexpected and unprepared for, nearly deprived me of my senses. You are a witness how I was overwhelmed at the horrid announcement! Unable to endure the shock, I hastened home without again seeing you. Since I have been in my own chamber I have been reflecting upon this fearful destiny in store for you. Believe me, Leslie, that I would willingly share it with you if you wished it; but I feel that you are too generous, too noble to desire to involve in your own misery the happiness of any one over whose fate previous circumstances may have given you the right to exercise a certain kind of control! Your own knowledge of the world, of society, will teach you that your recent unhappy misfortune has placed our relation to each other in a new light. My happiness now hangs upon your decision. If you are *really* desirous of urging the ultimate issue of our betrothal, and are willing for your own selfish ends to wreck the happiness of one so young as I am, I must *submit*; but if, as I feel you will be, you are, on the other hand, influenced by those high and generous feelings that distinguish you above all men, and will freely release me from a union which it will henceforward be a species of bondage for *me* to endure, you will relieve my mind from a painful weight of anxiety and suspense and forever secure the *friendship* of

Yours, sincerely,
Clara Clayton."

The young lady read the letter over carefully once, sealed, directed, and despatched it without giving herself time for thought. The street door closed upon the footman who bore it.

"It is gone! Leslie! alas, poor Leslie! alas, that Fortune should have driven me to this step! But there was no alternative. No time for delay. If I had still visited him I should have been a hypocrite, and my prolonged absence would have required an explanation. It was necessary that I should write as I have. How will Leslie receive it?"

While she is fancying how the invalid received it, let us, dear reader, really know how he received it.

He had slept not quite an hour when his sleep was disturbed by the ringing of the street-door bell. Opening his eyes he looked round the chamber and called in a faint gentle voice —

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"Clara!"

There was no reply and after waiting an instant he roused himself: "Ah, yes, I had forgotten! She has returned home. Poor girl! I sympathize with her in her overwhelming sympathy for me. So I am to be lame for life! 'Tis a sad, a heavy misfortune! Ah, mother, I am glad you have come in. Please draw aside the curtains and let in the light. It is so gloomy. I have slept well and feel refreshed. Have you heard from Clara?"

"Her footman has just left this note for you, Leslie," said Mrs. Pierpoint, putting aside the curtains.

"Give it me, mother."

Leslie hastily broke the seal, opened it, and ere he began to read pressed his lips to her name at the close. Have the kindness to turn back and re-read the letter, dear reader, with him, that you may enter into Leslie's feelings as he perused it. He read to its close without betraying the least emotion in his expressive face. But when he had come to the end he slowly crushed the letter up in his left hand till the nails of the fingers met through it into the flesh. His teeth became set and his whole face stern and as rigid as marble. His alarmed mother caught the fearful expression of his fixed eyes and flew to him. He waived her away with a quiet movement of the hand.

"No, no, do not touch me, mother! I am well, very well;" he said hoarsely.

"No, dearest child, you are very ill. I will ring for assistance."

"No — give me a pen — ink — paper too! I would write."

"The Doctors have forbidden it."

"But one — one line, dear mother!"

Mrs. Pierpoint looked at him a moment with hesitation and then silently obeyed. Not a muscle of Leslie's face moved, but it was pale, very pale, as he took the pen in his fingers. His hand was steady while he wrote the following brief reply: —

"Mr. Leslie Pierpoint's compliments to Miss Clayton — he assures her it is far, far from his wish, to place an obstacle in the way of her happiness.

"Thursday morning,
"No. 27— South Sixth St."

He directed and despatched it without a word or look of emotion; and when the servant had left the room he calmly turned to his surprised mother, whose looks were fixed upon him full of anxious inquiry, smiled faintly upon her and said, at the same time offering her Clara's crushed letter,

"Dearest mother, you would ask me what this means? Read this — it will explain — *it is eloquent!* Read it and be so good as never to mention the subject of it to me again."

Mrs. Pierpoint perused it in silence and with tears of sorrow and sympathy for him whose manly heart Clara Clayton had crushed as he had crushed the letter. The mother and the son exchanged glances and the letter was folded up and laid aside. From that hour Leslie Pierpoint never breathed the name of Clara, never looked upon a woman but with secret dislike and contempt.

From that day also he began to mend. On a temper such as his, treachery, like Clara Clayton's, must either be fatally effectual or perfectly harmless. His haughty and contemptuous spirit did the service of coat armor in the protection of his heart. It broke not! It remained whole and manly as ever — but it strengthened itself in its strength against all future approaches of love.

Whether the soundness of Leslie's heart extended itself to his limb or the energy of his proud spirit exerted a commanding influence over the physical body cannot be ascertained; but the fact is clear that he began rapidly to convalesce from the day he so cavalierly gave Clara her freedom. At the end of three months thereafter, after having gone through the regular course of, first, two crutches, then a crutch and a cane, and then a single crutch alone, he made his appearance with Dr. M——— on one side and his only support on the other an ordinary walking stick! Every where he received the congratulations of his friends and rejoiced in them; for he had all along felt a triumphant pride in getting well — a sort of cherished spirit of revenge, though he confessed it not to himself, upon Clara — false, heartless Clara. It is true he walked lame with his cane and the doctor, but every day he grew better, and at length his physicians, contrary to their previous decision, pronounced that the bones of the leg were properly reunited and that strength in the limb was only necessary to restore it to its original sound condition. Tenderly and most gingerly did Leslie nurse his leg and humor its kindly temper towards health. Time at length rewarded his care, and at the end of fourteen months from the time he received Clara's letter he walked Chesnut street sound in limb and with "the lofty carriage, distinguished air and noble step" that had captivated the fancy and won the shallow heart of Clara Clayton.

Leslie, however, never again looked kindly upon woman. He believed the sex to be instinctively false-hearted and selfish; he acknowledged no love in her but love of herself, and religiously believed that she married only for self-interest and that she looked upon men only as instruments for the gratification of her vanity. No, he never trusted woman from that time up to the period we have introduced him to the reader seated in his arm-chair in his library with the gentle snows of forty-one winters upon his head.

But time aided by circumstances achieves apparent impossibilities. Leslie Pierpoint possessed a heart that would be a treasure to any woman; and because one had proved traitorous to its noble confidence, Love had resolved that it should not always be locked in the ice of winter — that its summer should come to it again, its seed time and harvest should return, and fruits and flowers once more bear witness to the moisture and richness of the long barren soil.

But this change, its progress and extraordinary results, will form the theme of a Second Tale.

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LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

When I first knew the family of the Wentworths, it was composed of a husband in the prime of life, a beautiful being his bride, and a sweet little babe whom they doted on, not only for its beauty, but as the heir of his father's large estates. The family was noble, or rather its ancestors had been so in England, and the estates, now in its possession, had come down from father to son for several generations, increasing in value with the prosperity of the country, until they now afforded almost the revenue of a prince. With the pride of birth, something of its injustice had attached to the family, for, to maintain the importance of the name, it had been the custom, ever since the abolition of primogeniture, to keep the estate entailed on the eldest son, providing, however, respectable portions for the other children. The Wentworth lands had thus descended from the present proprietor's father, and were intended to go down in the same manner to his eldest son. I knew little of Mr. Wentworth himself, for he was a proud, reserved man — but his meek wife had early won on my heart, and from the hour when I was first called on, as a professional adviser, to give my opinion respecting some property which she held to her sole and separate use, under her marriage settlements, up to the latest moment of her life, my feelings for this singularly amiable woman, were like those of a parent to a daughter.

Wentworth Hall, where the family resided, was a large, antique, imposing structure, situated in the centre of an extensive park, and approached by a long avenue, terminating at one end in the hall door, and at the other, at the distance of almost a mile, in a massy gateway, guarded by a porter's lodge. The house, when I first knew it, was as lordly a mansion as one would wish to see. I passed it the other day, and it was in ruins. No human being has slept within its walls since the development of the dreadful tragedy I am about to relate. God knows I shudder at the task!

I never saw a sweeter child than the young heir of Wentworth: I think now I see his little hands, his silken hair, or his soft blue eyes, so like those of his mother. All loved him. How could they help it? for in everything he resembled her who gave him birth, and she was one who insensibly won every heart, and deserved to win them too. But in nothing was this similarity so striking as in the dispositions of the mother and child. I do not believe either would knowingly have hurt a fly. Certainly no traces of the proud irascible temper of the father could be discovered in the son.

Well has it been said that the good die young. They are exhaled, as it were, like dew, back to their native sky, just at the very time when we begin fully to appreciate their worth. The young heir was scarcely three years old when his mother died. There was grief, and, I believe, heart-felt grief, up at the old hall for a while,— and then came the intelligence that Mr. Wentworth had determined to travel, and that, meanwhile, the young heir was to be left at home with a nurse, and suitable attendants.

Two years passed away. At length rumors reached the servants that their master would soon return, accompanied by a new bride. Before long these reports were confirmed, and then, after a few day's delay, the newly wedded pair dashed up to the hall door behind a chariot and four, decorated with bride favors.

The new comer was certainly a magnificent woman, but oh! what a contrast to the sweet angel who had formerly filled her place. The first wife was rather *petite*, with soft blue eyes, and an expression of countenance almost seraphic; her successor was a tall, splendid looking woman, with dark flashing orbs, and a face whose haughty beauty was the very impersonation of a Juno. I know not why, but with all her majesty, I never liked the second Mrs. Wentworth.

In due time a son was the fruit of this marriage. The babe, like the mother, was beautiful, and it seemed to me — it may have been only fancy — that, in the rejoicings at its birth, the elder son, and undoubted heir, was totally forgotten.

It soon became evident that the new wife was paramount in her influence over her husband; but, in one thing she was foiled; she could not alienate his affections from his elder son. She dared not openly speak against the young heir, but it was evident that she hated him, because he would exclude her own child from the estate; and though the fortune of a younger son of the Wentworth's would have been an independence to any one else, yet this grasping woman coveted all for her own darling. On this point, however, she knew that her husband would prove inflexible, and that his family pride would be too strong even for his wife's persuasions. She did not, therefore, make the attempt. But in every possible way, especially when her husband was absent, she contrived to make the life of her step-son irksome and intolerable. A thousand petty vexations, such as are easier felt than described, and which no one knows so well how to inflict as a second wife, soured the early life of the young heir,

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and, despite his amiable disposition, made him the most unhappy of beings. The sum of his misery was filled up, when, his father having been chosen a member of Congress, left the family at Wentworth Hall, while he proceeded to Washington. From that hour, whether at his estate or at the capitol of the nation, Mr. Wentworth was so occupied by ambition that he found no time to unravel the domestic transactions of his household; so that, deprived of the check heretofore existing on her conduct in the presence of her husband, the new wife commenced a more open and oppressive series of petty persecutions on the young heir, which effectually broke the spirits of one so delicately constituted. I never saw a greater change in any one than took place in Herbert Wentworth between his fifth and eleventh years. From being used to constant exercise in the open air, he was restricted to the school-room, the library, and the garden. In a short time his health gave way, and he became pale, weakly, and melancholy. And this was the once gay and happy boy, with a heart as light as the carol of a bird! Oh! could his sainted mother have foreseen, on her death-bed, the destiny that was to overtake her child, how bitter would have been her parting hour.

Meanwhile the younger son — the darling of the mother — was indulged in every thing. His slightest wish was anticipated. He was taught every manly accomplishment of the day, and, at twelve, was already nearly as large as his delicate brother. He was a skilful horseman, and the best sportsman on the estates. But he was wilful, passionate and imperious.

So matters went on, until the young heir was nearly eighteen years of age, when his father took him to Washington with him during the session of Congress. For the first time emancipated from the thraldom of his step-mother, Herbert began to be aware of the importance of his situation, and to become more than ever averse to the tyranny of his home. He returned to Wentworth Hall an altered being. When his father, about this time, received an appointment to an embassy to one of the South American States, he solicited to accompany his parent, but the request could not be granted, and the young heir was left at home with Mrs. Wentworth and her son.

The change in the character of Herbert soon became evident to the step-mother. But, in nothing was it more perceptible than in the resistance the young heir made to the restraints attempted to be imposed on him, but from which his brother was exempt. Privileges which Herbert felt were his, equally with his brother, or to which he, if either, had the better right, were no longer surrendered without expostulation, or in some cases without a struggle. One of the great causes of difference arose from the determination, expressed by the young heir, to shoot on the estate — a privilege no rational being would have dreamed he was not entitled to — but which, his pampered brother, habituated to seeing himself indulged, and Herbert restrained, in everything, took on himself one day, in a fit of passion, to dispute. Had Mrs. Wentworth been present, even she would have seen the folly of her son and would have checked him; but, unaccustomed to be opposed, the wilful boy, when he saw his brother with a resolution as unusual as it was irritating, determined to insist on the right, flew into a rage, and, in a moment of phrenzy, presented his gun at Herbert. A scuffle ensued, in which the piece went off, whether accidentally or not was never known, and the young heir fell to the ground weltering in his blood. His life, for some time, was despaired of, during which time the brother maintained a sullen silence — but at length Herbert was declared out of danger, and, in a few weeks more, was completely restored. During this time the mother did not hesitate to give that version of the story which would, by throwing all the blame on Herbert, exculpate her darling, so that, when the young heir left his sick chamber, he found that, except among a few who knew his disposition better, he was received as an arrogant, and quarrelsome young man.

This incident, however, had exercised a powerful influence on Mrs. Wentworth. The very fact that Herbert, whom she and her son had so long ruled with a rod of iron, should attempt to break loose from the thraldom, inflamed her almost to madness. From envying, she began to hate the young heir, and that too with a deadliness of which one would have thought her incapable. And every day, as Herbert broke some new mesh of the net in which she had involved him, she learned to hate him more passionately than before. Indeed, to a woman of her disposition, nothing could be more galling than to see one, over whom she had been used to tyrannize at her pleasure, asserting his rights, even, in some cases, in direct contradiction to her commands, as, for instance, when Herbert refused, as heir to the estate, to allow some wood to be cut down which she had ordered to be felled and sold. I solemnly believe that the haughty step-mother never forgave this act — that the remembrance of it haunted her night and day — and that it filled up the cup of hatred, which before was well nigh full, and led to the dreadful catastrophe which ensued.

I have said the young heir recovered from his wound, but he remained in an exceedingly delicate state of health, so that the least exposure of his person was sure to bring on a cold, attended with pains in his side, at the seat of the wound. However, by clothing carefully according to the weather, he succeeded, in the course of some six months, in firmly, as he thought, re-establishing his health, though, it is my firm conviction, that, from the hour of his wound, his constitution was effectually undermined. Certain it is, that when Herbert, thinking himself perfectly restored, ventured one day on a little more exposure than usual, he was seized with a violent cold, which soon resulted in a fever of the most desperate character. So fatal were the ravages of the disease that his life was soon despaired of, and for several days we hourly expected to hear of his death.

During this crisis, what were the feelings of the haughty step-mother? She could not be expected to

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wish for the recovery of the being whom she hated with such intensity, and, although she was forced to appear concerned for him, and the best medical attendance was, by her orders, procured, yet I have not the least doubt that the one burning wish of her heart, during all that terrible time, was that the young heir might never recover. His death, indeed, would be the consummation of all her hopes. It would, at once, place her darling son in possession of the vast estates of his father — a position at which she could not look without a momentary bewilderment. As day after day elapsed, and the young heir grew weaker and weaker, her hopes rose in proportion, and the prize on which, at first, she had scarcely ventured to look, she now regarded as almost in the possession of her child. How her heart leaped — we will not attempt to disguise it — at the prospect before her. She would be removed from all fear of the interference of Herbert — she would be saved from the shame of being thwarted as she had been — she would no longer have a right to remain at the Hall only as long as her husband lived; and though, under other circumstances, she felt she might have continued in it to her dying day, yet she knew that Herbert, after what had passed, would, on his father's death, cut off all communication with her. Besides her pride revolted from accepting a favor at the hands of the young heir. Her own child too! brought up as he had been, with habits of such lavish expenditure, how would he ever be able to live on the fortune, handsome though it was, reserved for the younger son of the house of Wentworth. He had been used to every indulgence; he had been taught to regard everybody and everything as subservient to his wishes; in short, he had been educated as the heir rather than as the younger son of the family — and now, when the vast estates of his father were almost within his grasp, when only the life of a sickly boy was in his way, could his mother be expected to look on the death of the real heir with any thing but complacency? But she dissembled her feelings: the world gave her credit for the most poignant anguish of mind during the vacillations of the disease.

"And how is the patient to-night, doctor," said she, following the physician out of the sick chamber, and affecting to place her handkerchief to her eyes; "do you not think he is a little, a very little improved?"

"I do not wish, unnecessarily, to alarm you," was the answer; "indeed, you must have seen the ravages of the disease; but so far from thinking your son" — oh! how the word grated on her feelings — "any better, I fear he cannot survive until morning. He is not naturally of a strong constitution, and this fever would have brought the stoutest man to the grave. I wonder how young Mr. Wentworth has withstood it so long."

"Then you cannot give us any hope. Oh! cannot you let us have some, even the slightest, expectation of his recovery? Do, dear Doctor, only say a word like it."

The physician shook his head sadly, for he had become attached to his patient, and knew nothing of the secret of his companion's heart — and departed. The unnatural woman turned to her chamber, and, with a joy we will not attempt to picture, paced up and down the room. At length, she thought her wishes were about to be fulfilled; her boy, her darling boy, would inherit the broad lands she saw from her casement; and she! — she paused, and muttered — "ah! there will be a vast difference betwixt the mere widow of the proprietor of Wentworth Hall, and the mother of that personage."

In a short time she calmed her transports, and, returning to the bed-side of the now insensible sufferer, watched there until late at night, when she retired, with apparent reluctance, leaving orders, however, to be called should any change be perceptible in the patient.

She had fallen into an uneasy sleep, in which a thousand wild dreams flitted through her mind, and the clock had just struck the second hour after her retirement, when a maid-servant knocked at her chamber door, and saying, that her young master had suddenly awoke sane, and had conversed rationally with the nurse, departed.

"He is going, then," muttered the unnatural woman, in a delirium of joy; "they always are so just before death;" and hastily throwing on a loose dress, she hurried to the room of the sufferer.

The curtains were closed when she entered, and the nurse held up her finger, whispering —

"He has just fallen asleep. Praise to God, the crisis is past, and the dear youth will recover! His fever has left him — his skin is no longer hot — he is free from delirium."

The words of the faithful old creature almost took away Mrs. Wentworth's breath; she felt herself turning pale, and her brain swam around. Happily, the room was imperfectly lighted, so that the nurse could not detect the changes in the countenance of her mistress.

"*And is there any fear of a relapse?*" said Mrs. Wentworth, forcing herself to assume feelings, outwardly, far different from those really raging in her bosom. "Is the *dear boy* safe?"

"The chances are infinitely in his favor; yet there is a possibility of a relapse. I pray God no such evil may overtake Master Herbert."

Her mistress nodded, and feeling that she could not much longer maintain her composure, she said that she would return to her room for a moment to procure her slippers, when she would aid her in watching by the sick bed, as she was *too overjoyed to sleep*.

What pen can paint her feelings when she reached her chamber? Here were all her bright visions dissipated. The prospect before her was darker than ever. What would become of herself after her husband's death? — what, indeed, would that husband say when he returned and heard Herbert's version of his brother's and her conduct? What would become of her darling son, subject, perhaps, to his father's displeasure, and, at most, left with nothing but a younger son's fortune, with which to support his ex-

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pensive habits? She paused in the centre of her room. A thousand furies seemed agitating her countenance. Pride, fear, hate, all chased each other, by turns, through her bosom. Suddenly her face assumed a look of comparative calmness. She walked to a neighboring closet, took from its wall a small phial, and then, gazing a moment at her face in the glass, she placed her slippers on her feet, and sought the room of the invalid. Motioning to the nurse to keep her seat, this fearful woman crossed to the other side of the bed, and sat down by the little table on which stood the medicine for the sufferer. The cup already contained the dose which was to be given him at the expiration of the hour. She looked at the watch — but a few minutes remained to the time. She looked around the room — no one was in it but the nurse, who was concealed by the curtains of the bed. She hastily uncorked the phial, and, with a trembling hand, let fall a few drops of the liquid it contained into the cup. The phial was then secreted, and, with a face as ashy as the dead, she heard, the next instant, the clock strike the hour. The patient awoke at the noise, and, almost on the instant, the nurse came around and took the cup in her hand. My pen trembles so I can scarcely proceed — but I must. Suffice it to say the cup was drained, and the invalid, as if exhausted, sank back on his pillow. When next the attendant drew aside the curtain, she gazed on the face of the dead.

Let me escape from this terrible tragedy. The young heir was buried in lordly state, and no suspicion ever arose that he died otherwise than by a sudden relapse. But was Mrs. Wentworth happy? She saw her son the acknowledged heir of the estate, and for this she had labored her whole life — but was she happy? I will answer, in the words of Scripture, when speaking of the wicked — "Terrors take hold on him as waters; the tempest swalloweth him up in the night.... *For God shall cast upon him and not spare.*"

Time passed. Even Mrs. Wentworth began to find, in the lapse of years, and in gazing on her son, now near eighteen, some alleviation for her tortured mind. But God, whose inscrutable Providence had hitherto seemed to forget the unholy deed we have just narrated, was now preparing for its author a fearful retribution.

It was just five years from the day of Herbert's death, when the doating mother was standing in the door of her house, surrounded by a party of visitors of her own age, waiting for the approach of a gay cavalcade of young people, coming up the avenue. The sky was gloomy and threatened a storm, and the riders were evidently returning in haste. But the tempest was quicker than even their fleet steeds, and the group, with young Wentworth at its head, was yet some distance from the door, when the storm burst on the riders. Each put spurs to his horse, and the young heir, as wilful as ever, instead of awaiting his companions, dashed forward as fast as his steed — the fleetest of them all — could carry him. He was already several rods in advance of his companions, when the wind, suddenly bursting out into a hurricane, swept across the avenue, taking in its course a huge, but somewhat decayed tree, whose trunk, after swaying forwards a moment, was seen to yield to the gale just as young Wentworth came underneath it.

"Look out!" shouted those who saw the danger.

"Save him! — oh! save him!" shrieked the mother.

It was too late. Down, with a crash like thunder, came the gigantic tree, the trunk striking the unhappy youth right on the head, and bearing him to the earth as if he was a mere twig. There was a wild cry, and all that remained of the victim was one quivering hand, extended, as if in supplication, beyond the trunk of the tree.

The spectators stood aghast, transfixed with speechless horror, at the fearful sight. A deathlike stillness of a moment, and only of a moment, followed. It was broken by a long, wild, harrowing shriek of anguish, at the remembrance of which, even now, my blood runs cold. They all turned instinctively in the same direction — towards the mother of the victim — for that shriek could have come from no one else. They saw her fall like marble to the earth. They sprang to her side. Her eyes were wide open, glaring fearfully on vacancy — the foam had gathered, thick and white, on her bloodless lips — her whole frame was quivering in an agony such as — thank God! — mortal man has rarely seen. There she lay, struck by the hand of God, writhing in convulsions. Tell me not there is no retribution! Oh! fearfully was that murdered boy avenged.

They took her up, bore her into her stately chamber, and despatched messengers on every hand for medical aid. All that the skill of the profession could do to restore her was exerted, but for a long time unsuccessfully. At length, however, Mrs. Wentworth showed signs of recovery. Slowly, consciousness appeared to return to her; but just when her attendants were beginning to hope that the danger had passed, she sprang up in her bed, and, placing her hands before her eyes, shrieked, "save him — save him — oh, God! have mercy — I am the murderer — he is innocent," and with other ejaculations, equally as terrific, she sank down on the couch, in a paroxysm of madness. *She was a maniac.* It was not many days before nature gave way beneath the struggle, but, during the ravings of her phrenzy, she recapitulated the whole of the dreadful tragedy, and in words too that made her listeners tremble to hear. It has often occurred to me, that, if the death-bed revelations of but one year could be made public, they would make us avoid our fellow-men as beings of a darker world.

One word and this melancholy leaf is ended. Mr. Wentworth never returned from his mission, but fell a victim to the climate of South America. His estate having been entailed to the issue of his own body, of course, failing such issue, passed in the regular course of succession; and descending to nearly a score of collateral heirs, who divided the property betwixt them, was soon broken into fragments. The old Hall was shunned with superstitious fear, and is now in ruins. So pass away the things of this world. D.

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MY BONNIE BLUE-EYED LASSIE, O!

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

SUNG BY

MR. DEMPSTER.

Philadelphia: JOHN F. NUNNS, 184 *Chesnut Street*.



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Her face sae fair, her winning air,
Sure nane is like my lassie, O!
When o'r we meet, she smiles so sweet,
My bonnie blue-eyed lassie, O!
And monie a time at fair or green,
We've prattled aft and dearly, O!
I prees'd my suit, she pleaded youth,
My bonnie blue-eyed lassie, O!

Yes, woo I still, yes, woo I will,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie, O!
The world can no'er ha'e charms for me,
Without my blue-eyed lassie, O!
When last we met, I saw her o'e
Half turn'd aside so winning, O!
I named the kirk, she gied consent,
My ain dear blue-eyed lassie, O!

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COTTAGE PIETY.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Early had they learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die."

Wordsworth.

THERE is no piety like that in our cottages. Go through the land from one end to the other, — enter, if you will, at every door you pass, — seek out the dying in lordly hall, and lowly dwelling, — and you will find that the humble tenants of the humblest roof, are often the most acceptable in the eyes of their Maker, and that in the words of Holy Writ, "not many wise, not many noble are called," but "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." And there is a philosophy in this. The rich have wherewithal to enjoy themselves in this life, and what care they for the one to come? but the poor find no peace from toil on earth, and gladly hail the message which bids them to a better and a brighter world, where "the weary are at rest." Then, too, the Sabbath of the cottager! They who live in cities, or dwell in stately palaces in the country, have no idea of the soothing calm, of this day, to the poor man. All through the weary week, in summer or in winter, amid cold and rain and heat, he is compelled to toil for the scanty pittance which barely keeps his wife and little ones alive — and when the Sabbath morning comes, and he sees all so tidy about him, while the sun smiles pleasantly through the casement, and there is an eloquent stillness on all without, a feeling of freedom and of untold peace, comes stealing over his soul, such as those who have never shared his toils cannot imagine. If he has a heart it is melted into gratitude. If he is a godly man — and do not these very things purify his heart insensibly? — he will call his little ones around him, and, together, they will lift up their thanksgivings for the blessings of another week. Oh! how often — in some old country house, far, far away from the crimes and cares of the town — have we listened to the morning hymn, sweetly rising on the air, and seeming to go up to heaven all the sweeter for the songs of birds and the murmurs of the stream, with which it mingled. Yes! we love

"The sound of hymns
On some bright Sabbath morning, on the moor
Where all is still save praise; and where hard by
The ripe grain shakes its bright beard in the sun;
The fresh green grass, the sun, and sunny brook —
All look as if they knew the day, the hour,
And felt with man the need of joy and thanks."

Yonder is a cottage, down in the glen. If you will come and stand with us beside the casement, you can just see the white walls of that humble home, smiling through the embowering foliage. There live a daughter and her parents, and if you would see piety, go into that cottage. Shall I tell you how their Sunday is spent? It will be a lesson to us all.

When breakfast is over, the little family, attired in their best, set forth to church, the daughter walking betwixt her aged parents, and kindly supporting their steps, while every thing around them soothes their hearts for the duties of the day. It is a September morning, and all Nature is filled with harmony. Not a leaf that rustles on the air, nor a brook that babbles by, nor a bird that whistles in the wood, nor the voice of a child singing from the overflowing gladness of its heart, but is sweeter to their ear, and more soothing to their souls, than the music of a Garcia. And when they reach the old church how every one will make room for them! And so, after service, will they return home.

And in the afternoon, they will gather around the little table, beneath the open casement, through which float gently the hum of bees and the fragrance of flowers, and there they will sit, listening to the word of God, as their daughter reads it aloud. There is such a quiet, a soft dreamy quiet around, that it soothes them insensibly to a holy calm. The very clock seems to tick less audibly; the cat sits purring in her lowest tone; the bird, from his cage, looks silently down; the sunbeams fall hushed on the clean, bright floor; and the rose-leaves by the window, that now and then float to the ground, strike with a faint low sound on the earth, like the foot-fall of a fairy at moonlight.

Every word of that sacred volume the listeners drink in eagerly, for are they not "athirst for the waters of life?" Aye! they drink it in the more eagerly because read by her, whose voice, to them, is softer than that of a cherub.

And such is Cottage Piety. The proud may sneer at it — the rich may regard it as a fiction — the dwellers in town may look on it as an enthusiast's picture; but the great God who made us all, and who notes every deed, beholds thousands of such scenes, every Sabbath of the year.

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Sports and Pastimes.

THE FOWLING-PIECE.

Before making choice of a gun, the sportsman should determine what weight he can conveniently carry. The heaviest gun, as regards shooting, will be most effective; but he should recollect, that unless he be a very robust person, a light gun will on the whole bring him more game, as a few pounds in the weight makes a deal of difference in the distance the person can carry it with ease, and few persons can shoot well when fatigued.

The most approved guns under the system which prescribes a heavy charge of powder and a light one of shot, are double-barrels, bearing the following relative proportions of length to calibre:* — fourteen gauge, thirty-four inches long; seventeen gauge, thirty-two inches long; twenty gauge, thirty inches long. For the shooter who never uses shot larger than No. 6 or 7, these are proper proportions; and did the guns weigh nine or ten pounds each, they would shoot No. 6 or 7 shot well. But when under seven pounds and a half, which is the heaviest gun we should think of using in hot weather, or for a long day's woodcock shooting, they do not throw small shot as effectively as a short gun throws large shot.

Barrels twenty-eight inches long, and fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen gauge, are of convenient size for a gun not exceeding seven pounds and a half. Those of eighteen gauge shoot well; but those of fourteen throw a cartridge more satisfactorily. Sixteen is a desirable medium. These barrels are as efficient as long ones for short distances, viz. under thirty yards; and nine tenths of game brought to the bag is killed within that distance. And for making long shots, the wire cartridge has obviated the necessity of using long guns. A short gun, of the same weight as a long one, is much less tiresome to carry. A pound additional weight at the breech is not so fatiguing to the arm as half that weight added to the end of the barrel; it is the top-heavy gun that distresses the shooter.

Taking the season throughout, we are convinced that the most effective gun is a short light one, for which our standard charge is 1¼ drachm, or the tenth part of an ounce of powder, and 2 oz. of No. 2 shot, containing 220 pellets.† But when game is wild, we would charge the reserve barrel, and on some occasions both barrels, with nearly double the above quantity of powder, and a No. 5 cartridge for winter partridge shooting in an open country, or with a No. 4 or 5 cartridge for grouse shooting. No. 7 is best for snipe shooting. Small shot may be used for partridge shooting in September, though we do not see any reason for not adhering to No. 2, except that birds very near the gun are liable to be more disfigured by it.

* The size of the bore, gauge, or calibre of a gun — by which is meant the diameter of the barrel — is distinguished by the number of leaden balls fitting it which make a pound; — thus, eighteen leaden bullets, each fitting an 18 gauge barrel, make a pound; sixteen fitting a 16 gauge, or fourteen fitting a 14 gauge barrel, are also equal to a pound. The different gauges are also known by the number of thirty-seconds of an inch the diameter consists of; — thus, the diameter of an 18 gauge barrel is 20-32's of an inch; a 16 guage 21-32's; and a 14 guage 22-32's.

† The powder and shot chargers may be regulated by weighing the powder with a sixpence, and the shot with four half-crowns. The shooter must not adopt these proportions if smaller shot is used, as they would not only cause the gun to recoil, but would be dangerous.

All guns of the same weight require nearly the same weight and proportions of powder and shot. Unless they are bored with an unusual degree of relief or friction, a difference in size of the bore, or in the length of the barrel, renders less variation in charging necessary than is generally supposed.

The different proportions of powder and shot must be regulated chiefly by the weight of the gun and the size of the shot used. The following may be about the proper proportions for the generality of guns not exceeding seven pounds and a half.*

Size of Shot. No.	*Weight of Shot.* Ounces.	*Weight of Powder.* Drachms.
2	2	1¾
3	1¾	1¾
4	1½	2
5	1¾	2¼
6	1¼	2¼
7	1¼	2¼†

These proportions cannot be materially deviated from without destroying the effect. If the powder is decreased, the discharge is weakened; if the powder is increased, the shot spreads; if the weight of the charge of shot is decreased, there will not be a sufficient number of pellets for effective shooting; if the weight of the charge of shot is increased, the discharge is weakened.

The usual objection to large shot is, that after it has travelled thirty yards it becomes dispersed; but let the powder be reduced to 1¼ drachm, and that objection fails. If it is not overcharged with powder, a light gun will shoot No. 2 shot close enough to bring down game with more certainty, at thirty or forty yards' distance, than if charged with small shot and two or three drachms of powder.

As few sportsmen ever tried so small a charge of powder as 1¼ drachm with so heavy a charge of shot as 2 oz., or as large size as No. 2, we invite a trial of the experiment we are about to suggest, with any gun that may happen to be in their possession, *not weighing more than* 7¼ lb. With the above proportions of powder and shot — the shot being oiled — let the shooter fire at forty yards, with good elevation, because large shot droops more than small, at an unbound book nailed to a wall, with an open newspaper (double sheet) spread in front of it. And afterwards let him charge the *same* gun with No. 6 or 7 shot, and any variation of the relative proportions of powder and shot that his fancy may suggest, and fire at a similar target. The newspaper will prove that the large shot is carried with sufficient closeness; and the book will show which broadside would have told the best on a grouse. On opening the book, the large shot will be found to have penetrated farther, and the leaves will be bulged in beyond it.

* If the gun shoots too close, and does not recoil, the quantity of powder may be increased.

If it shoots too close and recoils, the quantity of shot must be reduced.

If it spreads shot too much and does not recoil, the quantity of shot may be increased.

If it spreads shot too much and recoils, the powder must be reduced.

† When these proportions are used, the gun recoils least with the No. 2 and most with the No. 7 charge.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Joseph Rushbrook, or the Poacher. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT, *Author of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful*, etc. etc. *Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.*

It has been well said that "the success of certain works may be traced to sympathy between the author's mediocrity of ideas, and mediocrity of ideas on the part of the public." In commenting on this passage, Mrs. Gore, herself a shrewd philosopher, observes that, whether as regards men or books, there exists an excellence too excellent for general favor. To "make a hit"—to captivate the public eye, ear, or understanding without a certain degree of merit—is impossible; but the "hardest hit" is seldom made, indeed we may say *never* made, by the highest merit. When we wrote the word *seldom* we were thinking of Dickens and the "Curiosity Shop," a work unquestionably of "the highest merit," and which at a first glance appears to have made the most unequivocal of "hits"—but we suddenly remembered that the compositions called "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" had borne the palm from "The Curiosity Shop" in point of what is properly termed *popularity*.

There can be no question, we think, that the philosophy of all this *is* to be found in the apothegm with which we began. Marryatt is a singular instance of its truth. He has always been a very *popular* writer in the most rigorous sense of the word. His books are essentially "mediocre." His ideas are the common property of the mob, and have been their common property time out of mind. We look throughout his writings in vain for the slightest indication of originality—for the faintest intentive to thought. His plots, his language, his opinions are neither adapted nor intended for scrutiny. We must be contented with them as sentiments, rather than as ideas; and properly to estimate them, even in this view, we must bring ourselves into a sort of identification with the sentiment of the mass. Works composed in this spirit are sometimes purposely so composed by men of superior intelligence, and here we call to mind the *Chansons* of Béranger. But usually they are the natural exponent of the vulgar thought in the person of a vulgar thinker. In either case they claim for themselves *that* which, for want of a more definite expression, has been called by critics *nationality*. Whether this nationality in letters is a fit object for high-minded ambition, we cannot here pause to inquire. If it is, then Captain Marryatt occupies a more desirable position than, in our heart, we are willing to award him.

"Joseph Rushbrook" is not a book with which the critic should occupy many paragraphs. It is not very dissimilar to "Poor Jack," which latter is, perhaps, the best specimen of its author's cast of thought, and *national* manner, although inferior in interest to "Peter Simple."

The plot can only please those who swallow the probabilities of "Sinbad the Sailor," or "Jack and the Bean-Stalk"—or we should have said, more strictly, the incidents; for of plot, properly speaking, there is none at all.

Joseph Rushbrook is an English soldier who, having long served his country and received a wound in the head, is pensioned and discharged. He becomes a poacher, and educates his son (the hero of the tale and also named Joseph) to the same profession. A pedler, called Byrea, is about to betray the father, who avenges himself by shooting him. The son takes the burden of the crime upon himself, and flees the country. A reward is offered for his apprehension—a reward which one Furness, a schoolmaster, is very anxious to obtain. This Furness dogs the footsteps of our hero, much as Fagin, the Jew, dogs those of Oliver Twist, forcing him to quit place after place, just as he begins to get comfortably settled. In thus roaming about, little Joseph meets with all kinds of outrageously improbable adventures; and not only this, but the reader is bored to death with the outrageously improbable adventures of every one with whom little Joseph comes in contact. Good fortune absolutely besets him. Money falls at his feet wherever he goes, and he has only to stoop and pick it up. At length he arrives at the height of prosperity, and thinks he is entirely rid of Furness, when Furness re-appears. That Joseph should, in the end, be brought to trial for the pedler's murder is so clearly the author's design, that he who runs may read it, and we naturally suppose that his persecutor, Furness, is to be the instrument of this evil. We suppose also, of course, that in bringing this misfortune upon our hero, the schoolmaster will involve himself in ruin, in accordance with the common ideas of poetical justice. But no;—Furness, being found in the way, is killed off, accidentally, having lived and plotted to no ostensible purpose, through the better half of the book. Circumstances that have nothing to do with the story involve Joseph in his trial. He refuses to divulge the real secret of the murder, and is sentenced to transportation. The elder Rushbrook, in the meantime, has avoided suspicion and fallen heir to a great property. Just as his son is about to be sent across the water, some of Joe's friends discover the true state of affairs, and obtain from the father, who is now conveniently upon his death-bed, a confession of his guilt. Thus all ends well—if the word *well* can be applied in any sense to trash so ineffable—the father dies, the son is released, inherits the estate, marries his lady-love, and prospers in every possible and impossible way.

We have mentioned the imitation of Fagin. A second plagiarism is feebly attempted in the character of one Nancy, a trull, who is based upon the Nancy of Oliver Twist—for Marryatt is not often at the trouble of diversifying his thefts. This Nancy changes her name three or four times, and so in fact do each and all of the *dramatis personæ*. This changing of name is one of the bright ideas with which the author of "Peter Simple" is most pertinaciously afflicted. We would not be bound to say how many aliases are borne by the hero in this instance—some dozen perhaps.

The novels of Marryatt—his later ones at least—are evidently written to order, for certain considerations, and have to be delivered within certain periods. He thus finds it his interest to *push on*. Now, for this mode of progress, *incident* is the sole thing which answers. One incident begets another, and so on *ad infinitum*. There is never the slightest necessity for pausing; especially where no plot is to be cared for. *Comment*, in the author's own person, upon what is transacting, is left entirely out of question. There is thus none of that *binding* power perceptible, which often

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gives a species of unity (the unity of the writer's individual thought) to the most random narrations. All works composed as we have stated Marryatt's to be composed, will be run on, *incidentally*, in the manner described; and, notwithstanding that it would seem at first sight to be otherwise, yet it is true that no works are so insufferably tedious. These are the novels which we read with a hurry exactly consonant and proportionate with that in which they were indited. We seldom leave them unfinished, yet we labor through to the end, and reach it with unalloyed pleasure.

The *commenting* force can never be safely disregarded. It is far better to have a dearth of incident, with skilful observations upon it, than the utmost variety of event, without. In some previous review we have observed (and our observation is borne out by analysis), that it was the deep sense of the want of this binding and commenting power, in the old Greek drama, which gave rise to the chorus. The chorus came at length to supply, in some measure, a deficiency which is inseparable from dramatic action, and represented the expression of *the public* interest or sympathy in the matters transacted. The successful novelist must, in the same manner, be careful to bring into view his *private* interest, sympathy, and opinion, in regard to his own creations.

We have spoken of "The Poacher" at greater length than we intended; for it deserves little more than an announcement. It has the merit of a homely and not unnatural simplicity of style, and is not destitute of pathos: but this is all. Its English is excessively slovenly. Its events are monstrously improbable. There is no adaptation of parts about it. The truth is, it is a pitiable production. There are twenty young men of our acquaintance who make no pretension to literary ability, yet who could produce a better book *in a week*.

Life of Petrarch. By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq., *Author of The Pleasures of Hope*, etc. etc. *Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.*

We are not among those who regard the genius of Petrarch as a subject for enthusiastic admiration. The characteristics of his poetry are not traits of the highest, or even of a high order; and in accounting for his fame, the discriminating critic will look rather to the circumstances which surrounded the man, than to the literary merits of the pertinacious sonneteer. Grace and tenderness we grant him — but these qualities are surely insufficient to establish his poetical apotheosis.

In other respects he is entitled to high consideration. As a patriot, notwithstanding some accusations which have been rather urged than established, we can only regard him with approval. In his republican principles; in his support of Rienzi at the risk of the displeasure of the Colonna family; in his whole political conduct, in short, he seems to have been nobly and disinterestedly zealous for the welfare of his country. But Petrarch is most important when we look upon him as the bridge by which, over the dark gulf of the middle ages, the knowledge of the old world made its passage into the new. His influence on what is termed the revival of letters was, perhaps, greater than that of any man who ever lived; certainly far greater than that of any of his immediate contemporaries. His ardent zeal in recovering and transcribing the lost treasures of antique lore cannot be too highly appreciated. But for him, many of our most valued classics might have been numbered with Pindar's hymns and dithyrambics. He devoted days and nights to this labor of love; snatching numerous precious books from the very brink of oblivion. His judgment in these things was strikingly correct, while his erudition, for the age in which he lived, and for the opportunities he enjoyed, has always been a subject of surprise.

Upon the whole, therefore, it is not so very wonderful that Petrarch has had many biographers. Much, to be sure, of the excessive comment upon his character may be traced to the generating influence of biography in itself. One life as surely begets another as a sum at compound interest doubles itself in a certain space of time. Each personal friend of the hero is anxious to prove a stricter intimacy with him than that enjoyed by the personal friend who wrote before. Contemporary contradictions thus arise, which it is left for posterity to reconcile. In the private library of the French King, at the Louvre, there exists a *Petrarchian Library*, consisting of nine hundred volumes illustrative of the life of the poet. It was collected by Professor Marsand of Padua, and a quarto catalogue of it was, not many years ago, published at Milan. The *best* biography of Petrarch, after the one which now lies before us, is no doubt that of the Abbé de Sade. This prelate, proud of a descent from Laura, consumed the greater part of his life in toilsome journeys, seeking material for a life of her lover. He was unquestionably the most accomplished foreigner who wrote on the affairs of Italy in the fourteenth century. His account of Petrarch has been made the chief basis of Mr. Campbell's present work. We are sorry to see, moreover, that the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" has followed his authority even in the matter of wholesale vituperation of all previous writers upon the subject. De Sade abuses the whole Italian nation, accusing it, *en masse*, of gross ignorance in respect to our poet. Mr. Campbell abuses the whole Italian nation and De Sade. Not only this, but he is at great pains to be bitter upon Archdeacon Coxe, who had bequeathed to the Library of the British Museum a MS. Life of Petrarch. Of this MS. Mr. Colburn, it seems, caused a copy to be taken, and, intending it for publication, requested Mr. Campbell to act as editor. Mr. C. consented, "surrounded himself with as many books connected with the subject as he could obtain, and applied assiduously to the study of Italian literature, which he had neglected for many years."

Having done all this, our editor sat down to his task of arrangement and revision. But the Coxe-Petrarchan MSS. appear to have defied his powers. "If any one" says he, "suspects me of dealing unfairly with the Archdeacon, let him go to the Library of the British Museum and peruse the work in question — his skepticism will find its reward. He will agree with me that the Coxeian MS. is placed in a wrong part of the Museum. It should not be in the library, but among the bottled abortions of anatomy, or the wooden visages of the South Sea idols." Mr. Campbell's kind offer of permitting any skeptic to satisfy himself by going to the Museum and "*perusing*" a huge book which he has just declared to be unfit for perusal, puts us much in mind of the candor of the Munchausens and Ferdinand Mendez Pintos, who, telling incredible tales of lands at the South Pole or mountains in the moon, confound all doubters with a request to proceed and satisfy themselves by personal inspection.

One thing is certainly very strange: — that Mr. Campbell did not think of looking at "the Coxe-Petrarchan MS." in the first place — in the beginning of things — before "surrounding himself with as many books as he could obtain," and especially before "applying himself assiduously to the study of Italian literature, which he had neglected for many years." He would have saved himself much trouble, and the Archdeacon might have been spared some abuse.

What particularly surprises us in this volume — a large and handsomely printed octavo — is *its slovenliness of style*. Such a charge as this has never before been urged against the author of "Hohenlinden." In general he is scrupulously correct. The Archdeacon seems to have bewildered his brains in unsettling his temper. What are we to

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make of such phraseology as this, occurring in the very second sentence of the work!—"It was known that the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe had bequeathed to the Library of the British Museum a MS. Life of the Poet which *he* had written." Here "*he*" implies the Poet, but is intended to imply the Archdeacon. Such misconstructions are abundant. We observe, also, far more serious defects—defects of *tone*. These sentences, for instance, are in shockingly bad taste—"The most skilful physicians stood aghast at this disease, (the plague.) The charlatan rejoiced at it, *unless it attacked himself*, because it put quackery on a par with skill; and compassionate women *assisted both physicians and quacks in doing no good to their patients... This was a dance of the king of terrors over the earth, and a very rapid one.*" Attempts at humor on such subjects are always exceedingly *low*.

Nor can the general handling of the theme of the book be said to be well done. The biographer has swallowed the philosopher. While we are sometimes interested in personal details, we more frequently regret the want of a comprehensive analysis of the poet's character, and of the age in which he lived. The book has no doubt filled, in a certain unsatisfactory manner, a blank in our biographical literature—since the authorities referred to can scarcely be termed accessible—but, upon the whole, it is unworthy Thomas Campbell—still less is it worthy Petrarch. We cannot say with Crébillon—

——— ——— *un dessein si funeste,*
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.

The Idler in France. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. *Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.*

The Countess of Blessington has never risen in any of her literary attempts above the merit of an amusing gossiper; and "The Idler in France" is an excellent gossiping book, and no more. Still, this is saying a good deal for it as times go.

The work is made up of adventures, reminiscences, trumpery philosophy, criticism in a small way, scandal, and heterogeneous chit-chat—the whole interwoven, in the most random manner conceivable, into an account of a tour in France made many years ago by her ladyship. "Patch Work" is a title which would have exactly suited the volumes, and it is a pity that Captain Hall has anticipated it.

The anecdotes, *et cetera*, are by no means confined to France, but often relate to things in general, happening in no particular place. Throughout, there is much vivacity and no little amusement. Some of the scandal, if not nice, is exceedingly piquant, and many of the humorous points are really good.

The Countess tells an old story of the Princesse de Talleyrand, which will better bear repetition than *some* of the novelties of the work. Denon was to dine at Talleyrand's at a time when the Baron's work on Egypt was the common topic in Paris. The Prince wished the Princess to read a few pages of the book, that she might be able to say some words of compliment to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but unfortunately also commanded that a copy of Robinson Crusoe should be sent to a young *protégée* of hers who resided in the hotel. Denon's work, by mistake, was given to Mademoiselle, and Crusoe to the Princess, who, at dinner, expressed graciously to the Baron the delight she had received from his publication, and propounded many anxious inquiries after the fate of his poor man Friday!

Upon such subjects as are embraced in the following passages, the Countess is particularly at home:—

"I observe a difference in the *usages de maure* at Paris, and in those of London, of which an ignorance might lead to give offence. In England, a lady is expected to bow to a gentleman before he presumes to do so to her, thus leaving her the choice of acknowledging his acquaintance, or not; but in France it is otherwise, for a man takes off his hat to every woman whom he has ever met in society, although he does not address her, unless she encourages him to do so.

"In Paris, if two men are walking or riding together, and one of them bows to a lady of his acquaintance, the other also takes off his hat, as a mark of respect to the lady known to his friend, although he is not acquainted with her. The mode of salutation is also much more deferential towards women in France than in England. The hat is held a second longer off the head, the bow is lower, and the smile of recognition is more *aimable*, by which I mean, that it is meant to display the pleasure experienced by the meeting.

"It is true that the really well bred Englishmen are not to be surpassed in good manners by those of any other country; but all are not such; and I have seen instances of men in London acknowledging the presence of ladies, by merely touching, instead of taking off, their hats when bowing to them; and though I accounted for this solecism in good breeding by the belief that it proceeded from the persons practising it wearing wigs, I discovered that there was not even so good an excuse as the fear of deranging them, and that their incivility proceeded from ignorance or *nonchalance*, while the glum countenance of him who bowed betrayed rather a regret for the necessity of touching his beaver, than a pleasure at meeting her for whom the salute was intended."

The French phrases with which the book is interspersed have not been read, in proof, with sufficient care, and many awkward blunders occur. At page 109, vol. I, for example, we have "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," and at page 234, of the same volume, "*Que voulez-vous, sire-chacun a son tingt Mars!*"

The World in a Pocket-Book, or Universal Popular Statistics, Embracing the Commerce, Agriculture, Revenue, Government, Manufactures, Population, Army, Navy, Religions, Press, Geography, History, Remarkable Features and Events, Navigation, Inventions, Discoveries and Genius of every Nation on the Globe, etc. etc. *By* W. H. CRUMP. *J. Dobson: Philadelphia.*

Mr. Crump, the author of this little work, is sufficiently well known to the reading public; and we need scarcely say that the "World in a Pocket-Book" is all that it professes to be. Several years have been occupied in its compilation. It will be found an exceedingly convenient manual—embracing a wonderful variety of useful and entertaining matter—the *utile*, nevertheless, prevailing very much, as is right, over the *dulce*. The title well explains the character of the book. We have never seen so much really useful information compressed into the same limits. The public is indebted to Mr. Crump for this little volume, and we hope he may be repaid for the patient research and labor bestowed upon it.

Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Italy. By MRS. SHELLEY, SIR D. BREWSTER, JAMES MONTGOMERY, *and others. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*

The lives embraced in these volumes are those of Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Lorenzo de Medici, Bojardo, Berni, Ariosto, Machiavelli, Galileo, Guicciardini, Vittoria Colonna, Guarini, Tasso, Chiabrera, Tassoni, Marini, Filicaia, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, Monti, and Ugo Foscolo. We have no clue to the names of the respective writers—but the biographies are, without exception, well written—although at times their brevity is annoying. As a whole, the work is not only interesting, but of value.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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BROTHER AND SISTER.

What is so beautiful as childhood? Where can we find such purity and frankness, such an absence of all selfishness, as in the love of children? And where does that love exist, deeper or sweeter or more like that of heaven than when between a brother and a sister?

Brother and sister! what a spell in the very words! How they bring up to our mind visions of days long past, and such, alas! as we shall never see again; when, with that dear one who is now in heaven, singing among the white-robed choir around the throne of God, we wandered over hill and dale, through fields of waving corn and meadows of the freshest grass—and all the while drinking into our souls sensations we could not then understand, but which we now know sprung from that sympathy which exists between us and every beautiful thing in nature, and which, beginning at the humblest flower, links together all inanimate and animate creation, ascending step by step from tree to breathing thing, from breathing thing to man, from man to the angels, and so through cherubim and seraphim and archangel, up to the highest intelligence who veils his face before the effulgence of the great I AM. We little knew the reason then, but we felt how sweet it was to wander thus—often from morning until night—threading the old wood, or gathering flowers on the lea, or playing merrily beneath some shady grove, or loitering perchance at noon-day beside the stream, to gaze at the silvery trout glancing far down in the cool depths, or hanging like a motionless statue close under the mossy rocky caves that skirted the banks. Oh! those were delicious hours. Arm in arm would we sit, scarce speaking a word for hours, but with a thousand sweet though indescribable emotions at our hearts, until a dreamy quiet would creep over our souls like that which lapped the poet into Elysium. The very soughing of the wind among the trees would become lower and softer, until it died away with a tone as mellow as that of a flute at midnight. The current would sweep noiselessly at our feet, save when it whirled by some projecting rock, or babbled over a pebbly bar on the bosom of the stream. Now the whirr of a woodcock might be heard, and now the whistle of a wild pigeon broke clear and silvery on the silence. Often the long tresses of the overhanging willows drooped down around us until they slept upon the waters, while ever and anon the noon-tide breeze would rustle the neighboring trees, and a sound would go up like the whispers of a company of angels. How often have we thought that in these low mysterious tones might exist a meaning of which we little dream, a language as full of adoration as it is of harmony. But be that as it may, is not all nature an instrument from which the fingers of God are drawing perpetual music? The roar of the surf, the whisper of the zephyr, the rustling of the forest, the gurgling of the stream, the song of the bird, the low of the kine, the rain gently pattering among the forest leaves, and the thunder wheeling and rattling among the hills, are all notes in that great anthem of praise which continually goes up from earth—an anthem which is swelled by the music of satellites and worlds, aye! of a revolving universe, sweeping sphere on sphere beyond the ken of man. All creation is but one vast whole, engaged day and night in hymning Jehovah's praise.

Brother and sister! Alas! we are alone. Manhood has left us of that happy time only these emotions—first felt in the companionship of that now sainted being. But never shall we forget those days. They are linked in with our very being. How many sweet emotions, how many lasting impressions, how many glimpses of the beautiful and true were drawn into our souls in that joyous time of innocence and youth. And how all seem the sweeter, and holier, and more enduring from the associations connected with them. Oh! tell us not of other's love, it cannot surpass that of a sister. What can be purer than her little caresses, what can be more heavenly than her smile? Years have passed since the days when we thus wandered together, and the cares of the world have eaten like a canker into our heart, but the memory of that sister's kindness and the consciousness of her affection, have been a balm to our hearts in every ill. They have cheered us in sickness, and sorrow, and absence; they have been to us beacons of hope and happiness. And they will continue with us, thank God! until we too shall have done with the toils of life. J. S.

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KATE BEVERLY.

A STORY OF THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

BY PRACIE H. SELTON.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we paused on the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the valley of Wyoming beneath us. "Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre. God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them, even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet, if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy, no," said the old man, sadly, "I will tell it, for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to-day as if I could narrate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock, and give me a moment to rest; I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-rimmed summer hat, I took the place pointed out by him near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narration in gazing at the landscape before me.

Sitting on a huge bolder, at the edge of the mountain, just where the hill began to slope down into the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our left rose up the mountain, bold, rugged and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky—but on the right nothing interposed to destroy the view: whose loveliness so far exceeded even my expectations, that for some minutes I gazed on the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley, diversified with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of waving golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue, lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the tree-tops. Right through the centre of the valley meandered the river, now rolling betwixt bluff banks, and now stealing gently among the rich meadow lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and, skirting the foot of the far off hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In the centre of the vale was the village, with its white houses and airy church steeple, smiling over the scene. Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark blue summits, half hid by the clouds, which wrapped them as in a veil of gauze. No sound came up from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard from the surrounding trees—while the low tinkle of a tiny waterfall on our left kept monotonously sounding in our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright, and gay, and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence his tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this valley a young frontier-man, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border: the place was, at that time, settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore traces of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days—and altogether the society was more refined than was usual on the frontier. Among all the families, however, in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly—and, of his fireside circle his second daughter, Kate, was, in my eyes, the gem. How shall I describe her beauty? Lovely, without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, and a disposition so amiable as to win, irresistibly, the love of all who met her, Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say: perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same town in Connecticut, and had been school-mates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife.

"Oh! how happy were those days—too happy, indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before expe-

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rienced, the war of the revolution broke out — and, after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act — she rather loved me the more for it. Though her woman nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her I was right, and she bid me God speed.

"'Heaven bless you, Harry,' she said, 'and bring this unnatural war to a conclusion. I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity for your absence may soon cease.'

"Time rolled by — the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had risen to be a captain in the —— regiment, when I received information that the tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of the Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and I trembled for the lives of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor — chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that not a moment was to be lost if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken — I solicited for leave of absence — it was refused: I then resigned my commission, and set forth to Wyoming.

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near that ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the massacre — and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known, floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst surmises fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunderstruck, refusing to believe that beings in human form could perpetrate such deeds — but it was all too true.

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate. No one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight, told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict — and that, deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriate savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for this selfishness! And yet could I expect aught else of human nature, than that each one should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate — so that if dead I might revenge her, and if living, I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle and struck boldly into the forest, trusting in the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities.

"I will not tire you with a protracted narrative; I will only say that, after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages, — this was sufficient for a clue, — I once more began to hope. I waited until night-fall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me as the one where Kate had been last seen — and, never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the neighboring forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had, doubtless, been torn from her in passing. I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately I had met, in the group of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obligations to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in my search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in forest warfare — could follow a trail as a hound the chase — knew the course which would be most likely to be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and withal, was one of the keenest shots who had carried a rifle on the border.

"'It's my opinion,' said he, 'that these varmint did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think, however, he wouldn't suffer a deed like this. These villains seem to have acted on their own behalf — and, if so, they would fly to the back country as soon as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way.'

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after first discovering the trail, we were threading the forest in pursuit of the savages.

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour, all through the livelong day, we pursued the flying Indians — crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, fording streams, and picking our way through the labyrinthine woods, until, towards night-fall, we reached the edge of an open space — or, as it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills.

"'Hist,' said my companion, 'we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder aged hemlock?'

"'Ay — it must be them — let us on.'

"'Softly, or we lose all. We know not, certainly, that this is the party we seek; let us reconnoitre.'

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest even a twig should crackle under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of the meadow — and peeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the objects of our search in six tall swarthy savages, sitting smoking around the remains of a fire. At a little distance knelt, with her hands bound, but her eyes upraised to heaven, my own Kate. Oh! how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively, and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand, and said:

"'Softly, or you spoil all. Let us get the varmint in range, and then we shall fire with some effect. Hist!'

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in, and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his

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hand on my arm, and pointed from my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him. At this juncture the advancing savage, warned of our presence by the crackling of an unlucky twig beneath my companion's foot, sprang back, with a loud yell, towards the fire.

"'Now,' said my companion, sternly.

"Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same. The retreating savage and one of his companions fell dead on the ground: each of us then sprang to a tree, loading as we ran. It was well we did it, for in an instant the enemy was on us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight? My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree — dodging, loading, and endeavoring to get sight on a foe, we kept up the conflict for nearly five minutes — at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four out of the six savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed on her, and before we could interpose, had seized their hapless victim. I had only been prevented, hitherto, from rescuing Kate by the knowledge that an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain ruin of us both, — but now, worlds could not have restrained me, and, clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my covert, shouting to my companion —

"'On — on, in God's name, on.'

"'Take care of the taller varmint,' thundered my companion.

"The warning was too late. In the tumult of my feelings I had not observed that the savage furthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side: had I not sprang involuntarily aside at my companion's cry, I should have been shot through the heart.

"'On — on,' I groaned in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my almost useless left hand.

"'Stoop,' said my companion, 'stoop lower;' and as I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air, and the Indian fell dead.

"All this had not occupied an instant. I was now within a few feet of her I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hands in her long hair — his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the look of demoniac fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope. My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward, and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch, and buried itself, quivering, in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony, — there was a yell of triumph on the air — a sudden flashing in the sun, like a glancing knife, and — but I cannot go on. She I loved as my own life; she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex; she with whom I had promised myself a long life of happiness — oh! must I say it — *she* lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer, aye! — *he* was cloven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

The old man ceased, — big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat by his side in silence.

I subsequently heard his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right — she had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him directly after the massacre.

Beautiful as the Valley of the Wyoming is, I never have seen it, from that day to this, without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We were boys together,
And never can forget,
The school-house on the heather,
In childhood where we met:
Nor the green home to memory dear,
Its sorrows or its joys,
Which called the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys
Ne'er dreamed of in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together —
The friends we loved of yore,
Like leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore! —
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

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LAME FOR LIFE, OR LESLIE PIERPOINT.

A TALE, IN TWO PARTS.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," "THE QUADROONS," ETC.

PART II.

"Love knows no rank — beauty
Is aristocracy — birth, lineage and blood."

"Love ne'er broke a heart, love ne'er could mend."

It was on a cold, bleak evening in autumn, that Leslie Pierpoint, as described in Part First of our tale, sat in his arm-chair in his comfortable library, with his feet buried in a thick rug of Angola fleece; a cheerful fire glowing in the grate; a round stand with the tea-tray at his left elbow; and a large table covered with magazines, papers, books, &c. &c., on his right hand. He was alone. The rich, crimson curtains drawn closely across the deep windows with the comfortable air of the whole room, gave indication that the occupant loved his ease, and was that evening disposed to enjoy it.

Twenty years had passed since Leslie's *affaire du cœur* with Clara Clayton. With her treachery expired his confidence in the sex. In vain had the lovely, gay and fashionable women thrown their gilded nets. In every one of the fair fishers he but saw a cousin german to Clara, and warily shunned the danger. Thus had he reached forty-one years of age with the full consent of all his friends, male and female, that he should remain a bachelor for life. And to all appearances such seemed to be the settled destiny of Leslie Pierpoint. He himself had no more thoughts of committing matrimony than suicide. He never spake to any woman save his washerwoman and linen sempstress. His mother had been several years dead, and he lived alone — a bachelor! the victim of a heartless woman's treachery.

He now sat gazing into the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, and which he seemed to have forgotten that he held. The state house clock tolled seven and he started, laid down his cup and saucer, and rung the bell. It was immediately answered by a very gentlemanly African servant in grey clothes with bright steel buttons, red cravat, and shoes with old fashioned paste buckles in them.

"Cato."

"Sar, massa?"

"Have my new linens come home yet?"

"No, massa, not yit."

"They were to be here at six. Go and see that they are sent in time to pack into my trunks to-night, for we must start for New York early."

"Yes, massa," said Cato, with a graceful bow, and was in the act of leaving the room to obey his master's orders, when a ringing at the street door bell arrested him.

"I guess dem is de sharts now, massa."

"Go and see, and show the woman up."

Cato left the room, while Leslie took up the evening paper. Directly the servant reappeared, ushering in a very modest young girl, coarse in her dress, but of extraordinary beauty. She was scarcely seventeen, yet the womanly outline and youthful roundness of her sylph-like figure were perfect. Her complexion was very brilliant; her cheeks blushed with diffidence and beauty; her eyes were large, blue, and melting in their own cerulean heaven; her lips ripe and full, and her chin voluptuously rounded, yet most exquisitely turned. Native grace was in every movement she made. Her dress was of very plain calico, and she wore a common straw hat with a long green veil. In her hands she carried two bundles, very neatly done up in white paper.

"De sharts come," said Cato, making a low bow to Leslie's back. "Here de young woman wid 'em."

"Very well, Cato; remove the tea tray. I will ring for you to show the woman out soon as I have settled with her."

"Yes, massa;" and the black, taking the tray in his hands, cast a glance, first at the beautiful face of the young girl, then over his shoulder at his master, and, gravely shaking his grey pate, left the library. Leslie completed the paragraph he was reading, and then, lifting his face and looking into the fire, but without turning round, said in the low, pleasant tone natural to him:

"So, my good woman, you have brought the shirts. They have come an hour later than you promised them, but I suppose you are very much hurried with work. They are in plenty time, however. Be so kind as to undo the package and let me see one of them."

For a few moments there was no sound in the room but the snapping of strings, as they were untied by the busy fingers of the linen-draper's maid, and

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the rattling of the strong paper covering the linens. At length a shirt, white as the drifted snow and beautifully done up, was hesitatingly advanced over his shoulder, so as to intercept his vision.

He took it, and after carefully examining it (old bachelors are very particular in this matter) with an appearance of satisfaction, admiring the stitching of the wristbands, the French style of the sleeves, and the neatness of the bosom folds, he laid it down beside him where the tea tray had stood.

"Well, my good woman, I am very much pleased with them. They are very neatly made. Please let me see your bill." And he turned his head slightly back to receive it.

The young girl, embarrassed by his mode of addressing her, and abashed at his presence, timidly stretched forth her hand containing the bill.

"Nearer, woman, nearer. I cannot reach it."

Agitated by his voice, she thrust her arm forward so quickly that he received in his grasp her hand as well as her bill. The sight and touch of the soft, white member, thrilled through him. He started, blushed, rose from his chair, and to his surprise discovered that he had been all the while talking to one of the loveliest girls of seventeen he had ever seen, instead of an old woman, whom he supposed was the bearer of his linens.

"Pardon me, miss—I beg pardon," said the Major embarrassed, "I thought you were your mother."

"I have no mother, sir," answered the pretty maiden, with a drooping eyelid.

"I beg pardon! Sit down? No, you may stand! Upon my word you are very beautiful." The Major hardly knew what he said.

"Sir, the bill if you please," said the maiden confused, her bright intelligent face suffused with crimson.

"Oh, ah! sit down if you please! no—stand up; no, no, no! *sit down!*" Poor Major Pierpoint!

"No, I thank you, sir."

"What a sweet voice," soliloquized the Major to himself. "No mother?"

"No, sir," with a musical sadness in her voice, touching as it was natural.

"No father?" asked the Major with as much delicacy as he could put the question.

"No, sir."

"No brothers, neither, I dare say."

"No, sir."

"Nor sisters, either?"

"No, sir."

"Ho! hah, hem!"

And the Major, having finished catechising her, put his hands behind his back and looked steadily in the grate for full a minute, his lips compressed, his brow set and thoughtful.

"If you please, sir, the bill is waiting."

The Major started at the sound of the sweet voice as if he had been clapped on the shoulder.

"Oh, ah! I beg your pardon. Let me see—six linen shirts—five dollars each—thirty dollars—all right." And the Major looked up from the bill into her face. He felt a delight he could not account for in gazing upon its sweet beauty. She was confused by his ardent look, and became still more beautiful from her sweet confusion. With instinctive delicacy he withdrew his gaze, and a sigh, the first he had felt for twenty years, escaped him. A gentle sadness at the same time overspread his fine features. Again he looked into her face, but with an expression that she did not shrink from, and said kindly, touchingly,

"So then, sweet child, you are an orphan."

"Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"Mary Lee."

"A pretty name."

"Sir, I have another errand to go—if you will please pay the bill for my mistress."

"Oh, ah! yes, the bill. Thirty dollars. Here is a check for the amount."

"I thank you, sir," said Mary, curtseying with a grace that charmed him, and turning to leave.

"Stay, Mary—that is, Miss Lee," said Leslie, following her a step and speaking with amusing hesitation. The linen-draper maiden had, however, reached the door and placed her hand upon the lock. She was evidently alarmed and surprised, and seemed uncertain whether to take the gentleman's manner as rudeness or as an uncommon degree of civility. She appeared to be a sensible, good natured girl, however, with all her charms, and probably with woman's ready tact divined the true cause of his singular conduct. Yet with all a woman's tact she pretended to be blind to the impression her beauty had made upon him. She could not help thinking that he was a very handsome man, if he was an old bachelor, and she felt pleased rather than offended at this evidence of the triumph of beauty. For Mary Lee well knew she had beauty, and what pretty miss of seventeen is ignorant of this possession?

"Stay, if you please, one moment, Miss Lee," said Leslie.

"Indeed, sir, it is late."

"But one moment. Are you an apprentice with Miss Phelps, the linen-draper?"

"Yes, sir;" and Mary turned the lock of the door.

The Major laid his hand lightly upon her wrist.

"Excuse me, Miss Lee! One more question!" But the maiden, with a pleasant laugh, threw off his hand and bounded through the open door into the hall. Cato was in waiting.

"Ah, Cato," said the Major, with as much coolness as he could summon at this crisis, "you save me the trouble of ringing. Show this young woman out."

"Yes, sar," said Cato.

Major Pierpoint lingered an instant in his door to follow with his eye the receding form of the maiden, as with a light, graceful trip she followed the dignified Cato to the street door. He then re-entered his library, and after pacing his room two or three times as if his thoughts were in a tumult, he suddenly stopped before his mirror and looked at himself. After a brief and satisfied survey of his fine face and

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person he walked to the fire, folded his hands behind his back, and stood and looked into the grate with a very thoughtful brow.

"Well, Leslie Pierpoint, after remaining bachelor twenty years, thou art made captive by a linen-draper's 'prentice! 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true! Leslie Pierpoint, thou art false to thyself! But what a soft, sweet hand! How could I help taking it if she would thrust it into mine? But, poor child, I suppose I had frightened her by calling her an old woman, and she scarcely knew what she was about! Old woman? A youthful divinity! What heavenly blue eyes! What a sweet round bust! What an exquisite waist, the charms of which even her coarse dress could not conceal! And her foot, so petite and delicately turned! How rich were the tones of her voice! How enchanting her smile! Ah, Leslie Pierpoint, thou art in love with a 'prentice maiden! At forty years thou art become a fool! Yes, I am a fool! What have I to do with the sex? Have I not a lasting feud with it? Ah, let me not forget Clara Clayton! Remember her, and so forget this pretty maiden, for she belongs to the same false hearted sex!"

Thus soliloquized Major Pierpoint, and, turning from the fire, he walked his room some time with a thoughtful brow. All at once he stopped and pulled his bell with an emphasis. Cato made his instant appearance.

"Sar, massa."

"Bring me my boots."

"What massa say?

"Bring me my boots," repeated Leslie, more decidedly.

The black left the room with an inquiring look, as much as to ask what could take his master out in such an evening.

"Yes, I will do it. I will learn all about her! Such beautiful teeth! Such a bright, intelligent, sensible face! Such innate high breeding!"

Cato brought the boots, and in a few minutes afterwards the Major had exchanged his evening home costume for boots, overcoat and hat.

"My stick, Cato."

"Yes, sar," answered the black with dilating eyes, as he handed the gold headed Indian cane.

"I shall return in an hour, Cato," he said, as his wondering servant showed him out of the street door.

"Yes, sar," and Cato closed the door on his master.

"Now, if massa Peerpount hant a loss his sebenteen senses, den heabenly marcy nebber gave Cato any. De firs' time I ebber know him go out after him once take his boot off! Someting 'ticklar be goin' to happ'n for sartain! No disordinary circumcasion take massa Peerpoun' out dis col' ebening. I mus' feel werry pertickler distress if as how any ting surreptitious occur."

Thus commented honest Cato upon this unusual step of his master's, whose general habits were so regular that each day he went through the same routine of eating, sleeping, smoking, reading, and walking or riding. He had never gone out in an evening before. Cato had cause, therefore, for marvel; and leaving him to his conjectures on the motive for this strange movement on the part of his master, we will follow him on his expedition. The evening was clear but cold and windy, and he wrapped his coat closer about his person as he entered Chesnut street from Sixth, and took his way past the hotel and theatre which were brilliant with lamps, and gay and lively with the moving things about their doors. Heedless of these, he kept on until he came to Third street, which he followed north for a few doors, where he stopped beneath a lamp and turned back the cape of his surtout, arranged his slightly awry cravat, and made such other little toilet reparations as young gentlemen are accustomed to do before going into a house to pay a visit to ladies. Having *fixed* himself to his satisfaction, though without a mirror, (men of taste are a glass to themselves!) he walked more deliberately onward and entered a door over which hung a sign reading "MRS. PHELPS' GENTLEMEN'S LINEN STORE."

A very pleasant looking widow-like person presided in the brilliantly lighted shop behind the counter, while there were glimpses of two or three girls at their work in the rear room, and a little old woman in spectacles tying up bundles — doubtless the identical "old woman" whom the Major had imagined he was talking to as the bearer of his package.

"Good evening, Mrs. Phelps," said the Major politely.

"Ah, Major Pierpoint, good evening, sir," said Mrs. Phelps with very great respect, for the Major was a monied customer and never disputed bills! "Lord me! I hope you haven't come after the shirts!" she said with apologetic volubility; "they have been gone this half hour! I was so hurried, Major, I could n't get them done at the precise hour you ordered them, though I know you are so very particular. But soon as they came into the shop, lest you should get impatient, as your black man said you were going out of town early in the morning, I despatched one of my apprentices right off with 'em, knowing she would go quicker than aunt Dolly here, who is always mighty slow in cold weather. If you come right from home you ought to had 'em there! If Mary has taken that bundle of hemmed handkerchiefs to Miss Clayton's first, I shall give her a good scolding; for I told her, Major, perticklerlaly, to go and leave your package first.

"Never mind all this, my good woman," exclaimed the Major as soon as he could find an opening in her speech; "I have received the shirts, and am very well satisfied with them! They do you credit."

"Oh, I am glad to hear it. I thought the child would n't disobey me, for she is always so correct! Here she comes in now! Ah, Mary," said Mrs. Phelps with a good natured smile, "you like to have had a scolding. So you took Major Pierpoint's linens home safe?"

"Yes, aunt," answered Mary, blushing and stammering at seeing Major Pierpoint in the shop, while the Major himself, taken by surprise at her sudden appearance, colored like a school-boy; and scarce

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conscious of what he did, respectfully lifted his hat, as with downcast eyes she tripped past him to the rear of the shop. She had let her bonnet fall carelessly back from her head as she entered the shop, and the bright light of the gas-burners flashing upon her forehead, revealed more clearly the radiant beauty of her complexion, and the exquisite loveliness of her features. Her hair, which was the richest shade of dark brown, was parted upon her smooth forehead and lay on either cheek, after the fashion of young maidens of her age; behind, it was gathered by her tasteful fingers into a neat braid, the number of whose silken folds showed the opulence and great length of this glorious ornament of woman.

She bent her head and blushed between pleasure and shame at this distinguished notice from Major Pierpoint, while Mrs. Phelps looked from one to the other, with a face on which wonder, curiosity and suspicion were as plainly written as they ever were on the face of woman. Leslie saw instantly the position in which he had placed himself, and with great presence of mind said, as if to excuse himself, while he pursued at the same time the main object he had in view—

"She is, I am told, an orphan, Mrs. Phelps. I feel deep sympathy for orphans, particularly for young unprotected females."

Mrs. Phelps' face immediately parted with its combined expression, which was replaced by that peculiar one which talkative women always put on when they have an opportunity of indulging their propensity. "Ah, yes," she sighed, "ah, dear yes, Major Pierpoint, she is indeed an orphan. She is a good child, and has a face that will be either the making or the breaking of her. I feel towards her just as if she was my own flesh and blood; though, between you and I, Major, I am neither kith nor kin to her or hers, though I lets her call me aunt for affection-like."

"Who were her parents?" asked Major Pierpoint, becoming deeply interested.

"Ah, me, it is a sad story! I never tell it but it makes me cry like a child;" and here Mrs. Phelps, in anticipation, applied the corner of her apron to her dry eyes.

"Be so kind as to relate it, madam, if you please. I shall listen to it with great interest."

"Well, you must know when I was younger than I am now, and before dear Fritz, my husband, died, we were living in Boston, in quite respectable society, Fritz keeping a thriving store, and I living a lady, as it were, at home. But times is changed since then; ah, me! Major Pierpoint. Well, don't you think, as I was waiting tea one winter's night for Fritz, the bell rung, and, instead of my husband, a man left a basket of champaigne, as he said, telling the girl it was a present for our wedding day, which was to be on Saturday of the next week, sure enough, Major; we having then been married seven years. Well, I told her to set the champaigne basket down in the tea room, and soon afterwards Fritz came in. He was delighted when I showed him the present, and we both puzzled our heads to guess what friend it came from; but we sat down to the table intending to open it after we had finished tea. Mr. Phelps was taking his second cup when we both thought we heard a child cry right in the room. We started, and both asked 'what is that?' 'It must be the cat,' said Fritz, and so we sat down again. We had not taken two bites of toast before we were startled by the loud shrill scream of an infant. 'The champaigne basket,' exclaimed Fritz: 'it is in the champaigne basket,' I cried. 'It is a baby in the champaigne basket,' yelled the girl, letting fall the tea-kettle.

"Fritz sprung to the basket and cut the cord with the table-knife, and sure enough, Major Pierpoint, there lay in the bottom the beautifullest little female baby eyes ever looked upon—the very same Mary Lee you just now took off your hat to! Well, to cut the story short, Fritz and I concluded, after making all inquiries, and advertising it in vain, to adopt it, seeing as how Providence had never blessed us with any children, neither before nor since. So we took the dear infant as our own, and to this day I have been as its own mother to it, and she has been as an own child to me. Ah me! the cruel parents that could desert such a sweet cherub. I have never been sorry to this hour we took the dear child. Oh, she has been a blessing to me!"

"She would be a blessing to any body," said the Major warmly, his heart overrunning with emotion at her narration; and his eyes unconsciously wandered to the rear of the shop, where Mary sat quietly sewing. He sighed, and then turning to Mrs. Phelps, thanked her for her trouble in narrating Mary's story.

"Not the least, Major, not the least! I could tell it fifty times a day if I had such a listener as you."

"You may send me half a dozen pairs of gloves, handkerchiefs, and—and—" Leslie hesitated, and then hastily added, "any thing else in your shop you think I would like."

"Oh, you are such a good customer, Major Pierpoint," said the pleased landlady; "I have just got in some new style India cravats which I think will suit you. Shall I send them to-night?"

"No, to-morrow at twelve."

"But you leave town to-morrow."

"Oh, true—true, I had forgotten. But never mind, madam, send them up, I think I shall be at home—yes, I am sure, quite sure I shall be at home! I have postponed my departure till the next day."

"I will certainly send them."

The Major lingered an instant over the glass case, and then buttoning up his overcoat, prepared to go.

"Good evening, Mrs. Phelps."

"Good evening, sir."

"You will be sure and send them?"

"You shall not be disappointed, Major."

"Very well."

Major Pierpoint took three decided steps towards the door and then turned.

"Twelve o'clock, Mrs. Phelps."

"Yes sir, they shall be there precisely."

The Major still did not move. There was evidently something he wished to say more, but was at a loss

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how to say it. All at once he turned back to the counter.

"By-the-bye, Mrs. Phelps, you may, if you please, let the same young person bring them that took the linens. That old woman, the last time she came, like to have broke her neck by catching her foot in the brass stair band. Besides, she is deaf as a post."

"I will send Mary, then," said Mrs. Phelps, smiling.

"You are very obliging, my dear madam. Good evening." And Major Pierpoint walked out of the shop with a free, light step, and a bland smile illumining his handsome features.

Mrs. Phelps followed him with her eyes, and then put on a very thoughtful look, and for a few moments seemed to be communing with her own mind. Suddenly she laid one fore-finger down upon the other with emphasis.

"Yes, 'tis clear as that gas-light! I can see as deep as some folks can. He is not above forty, rich, respectable, and kind and pleasant-hearted as a child, and Mary's beauty has evidently made an impression upon him. He is a bachelor, and old bachelors often fall in love with young girls! I do believe, now I think it all over, he is in love with her. But then, he is so rich and respectable! But Mary isn't my daughter; how does he or any body know but she is respectable as he is himself? Plainly, there is something at the bottom of all this. Major Pierpoint is too honorable and moral for me to apprehend any evil coming out of it. Mary shall go up to-morrow, looking her best. Who knows what may happen? The poor child is not mine, but then I wish her to do as well as she can. I wonder what he said to her this evening. Mary, dear, come here child."

Mary came forward with a half finished linen collar in her hands.

"Well, dear, what did Miss Clayton say to the handkerchiefs you took to her?"

"She said they were very neatly done, but that the price was too high — and told me she could not pay the bill unless you took off the 'nineteen cents!'"

"How close some people are, especially rich old maids that have once been beauties! They have no children or husband to pick or peck at, and so they must pick and peck on those that have to do work for um. She don't care about the nineteen cents — its only to have something to find fault with. To-morrow, at half past eleven, you call there for the seventeen dollars, and let her have the nineteen cents, if it will do her temper any good. Did Major Pierpoint appear displeased because I didn't get the shirts there by six o'clock?"

Mary blushed, she knew not why, at this commonplace question, and looking up and seeing her 'aunt's' eyes fixed inquiringly upon her face, she became too confused to speak in reply — and, after one or two attempts to answer, dropped her head over the collar in her hand, as if sewing it.

"What is the matter with the child? What did Major Pierpoint say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes, m'm, here is the check he gave me." Mrs. Phelps glanced at it.

"It's all right! Prompt pay — no nineteen cents to be cut off. But didn't he say any thing to you?"

Mary appeared still more confused. Her adopted mother looked at her steadily though without displeasure for a few seconds, then shook her head affirmatively, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction. "Humph," she said to herself, "I see how it is! It has gone further than I thought. He came here to-night for nothing else in the world! Well, Mary, to-morrow, at twelve precisely, you must be at Major Pierpoint's with them gloves, and handkerchiefs, and silk stockings. You must start at half past eleven, so as to call on the way on Miss Clayton for the money for her bill. Why do you blush so — are you afraid of Miss Clayton?"

"No, aunt."

"Are you afraid of Major Pierpoint?"

"No, aunt."

"Very well, child, go to your sewing."

Mary bounded away lightly, and Mrs. Phelps looked after her with a prideful glance; "yes, if she is not foolish she has her fortune made. I will say nothing to her of my suspicions, but let her have her own way. To talk to young girls on such a subject and try to guide and advise them, only makes puppets of them, and destroys the natural character. Leave Mary to her own native good sense and unbiassed feelings and she will be more likely to please such a man as Major Pierpoint than if she practised the most consummate artifices."

With these sensible reflections, Mrs. Phelps dropped the subject for that night.

At a few minutes before half-past eleven, Mary Lee made her appearance in the shop from her little chamber over it, arrayed in a neat black silk dress, with a pretty straw cottage, trimmed with delicate blue ribbon, and her beautiful brown hair arranged with elegant simplicity. It had not been ten minutes since she left the shop to make this change in her appearance. Yet it was as complete as if five hours had been wasted before her little mirror. Can any female reader tell me *why* Mary paid such attention to her appearance? Mrs. Phelps on seeing her, lifted up both hands, and an exclamation of surprise and displeasure was on the tip of her tongue! But some sudden reflection checked it on the verge of utterance, and dropping her hands, she said quietly and as if not noticing it —

"So, Mary, you are ready. Take the bundle and stop on the way at Miss Clayton's. Be sure you are at Major Pierpoint's when the clock strikes twelve."

"Yes, aunt," said Mary, hastening from the shop on her two-fold errand. As she passed up Chesnut street with her little bundle, the sparkling beauty of her face, her buoyant step and graceful motion, drew after her many admiring eyes. It so chanced that Leslie was returning from the Exchange reading-room, whither he walked every morning, and was standing on the corner of Sixth and Chesnut, conversing with several bachelor gentlemen, when Mary

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passed. She looked up, and seeing him, coloured and dropped her head. Leslie did the same.

"A lovely creature," said one of the gentlemen; "I seldom have seen a sweeter face or figure. You know her, Major, by your mutual blushes," added he, smiling.

"I, gentlemen? oh, no," said the Major, confused.

"She is certainly extremely beautiful. See how free and light her step is!"

"Some pretty milliner, I dare say," said the Major, laughing. "Good morning, gentlemen;" and Leslie took his way home more than ever enchanted, deeper than ever in love! The quick, bright, eloquent, yet unintended glance he had received from her as she passed, kindled an imperishable flame in his bosom. He hastened homeward with anticipations of the delightful visit he was to receive at twelve o'clock.

Was Leslie Pierpoint really in love? did he resolve to pay his addresses to this beautiful girl? did he intend to ask her hand in marriage? did she fill the place in his heart which Clara Clayton had left void?

Yes.

Mary soon reached Miss Clayton's door in the upper part of Chesnut street, near Ninth. It was one of the most imposing mansions in the street. Miss Clayton lived there with her old father — the two alone! For several years after freeing herself from Leslie, she lived in hopes of marriage, but in vain. The men were afraid of her. Her mortification when she found Leslie restored to perfect health, knew no bounds. She had a secret hope that he would yet re-address her; but from that period she never received more than a cold and civil bow from him. She could have poisoned herself with vexation. But as years passed away, and she saw that he still remained unmarried, she consoled herself with the idea that she was the cause — and that he could never love any one as he had loved her. This devoted bachelorism was Clara's only and greatest consolation. It was a healing balm to her wounded spirit. So he married not, she felt she could forgive herself for her folly in not marrying him. It is true, she watched his course to forty with some anxiety, lest he might yet marry; but when he had passed that climax, she gave herself no further uneasiness, and rested in the conscious assurance of his eternal celibacy. This idea was the rainbow that spanned her darkened skies — the sweet in her bitter cup of life. But, alas! she was soon to see the rainbow disappear, and her horizon become dark with storms! Alas! she was to drink the remainder of the cup with additional bitterness mingled with its dregs.

She was seated in her usual sitting room when Mary arrived. Her hair was drawn back above her ears and tied untidily with a dirty yellow ribbon; she wore a loose wrapper, and her stocking feet were thrust into red slippers. Her fingers were loaded with rings, and ear drops hung from her ears. Her complexion was something coarser for the wear and tear of time, and had very plain traces of being now indebted to white paint and rouge, for whatever pretensions it claimed. Her forehead was crossed by horizontal impatient wrinkles, and a deep frown was cut between her eyebrows. She was thin about the breast and shoulders, and very slender in the waist, more so than in her youthful prime. The general expression of her face was querulous and sour — precisely such an expression as she might have been expected to wear. As Mary was shown in she looked up with a sharp, impatient gesture.

"So, Miss, you have come for the amount of your bill!"

"Yes, m'm, if you please."

"Don't *mem* me as if I was fifty, Miss."

"No, m'm."

"Did I not forbid your saying *marm* to me — what is the amount of the bill?"

"You have it, m'—— I mean Miss."

"That is better. Ah, yes, here it is, $17 19. What did your mistress say about the 19 cents?"

"That she would take it off."

"Very well; here is seventeen dollars. Receipt it." Mary took a pen from an inkstand on the table and acknowledged the payment.

"Humph, you write too pretty a hand for an apprentice girl," said Miss Clayton, glancing contemptuously at Mary's beautiful chirography. "I dare say you can dance too?"

"Yes, Miss," said Mary slightly smiling.

"And sing and play," more contemptuously still.

"Yes, Miss."

"Humph. Read Byron, Moore, Scott, doubtless, and perhaps the French poets?" she continued with a contemptuous smile of incredulity.

"Yes, Miss."

"Yes, Miss. I suppose if I should ask you if you read French and sung Italian, you would reply with your parrot phrase, 'yes, Miss.'"

"Yes, Miss."

"Upon my word! Ha, ha, ha! here's a linen draper's apprentice for you! I suppose you look to marry some nobleman at the least, with all them accomplishments, if you can! What package is that beneath your arm, my pretty minx," for Miss Clayton had conceived a sudden and unaccountable (save that her youth and beauty were the cause,) dislike for Mary. And without waiting for a reply she snatched it from her.

"*For* Major Leslie Pierpoint,
No. 27, South Sixth St."

"You are sent with this to Major Pierpoint's, are you?" she asked sharply and with a suspicious look at the young and guileless girl.

"Yes m'm," answered Mary quietly.

Miss Clayton let her eyes rest on the superscription for a few moments, and then lifted them steadily to the face of the maiden.

"You had best return directly to your shop with the amount of your mistress' bill, lest you lose it on the way. I will dispatch my footman with this package to his lodgings."

"I thank you, but I am ordered to take it there myself," said Mary firmly.

"Indeed; but it would not be prudent for so young

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a person as you to go to a bachelor's rooms alone. I will send it for you. Do you know Major Pierpoint?"

"No, m'm," answered Mary with embarrasament.

"Have you never seen him?"

"He was in the shop last evening," answered Mary evasively.

"Did he speak to you?"

"If you please I will take the package and go," said Mary, half angry at this singular inquisition upon her affairs.

"Take it, trollop," said Miss Clayton, flinging it towards her, "and tell your mistress when she has occasion to send any one to me again, she will oblige me by sending some civil person."

Mary stared with surprise, at a loss to account for the lady's humor, and gladly took her departure.

The heavy tocsin of the State House had struck the last stroke of twelve, as Mary timidly pulled the bell at Major Pierpoint's handsome residence. It was opened by Cato.

"Massa says de young woman will please walk up and wait," said Cato, as Mary offered to leave the bundle in his hand. Mary hesitated an instant, and then, trembling, (she could not tell why,) she followed him to the library. The door was opened, and Cato ushered her in with one of his best bows. Leslie pretended to be very busily engaged in a book as she entered, though he had been walking his room, or watching through the blinds with ill-concealed impatience till he heard the street door bell. He permitted Cato to leave the room, and Mary to advance half way to the table, before he gave signs of her presence. He then suddenly rose up and turned round.

"Ah, Miss Lee," he said, with tender respect, "you have brought the gloves."

"Yes, sir," said Mary, without lifting her eyes.

"Sit down, if you please, while I examine the package."

Mary quietly took a seat, and Major Pierpoint began to look over the parcels. But evidently his thoughts were not with this pursuit. His fingers trembled — he shockingly rent several pairs of gloves; put six of the handkerchiefs, one after another, into his pocket; blew his nose on a pair of silk hose, and at length sprung from the table in the most admirable confusion of mind in which a bachelor, at such a moment, could well be. After thrice striding the room to gather courage, he approached the surprised, embarrassed, yet not *unexpecting* Mary. No woman of any sense, or feeling, or mind, could be blind at such a time. He approached and seated himself beside her.

"Miss Lee ——"

Mary trembled and remained silent. The Major gazed upon her tell-tale face, and then furtively sought her hand. She withdrew it instinctively, and half rose.

"Nay, my dear Miss Lee! pardon me! I meant no injury to your delicacy. Pray be seated!" and he took her hand and gently drew her to the chair which she had left. "I beg you to listen to me one moment. I have conceived for you a deep and respectful passion. Your beauty, grace and intelligence have made an impression upon my heart no time can ever efface. It is true you are young and full of life and beauty — I have passed half the allotted life of man. But the disparity is in years only. My heart is as young as your own, my feelings as buoyant, my hopes as bright. I have sought to meet you to-day to make a confession of the sentiments with which you have inspired me, to tell you how intimately my happiness is involved in your existence, to throw myself upon your generosity. You are an orphan, alas! and a cold, unpitying world is before you! Your loveliness and helplessness claim protection. Permit me to fill that delightful position near you while life lasts. I offer you my heart, my hand, my fortune, and promise to devote my life to the promotion of your happiness."

The Major, after ending his eloquent appeal, gazed upon her downcast face several moments in silence. She made no reply! He still continued to hold her hand. Slowly he lifted it to his lips. There was no resistance. He again sought her eyes. Tears were silently gushing from them, and rolling in sparkling globules down her lovely cheeks.

"Good God, Miss Lee, have I offended you?"

"No, sir," said Mary, lifting her eyes, the lashes dewy with tears, and sweetly smiling.

"Why these tears, then?"

"I do not know, indeed, unless it be that they flow from gratitude," she answered, looking into his face with a radiant smile, like sunshine in an April shower.

The Major's eyes filled also, and the next moment he pressed the happy girl to his heart.

Yes, Mary Lee became Major Leslie's wife through *gratitude*. They were married, for he well knew gratitude would grow to love, and a brief time proved that he judged rightly. One month from the day on which he confessed his passion he led to the altar his charming bride. They were married publicly in church.

"Ah, Major, so you — dont know her — some milliner's apprentice, eh?" laughingly said a gentleman present, after the ceremony was over.

Clara Clayton, hearing that Leslie Pierpoint was to be married, went to the church, disguised in a strange bonnet and long green veil — but Leslie recognised her by her taper waist, and felt that his triumph and (if such a feeling really existed in his breast) his revenge were complete. Yes, Clara Clayton witnessed the ceremony, and when she saw it and recognised the bride's face as she turned from the altar, she could scarcely suppress a shriek of mingled anger and disappointed malice. She went home and died the same year, the victim of her own selfishness.

Leslie Pierpoint and his beautiful lady are now travelling in Europe. Mary makes him an excellent wife, proving to be as good as she is beautiful.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

How brief our earthly span! Youth, Manhood, Age —
We creep — we walk — we totter off life's stage,
A thin, weak voice — a fuller, stronger tone,
A peevish, child-like cry, and then a groan!
How quick yon star shoots down the illumined sky —
'Tis gone! And yet we see not where on high,
Its bright lamp shone! 'Tis thus with feeble man —
He twinkles here a moment, and, is gone!
On rolls the world! Each evanescent year
Bears on its current to some distant sphere,
Myriads of mortal forms — vain things of time,
Youth in its hour of hope — and Manhood's prime —
Beauty, and all its fading hues of clay,
The tints that *are* not, but were yesterday!
The eyes whose light enkindled many a flame —
The lips that breathed in love some cherished name —
The fair slight hand — the cheek so like the rose,
The form where Grace herself had sought repose —
The music voice — the shadowy locks and all
That touched the heart — or glittered in the hall;
These all have been — but Death has claimed them now —
The look of scorn — the proud and lofty brow —
Vice, with its heartless sneer, and Wealth and Pride,
Lifeless and still, now slumber side by side!

And is there then no grace to mortals given, —
No hope to brighten here and lead to Heaven?
No faith to lift the soul from worldly ties,
And point the way to Joy and Paradise!

Look to thy heart, vain mortal, question there,
Of life and death — of glory and despair —
Ask, if within a spirit may not dwell —
A viewless tenant of thy bosom's cell —
Whose thin small voice, in accents soft and sweet,
May oft be heard to warn thy erring feet —
"Beware — avoid — beyond is Heaven's high road,
Where knees are bent, and souls commune with God —
There, where the meek of heart, the pure and mild,
Walk hand in hand with Virtue's dove-eyed child —
There, where the widow gives her liberal mite,
And points the orphan in the way aright —
There, where soft Feeling sheds the heart-wrung tear,
And bends in sorrow o'er the sinner's bier —
Where patient Grief leans on her thin white hand,
And smiling, dreams of the unshadowed land —
Look — mortal look — the pathway is not bright —
But mark, it closes in a world of light —
The clouds that hang above its troubled way,
Melt in the distance into perfect day!

Such is the Christian's Future! There are seen
Eternal sunshine — vales of softest green,
Grottos, savannahs, deep and flowery glades,
Clear sparkling streams and rainbow-lit cascades,
Thick shadowy woods, where many a voice of song
Gladdens the hours, as fast they flit along;
No care to mar their brightness, and no gloom
To whisper "onward, onward to the tomb" —
Bright Youth and Hope, by Grace and Beauty's side,
No look of scorn — no air of worm-like pride,
No voice of woe, to pain the spirit ear —
No orphan's cry — no widow's heart-wrung tear —
No secret fear, to chill the hour of bliss,
No hollow heart — no false or Judas kiss —
No wan Disease, to steal the rose away!
And write at Beauty's door, "Decay, Decay" —
Oh! no — the Future, Virtue's happy clime —
The land beyond the grave, untouched by time,
Where the worn soul throws off its mortal clay —
And, god-like, springs to Heaven's eternal day —
The realm of bliss — where, with a joy half wild,
The mother clasps and cherishes her child —
The widow claims her long lost son — the maid
Her plighted lover, years to her a shade —
Where friends embrace, and souls again unite,
Fond faces greet, and gladden on the sight —
The buried sire once more his idol boy
Clasps to his breast with more than human joy —
And well remembered voices — looks of love —
Kind words that sweeten every lip above;
Where, as we downward gaze, and distant far,
The world appears a faint and feeble star,
Where Life and Bliss their arms together twine,
And Nature's charms are added, Heaven, to thine —
Where "moth nor rust," nor chance nor change may come,
Forever wandering and forever home;
Joys brightening in our footsteps as we pass,
And Hope before us with his magic glass —
Each sound and song, each object, every thought,
With some new pleasure, some fresh feeling fraught —
Where one pure Spirit animates the whole,
One thrill excites the universal soul!

'Tis these, and joys like these, the Future brings,
When 'midst her depths we soar on Virtue's wings —
When from the Past the light of hope we borrow,
And throw its brightness o'er the coming morrow, —
When, as we wander through life's devious way,
The realm beyond this mere domain of clay
Shall, like some beacon on a rocky strand,
Win the strained gaze and nerve the feeble hand —
Shall point where danger lies, and where at last
Our bark may ride in safety from the blast!

Such is the Christian's dream of time to come,
The land of light and love — the happy home —
Where the worn spirit, freed from earthly ties,
Above the things of dust and time shall rise,
And mount on angel pinions to the skies!

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THE ROWSEVILLERS.—No. I.

O'DONNELL'S PRIZE.

"To be plain with you," said the barber, shaking his head, "I can scarce believe what you say." *Gil Blas.*

When I was in the dragoons, we were quartered, for a while, not far from Rowseville, and it was my lot to receive a general invitation to the dinners of the club. A jollier set of fellows never drew cork or emptied a decanter — heaven be merciful to them for their sins! They always had the best a-going; could tell north from south side Madeira, — and tossed off their bumpers, hour in and hour out, as easily as an old spinster drinks her tea. As for their president, Captain Humphreys, he was a paragon of a good fellow. Short, square, deep chested, and muscular as Hercules, he was just the man to keep a set of such spirits in order; and, I verily believe, if any of the youngsters had ventured to dispute his will, he would have tossed them over the marquee as easily as I could hurl a racket ball. He had spent most of his life at sea, having seen service in every latitude. He could tell a good story, and danced a jig to perfection. He was, moreover, something of a *gourmand;* always presided over our culinary rites; and made the best chowder of any man in the States, or, for that matter, as the old cook said, "in the 'varsal world."

There is nothing like fishing, and a table on the green sward, to give one an appetite; and it would have done your heart good to have seen us on the day I first dined with the club — but especially to have beheld Humphrey's jovial face, when he announced the opening toast. And then such a time as followed. Sherry, Port, Madeira, Jamaica and Cogniac! — why they chased each other from the table faster than the witches did old Tam O'Shanter, in the road by Ayr. Some of the youngsters soon began to grow noisy; and even one or two of their seniors winked a good deal unnecessarily; but Humphreys, and a set of the older stagers at the head of the table, kept it up, without drawing a rein, until I began to think they could fag down even Bacchus himself. And all this time their jests would have made a hermit die with laughter! Yet Humphreys never suffered his youngsters to indulge beyond a certain point, and he had a story to account for this circumspection which made my ribs sore for a week after hearing it.

"Silence, you addle-heads," he thundered, as soon as he saw they were getting beyond their depths — "can't one of you sing at a time, without keeping up such an infernal clatter of Dutch, French, English and Congo songs? You remind me of a set of chaps I had the honor to dine with in Boston — no, not the honor, for they all drank to excess — and a man in that state" (and here the worthy speaker, by way of corollary, tossed off a bumper) "is a shock to my moral feelings. Keep in soundings if you can't sail safely out of them; but, for heaven's sake, don't disgrace our table with a set of indecent inebriates.

"But, to come back to my story — you must know that the Governor's Guards, in Boston, are a gay set of youngsters, and, at their annual dinner at the State House, they make the corks fly as I've seen only grape shot showering from a battery. Well — no disrespect to the cloth — their dinner is always opened and closed by a parson; and a good rule it is; for when the governor sees that his youngsters are getting heady, he has but to give a nod — the benediction is pronounced, and they are forced to break up. When I was there, however, his excellency postponed the dismissal rather too long, so that when he gave the signal to the parson, there wasn't a chap, at the lower end of the table, who could carry his wine to his mouth without spilling half of the liquid. A blessed sight it was to see them then — as proper a set of youngsters, in general, as you'd wish to look upon — shouting, laughing, singing, standing in chairs, waving their glasses on high, and altogether cutting a figure not the most pleasant for a moral man like me to behold. They saw the parson get up and they heard him begin to speak, but they were too far gone to distinguish either his person or his words.

"'Hilloo, Bill,' said one to his neighbor, 'is that a new toast? What does he say?'

"'Can't — make — it out,' hiccuped Bill, with drunken gravity, 'but I guess — its — its — something con — found — ed fine. Let's give the old cock three cheers,' and the whole set sprang to their feet and huzzaed 'til the very roof above us seemed to tremble with the din. The poor parson hesitated, stopped, and looked in bewilderment at his excellency — who could only keep himself from laughing, so inexpressibly ludicrous was the whole scene, by hanging his head down and cramming his handkerchief into his mouth. As for the rest of us, there was no resisting it — we laid back in our chairs and laughed until the tears ran out of our eyes, — while the ladies in the gallery, the dear creatures, almost burst their boddice strings.

"His excellency explained all to the parson the

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next day, and made a thousand apologies — but the good man never could be got again to ask a benediction over the Governor's Guards."

"I suppose you tell that for the morals of your table, eh!" said one of the party.

"Exactly," answered the president, laughing, "and I never saw one yet whom it didn't cure of excess at table, except a fellow who used to say it was hereditary in him, by the mother's side, to have the cholic, and that brandy was the only cure. That chap was a character: I've a story I'll tell you about him some of these days."

"Why not now?" asked a dozen in a breath.

"Well, I suppose if I must I must, — but first pass us the bottle, and let us drink to his memory — he died, poor fellow, in Florida, where many a brave man has laid his bones. Here's to Tim O'Donnell."

A silence of a few moments having elapsed, during which all eyes were turned on the president, that personage, after hemming twice, thus began.

"Never was a handsomer fellow than Tim O'Donnell, lieutenant in the ——. Tall, well shaped, with the eye of a young eagle, and a pair of jet black whiskers, that were worth, to a fortune-hunter, fifty thousand dollars, Tim was the perfect picture of a soldier — and, to use his own phrase, 'a divil of a chap among the girls.' He made more conquests in a week than I would in a year; and, as you may see," and here he stroked his chin complacently, "there are few fellows as good looking as I am. But Tim was after money, and used to flirt with the dear creatures only to keep his hand in for an heiress, when one should present. At length he was introduced to a lovely creature at a ball, — blue eyes, auburn hair, the shape of a goddess, and lips that would make your mouth water, even if you were as dry as old mahogany — and, for a while, he scarcely knew whether he was standing on his head or on his feet. He even paid court, so much was he smitten, to a long, scraggy, hatchet-shouldered spinster of an aunt, who attended his charmer as a sort of *chaperon*. The next day he was somewhat cooled down — at least he determined to check his raptures until he inquired after the fortunes of Miss Wheeler, for so his charmer was called. He left me for this purpose about noon, and in an hour rushed into my room perfectly insane with joy.

"'Och — give me your hand — shower the blessings on my head,' he exclaimed, dancing round the room, 'sure and I'm in heaven the day — ouch, ullabaloo, was there iver such luck? — ten thousand acres, the dear sowl, and a rint roll as long as a rigiment's line: I'm a made man — hurrah!" and throwing his cap up he caught it again, and then capered around the room, even carrying his antics so far as to leap over sundry chairs. I was nearly dying with laughter — and as yet I was totally ignorant of the cause of this joy.

"'What do you mean?' said I, 'you haven't told me what all this congratulation is to be about.'

"Never did I see a fellow look more astonished than Tim. He stopped still, stared at me incredulously, and then gave vent to his wonder.

"'Blood and ages, and is the man drunk? Don't ye know it's all about Miss Araminta Wheeler, and the immense fortune she's to bring me? The only living child — all the rest dead of scarlet fever, praise to the saints! and her owld father expected to kick the bucket every day. Ouch, ullaloo — o — o, ain't I the happy man? It's marry the girl I will, this blessed week.'

"'But will the 'owld father' consent — eh! Tim?'

"'Divil a bit do I care whether he consents or not, if the daughter says 'yes' — oh! such a jewel of a woman, — and what an iligant pattern the young O'Donnells will be!'

"'Suppose the father guards her too well to permit an elopement? That dragon of an aunt looks as if she was kept to play the duenna.'

"'Arrah, my lad,' said Tim, with a knowing wink, 'I'll soon fix that, or my name isn't Timothy O'Donnell, of Ballywhangle, of the county of Clare, standing six feet two in my stockings. Can't I pretend to make love to the owld hag when the neice isn't by? Oh! trust me for *brushing the dew* into her eyes.'

"I saw no more of Tim for nearly a week, except occasional glimpses caught of him at balls and concerts, where he was in attendance on his charmer and a spectral looking spinster, whom I recognised as the aunt. As I wanted to give him a fair field — keep the bottle lively — I did not approach them; so I had no opportunity of judging his success, until one morning he burst into my room vociferating that he had got a note from his charmer, in answer to one he had sent the day before, in which she consented to elope with him that very night. He called on me to ask me to get a post chaise; for, in order to avoid the publication of banns, they would have to be united in another state. Tim was in such raptures that he couldn't attend to any matter-o'-fact business, so I promised all he asked, and he left me, singing as he went, 'Come, haste to the wedding,' and cutting all sorts of extravagant antics.

"Midnight was the hour fixed on for the *affaire*, and, punctual to the minute, Tim's post-chaise drew up a few rods from his charmer's door, while the gallant lieutenant himself, springing out, made all haste to the rendezvous. The night was black as pitch — you could have cut the darkness out in slices — and a wild wind blew over the fields, roaring away down in the woods, like a gale in the rigging of a line-of-battle ship. Tim could scarcely pick his way along through the garden, but at length, after sundry tacks, he gained the front of the house, — yet not a sign of a living being could he see. He began to fear that his charmer's heart had failed her, but at that instant he perceived a dark moving object just ahead of him, and hurrying forward, he soon recognised his future bride, muffled and cloaked for the journey.

"'Shure, and ye're as welcome as the birds in spring,' said Tim, catching her in his arms, 'and its mighty proud I am to see ye, my darlin.'

"The trembling bride clung closer to Tim as he spoke, and murmured something in reply, but what

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it was, the whistle of the wind prevented him from hearing distinctly. Tim knew there was no time to lose, however, so, without waiting for a repetition of the words, he bore his prize off, and never stopped till he had placed her in the chaise, stowed her maid opposite, and was himself seated by her side.

"'And now,' said he, as the post-boy put up the steps, 'don't spare the horse-flesh—do ye hear, ye blackguard?'

"The boy nodded, and, the next instant, they were thrashing along as fast as four posters could carry them.

"If Tim had been in raptures before, he was now fairly mad with his success. Up to the last moment, he had been tormented with a fear lest something should occur by which this rich prize should slip through his fingers; but now his charmer was actually beside him, and they were being whirled over the ground at a rate which would soon defy pursuit. 'Was ever fellow in such good luck?' thought Tim. Thousands of acres, an only daughter, and she as clean in her run as a Baltimore clipper. How he cursed the presence of the maid, which prevented him from being as tender as he thought the occasion demanded. However, he could take his charmer's hand, without shocking her modesty, and he went through pretty quick, all the variations of which squeezing is liable. He would have stolen his arm around the bride's waist, but the envious cloak prevented this. Tim could scarcely endure the probation. On they rattled, all this while, with the tempest roaring at their heels, and, as the night without grew stormier, the agitation of the bride increased, she almost sobbed, and clung closer and closer every minute to Tim. It made his heart, as he said, 'leap into his mouth intirely,' to feel her arms around his neck in the extremity of her fright.

"'Whist, darlin,' he said, 'don't be alarmed—it's only a little bit of a storm, to keep our bloody pursuers from hearing us. Before mornin we'll be in York, and then the praist will make you my own. Speak, and tell me, ye're not frightened? Shure, and ain't I by your side, mavourneen?'

"The answer of the bride was delivered in such a low and tremulous voice, and interrupted by so many sobbings, that Tim, though he listened his best, could n't for the life of him make out more than a word here and there. However, he thought he distinguished enough to fill him with more rapture than ever, and, forgetting all about the maid, he drew his bride still closer to his bosom, and, nestling her head on his shoulder, poured forth his vows in torrents of eloquence. The Lord only knows what he said—Irishmen are proverbial for hyperbole.

"'And is it that I wont love ye intirely, my princess?' said Tim, by way of a grand wind up. 'Shure, and I'll worship ye as the heathens do the sun, and so will my five brothers, and the tenantry on my estate—though it's more than I know,' muttered Tim to himself, 'where to find them—and won't I be proud to shew ye off to my friends as the handsomest and sweetest woman in the rigiment? There, now, be aisy, my jewel—your father won't catch us. Oh! isn't it iligantly I've outwitted him, and that owld hag of an aunt, your namesake?'

"'Old hag of an aunt,' screamed the bride, starting back from Tim's shoulder as if an adder had stung her, 'why—who—do you take *me* for?'

"'For Miss Araminta Wheeler, and divil a one else—shure, and I have not offended ye, my darlin, by that same thrifle of a remark?' and he drew his bride again toward him.

"'Murder—off—help—oh! you vile, deceiving, wicked monster,' shrieked the bride, pushing away Tim with both her hands, 'you've ruined me forever. And to call me a hag—oh! oh!' and she went off almost into hysterics.

"'Blood and ages—who have we here indeed?' thundered Tim, all at once recognizing the now shrill tones of his companion, and kicking open the coach door, he saw, for the first time, by the faint light of the chaise-lamps, the face of the speaker, 'it's the aunt herself—the owld serpent take her! A pretty mess I'm in, running off with ye, ye apology for a skeleton, instead of with the neice. Pray, madam,' and he bowed sarcastically, 'was it ye I honored with my proposal?'

"'Did'nt you send me a note—a—asking me to elope?' hysterically sobbed the aunt. 'Oh! you vile wretch.'

"'Ou—u—h! I see it all,' whistled Tim. 'The dumb baste of a messenger gave it to ye instead of to the other.'

"'You said before, too,' sobbed the aunt, 'that you a—a—dored me.'

"'The Lord forgive my sins,' muttered Tim betwixt his teeth. 'But may-be,' he said coaxingly, as a new thought struck him, 'ye're the heiress after all.'

"Tim got no answer but a new burst of hysteric tears, mingled with ejaculations, among which he could distinguish a whole dictionary of reproaches.

"'I'm thinking,' said Tim, after awhile, 'yo'd better be getting home as soon as convanient. This is a bit of a mistake,' and then, in an under tone he groaned, 'oh! but it's ruined I am with the chaise hire intirely.'

"The horses heads were soon turned, and just as morning dawned, the runaways drove up to the lane leading to Mr. Wheeler's residence, where the bride expectant alighted, and Tim, cursing his blunder, kept on to his quarters. What became of the aunt, I never cared to inquire. As for Tim, he had sense enough to know that the game was up for him in that quarter. Though he strove to keep his elopement a secret, the joke soon leaked out, and he was the banter of the whole regiment. An order to repair to Florida was hailed as a God-send, as it saved him from the quizzing of his mess, which to this day has for a standing toast, O'Donnell's Prize."

Many a burst of laughter interrupted the President during the recital of this story, which loses half of its effect when deprived of his inimitable mimicry of the conversations.

We adjourned, at a late hour, for the stars were

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already twinkling in the sky when we turned our horses' heads homewards. The cool evening breeze, and the exhilaration of a rapid pace, kept up the flow of our spirits until we parted for the night — though we did not separate until we had drunk a parting cup at the house of that most hospitable of hosts, Deacon Green.

The next meeting of the club found me again amongst them. But the incidents of the second dinner must be reserved for another paper. H. P.

A FOREST SCENE.

BY MRS. E. C. NICHOLS.

I WANDERED out in summer time,
One pleasant afternoon,
Amid the green and cooling woods —
The leafy woods of June;
As through its temple's shadowy aisles
In mournfulness I walked,
I listened to the breezy trees
As friend with friend they talked!

And gazing upwards in my face,
Each meek wood-flower drew back,
Nor did a single blade of grass
Impede my onward track;
And ever on my listening ear
There came a lulling sound,
As of a multitude in prayer —
Methought 'twas holy ground!

I reated on a mossy bank,
And cast my eyes above;
The lithe green branches arch'd o'erhead,
And twined their arms in love;
And nought was seen of the blue sky
Save islets here and there,
Which seemed like some fair summer lakes
That smiled in upper air!

A twilight, rich and tender light,
Came stealing from the skies,
And, oh! 'twas like the light that rests
In a young mother's eyes!
I saw the gentle flowrets wave
Their urns, still filled with dew,
And by my side the dark-fringed fir —
The "tree of Heaven," grew!

Oh! all was fair and beautiful,
In these bright forest bowers,
A region of perpetual green —
A paradise of flowers!
Though all was very beautiful,
So free from woe and sin,
I turned from the bright world without,
To darker worlds within:

I closed my eyes, and pressed my hand
Upon my burning brow,
And many were the busy thoughts
That crowded round me now!
For, oh! the memories of years,
With all their clouds o'ercast,
Rose up from that vast charnel-house,
The dim, sepulchral past!

And like a train of spectres wan
They passed in my review,
And each faint shadow as it came,
Still pale and paler grew!
On, onward yet, they came — a throng
Of white and ghastly things,
As if stern Memory had stirred
Oblivion's darkest springs!

And still the tears fell thick and fast,
For nought could then control
The passion and the agony
That swept across my soul!
Oh! many light and careless words
Were ringing on the air,
And thoughtless things I said or did —
All seemed embodied there!

And mingling with accusing sins,
Faint-shadowed forms swept by,
And glanced upon me as they passed,
With mild, yet grieving eye!
At length a sweet, reproachful face
Looked in upon my dream,
It spake — and, oh! the tones were those
Of some sweet, mournful stream!

And words came flowing from its lips,
That bade me cease to weep.
So that the dead within their graves
In peacefulness might sleep!
I started from this heavy trance,
The breeze came sweeping by,
It had no knowledge of my grief,
Yet gave me sigh for sigh;

And there where I had madly wept,
Unheeding sky and earth,
With all their light and loveliness —
Their gladness and their mirth,
I knelt me down and humbly asked
My sins might be forgiven,
And that the incense of my heart
Might float with peace to heaven!

* * * * * * *

I turned me from that forest scene,
And Hope her radiance shed
About a heart that ceased to mourn
The pale, rejoicing dead!

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WAWHILLOWA.

A LEGEND OF THE QUONNECTICUT.

BY D. M. ELWOOD.

WHOEVER has once stood upon the summit of Mount Holyoke, will never forget the rich scene spread out before him. For miles — as far as the eye can reach on every side — may be seen Nature in her most imposing forms. Vales clad in their rich vesture of green, watered by the limpid streams, cool, pure, and refreshing; gently sloping hills, crowned with fields of waving grain, and spotted here and there with the fleecy herds; and yet farther on, rising peak upon peak, and summit upon summit, the "huge pillars" which "prop the heavens" rear their craggy heads on high, bidding defiance to storm and tempest, and scarcely trembling even at the peals of "living thunder" which "leap" from crag to crag. Occasionally, peering above the tall trees that surround them, the spires of numerous churches point out the villages, and form agreeable pictures on which the delighted eye may rest. Sweeping the very base of Holyoke the broad Connecticut rolls its calm tide along, and winding away into the distance far to the south, may be traced on a clear day, circling its way through the verdant meadows almost to its very mouth. Directly across the river from Holyoke, Mount Tom rises in sullen majesty, as if disdaining to hold fellowship with the humble yet beautiful objects around. Northampton — with its snow-white dwellings, its spires and turrets, its hill — the sides of which are occupied with delightful mansions — and its top surmounted with a lovely grove, forms a panorama, the beauty of which must be seen to be realized. Between it and the river is a broad valley, chequered with fields of various colors, spotted with trees, and giving rich promise of the harvest. Nearly at the foot of the mountain — a little to the northward, rising not far above the surface of the river — is a small and fertile island, of a diamond form, like an emerald set in silver. This island we will call Hockanum, a name given to it years and years ago. Still further north, on a broad peninsula formed by a bend of the river, stands the town of Hadley, with the history of which is associated many a thrilling tradition. One of these it will be our object now to present to the reader.

The town of Hadley was settled in the year 1659, by emigrants from the Colony of Connecticut, who removed on account of differences in religious opinions. The principal man of these emigrants was Mr. John Webster, accompanied by the Rev. John Russell, formerly minister of Wethersfield. Although Whites and Indians were mingled in close contact here, it is believed that there was no disturbance of any kind until after the breaking out of King Philip's war in 1676. A perfectly amicable disposition was manifested on either side, and danger and fear of the aborigines were scarcely entertained.

At the southern extremity of the beautiful street on which the town is principally built, close upon the bank of the majestic Connecticut, or as it was formerly, and perhaps more properly called, the *Quonnecticut*, stood, at the period of our tale, the residence of the Rev. John Russell — mentioned above as one of the first settlers of the town. A few rods lower down, and on the opposite side of the street, lived Mr. Webster, his friend and companion in emigration. William, the oldest son of Mr. Russell, was a young man about twenty-three years of age, of a bold and fearless disposition, with a heart generally open and confiding. Yet there was enough of cautiousness in his disposition, to render him capable of keeping secret his designs, and of acting silently yet effectually. He was finely formed, and remarkably well gifted by nature. There was, indeed, but one trait that marred the general harmony of his natural constitution, and that was, at times, a slight want of amiability, a haughtiness of spirit that could not brook restraint or opposition. As it was, he was the pride of his father's family, and the object of admiration to the blooming maidens round. But there was one whom he esteemed far above all others — the daughter of his father's friend. Eliza Webster was one of those beings whom one would love without exactly knowing why. Not really beautiful — indeed, rather ordinary looking than otherwise — it was impossible for any sensible young man to enjoy her society for any length of time, without finding himself fast yielding to the impression which he could not prevent her from making on his heart. Always lively and cheerful, with a rich fund of humor, and a shrewd and penetrating mind, she determined to enjoy, and to make the most of life, and to render all about her as happy as herself. She was the simple and unaffected, the true child of nature, and yet nature's adorer. Never was she happier than when rambling along the course of the

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river on whose banks she had always lived, or climbing the craggy heights which towered at a short distance below.

On the little island of Hockanum lived an old man who had formerly been a chief at Nonotuck, now Northampton. His name was Shaomet. He subsisted on the fish he drew from the clear waters, and the deer and other game which he found in the fastnesses of Holyoke. The solace of his declining years was his daughter, Tahattawa, a sprightly lass of eighteen summers. Her step was light as that of the young fawn, and her merry laugh rang out upon the clear air, and danced like music over the broad bosom of the river.

With this girl, Eliza Webster had formed an intimate attachment. Often had Tahattawa paddled her across in her light canoe to the little island on which was her home. For hours had they sat under the shade of its green trees, and laughed and conversed together, instructing each other the while in many of the little arts with which each was familiar.

Now, Tahattawa had a lover — a young warrior belonging to the fort which the whites had allowed the natives to build within a few rods of the most populous street of Nonotuck. Eliza had often met him at the tent of Shaomet, and frequently accompanied him and Tahattawa in his fishing excursions down the river. The thought of danger to herself never entered her mind; she reposed perfect confidence in the integrity of her friends — even though their skins were tawny; and the youth appeared to be almost as fond of the society of his pale-faced friend as he was of that of Tahattawa herself.

One fine morning in the month of May, 1676, a deer was seen swimming swiftly down the Quonnecticut. William Russell snatched his rifle, and, springing into a light canoe, started in pursuit. At length, as they neared the little island of Hockanum, the huntsman had gained so far on his game that he was just raising his gun to his shoulder to fire upon him, when suddenly the deer sprang more than a foot clear of the water — and the sharp crack of a rifle came ringing on the ear.

A canoe immediately shot out from a small cove on the shore of the island, and a young Indian, paddling up to the deer, seized him by the horns and lifted him into the boat. By this time William had come up. Whether the Indian had seen him in chase of the deer before he fired or not, he certainly laid claim to it as his own. The other was no less strenuous in asserting his own right to the game; and, drawing up his canoe along side of the Indian, was about to place it in his own boat. The other also seized it, and declared he would not surrender it but with life.

The fiery spirit of young Russell now began to chafe, and the flash of his eyes told plainly that he would not tamely brook such a wrong. The blood rose to his face, and his heart beat quick and violently with anger. He stood for a moment hesitating what course to pursue. Give up the deer he would not — yet he shuddered at what might be the consequences of an open rupture, at a time when Philip was in arms, and the name of that mighty chieftain was inspiring many of the Indians with courage, and striking terror to the hearts of the whites.

Wawhillowa — for it was he, the lover of Tahattawa — with an air which seemed to challenge his antagonist to its removal, placed his foot on the game, and rising to his full height regarded the other with a look of calm defiance. Not a muscle moved, but his teeth were firmly clenched, and the heavy frown that slowly settled on his brow, told of the storm that was gathering within his breast.

We know not what might have been the result of this controversy — for there was equal resolution and courage, and perhaps strength on both sides — had it not been for a third person. At the instant that William grasped his rifle, and the other his tomahawk, Shaomet, the old man of the island, sprang between them and called on both to desist from their useless strife. He had watched the whole proceeding from the door of his tent, and, fearful of a dispute, had launched his canoe and approached them without their perceiving him, so absorbed were both the young men in the feelings of the moment. They seemed at first somewhat angry at his interference; but when Wawhillowa remembered that Shaomet was the father of his intended bride; and William, that he had often manifested his friendship for Eliza, their resentment towards the old man instantly began to cool.

Their animosity towards each other, however, was not at all diminished. They stood over the game like two young lions; and each of them, perhaps, exercising about as much reason. The old man quietly proceeded to skin the deer, and to cut it into equal parts. This was quickly done. He then tried to induce them to accept each a part. It would have been, perhaps, a difficult matter to decide which was the rightful owner of the game — but each of the two opponents was resolved to have it all or none — William threw into the river the half which Shaomet had placed in his canoe, while the young Indian dropped his tomahawk and hastily paddled towards the island. The old chief having secured the game in his own boat, slowly followed him, and the Englishman sullenly worked his way up the current, muttering revenge.

It was the morning of the 12th of June, 1676. Day had hardly dawned. The bright star of morning had not yet melted away; but the dark clouds that had obscured the sky broke in pieces, and rolled away in huge masses far into the distance, disclosing the bright full moon — her radiance not yet dimmed by the presence of the king of brightness. Under cover of the night a powerful body of Indians had advanced near to the town of Hadley, and at the southern extremity of the street on which it was — and still is — principally built, had proceeded to dispose among the thick trees and underwood, a strong band of faithful warriors as an ambuscade. There they lay, still and motionless as the trees that concealed them. There was many a stout heart beating eagerly for the fray that would soon cease to beat for ever. Many a strong arm firmly grasped the rifle or the

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tomahawk, soon itself to be in the grasp of an all-powerful foe. Many a fiery eye rolled round in its socket which was soon to be covered with the film of death.

How calmly and soundly slept the inhabitants of that village, even whilst the chafed savage was prowling for his prey. All, unsuspecting, their slumbers were deep and unbroken, while the hungry lions about them were awaiting, impatiently, the moment of attack. How often while we sleep are our destinies decided for us! Wealth — fame — happiness — the rewards of toil — the requiters of virtue — good and evil — little circumstances and great — are all hovering above and about us, while we are unconscious of their presence. Life and death may hang upon a single hair, while we cannot raise a hand or bend a thought to avert or secure either.

The eastern sky had just begun to be tinged with red, and a few straggling rays of the sun, still far below the horizon, were dancing in fairy shapes towards the zenith, when the work of death and of cruelty began. Stealthily and silently the savages crept on. Yet let us not call them *savages:* they were but redressing their wrongs — but avenging the life blood of their race; and though blood was that morning poured out like water; and though the tomahawk and scalping knife were the instruments of death, and the sleeping and the helpless were the victims; — yet their destroyers were but doing with their enemies as they did with each other: they were not doing violence to their own natures: they were even exercising far more *humanity* than those who, with the Gospel of Peace in their hand, and the light of civilization around them, had sapped the very foundations of the Red Man's race. Swiftly the work went on. A stifled groan — a scream of anguish occasionally broke the stillness of the hour. Save that, all was wrapped in deep, dread, ominous silence. At length, by accident, a rifle was discharged. On that little circumstance hung the life of hundreds. The sound echoes through the long street — a window is raised — a door is opened — the alarm is given — and armed men pour forth, and prepare to resist the foe.

All was confusion and dismay. Rifles were fired — loaded, and discharged again. Tomahawks gleamed — swords flashed — occasionally a small piece of ordnance rolled its infant thunder over the plain, and the smoke and din of the contest rose up together to the heavens. Men ran hither and thither. Some commanded, and none obeyed.

Suddenly, "a man of venerable aspect" appeared among the scattered and nearly discomfited inhabitants. He collected them in a body, and, assuming the command, arrayed them in the best manner for defence. He seemed experienced and skilful in the art of war. And now the tide was changed; the Indians in their turn were routed and fled in confusion. In vain the chiefs attempted to rally them. A sudden panic seized the savages; and they, precipitately, fled. After the danger was over, all eyes were looking for the man who had so wonderfully assisted them, but in vain — he had gone, none knew whither. Many conjectures were formed as to who the stranger could be; some supposed it was the guardian angel of the town — but no; it was GOFFE, *the Regicide!*

His seemingly miraculous appearance at that time may be easily accounted for. Goffe and Whalley, two of the Judges of Charles the First, were then both secreted in the house of the Rev. Mr. Russell. Seeing the inhabitants in danger, Goffe determined to hazard his life for those who had so generously afforded him refuge at the risk of their own.

Amongst those of the Indians who had lain in ambush, the most eager of all was Wawhillowa, the young chief of Nonotuck. With a disposition naturally fierce, his intercourse with the whites had done little to soften it, or to influence him in their favor; and since the dispute with William Russell, over the carcass of the deer, he had been burning with indignation and resentment. He had joined the expedition against Hadley with his warriors, partly in the hope of meeting Russell in the fray, and thus gratifying his revenge; and partly because his spirit could not bear to be inactive, whilst the name of Philip was spreading terror through New England. Emulous of the rising fame and fortunes of the Narragansett King, he hoped, ere long, to raise for himself a name among the tribes that should eclipse the reputation of all before him. The English, he thought, were fit objects on which to exercise his ambition; and, having lately conceived a strong aversion to the whole race, he had determined to embrace the present opportunity of signalizing himself, and venting on his enemies his hearty dislike.

The ambuscade laid for the purpose of cutting off the expected retreat of the English, of course, utterly failed of its object; and when those who formed it saw the ill success of their coadjutors, they began to seek safety — each for himself as best he might. Wawhillowa disdained to leave the field without some trophy of his valor; and, while his associates were fleeing in every direction, he was bent on executing a plan which would at once satisfy his animosity, and establish his celebrity among the warriors of his tribe.

Just back of the house in which Mr. Webster resided was a small eminence, from the top of which could be obtained a fine view of the whole plain of Hadley. The sides of this little hill were thickly covered with bushes, through which a narrow foot path led from the house to its summit. To this hill had Eliza Webster repaired to witness the contest that was raging on the plain. Wawhillowa having cautiously approached the house, at length caught the flutter of Eliza's white garments through the bushes, and hastily but silently approached her. Suddenly she was grasped by a strong and unseen hand, and her handkerchief being pressed into her mouth effectually prevented her screaming. The strength of the young chief was that of a giant, and scarcely hindered by the slender form of the fair girl he bore, he bounded like a tiger after his comrades.

Swiftly they fled, nor paused till the sun was within

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an hour or two of high noon. And still Wawhillowa pressed on, bearing his fair charge, not left far behind even by his unencumbered associates. When he considered that there was no longer danger of pursuit, he set the poor girl on her feet, and, removing the handkerchief from her mouth, ordered her to walk on before him. In vain she asked him why he treated her thus — why he had torn her from her friends and was bringing her to a cruel death — or to a captivity worse than death. In vain she pleaded her friendship with Tahattawa — her former intimacy even with himself; he walked on in stern silence, and now and then by an impatient gesture, gave her to understand that he wished her to be as taciturn as himself. With the eye of one accustomed to the forest, the chief bent his course directly towards the place of their encampment. Bushes and thorns often obstructed their way; and although Eliza was wearied and sadly torn by the briars, she even dared to threaten her foe. Not aware of the difficulty that existed between them, and which had been the cause of her own seizure, she warned Wawhillowa to beware of the vengeance of her lover.

At the mention of the name of his deadly foe, the fiery savage sprang to the side of his victim and was about to plunge his knife to her heart, but calming the transport of his passion he spared her for a more perfect revenge. His eye glared fiercely on her, and triumph shone in every lineament of his features as he replied,

"I hate him! I will have his blood; his scalp shall hang up and dry in the smoke of Wawhillowa's wigwam. The fair Flower that loves him shall never again see his face except it be in death. She shall never be his wife; she shall be the Red Man's slave — aye, a captive to the Red Man's bride.

In the mean time, all was consternation at the house of Mr. Webster. No one had seen Eliza when she left the house, and her absence could be accounted for only by the supposition that she had been slain, or carried away captive by the Indians. The alarm spread from house to house. The whole village was ready to pursue the enemy, and to recover the lost one, or to revenge her death. Ah! revenge! as if the lives of ten or of fifty of the foe could bring back one spirit that had gone!

A small but ardent band was soon organized, and ready for pursuit, with Young Russell at its head. They struck at once upon the trail of the Indians, and kept it without difficulty till they came to the bank of the river at the foot of Mount Holyoke. Here all traces of their course vanished. They had evidently entered the river; but whether they had crossed it, or only proceeded along its margin and left it again on the same side at a distance below could not be determined. The company here separated, and one party crossed the river to search for the trail on the other side, while the remaining party scoured the eastern shores, but all in vain — no traces of the enemy could be discovered. It was finally conjectured that they had concealed their canoes in the bushes and trees on the side and at the foot of the mountain — and that after their defeat they had hastened thither and embarked on the river, and were by this time at such a distance as to defy pursuit or discovery. Hour after hour did that little band search the country round. Some climbed to the summit of the mountain — some went far down the broad river — here — there — and everywhere the closest search was made — but still without success. William now began to despair of the safety or rescue of his betrothed. His heart grew sick — his cheek paled — and he felt that it would be a boon to sit down and die, if he could but be buried by the side of his lost bride. And then, as he remembered the dispute with Wawhillowa, and the truth flashed upon him, his face flushed with anger, his teeth became firmly set, and his breathing hard and laborious. Again he started on — retraced the steps he had taken, and hurried towards the island on which stood Shaomet's tent. When he arrived opposite the spot, not seeing a canoe at hand, he threw himself into the river, and soon found himself, breathless and exhausted, at the door of the old man's wigwam. He entered abruptly — Shaomet sat alone, quietly smoking his pipe.

"Your daughter — where is she? Where is Tahattawa?" cried William.

"I know not," answered the old chief; "when I awoke this morning, roused by the firing on the plain, she had already left the wigwam, and I have not seen her since."

"Where is Wawhillowa, the Nonotuck prince?"

"I have not seen him these many days; and yet I think he has been about here, for Tahattawa has seen him and had a long talk with him not longer ago than yesterday."

"Have you heard that the Fair Flower, who used so often to visit your tent, is lost?" asked William.

"Yes — some of your people came here to search for her," replied the Chief, shrugging his shoulders, "but they might have known better than that. Shaomet is old now — his hair has turned white — his step is no longer light and swift, or he would help you to find your poor lost one. She was a beautiful Flower, and she and Tahattawa were the delight of Shaomet's old heart; but she is stolen now, and love has proved stronger too in Tahattawa's heart, than her affection for her poor old father. She has left me, I fear, to follow the young chief. But he is a brave warrior, and worthy of her love. Many of his enemies shall fall before his eye. He has a strong arm and a steady hand, and — but here is Tahattawa! She has not forsaken me" — and a flush of joy for a moment kindled his sunken eye, as the light form of his daughter bounded into the tent.

She stood for a moment panting from the effect of recent and violent exercise. Oh! she was beautiful! The rich, red blood could clearly be seen through the dark skin, — her eye beamed, and her swelling breast heaved with the excitement.

"Have you seen Eliza?" eagerly asked Russell.

"Ay, she is a captive to the Nonotuck chief. I saw him seize her, and bear her away in his arms. How bravely it was done! But she was my sister. I would not have her die. I followed them — my

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step was light—he saw me not—heard me not; I followed them to the encampment, and now I am come to tell you where you may find her."

"But why did you not give the alarm when you saw him seize her?" impatiently demanded William.

The girl turned her rich dark eye full upon the speaker, as she said,

"Wawhillowa is the betrothed of Tahattawa, and should she betray the life of her lover? No! my sister shall be safe, but the brave chief must not die! And now promise me that you will not seek his life, and I will lead you to your bride."

"I promise you," said William.

"Nay, but the promise of a *pale-face* is easily broken; you must swear it!"

William did as he was required, and the two immediately started to recover the captive.

Let us return to Wawhillowa and his companions. Some six or eight miles down the river from Hockanum island, on the east side of the range of hills abruptly terminated by Mount Tom, and renewed again on the other side of the Quonnecticut by Holyoke and the peaks with which it is connected, is a sort of natural amphitheatre, enclosed on three sides by steep and precipitous hills, and on the other, towards the river, closely shut in by a belt of dense forest. This was the spot selected by the Indians as a place of retreat should retreat be necessary; and thither they had fled after the defeat at Hadley. The spot was admirably calculated for the purpose of concealment and security. The huge grey rocks lifting their shaggy crests far above the little plain at their base, seemed to bid defiance to all the world around. The only way of access to the Indian encampment was by striking through the forest that separated it from the river.

The sun had already gone down behind those rough peaks, and the twinkling stars, one by one appearing in the blue vault above, told that the night had come. The pale moon was not looking on—yet it was a bright and lovely night; too bright—oh! far too beautiful for the many scenes of wickedness and crime that were, all over the earth, about to be transacted under its shades!

In the amphitheatre which we have described sat the chiefs, who had that day been in the action, in grave and solemn council. The causes of their defeat were discussed, and it was determined that a conciliatory offering must be made to the Great Spirit, and that the captive maid must be the sacrifice. Wawhillowa arose, and long, and earnestly, and even eloquently pleaded for her life. He claimed her as his own; he wished not for her death, but chose to keep her for his slave. His suit was unsuccessful; and when he sat down, a murmur of disapprobation was all that he heard. The voice was unanimous against him, and he was at last obliged to acquiesce.

New fagots were thrown upon the council fire. The dance began with slow and measured tread. The fires blazed, and glared on the painted and hideous countenances of the revellers, giving them an unearthly and demon-like appearance. The march quickened, and the wild song rose up in deep and deadly tones, and was echoed back from those high rocky hills. The stake was driven, and Wawhillowa ordered the guard to bring forth the victim. The man stirred not—answered not; and the chief himself flew to the spot, burning with rage. He soon came back with inflamed countenance, and muttering curses deep and loud. The prisoner had fled—the savage that had been left to guard her lay weltering in his own gore! A wild, unearthly shout of fury rent the air as the maddened savages learned their disappointment.

We left William Russell and the Indian maid, Tahattawa, just leaving the wigwam of her father for the rescue of Eliza Webster. They entered a light canoe and glided swiftly down with the current of the river. As they approached the place where the Indians were encamped, the two travellers kept close under the western bank, to be more secure against the observation of any one who might have been stationed as a look-out. By six o'clock they were within a mile of the encampment, and here, by the advice of the girl, Russell moored the canoe, and they struck into the woods. Tahattawa, taking the lead, glided through the dense bushes with surprising facility—so swiftly indeed, that her companion found some difficulty in keeping her in sight, although his heart was continually prompting him to put forth every effort. At length, just as the shades of night began to appear, they caught a glimpse of the council fire. They now proceeded with the utmost caution till they came in sight of the wigwam in which the prisoner was bound. Fortunately, it was placed on that side of the opening which was nearest them, just in the edge of the forest. Tahattawa crept along—keeping the tent between herself and the Indians, till she could look through a small hole in the rear. She now motioned Russell to approach. He did so, and looking through the opening, he saw, sitting, his lost bride, her face buried in her hands. At the door of the tent sat a brawny Indian, who, confident of the security of his prisoner, was gazing towards the fire and quietly smoking his pipe.

Tahattawa quickly drew William's knife from his belt, and, without the least noise, cut a large piece from the thin bark-covering of the hut; then placing the knife in Russell's hand, she directed him by signs, to enter, and despatch the savage. As he was passing Eliza, she raised her head, and would have screamed, had not Tahattawa been already at her side, and covered her mouth with her hand. At that moment the Indian turned his head; he grasped his tomahawk, but before he could give a blow the hot blood spirted from his heart, and he fell back and died without a groan.

The fugitives now began, as rapidly as possible, to retrace their steps towards the canoe, which had been left concealed about a mile up the river. Their progress, however, was slow, and the under-wood was very thick, and all three of the party were already wearied with the toils of the day. Still they struggled on, and, at length, succeeded in reaching the spot where the canoe had been left, before the

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hideous yell that came sweeping up the river warned them but too surely that the escape of the prisoner, and the death of the Indian in the wigwam, had been discovered.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of its occupants, the light bark swiftly stemmed the broad current, its sharp prow gracefully cutting the tiny waves as it darted on, curling the water from its path as if it disdained to touch them. And well might it be! for that light craft held a bold heart and a strong arm — and one too, that, had it not already been worn out by exercise, would have laughed at pursuit. About one half the distance between Hockanum Island, and the place from which they started, had been gained, when they heard anew the shouts of the Indians, and looking round they saw two canoes about a quarter of a mile below them in active pursuit. This was but an incentive to fresh effort, for they well knew that if they should be overtaken, instant death or cruel tortures would be the fate awaiting two at least, perhaps all three of the party. The Indian girl seized a paddle and applied her strength in assisting the young man, whose own was well nigh exhausted. This aid was not inconsiderable, for though the girl was not near as muscular as her companion, yet her skill in managing the canoe was but little inferior to his. They were now enabled to keep on without losing ground, though safety was far from certain, as several miles yet remained to be passed over, before they could hope to find assistance.

Directly in the gorge between Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom is a short bend in the river, forming a peninsula, now familiarly called "The Bellows," from its supposed resemblance to that article. The distance around this peninsula is perhaps two or three miles, while the direct course of the river is only about fifty rods. The isthmus, connecting the bellows with the main land, does not now exist as it did then; for, a year or two since, the ice collecting in the river just below, the water swept over the narrow barrier, and washing away the earth, formed for itself a new channel many feet in depth. When the fugitives reached this isthmus they turned the canoe towards the shore, and William, springing out, directed the two girls to walk across the narrow strip of land, while he should drag the light boat over to the other bank. This was but an easy task, compared with that of impelling it against the current, for two or three miles — while the whole distance was as effectually gained as if they had kept the river. Fortunate was it for them that they adopted this stratagem, and fortunate, too, that there was no moon, and that the bushes from the foot of Holyoke here swept to the very shore; for they had hardly crossed half way over the isthmus before their pursuers were opposite to them, close under the western shore. As it was they were not discovered, and the canoes in chase went sweeping round the whole length of the stream.

Again the little party embarked, and hope began to beat strong in their breasts. They pushed on with renewed energy, and at length their eyes rested on the little island of Hockanum. It is always a sweet spot to look upon, but never did it appear so beautiful to any eye as it did to them on that night when they could just discern its dim outline.

"You are safe, Eliza, you are safe!" cried William.

But the savages below, growing fearful of being baffled in their pursuit, were pressing on with all their strength; and the furious Wawhillowa, in the foremost canoe, was continually urging on his men, while he stood in the prow with his eyes eagerly strained into the dim distance beyond.

"We are safe!" cried William; but at the moment a bullet whistled close by his head and gave the lie to his exclamation.

As soon as the canoe touched the southern extremity of the island, William sprang on shore, and hurrying out the females, all three hastened to the tent of Shaomet. The old man had been in waiting for them, and, as soon as they entered, pointed to a corner of the wigwam, where lay a heap of fagots and a number of skins which he had prepared as a means of concealment should concealment become necessary. William quickly led Eliza to the spot, and placing her behind the fagots threw the skins over the top. While he was doing this, the yells of the Indians grew louder and more terrific, for they had now gained the island, and were certain of their prey. William had scarcely turned away from the corner where Eliza was concealed, when the door was thrown violently open, and the savage features of the Nonotuck chief glared full upon his face. Quick as thought the rifle of Shaomet was in Russell's hand and levelled full at the Indian's breast.

"Hold, hold!" cried Tahattawa, "your promise — your oath!" and she snatched at the rifle. It was too late. William had already fired, and the tall form of Wawhillowa fell heavily to the ground. The poor girl turned mournfully away, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into a flood of tears.

By this time the other canoe had come up, and six or eight stout Indians were surrounding the wigwam. They immediately drew away the body of their chief; and, as it fell outwards, those within were uncertain whether or not the wound was mortal. A council was now held by the besiegers as to what mode of action should be adopted. Some proposed to fire through the sides of the hut; others to burn it; but both of these plans were rejected, as it would endanger the lives of Shaomet and his daughter, which was far from being their object; for Shaomet had been a bold and renowned chief, and still possessed much influence among the neighboring tribes; while the beauty of the girl obtained for her an influence and celebrity, but little less extensive than her father's, though of an entirely different kind. At last it was decided to burst into the wigwam, and secure the fugitives, doing no harm to the old man or his daughter, even though they had endeavored to give protection to their enemy.

Whilst they were hesitating what course to pursue, William reloaded the rifle, together with an old musket which he found hanging in the tent. As soon as the door opened, and an Indian appeared, he fired.

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The shot was effectual, but still the odds were fearful. Another and another savage entered, and the foremost had already levelled his rifle at William's heart. The musket was in Shaomet's hand; with the quickness of his youth he brought the piece to his shoulder. It missed fire. In another instant William Russell lay a bleeding corpse.

They immediately advanced to secure his scalp, but the old man would not permit them.

"You have killed my friend," said he, "in my own wigwam, and now I will protect his body while I live. Shaomet is old now — he will soon be buried with his fathers; you may shoot me if you will, but never shall you take his scalp."

All this time Tahattawa sat upon the bundle of fagots in the corner of the tent. She spoke not — moved not. For the sake of her friend — her *sister* as she familiarly called her — she had perilled her own life; nay, what was far more, the life of her betrothed. She had seen her "*sister's*" lover shot down — she had seen her own young chief fall, and of course supposed him dead. Poor girl! A victim to her own benevolence and to the evil passions of others!

The savages, casting a glance round the apartment, and perceiving no other inmate besides Shaomet and his daughter, immediately left the wigwam, and, taking their canoes, went silently down the river.

On the afternoon following the events above related, the little island of Hockanum looked as bright and as beautiful as ever. It was as lovely as if it had not witnessed the tragic scenes of the preceding night. The bright sun shone gaily upon it; the birds warbled their sweet notes; the soft breeze played among the bright green leaves; and the whole spot looked like a little paradise; — a sad contrast to two hearts that were even then in its bosom.

The friends of William Russell had already assembled to perform the last sad duties to his remains. He was to be interred here, in accordance with the request of her who was to have been his bride.

"Here," said she, "here on this little island he was slain, and here let him be buried. Here I will spend many of my hours; I will plant flowers around his grave. Here I can come and weep, away from all eyes but the eye of Him who has seen fit to afflict me thus."

The ceremony had just been performed and they were just turning away from the grave, when all eyes were directed to a canoe which was slowly moving up the river. It had two occupants. One sat motionless in the stern — the other was gently using the paddle. As it approached the island, Tahattawa regarded it with a fixed and earnest gaze. As she did so her heart beat quick and her eyes darted with joy.

"It is — it is *he*," cried she, "Wawhillowa;" and away she bounded to the shore. As the canoe touched the bank, the Indian, who sat in the stern, stepped on shore. The next instant his companion pushed off, turned down the stream, and quickly disappeared from view.

Wawhillowa — for it was he — advanced with a few staggering, uncertain steps towards the girl, but before they met, he fell headlong on the ground. Those who had been standing around the grave now approached. The girl sat holding his head, and chafing his temples with her hands. He had fainted. The blood was slowly oozing from a wound by a rifle ball in the right breast. It appeared to have bled considerably, for it had run down even to his ankle, and the right leggin was deeply stained. Tahattawa looked the very image of despair. Hope had been kindled in her breast only to be destroyed, and her poor heart could hardly contain its grief.

Shaomet ran to his tent, and brought a calabash full of water from the river, and some being sprinkled on the face of the young warrior, he slowly revived. Turning a melancholy glance on those around them, his eye brightened for a moment, and the sternness of his features relaxed as his look rested on the face of his betrothed.

"Tahattawa," said he, in a feeble voice, "I am dying. Bury me — here — on the island. I am going — to the — happy — hunting grounds. See! — the spirit — of my father — calls me. — Ha! It grows dark — Tahattawa!"

The poor girl bent over him till her face rested on his bosom. When she again raised her eyes, the spirit of the Nonotuck chief had departed, and she looked on the cold, fixed features of the dead.

Another grave was dug close by the side of the one which had just been filled. Some of the friends of the "pale-face" objected to the burial of an Indian so near the body of their own kindred, but the sisters wished it, and their feelings were regarded. He was buried, after the manner of his people — his face towards the rising sun. His hunting weapons were buried with him. There they lay — two fierce and haughty spirits. They would not hold fellowship in life, but in *death* they sleep side by side.

From that hour the hearts of the two survivors were as one. Theirs had been a sad and mournful fate. Their destinies were similar. They lived — lived long — and as happily as two could live whose first dream of bliss had been thus cruelly broken. They lived to atone for the faults of those whom they had loved. They were never separated during their lives, and nearly at the same time the summons came to both to go and meet their Judge. They have long since passed away. Their clay has "returned to earth as it was, and their spirits have gone to the God who gave them."

UNIONVILLE, Mass.

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SHAKSPEARE.—No. II.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

HAMLET.

None of Shakspeare's characters are insignificant. If I had been Garrick or Mrs. Siddons, I should have tried sometimes, as an experiment, the most apparently trifling of his personages. I believe they would give room for striking development, only there is this objection—neither Siddons nor Garrick, nor any other of the great actors *could* take parts promiscuously from the crowd. They are too unlike each other. They are too essentially different identities to permit of being represented by one. Garrick might take Macbeth in the play—and *Scrub* in the afterpiece, and do them both well; but he could not play equally well with two such opposite characters by Shakspeare. No actor has appeared *capable* of playing all his principal tragic *rôles* well. It is sufficient honor to attain to the height of illustrating one or two. Kean, for example, was very great in Lear and Richard. He was fine, by starts, in Othello, but not equally so. He wanted sustained simplicity and calm grandeur. Othello was a hero of nature: he had the quiet self respect of a long successful soldier. Kean did not satisfy me, as a whole, in Othello. I like Forrest, in many respects, better. I saw Forrest play the part at Drury Lane one night far beyond what I had ever seen before; particularly the first half of the play was perfect; the last I thought wanted, although in a slight degree, that mellowing and chastening which time gives to a painting, and will, doubtless, perhaps *has* given, to this part of that dignified and impressive portraiture. He carried with him a crowded and intellectual audience—and, at certain points, profound and unbreathing silence—the highest applause—indicated the grasp this distinguished tragedian had on the minds of the people who have beheld the character so often and so grandly given—and so often and ably criticised. Cassio's drunken scene was full of the thrilling strokes of a master.

Of the characters in these plays we may always speak as of historical characters—as if they had lived—just as the poet drew them. Men always do speak of them so. The *opinions*, even of these Shakspearian men and women, have authority in the senate and the field—at the bar and in the pulpit. Many a statesman—many an editor has struck at his antagonist with a citation, not from *Shakspeare*, but from his men and women. By a common consent of two centuries, Othello and Macbeth, Lear and Coriolanus, have *lived*—they have been substantial beings—their real historical individuality has passed into their dramatic being—and they appeal to our minds from the scenes where Shakspeare left them. So with all his vast crowd of people. A young man who has made himself really acquainted with this assemblage, will have formed valuable friends and advisers; and should he select properly the persons whose opinions he means to act on, he will live a happier and a wiser life than he could without them.

I have said there is no insignificant character in Shakspeare; so I may say there is scarcely one which would not make the subject of an interesting volume. As classes of men, scores of volumes might yet be written on the kings, the queens, the generals, the rebels, the usurpers—on the mothers, the children, the self-murderers, the assassins—on the poor and the rich, the innocent and the guilty—on the supernatural characters—on the noblemen and the peasants—on the fools and drunkards—on the spirits—on justices and physicians, landlords and servants—on sea captains, lawyers and executioners—on mobs and fairies—on Spaniards, Italians English and Frenchmen—on Romans, Jews, shepherds, shepherdesses and wenches, courtiers, pages, etc., etc., etc. Indeed, there is scarcely an end to the various relations in which his characters may be considered; each one may be performed with effect. Nature has made, or will make, some particular mortals gifted with a distinct capacity to represent one of each of them—as Mrs. Siddons was for Lady Macbeth, and Kean for Lear. The greatest actors seem but prophets fitted to illustrate one or two of his creations. Some of them have never yet been represented as they may be. Probably Lady Macbeth, and Queen Catharine, in Henry VIII. will never be better given—as also Richard, Lear, and several others; but I suspect many of the subordinate *rôles* are yet to be filled.

There really are many indications which bear out the praise of the commentators, that this world was not *large* enough for his genius. His spirits, magicians, monsters, and ghosts, are evidences of it. Other writers have resorted to these materials before him, but only as a mode of acting on human feelings. It was reserved for Shakspeare to make us as well

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acquainted with the secret heart of a *ghost* as of a mortal. Hamlet's spectre not only frightens and startles us — he touches our feelings. We see into that unearthly mind — that solitary, disembodied being — revisiting the scene of its mortal life, but indicating, fearfully, by its stealthy dim night walks — the solemn march with which it goes slow and stately by — its allusions to things too frightful for human ears — its guilty starting at the crowing of the cock, and its hurrying back to its nameless and awful task — its anguish-stricken bewailings over the earthly state of peace and happiness from which it was so ruthlessly hurled — indicating by all these and many more expressive tokens, the dark and sublime load of woe it bears, and appealing to our sympathy with terrible power. Ulrici may have found, in this scene, grounds for his theory.

The character of the unhappy exile from earth to the secret and impenetrable abode of spirits, is drawn with as much reality as that of Hamlet or the grave digger. There are two or three touches of individuality which invest it with a singular attraction. It is not only a ghost; it is *the* ghost of a particular individual — of a majestic, noble, benevolent, affectionate king, overwhelmed by a mighty calamity: the victim of the most shameful lewdness — the blackest treachery that ever was seen — and deploring, "in fire," the "foul crimes" done in his "days of nature." We are not to presume he had been a peculiarly wicked man, but he was *suddenly* called to his account before he could *prepare himself to die.*

What a sublime hint of christianity is this, and how fraught with a tremendous lesson to all mankind. Death itself is not the misfortune; it is death to an unprepared spirit. That he was

> "Sleeping, by a brother's hand
> Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched,"

is not so terrible as that he was cut off even in *the blossoms of his sins* —

> "Unhouseľd, disappointed, unaneľd:
> *No reckoning made*, but sent to my account
> *With all my imperfections on my head.*

I have always thought this one of the sublimest and most terrible reaches of our author's genius. All earthly misfortunes, regarded in their temporary consequences are, of course, unworthy to be placed in comparison with the misfortune of the immortal disembodied soul. The wreck of old Lear's mind, the agonizing fall of Othello from bliss, the banishment and murder of Coriolanus, the stern fate of the sweet Juliet and her tender Romeo — all fall short of the horror of this spectral lamentation, coming up from the central caves of the earth, or the yet more unimaginable caverns of hell itself, and deploring in the "dead waste and middle of the night," the vast, dire and unnameable wo it suffers from its unreflecting manner of living while yet a mortal tenant of the globe, and when the means of *making its reckoning* were yet within its power, and had been so unwisely neglected. Had this unhappy creature been a thinking and pious person, the sudden blow would not have found it unprepared. It would not have been wasting the precious hours of age in *the blossoms of its sin.* It would not have deferred the imperative duty of making its peace with the creator, and of endeavoring, (*before* the condemnation "to fast in fire") to purify itself from earthliness — from the enervating and selfish tendencies of luxury and royal power, and from the soils and weaknesses of youthful passions, uncurbed, and the follies — perhaps we may also with justice term them "foul crimes" — which all mortals commit in a greater or less degree.

In these few words is a grave lesson to the men of the present living world. Many of the most prominent characters in history have felt, in time, the importance of the mighty truth which this "poor ghost" had neglected — and, by withdrawing from active life, as old age came on, and devoting themselves to reflection, to self-examination and self-purification, to thoughts of death and communion with their Maker, have endeavored to prepare themselves for the closing scene. Men require this process. We are all heated with the cares and passions of life, and cherish in our breasts flames which ought to be extinguished before we enter the presence of our Maker. Some abandon themselves to such unworthy wishes, to such mean, selfish and ridiculous opinions and determinations, that the years of ordinary old age cannot be too long to enable us to regain our balance, and to recover (or if we have never had it, to acquire) the dignity of a moral being. What a picture is presented to the imagination by the thought of a *miser* standing before the throne of God. How would a *profligate* feel, restored, as he will be by death, to a true estimation of himself, on being thrust suddenly before the dread tribunal; or, what would be the sensations of an arrogant, presumptuous man, going through life with no thought but himself and his own greatness, on being, like the ghost of Hamlet, "cut off" even in the blossoms of his sins, *no reckoning made*, "but sent to his account" with all his imperfections on his head? What would be the feelings of any mere worldly man — one who had been a cruel persecutor and oppressor — who had taken the bread from the widow and orphan?

All men have not sinned equally, but all men have sinned. It is not likely any one has gone through the world without having an opportunity of feeling, with a most bitter humiliation, the innate depravity and woful weakness of human nature, unless *sustained* by the creating hand. Trusted to themselves the stoutest will faint, the purest will be soiled. The events of life act upon the heart with a kind of chemical power, extracting from it baseness and weakness, as poison may be extracted from flowers. Perhaps this is capable of being turned to good, if read aright. For the heart which has looked in upon itself, with distrust and shame, is wiser and purer than any other: it is stronger also. To come to the feet of the Creator with a *true* trust in him, is almost impossible, till we have seen the shipwreck of self confidence, and felt that by ourselves we are less than nothing.

After a life, then, of action, and of temptation, of false hopes, ill placed affections, frivolous desires and enjoyments, and perhaps impious and guilty occupations, how happy he who has the wisdom to

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break away from them *himself*, before inexorable fate calls him, and who cleanses and prepares his spirit for the great change it is destined to undergo. I will not enter here upon the graver tenets of religion, but surely we may believe that he who sees time the nature of sin, and disentangles himself from its snares — who spends the latter years of his life in a sincere endeavor to become what he ought to be, and to release his spirit from the world before his body is called away, if he cannot wholly efface the traces of sin, may soften them.

For my part, although not an old man, I begin already to look upon human life more as a spectator than an actor, and to feel myself within the sublime and mysterious attraction of another world. I distrust the effect upon me of the collisions, temptations and pleasures which I may yet have to encounter — and I feel a hesitation even in wishing for wealth or worldly honors. The idea of a hereafter — of the actual visible presence of my Maker — is becoming every day less remote and more familiar to me. It hushes the voice of indignation, and checks the impulse of contempt — which, when I keep my eyes on this world alone, I cannot always master. It teaches me that my mortal part, as far as related to earthly things, is a brief, passing shadow — that the world is but the reflection of one point in the career of the soul — that human vice and folly are but mysteries of nature, and that human passions were given us as our slaves — not our masters. No medicine — no magnetism can have a more striking influence than this thought, upon the physical as well as the moral part of me; and when I enter the chamber where a dead man is lying, I feel all that is *bad* within me so rebuked, silenced and destroyed — and all that is good so awakened, so pure, sustaining and holy, that I have little enthusiasm to search after the vain phantoms of mere earthly philosophy, or earthly happiness. I see only the form of religion, ever calm, ever young, standing above the wreck of the mortal universe, and pointing to another and a better one.

What a powerful stroke of dramatic art is it then in our great poet to throw this idea, not into the voice of a sage or a preacher, but to announce it to startled generations from the dim faded lips of a suffering spirit.

It has been a custom with many great characters, both of ancient and modern times, to devote the latter part of their lives to this moral preparation. It seems as if a kind Providence had conceived old age on purpose for this process. If we have lived properly, our minds will then have become cultivated in proportion as the body, that great tempter, has been weakened; and we are called upon to retire from the active world just when we are become unfit for it. Yet how many old men do we see clinging to its gilded toys, empty hopes, and frivolous amusements, without a thought of any thing beyond; or, how many a grey head is at this moment working schemes which might better become the imagination of the thoughtless school-boy, or the grovelling nature of the brute. In how many a heart, which should be the altar only for the pure, silent, undying flame of piety, do we see the unholy passions of earth burning beneath a hand which ever feeds with the impurest food their vain fires. How few are there among aged men who have thought of letting loose their hold on earth, of slackening their pursuit after wealth or vain distinctions, of turning their minds to the period (which to-morrow may bring) when all things not connected with their future career shall seem to them like infant toys.

I often think of that poor ghost's touching lament, and hope that death may not find me thus unprepared. I take a profound lesson from this profoundest of mortal teachers, and learn to go through the earth like a passing traveller, paying but a brief visit of curiosity and instruction to its beautiful wonders, but who does not mean to build, even in the fairest of its bowers, or by the most tempting of its streams — because his home is in another country, to which all that he has and all that he loves is either gone or going.

How deeply Shakspeare — even the laughter-loving, etherial, sunshiny Shakspeare, was impressed with the same thought, you may gather from his works. It is not the night-walking spirit alone who utters to mankind this sublime truth, but the most high climbing and successful of his living personages also proclaim it. *Prospero*, among others, in a solemn and touching remark, betrays how full he is of the nothingness of mere human life. After having given utterance to that most magnificent of all the sublime breathings of a thoughtful mind —

> "And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

He invites his companions to his cell:

> "Where you shall take your rest
> For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
> With such discourse, as I no doubt, shall make it
> Go quick away: the story of my life,
> And the particular accidents gone by,
> Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
> I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
> Where I have hope to see the nuptial
> Of these, our dear belov'd, solemnized;
> And thence, *retire me to my Milan, where*
> *Every third thought shall be my grave.*"

It is true this man has made himself a *magician* for the purposes of the poem; yet the reflection is that of a christian turning away from the most splendid paths of this world to prepare himself for the next. Of the *Tempest* it may be said, in passing, that over it hangs a beautiful mystery which has not, that I am aware of, yet been explained. There is some deeper meaning in the extraordinary contrast of characters, in the delicate and harshly used Ariel — in the brutish and diabolical Caliban,

> "Which any print of goodness will not take,
> Being capable of all ill:"

and yet, by a mysterious exercise of power, obliged to obey an art sufficiently strong to control his "dam's god Setebos." I am so accustomed, in the works of Shakspeare, as in those of nature, to look for meaning where all seems most capricious, that I dwell with a kind of delightful curiosity over the

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grand and not yet all explained lessons of this fascinating creation. What a delightful amusement for an old age of leisure to relieve its graver moments by a habitual study of Shakspeare!

To return a moment to the spirit of Hamlet. The *human traces* found in this pale spectre are great heighteners of our interest in it, and of the probabilities of its existence. The return to Elsinore, and to the platform before the castle, in the night, when the sentinels are on guard — its appearance first to the soldiers on the watch — then to Horatio, who has been induced to watch by the report of it — its sudden appearance, and equally abrupt disappearance — giving an idea of capricious impulses and laws not within the reach of mortal conjecture — its seeking out *its son* as the confidant of the amazing secret, are all ghost-like, and yet show the shadow of mortality. Its dismal, half-breathed, mysterious revelations of what it is undergoing in its new abode, are spectral to the last degree; but there is nothing which elevates it to a higher and nobler place in our commiseration, than the exquisitely tender allusion to the guilty queen. This is the mortal, always majestic, superior, merciful and refined — but now enlightened and subdued by the influences of its new state.

> "But, how-so-ever thou pursu'st this act,
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
> To prick and sting her."

And then the startled, reluctant, yet abrupt and compelled return.

> "Fare thee well *at once!*
> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
> Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me."

Again, in the scene where Hamlet kills Polonius, and reveals to his mother his full knowledge of her crime, the spirit wo-stricken, and bringing with it always the terrible cold breath of the other world — yet still, with the lingerings of human affection, is touched with pity at the terror and suffering of her whom it had once loved:

> "But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
> Oh, step between her and her fighting soul;
> Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
> Speak to her Hamlet."

BALLAD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

GLOOMILY the river floweth,
Close by her bower door,
And drearily the nightwind bloweth
Across the barren moor.

It rustles through the withered leaves
Upon the poplars tall,
And mutters wildly 'neath the eaves
Of the unlighted hall.

The waning moon above the hill
Is rising strange and red,
And fills her soul, against her will,
With fancies lone and dread.

The stream all night will flow as dreariful,
The wind will shriek forlorn,
She fears — she knows that something fearful
Is coming ere the morn.

The curtains in that lonely place
Wave like a heavy pall,
And her dead mother's pale, pale face
Doth flicker on the wall.

And all the rising moon about
Her fear did shape the clouds,
And saw dead faces staring out
From coffins and from shrouds.

A screech-owl now, for three nights past,
Housed in some hollow tree,
Sends struggling up against the blast
His long shriek fearfully.

Strange shadows waver to and fro,
In the uncertain light,
And the scared dog hath howled below
All through the weary night.

She only feels she is weak
And fears some ill unknown,
She longs, and yet she dreads to shriek
It is so very lone.

Her eyeballs in their sockets strain,
Till the nerves seem to snap,
When blasts against the window-pane
Like lean, dead fingers tap.

And still the river floweth by
With the same lonely sound,
And the gusts seem to sob and sigh,
And wring their hands around.

Is that a footstep on the stair,
And on the entry-floor?
What sound is that, like breathing, there?
There, close beside the door!

Hush! hark! that was a dreadful sigh!
So full of woe, so near!
It were an easier thing to die
Than feel this deadly fear.

One of her ancestors she knew
A bloody man had been,
They found him here, stabb'd through and through,
Murdered in all his sin.

The nurse had often silenced her,
With fearful tales of him —
God shield her! did not something stir
Within that corner dim?

A gleam across the chamber floor —
A white thing in the river —
One long, shrill, shivering scream, no more,
And all is still forever!

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THE ROMAN BRIDE.

A TALE OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," ETC.

THE might and glory which had of yore reared the imperial city to its throne of universal domination, had long ago departed from the degenerate and weak posterity of the world's conquerors! The name of Roman was but the lucid meteor of the charnel imparting a faint lustre to corruption and decay! The bold hordes of the hardy north had oftentimes already avenged the wrongs done by the elder Cæsar, while the frail silken puppets, who had succeeded to his style and station, trembled in the unguarded capital at every rumor from beyond the Danube. For, to the limits of that mighty river had they extended, years before the time of which we write, their arms, their arts, their sciences, and their religion — the pure and holy doctrines of the crucified Redeemer. All the Dalmatian coast of the bright gulf of Venice, now little more known than the wilds of central Asia, was studded with fair towns, and gorgeous palaces, and gay suburban villas; and all the wide spread plains of Thrace and Thessaly, now forest-clad and pathless, save to the untamed klepht or barbarous tartar, waved white with crops of grain, and blushed with teeming vineyards, and nurtured a dense happy population. At times indeed the overwhelming deluge of barbarian warfare had burst upon those fertile regions; and, wheresoever it burst,

"With sweepy sway
Their arms, their arts, their gods were whirled away—"

yet ever, when the refluent billows ebbed, the grass had sprung up green and copious even in the horse tramps of the innumerable cavalry that swelled the armies of the north, and the succeeding summer had smiled on meads and vineyards abundant as before, and on a population careless and free and jocund.

But now a mightier name was on the wind—a wilder terror was abroad — Attila! — Attila — the dread Hun! Still all as yet was peace; and, although rumors were abroad of meetings beyond the Danube; of the bent bow — emblem of instant warfare—sent with the speed of horse o'er moor, morass, and mountain — although the tribute, paid yearly by the degenerate Cæsars, had been refused indignantly by the bold Marcian — bold, and wise, and worthy the best days of the republic!—although from all these tokens prudent men had foreseen the wrath to come, and brave men armed to meet it, and cowards fled before it; still careless and improvident the crowd maintained their usual demeanor, and toiled, and laughed, and bought, and sold, and feasted, and slept sound o' nights, as though there were no such things on earth as rapine, and revenge, and merciless unmitigated war.

It was as sweet and beautiful an evening in the early autumn as ever looked down with bright and cheerful smile from the calm heavens upon man's hour of rest, what time the labor and the burthen of the day all past and over, he gathers round him his blythe household, and no more dreaming of anxiety or toil or sorrow, looks confidently forward to a secure night and happy morrow. And never did the eye of day, rising or sitting, look down from his height upon a brighter or a happier assemblage than was gathered on that evening in a sweet rural villa, scarce a mile distant from the gates of Singidurum one of the frontier towns of Masia on the Danrube

It was a wedding eve — the wedding of two beings both young and beautiful and loving. Julia, the fairest of the province, the bright and noble daughter of its grave proconsul, famed for her charms, her arts, her wit and elegance, even in the great Rome itself before her father had taken on himself — alas! in an evil hour — the duties and the honors of that remote provincial government — and brave Aurelius, the patrician — Aurelius, who, though not yet had he reached his thirtieth summer, had fought in nine pitched battles, besides affairs of posts and skirmishes past counting — won no less than five civic crowns, for the lives saved of Romans on the field, and collars, and horse trappings, and gold bracelets, as numerous as were awarded to the deeds of Marius, when valor was a common virtue in Rome's martial offspring.

They were a noble pair, and beautiful, as noble — well-matched — she, light as the summer cloud and airy as its zephyr and graceful as the vine that waves at every breath — he vigorous and tall as the young oak before the blight of eld has gnarled one giant limb or scathed one wreath of its dark foliage.

Delicate, fair, and slender and tall beyond the middle height of woman with a waist 'shaped to love's wish' and every graceful outline full of rich sounded symmetry, young Julia was a thing to dream of as the inhabitant of some far bright Elysian, rather than to behold as an inmate of the rude heartless world. It seemed as though it were a sin that the sun's ardent kiss should visit her transparent cheek too warmly, that any breath but that of the

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softest summer gale should wanton in the luxuriant ringlets of her long silky auburn hair — her eyes were blue and clear as the bosom of some pure moonlit fountain, and there was in them a wild, yet not unquiet gaze, half languor and half tenderness. She was indeed a creature but little fitted to battle with the cares and sorrows of this pilgrimage, and as she leaned on the stalwart arm of her warrier lover, hanging upon him as if confident in his vast strength and relying absolutely on his protection, and fixing the soft yearning gaze of those blue eyes full on his broad brow and expressive lineaments, no one could doubt that she had chosen well the partner who should support and guide her through this vale of tears and sin and sorrow.

But who thought then of tears — who ever dreamed of sorrow? The day had been passed happily — alas! how happily! — in innocent and pure festivity — the blythe dance on the velvet greensward, the joyous ramble amid the trelliced vines, the shadowy cypresses, the laurelled mazes of the garden; with lyre and lute and song, and rich peals of the mellow flute and melancholy horn blent with the livelier clashing of the cymbals, waking at intervals the far and slumbering echoes of the dark wilderness beyond the Danube. Oh! had they but known what ears were listening to their mirthful music, what eyes were gloating with the fierce lust of barbarous anticipation on their fair forms and radiant faces, what hearts were panting amid the dense and tangled forests for the approaching nightfall — how would their careless mirth have been converted into despair and dread and anguish, their languishing and graceful gait into precipitate and breathless flight — those blythe light hearted beings!

The sun sat glowing in the west — glowing with the bright promise of a lovely morrow — and many an eye dwelt on his waning glories, and drew bright augeries from the rich flood of lustre, which streamed in hues of varying rose and gold up to the purpled zenith; while on the opposite verge of heaven, the full orbed moon had hung already her broad shield of virgin silver, with Lucifer the star of love kindling his diamond lamp beside her.

"Farewell, great sun — and blessings be upon thy course" — whispered Aurelius to his lovely bride, as hanging fondly on his arm, she watched from the Ionic porticoes of spotless Parian marble, the last sun of her maiden days — "that thou hast set so calm and bright, and with such promise of a glorious future — Hail, Julia, Hail with me the happy omen!"

"To-morrow" — she replied in tones of eloquent music, half blushing as she spoke even at the intensity of her own feelings — "To-morrow, my Aurelius, I shall be thine, all thine!" —

"And art thou not all mine, even now, beloved — By the bright heavens above us — for long — long years! — my heart with all its hopes and fears and aspirations, my life with its whole crime and purpose — my soul with its very essence and existence have been thine — all! all thine — my Julia — and art not thou mine, now! — why what save death should sever us? —"

"Talk not of death!" — she answered with a slight shiver running through all her frame — "Talk not of death, Aurelius — I feel even now as if his icy breath was blowing on my spirit, his dim and awful shadow reflecting darkness on my every thought — dost thou believe, Aurelius, that passing shades like these, which will at times sadden and chill the soul, are true presentiments of coming evil?"

"That do I not — sweet love" — he answered — "that do I not believe; when by chance or some strain of highly wrought and thrilling sentiment the heartstrings of us mortals are attuned too high beyond their wont, like harp chords, they will harmonize to any sound or sentiment that accords to their own spirit pitch; and, neither sad nor joyous in themselves, will respond readily to either grief or sorrow: that, feeling no cause for mirth or gloom, we fancy them prophetic feelings, when they are but reflected tones, and so disquiet ourselves often with a vain shadow!"

"Well — she replied, still sadly — "I wish it may be so, as I suppose it is. Yet — yet — I would it were to-morrow!"

"Come, come! I must not have thee thus sad on an eve like this, my Julia — lo! they have lighted up the hall — and the banquet is spread, and the wine poured — the queen of the feast must not be absent!"

And shaking off the gloom which had, she knew not why, oppressed her, she turned with one long lingering last glance to the sun as he disappeared behind the dark tree tops which seemed to swallow him up in an unnatural gloom, and entered the vast hall which, hung with tapestries of silk and gold, and garlanded with wreaths of choice flowers, and reeking with unnumbered perfumes, lighted with lamps of gold pouring their soft illumination over the gorgeous boards, shewed like a very palace of the senses.

The bridal strains burst forth harmonious at the first, and slow and solemn, but quickening and thrilling as they rose, till every ear that heard them responded to their enlivening impulse, and every bosom glowed and panted to their expressive cadences. The wine went round, and laughter circled with it, and many a tender glance was interchanged, and many a whisper that called up burning blushes, and many a pressure of young hands betwixt those, who hoped that as this night to Julia and Aurelius, so should one be for them at no far distant! — and many prayed that such might be their lot — and many envied them! — Oh God, what blinded worms we be — when left to our own guidance!

The bridal feast was over — the bridal hymns were hushed — the banquet hall was left deserted — for in an inner chamber all hung with spotless white at a small altar placed beneath a cross gorgeous with gold and jewels stood Julia and Aurelius — the tender and solicitous mother and the gray headed noble father at her side — the priest of God before them, and all the joyous company hushed in mute awe, that arose not from fear — and the faith of that bright pair was plighted, and the gold ring set on the

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slender finger, and the last blessing was pronounced, and they two were made one.

Just in that breathless pause as the words of the priest ceased to sound, although their cadences were still ringing in the ears of all who heard them — there was a sudden rustle heard without, and a dread cry. "The city! — the city! — Singidurum!" So piercing was the cry, that not one of all those who heard it, but felt that something dreadful was in progress — in an instant the whole company rushed out into the portico — and lo! one flood of crimson flame was soaring up the sky from what an hour before had been a beauteous and a happy town — and a confused din of roars and howls burst with the shrill yells of despairing women, the clash of arms, and the thundering downfall of towns, palaces, and temples, filled the whole atmosphere with fiendish uproar. Scarce had they time to mark, or comprehend what they beheld, before, about them, and around, on every side came the thick beating hoofs — and in another moment they might see the myriads of the Hunish horsemen circling them in on every side, and cutting off all hope of flight or rescue with a dark living rampart. "Romans," Aurelius shouted — "Romans to arms — for life, and liberty, and vengeance!"

His words were obeyed instantly, for all perceived their truth — but what availed it? To hew down a dozen trees and batter down the village gates was but a moment's work for the blood-thirsty hordes who swarmed around the building. The outer gate was shattered in a moment — the inner, frailer yet, gave at the first assault, and now no bulwark was left any longer to the Romans save in their own good swords and stalwart sinews! Bravely they fought — aye, desperately — heaping the marble floors with mangled carcasses, and dying, each man where he stood, where the sword smote or javelin pierced him, dauntless and undismayed. Long they fought, for each Roman slain cutting down ten barbarians — but by degrees they were borne back — back at the sword's point, foot by foot — and marking every step by their own streaming gore. At the hour's end but five were left — five, and all wounded, and one old: the father of the wretched Julia, Aurelius and his brother, and two young nobles of the province. Retreating, step by step, they were at last driven back into the bridal chamber — the altar stood there yet, and the great cross above it, and the priest clinging to the cross, and at his feet the bride, with her fair tresses all dishevelled and all her lovely comrades prostrate upon the ground around her. The door was barred within — brief respite, no defence — and the strong men leaned upon their weapons in despair and gazed on one another, and then from one another to the women. It was a sad and awful scene. A rush of heavy feet was heard without — a halt, and then a rustling sound, with now a clang of steel and now the clatter of a grounded spear, as if the multitude was getting silently into array and order — a pause, and a loud cry! — "Attila! — Attila! — the king!"

Then came a slow and measured footstep striding up to the door — one short and heavy blow upon the pannel, as with a sword's hilt — and a stern, grave voice exclaimed "Open!"

"I will," answered Aurelius, "they would destroy it in an instant — it is but one chance in a myriad, but best trust to his mercy." With the words he drew back bar after bar, and threw the door wide open — and there! there on the very threshold, with his swart cicatrized features, and short, square, athletic form, sheathed in scale armor of a strange device, with the hideous Charnteau head gleaming out grim and awful from his breastplate, and the strange sword — all iron, hilt and blade, and guard and scabbard — his weapon and his God, firmly grasped in his right hand, but as yet bloodless — there stood the dreadful Hun!

"Death," he exclaimed — "Death to all who resist," in tones singularly deep and stern and solemn — "Mercy to those who yield them!"

"Do with us as thou wilt, great king," returned Aurelius steadily, lowering as he spoke his sword's point — "but spare our women's honour!"

"Down with thy weapon, or die, Roman!" thundered the monarch, striding forward as he spoke and raising his sword high.

"The terms, great Attila?"

"Death for resistance! — Mercy for surrender! — A king's love for fair women!" shouted the Hun, enraged at finding opposition where he dreamed not of meeting any, and his blood fired almost beyond endurance by the exquisite charms of the women, whom he could clearly see beyond their few defenders.

"Then die, Aurelius! die as becomes a Roman — and by the Heavens above us both, I will die with you," exclaimed Julia, nerved by despair to courage.

"Ha! wilt thou?" exclaimed Attila; "Onegisus, reserve that girl who spoke so boldly, and that black-haired maid with the jewelled collar, for the king's pleasure! Make in, Huns," he added in an appalling shout — "kill, win, enjoy — but leave this dog to me!" and with the word he assailed, sword in hand, the new-made husband. One deadly close charge, and the four defenders were hewn down — yea! hewn limb from limb, by a hundred weapons — and then what followed was too terrible for words — enough! all that war has most horrible — murder and agony and violation, in their worst, most accursed shapes, reigned there and revelled fiends incarnate.

Onegisus had seized the bride and the other wretched girl indicated by the king, and they were for the moment safe among the tumult — and still Aurelius and Attila fought hand to hand, unwounded, and well paired, a perilous and deadly duel. And ever as she stood there, unconscious of the hellish deeds that were in progress round her, she gazed with a calm, fearless eye upon her bridegroom. Onegisus had her grasped firmly by the left arm, and as she neither strove, nor shrieked, nor struggled, but stood still as a marble statue, he thought no more about it, but gazed himself with all his eyes upon the combat. At last, as if by mutual consent, the champions paused for breath.

"Thou art brave, Roman," said the Hun, in his

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deep, stern, low tones, not seeming in the least degree disturbed or out of wind—"Attila loves the brave!—Live and be free!"

"Her honour, mighty Attila—my young bride's honour—be merciful and generous as thou art brave and noble."

"Choose—fool!" the king exclaimed in a voice resembling more the growl of a famished tiger than any human sound—"choose between life or death!"

"Death or her honor!"

"Then die—idiot—Roman!" sneered the other, and with a fearful cry, grinding his teeth till the foam flew from them as from the tusks of a hunted boar, he leaped upon Aurelius. Three deadly blows were interchanged, and at each blow a wound—but at the fourth, Attila's sword descending like a thunderbolt, shivered the Roman's blade into a thousand pieces, and, glancing from his helmet, alighted on his shoulder, and clove deep into his chest!—he staggered forward, and at the next instant met the sword's point, driven home by a tremendous thrust into his very vitals. Headlong he fell backward; but, as he fell, his glazing eyes turned fearfully toward his loved Julia—they glazed fast—but he saw, and smiled in dying, and died happy! For, as the last blow fell, she saw the fight was over—and by a sudden movement, the less expected from her complete and passive quietude, she snatched a long knife from the girdle of Onegisus, and before he well knew what she had done, much less had time to prevent it, had stabbed herself three times—each time mortally—into her virgin bosom.

"Husband," she cried, "I come!—true to my word—Aurelius—I am thine now—all thine!" and, as the horror-stricken Hun released his hold upon her arm, she darted forward, and threw herself upon the bosom of her brave lord. Convulsively, in the death spasm, his arms closed about her,

And in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

NIAGARA.

[WRITTEN ON THE BANK OF THE NIAGARA RIVER—BETWEEN THE RAPIDS AND THE CATARACT.]

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THEIR roar is round me. I am on the brink
Of the great waters—and their anthem voice
Goes up amid the rainbow and the mist.
Their chorus shakes the ground. I feel the rock
On which my feet hang idly—as they hung
O'er babbling brooks in boyhood—quivering
Under the burst of music. Awful voice!
And strong, triumphant waters! Do I stand
Indeed amid your shoutings? Is it mine
To shout upon this grey cliff, where the bird,
The cloudy monarch-bird, shrieks from his crag,
O'er which he's wheel'd for cent'ries. I lift up
My cry in echo. But no sound is there—
And my shout seems but whisper. I'm afraid
To gaze or listen! Yet my eye and ear
Are servants to a necromance that God
Alone can hold o'er Nature! Ministers,
At this immortal shrine of the Great King!
Ye never tiring waters! Let me pass
Into your presence—and within the veil
That has no holy like it—a great veil,
Within which the omnipotent outspeaks
In thunder and in majesty—within
The shadow of a leaping sea—where He
Opens His lips in wonder—and His brow
Bends 'neath a crown of glory from the skies!

My prayer has speeded to the fount of power—
The veil has lifted—and I've entered in!
I feel like one whose visage has been bar'd
In presence of the Father of all earth—
Like one transported to another sphere,
Of the far company that walks the sky,
Who, in the stern confronting of a God
Has scann'd his own dimensions, and fall'n back
From an archangel's reaching, to a man—
I feel like one on whom eternity
Has graven its large language, in the lines
Which mem'ry may not pass—nor can send back!
I am as one admitted to the door
That bars me from the future—the black port
Whose clust'ring worlds come round, of spirits dim
Beckon'd to mysteries of another land.

Tell not of other portals—tell me not
Of other power or awfulness. If you've stood
Within that curtain of Charybdis—if
You've seen and heard the far-voiced flood above,
Clapping its thousand hands, and heralding
Seas to a new abyss—you have seen all
The earth has of magnificent, like this—
You've stood within a gate that leads to God;
Where the strong beings of his mercy bend
And do his will with power—while they uphold
Our steps that grope the footstool.

O! go in
Say not that to your gaze has been unbar'd
The mightiness of majesty, until
You've stood within the shadow of that sea
And heard it call unto you—until eye
And ear have stood the terrible rebuke
That rolls from those great caverns—till your blood
Flies to its citadel, and you grow white
Within the whirlpool presence of a flood
That leapt thus when on soaring Ararat
Rested the broad bark of a world! say not
The front of glory has been yet reveal'd
Until you've *felt* the tempest in that cloud
And heard, mid rock and roar, that harmony
That finds no echo like it in the sea!

O! go in
All ye who view not earth as monuments
And men as things but built to—to decay;
Pass ye within—ye will take lesson there.
How passing is the littleness of Earth—
How broad the empyrean reach of Heaven—
How fading is the brilliance of a world—
How beautiful the majesty of God!

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THE VAGRANT.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

A man was lying at the further end of a dismal cell, in the prison of Versailles, when one of the jailors, thrusting a huge key into the lock of a small but massive door, roused him with the unwelcome salutation, "come, get up—the time is come, and the gentlemen are waiting for you."

"What, already!" replied the unhappy wretch to whom these words were addressed, and stretching his muscular limbs, he added, "what a pity, I was so sound asleep!"

He rose, shook the bits of straw from his hair and beard, and putting on the remains of an old hat, which had once been white, calmly said, "well, I am ready—the sooner it is over the better."

The executioner, who was waiting with one of his assistants in the outer vestibule of the prison, threw an oblique glance upon the prisoner, then, looking at his watch, exclaimed, "come, make haste! we are already after our time—the market is nearly over."

"Oh, but you have not far to go," replied the turnkey; then addressing the prisoner—"old one," said he, "it will soon be over, and the weather is fine. Here, take this, it will keep up your spirits." And he handed him a glass of brandy, which the prisoner drank off with evident delight.

"Thanks, good master," he replied, returning the glass to the good natured turnkey, "I shall never forget your kindness."

"Well, well," said the latter, "that is settled. Never mind what I do for you, man—it is little enough, God knows—only behave well—dost hear?"

The executioner's man drew from his pocket a long and strong cord, with a slip knot at the end, and tightly tied the hands of the convict, who calmly looked at him, and said not a word. The executioner himself carried a board, on which was a sort of notice, partly printed and partly written; and all three proceeded slowly towards the market place, where the prisoner was to be placed in the pillory for one hour, and exposed to the gibes and taunts of an almost ferocious populace.

From the scaffold to which he was fastened, the old mendicant cast a look of pity upon the crowd, and said—

"Well, and what are you looking at? am I an object of such intense curiosity? But you are right; look at me well, for you shall never more behold me. I shall not return from the place to which they are going to take me—not that I fear a dungeon, for I have been too long accustomed to have no other bed than the cold ground. No, I shall return hither no more; and I should have done well had I not returned this time. But I could not help it. I was born here, though I never told any body so; and I love the spot where I first drew breath. 'Tis natural enough; yet why should I love it? I never knew either home or parents—the latter left me, when an infant, upon the steps of the church of St. Louis."

Here the sun-burnt countenance of the old mendicant assumed an expression of bitterness.

"Who knows," he continued, "but I may have among you some uncles or cousins—perhaps even nearer relatives."

The crowd gathered round the scaffold, listening to the words of the mendicant.

"And my excellent father," said the latter, "what a pity he is not here to own me! Perhaps he would be delighted at the *elevation* to which I have attained. For my own part, I never had a son; but if I had, I could not have deserted him. He should never have been able to reproach me with being the author of his misery. The other day I was hungry—I asked for a morsel of bread—every body refused to give it me; and that is the reason why *I* am here."

As the old man uttered the last sentence, his head fell upon his chest, and he wept.

At length the executioner returned, accompanied by his assistant, who carried upon his shoulders a furnace, in which was an iron instrument, with a long wooden handle. Both ascended the scaffold, and placed themselves behind the mendicant. The crowd drew nearer. The executioner's man laid the mendicant's shoulder bare, whilst the executioner himself stooped and took up the instrument. The poor convict shuddered, uttered a plaintive cry, a light smoke arose, and the ignominious letter was imprinted for ever.

The poor man, scarcely able to stand, was helped from the scaffold, and conveyed back to his prison through the crowd, who pressed upon his passage to glut upon his sufferings.

Old Philippe—such was the mendicant's name, was well known in the department of Seine and Oise; but nobody could tell who he was, whence he came, or who his parents were. About fifteen years previous, just after the restoration, he had appeared in the country for the first time. He then asked questions, and seemed in pursuit of information on secret

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matters, of which nobody could penetrate the motive. After some time, he appeared to suffer much, as if from disappointment, and then disappeared. About two years before the period of our narrative, he again made his appearance at Versailles, very much altered, and looking much older. Fortune had not smiled upon him during his absence, for he went away a poor man, and returned a mendicant.

No one knew where he had been, or how he had lived during this interval. It was supposed, that, previous to his first appearance at Versailles, he had travelled a great deal, and even borne arms; for of late years, whenever he obtained the favor of a night's lodging in a barn, he would repay this hospitality by descriptions of foreign countries, and accounts of bloody conflicts.

On the day after his exposure in the pillory, as above related, the following particulars concerning him were made known:—

One evening, faint with hunger and fatigue, after having begged through the environs of Versailles, without once obtaining alms, and his wallet having been empty for the two preceding days, he had stopped at the door of one of those elegant habitations which overlook the heights of Rocquencourt.

He begged a shelter for the night, and a morsel of bread, but both were refused him, and he was rudely driven from the door. Leaning upon his stick, he slowly quitted the inhospitable mansion, and with difficulty gained a part of the demesne laid out in the English style of landscape gardening. Taking shelter under a thick clump of trees, he laid himself upon the grass, to die with the least possible pain.

The autumn had already began. The grass was wet—the wind whistled through the trees, already in part stripped of their leaves—all around was pitchy dark, and every thing seemed to announce an inclement night. Cramped with cold, he felt the most unconquerable gnawings of hunger. Could he but sleep, he thought, perhaps the next day might prove less unfavorable than the two preceding ones. But sleep refused the call, and the poor mendicant suffered the most cruel pangs. Unable to bear them any longer, he rose, took his stick, and returned to the mansion.

He had observed an angle of the wall which could be easily escaladed, and a window badly closed. It was late, the night was dark, and he might perhaps find a bit of bread. At least, he determined to try.

The house was inhabited by an old man of more than eighty—a rich miser, who lived alone, like many of those who go to spend their last days at Versailles. He had perceived the mendicant, and had seen him take refuge under the clump of trees. He ordered his servants to watch him, and scarcely had poor Philippe opened the window, when he was seized, handcuffed, and taken to Versailles, where he was thrown into prison. There, at least, he found shelter, and a bit of bread to eat, which the turnkey gave him from humanity.

At the expiration of six months, the mendicant was convicted at the assizes of the department of Seine et Oise. His sentence was the gallies for fifteen years, and to be previously exposed and branded. He had entered a house at night for the purpose of theft, and with deadly weapons—the possession of the knife, which he usually carried in his pocket, and was found there, being thus interpreted.

A month had already elapsed since he had been publicly branded, and poor Philippe seemed patiently waiting for the time when he was to be sent to his destination at Toulon. He always said that he would not go, and the turnkey did not contradict him.

One evening a small iron lamp upon a shelf, suspended from the wall by a cord on each side, threw a weak and vacillating light upon the gloom of a cell in the prison of Versailles.

Upon a straw matrass, half covered with an old patched blanket, lay a man apparently overcome with weakness and despair. His face was turned towards the wall. An earthen jug without a spout was near him, and close to it a wooden bowl filled with soup.

"Poor Philippe will never get over it," said the turnkey in the corridor, speaking to some one to whom he was showing the way. "But it is his own fault; he would not remain in the infirmary. The fact is, Monsieur le Curé, ever since he exhibited upon the *little stage*, about a month ago—curse this lock, it would sprain the wrist of the devil himself—"

"Peace my friend," replied a mild voice, "do not swear—it is an offence against God."

The door of the prison was at length opened, and the turnkey ushered in a venerable priest, the chaplain of the prison.

"Hollo, old one!" cried the jailor, "take heart, man, here is a visitor. Here is Monsieur le Curé come to see you."

The mendicant made no reply.

"My friend," said the minister of the Gospel, "I am one of your brethren in Christ, and I bring you words of peace and consolation. Hear me, in the name of our Lord Jesus, who died on the cross to atone for our sins—He suffered more than you; and it depends upon yourself to be one day happy, and to dwell with him in eternal life."

Still the prisoner spoke not.

"He sleeps," said the kind-hearted turnkey. "If your reverence will but wait a moment I will awake him." And he shook the mendicant, but in vain—the latter stirred not. "Oh! oh!" said the jailor, leaning over him; "but it is all over with him; he has slipped his wind—the poor fellow's as dead as a door post."

And, in fact, the unfortunate Philippe had ceased to live a few moments after he had been removed, that very morning, at his own request, from the infirmary to his old cell.

"Is the poor man really dead?" inquired the priest.

"Dead as a pickled herring, your reverence."

"And without confession!—unhappy man!"

And the good priest knelt upon the cold flag stones

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and prayed with fervour for the soul of the deceased mendicant.

Next day the wealthy owner of the mansion was reclining in an easy chair, his tortured limbs writhing with agony on the cushions of down by which they were supported. His physician in attendance was seated near him.

"I find myself worse to-day, doctor: I am weaker than I have yet been, and I feel something which I cannot well define."

"At your age, my dear sir, and in your state of health," the physician replied, "you must seek amusement for your mind. I have always told you that solitude is baneful to you. You should send for some members of your own family, or get some devoted friend to come and live with you."

"Family! devoted friend! Why, you well know, doctor, that collaterals are mere heirs; you are in their way whilst you live: they only wait to prey upon your soil after your death."

"But had you never any children?" the doctor asked.

"Never," replied his patient, after some hesitation. "And I have no relations."

Here the unhappy old man sighed, his brow became clouded, and he seemed to writhe in mental agony. Suddenly, by an apparent effort, changing the conversation, and assuming a tone of unconcern —

"Well, doctor," he said, "and so this scoundrel of a mendicant, who, you may be assured, wanted to murder, and afterwards rob me, died yesterday in the prison hospital."

"No, not in the hospital," replied the physician. "I did all I could to induce him to remain in the infirmary; but he refused, and even solicited, as a favour, to be taken back to the cell he occupied before his trial."

"You see then, doctor, what a villain he was. I suppose he felt remorse for the crime he intended to commit in this house. Did he make any avowal? Is any thing known of his family?"

"Nothing, except that he was an illegitimate child, and was found, shortly after his birth, under the peristyle of St. Louis' church."

"St. Louis' church?"

"Yes: and he was taken to the Foundling Hospital in the Rue du Plessis."

"The Rue du Plessis?"

"Yes: he told me the whole story the day before yesterday, at my evening visit to the prison infirmary. He had carefully preserved an old card, upon which were traced some strange characters, and an engraved stone belonging to a seal. He requested me to take charge of them. I believe they are still in my pocket-book. Yes, here they are. This stone must have belonged to a valuable trinket — he probably sold the setting. Here is the card."

The old invalid, whose increasing agitation had not been observed by the doctor, threw a rapid glance over these objects, — then, with a shriek of horror, sunk back upon his chair.

"Great God," he exclaimed, "the mendicant was my son!"

A few minutes after, this unnatural parent had ceased to breathe.

THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS.

ON THE PICTURE IN THE ROTUNDA AT WASHINGTON.

Sweet, gentle girl! in holy meekness bending,
Though of a wilder race and darker hue;
Etherial light is on thy soul descending,
Loveliest of wild flowers! like thy native dew.
Seen in the struggling of that heaving breast,
The quivering lip — the downward, fawn-like eye,
The strange, deep penitence that will not rest,
That gushes tears, and vents the swelling sigh.

From thy dark shades of superstitious lore,
Thou com'st arrayed in purest vestal white,
That he, the man of God, might on thee pour
Jordan's still wave, to give thy blindness sight;
And to that heart, where hath been deeply stealing,
The fading bloom of earth's bright flowery way,
A brighter — far enduring bliss revealing,
In the pure path of Truth's eternal ray.

Bound in the rapture that thy beauty lendeth,
Thy pale-face lover at thy lonely side,
Holdeth with silent joy the book that blendeth
Life and life's hope — its comfort and its guide.
Breathing in his warm look the bliss that springing —
The pure, bright thoughts that thrill his yearning breast,
The golden visions that around are flinging,
Their airy spells of future love and rest.

But there is one upon the ground reposing,
With curious gaze, yet wild, irreverent air,
Whose fallen deer-skin her full charms disclosing,
With beaded arms, and crimson braided hair,
Declares her kindred to thy own wild race,
The swift-foot wanderer of thy early day;
When by Powhatan's stream thy footstep's trace
Told, where like fawns ye frolick'd in your play.

And one, in beauty of majestic form,
Who stands erect, with scorn like lightning's gleam
Darting from eyes as black as ebon-storm,
When midnight revels with its vivid beam —
Who will not brook a sister's sacred vow,
The solemn faith, the strange baptismal rite —
Who will not bend in holy praise, or bow,
When in deep prayer the list'ning throng unite.

Oh! in this hour, while angels' harps are swelling,
The rich rejoicing of the upper skies,
While the sweet anthem of the earth is telling
That one crush'd wild flower 'neath the altar lies.
Would that a ray, from that pure shrine descending,
Might pierce the darkness of thy forest kind —
Lighting a pathway that to thee is lending
Thy surest hope the spirit-home to find.

A. F. M.

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

BON HOMME RICHARD.

THE time sped merrily away in *la belle France*, and months passed, leaving us still in port. In fact, when our craft came to be surveyed, it was found that her hull was so rotten, as to make it dangerous for us to put to sea in her, until she had been thoroughly overhauled. This occasioned some delay. Having but little to do, and finding society thrown freely open to them, the officers spent most of their time in the interchange of courtesies with their affable entertainers. There was beside a good number of French naval officers in the place, and many a wild meeting took place betwixt our mess and them. At length, however, I tired of this, and hearing that Paul Jones was in Paris, I set off for the capital.

That singular individual was, at this time, engaged in fitting out the BON HOMME RICHARD and her accompanying squadron, preparatory to a cruise off the English coasts. He was all enthusiasm as to the success of the expedition, but found great difficulty in procuring a fitting crew. He received me warmly, recognizing me at once, and flatteringly calling to mind several of the affairs in which I had been engaged, and my conduct in which he thought proper to commend. I was gratified by his notice, and spoke in reply something, I know not what, respecting his own career. His eye kindled as he answered—

"Aye! but that is not all—we will make our name a terror to the whole English coast. Had it not been for some knavish foes of our's here, who throw every impediment they can in our way, we should have done deeds before this at which the checks of his majesty of England would have blanched. But our time has come. We have the 'Goodman Richard,' a sturdy old Indiaman, for our own craft, beside the Pallas, a smart ship, the Vengeance brig, and the Cerf, a cutter of metal. They tell me the Alliance is to go with me, under the command of that fellow Landais. So at least Franklin has said—God help his knowledge of naval warfare! However," he continued, with a shrug of his shoulders, "there is no help for it, and the frigate would be quite a God-send if it were not for the commander."

"I understand you have some difficulty in getting a crew—is it so?"

"Yes! And, by the bye, why can't you join me? Come, you are the very man I want."

Flattered as I was by this offer, I could not persuade myself to leave the FIRE-FLY; beside, as the officers in the squadron were to take precedence according to the dates of their commission in the American service, and as I had always served under the commonwealth of New York, I foresaw that my acceptance of this offer would either place me under those who were really my juniors in service, or else occasion jealousies among the parties I should supplant. Moreover, I knew not what might be the eventual determination respecting my craft, and I felt unwilling, in case she should again go to sea, to desert her. I stated my objections frankly to the commodore. He hesitated a moment, and then replied,

"I believe you are right. Yet I am sorry I cannot have you. We sail in a week from L'Orient. Come, at least, and see us off."

I accepted his invitation, and it was with a heavy heart I saw them put to sea. By the end of the month, however, I heard at Paris that the squadron had returned to the roads at Groix, and that difficulties had already occurred between the commodore and Landais. I hurried down at once to L'Orient, and found both the Richard and Alliance undergoing repairs. The commodore gladly received me, and renewed again his offer, telling me that he had heard that my craft was to be dismantled; and, sure enough, that afternoon I received a letter from my captain, informing me that the schooner had been found unworthy of repair, and been condemned. There was now nothing to detain me, except the difficulty respecting my rank in the squadron. This I soon removed by going as a volunteer. I accordingly wrote to my captain, obtained leave of absence, and on the 14th of August, 1779, went with my traps on board the Bon Homme Richard. The same day we put to sea.

The events of that extraordinary cruise are matter of history, and I need not dwell on them at length in this hurried autobiography. We soon parted company with our consorts, and were forced to seek them at the rendezvous; but, during the whole voyage, our plans were continually frustrated by occurrences

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of this character, sometimes accidental, and sometimes, I believe, designed, especially on the part of Captain Landais. After taking three or four prizes, we bore up for the north of Scotland, when having been at sea about a month, we made the Cheviot Hills, vast blue landmarks, lying, like a thunder-cloud, along the western horizon.

Learning that two or three armed cutters, together with a twenty gun ship, were lying off Leith, the commodore planned a descent on that place; but in consequence of the absence of the Alliance, was forced to delay his project for several days. At length we beat into the Frith of Forth; and when just out of gun-shot of the town, the boats were ordered out and manned. But at this critical moment a squall struck our squadron, and we soon had enough on our hands, for the puff settling down into a regular North Sea gale, we had to fill away, and bear up under a press of canvass for an offing. The storm lasted so long that we were forced to give over our attempt, as the country had now become alarmed, and beacon lights, to rouse the yeomanry, were burning on every headland. We bore away, therefore, for the south.

We had kept on this course for several days, until one calm evening, off Flamborough head, when, the sea being nearly as smooth as a lake, and a light southwardly wind dallying playfully with our sails, we discerned the headmost vessels of a fleet of merchant ships, stretching out on a bowline from behind the promontory. Every man of us was instantly on the *qui vive*. The commodore's eye kindled, and he shouted,

"Signal the squadron for a general chase."

"Aye! aye!" answered the signal officer, and the next moment the order was passed through our fleet. It had scarcely been done, however, before the merchant ships hurriedly tacked, fired alarm-guns, let fly their top-gallant sheets, and, huddling together like a flock of frightened partridges, went off to leeward.

"There's a frigate in yonder, convoying, with a smaller man-of-war," hailed the look-out, as the hostile ships shewed their head-sails around the promontory. "They haul up, sir, and are coming out."

"Let them come," said the commodore enthusiastically, "and we'll have them for our own before midnight. Shew the signal to form a line—cross royal-yards—keep boldly on."

"There goes the Alliance," said the first lieutenant, at my side, "see how gallantly she passes the Pallas—but in God's name what does she mean? Surely she is not flying."

"Curses on the craven Landais," muttered Paul Jones betwixt his teeth, as he saw his consort haul suddenly off from the enemy, and then turning to the helmsman, he thundered, "keep her on her course—steady, steady."

Meanwhile the crew had been ordered to quarters, and the tap of the drum brought every man to his station at once. Unmoved by the cowardice of our consort, the men appeared to long for the unequal conflict as eagerly as their daring commander. Silently they stood at the guns, awaiting the order to open their fire, and endeavouring to pierce through the fast gathering gloom, in order to detect the manœuvres of the foe. Paul Jones stood on the quarter deck watching the enemy with a night-glass. As we drew nearer, we detected, in our antagonists, a frigate of fifty guns, attended by a twenty gun ship a little to leeward. The sight would have appalled any hearts but those on board our daring craft,—for our armament, all told, did not exceed forty-two guns, only six of which were eighteens; while, from the lower gun deck of the frigate alone, might be seen frowning through her lighted ports, a battery of ten eighteens to a side. Yet not an eye quailed, not a cheek blanched, as we drew up towards the foe; but each man stood calmly at his post, confident in his leader and in the righteousness of his cause. My own station was near the commodore. We were now near enough to hail.

"What ship is that?" came slowly sailing on the night wind, from a dark form on the quarter of the frigate.

"You shall soon know," answered Paul Jones, and on the instant the word was given simultaneously by both commanders to fire, and the two ships poured in their batteries with scarcely the delay of an instant betwixt the broadsides. I had no time to observe the effect of our discharge, for scarcely had the commodore spoken, when I heard a tremendous explosion in the direction of our gun-room; the deck above it was blown bodily up, and as the smoke swept away from the spot, I beheld two of the eighteens shattered and dismounted, and surrounded by a crowd of wretches, maimed and dying from the accident. I rushed to the place, and a more awful sight never before or since have I beheld. There lay our poor fellows, dismembered and bleeding, groaning in agony such as no pen can picture, and crying aloud, with their dying breath, for "water—water—water." Here one, horribly mangled, hung over a gun that had burst—there another was stretched on the deck, with no marks on him except a black spot by the eye, from which the blood was trickling slowly. I shuddered and turned away. It would have been madness to have attempted to work the other eighteens, so the men were called away, and we began anew the action, with our chances one-third lessened by this horrible calamity. But the death of their messmates fired the rest of the crew with a thirst for revenge, which soon told in the murderous fire we poured in upon the enemy. For nearly an hour we kept up the conflict, working our lighter guns with the utmost vigor, and attempting to manœuvre so as to rake the enemy, but at every new endeavor we were foiled by the superior working qualities of our opponent. Meantime the moon had risen, and we could see that the Pallas had got alongside of the enemy's consort, and was gallantly engaged yard-arm to yard-arm with her—the Alliance hovering out of range in the distance, and occasionally discharging a random broadside which did no execution. How our brave fellows cursed the cowardice of her captain!

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"Ay! there she is," said one, "afraid to come within range even of a twenty gun ship, lest the lace of her coxcomb captain's uniform might be ruffled. But never mind—we'll win the battle without her—bowse away, my hearties, and give it to the Englisher with a will."

Meanwhile the enemy's frigate doggedly kept her luff, and her masts were now seen, for the hull was completely shrouded in a thick canopy of smoke, shooting ahead, as if it was her intention to pay broad off across our forefoot. Paul Jones saw the manœuvre, and determined to avail himself of it to run afoul of his antagonist; for, with our vast inferiority of metal, there was not the remotest chance of success in a regular combat. The attempt, however, was in itself almost as desperate; but it afforded a hope, though a slight one, of victory. Whatever might be the fate of this daring proceeding, however, we were all actuated by but one impulse, and that was, a determination to conquer or die. When, therefore, the frigate forged ahead, we kept our sails trimmed and bore steadily on. The result was as we had expected. Finding that she could not effect her purpose, the frigate put her helm hard down, making a desperate attempt to clear us. It was in vain. With a crash that shook both vessels to their centre, we ran aboard of the foe, bows on, a little on her weather quarter. With chagrin, we saw that it was impossible to board our antagonist—an intention so well understood among our men, that they had ceased firing on the moment. At this instant the smoke swept partially away, and the English captain was seen near the mizen rigging, shouting to know whether we had struck. The inquiry brought the red blood in volumes into the face of Paul Jones, as he thundered hoarsely,

"I have not yet begun to fight;" and then turning to his men, he said, "out with your guns and have at them. Will you, by your silence, be thought to have surrendered?"

"Never," answered back the captain of a gun before him; "Huzza for the brave thirteen—down with the tyrants—give it to 'em one and all—huzza."

An answering shout rose up from the crew, the guns that could be brought to bear were jerked out, and simultaneously the whole of our forward larboard side was a sheet of flame, while the old craft trembled from kelson to cross-trees, and heeled back with the recoil, till the yard-arms almost touched the water.

"Brace back the yards," shouted the commodore, as soon as his voice could be heard above the din, and obedient to the press of the wind, our vessel fell slowly astern.

"They are laying aback their forward, and shivering their after sails, on board the frigate," said Dale.

"Box-hauling her, by St. Andrew," said the commodore; "the knaves are for luffing up athwart our bows, in order to rake us. But it takes two to play at that game—we'll drop astern a little more, fill on the opposite tack, and luff up against her as she comes to the wind. Let us once lay her athwart hawse, and the battle's won."

Rapidly and steadily our daring leader gave his orders to execute this manœuvre, but the smoke had settled down so thick around us, shrouding the moon almost entirely from sight, that we could only now and then catch a glimpse of the approaching enemy, and miscalculating our distance, instead of meeting her as we had expected, we were run into by the frigate, her bowsprit crashing over our high tower-like poop.

"Parker," said Paul Jones, quickly, "get some lashings and help me to fasten her head-gear to the mizzen mast. That's it—we have her now."

"Aye, and the frigate feels the strain already," said I, as we finished our hasty work; "see how she swings around by our side—something has given way on board of her, by that crash."*

"You're right, but lash fast yonder anchor that's hooked in our quarter—we'll not let them escape now—but yonder come their fellows as if to board us. Boarders ahoy! beat back the villains," and springing from my side, our ever ready leader, himself led the party to repulse the foe. I followed. Dark masses of seamen, clustered on the sides of the frigate, were endeavoring to effect an entrance on our deck; thrusting with their long pikes, cutting and slashing with their cutlasses, and cheering each other on to the attack, with shouts and imprecations. For an instant, our crew, fearfully outnumbered, seemed to waver; but at this moment Paul Jones leaped into the midst of the fray, and, with one stroke of his weapon bringing a foe to the deck, shouted,

"Down with the miscreants—strike home one and all—bravely my lads," and accompanying each word with a blow, he cleared a space before him in less time than I have taken to narrate the event. For an instant the enemy faltered, but a huge boatswain the next moment rallied them, and aiming a pistol at Paul Jones, the fellow shouted,

"Hurl the pirates to perdition—come on, hearts of oak—"

I was luckily by, and as the villain spoke, I struck up his arm, and his ball glanced harmlessly over the Commodore's head. The boatswain did not live to take vengeance on me for my interposition—he did not even survive to finish his sentence; for scarcely had the words left his mouth, before Paul Jones drove his boarding pike deep into the Englishman's heart. There was a dull gurgling sound, as he fell back without a groan, dropped heavily to the water, and sank like lead. His companions were aghast, and struck with a sudden panic, retreated. The next moment not one was left attempting to board.

During the last few minutes, my attention had been so occupied by the sharp conflict, in which I was personally enguged with the boarders, that I had lost sight altogether of the general battle; and I now cast a hurried glance around to see what other advantages, if any, we had gained over the enemy.

* The jib boom of the Serapis gave way, somewhere about this time. Perhaps this was the moment. Ed.

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The sight that met my eye, almost blanched my cheek with apprehension. Crowds of our men from the main deck were hurrying up the gangways, and the thought instantly flashed across my mind that they had mutinied. The guns, too, below, were all silenced, and only three or four twelves, with a couple of pieces on the quarter deck, were being worked; while the fire of the enemy was still kept up with unremitting fury. At this juncture, a midshipman from the main deck passed me hurriedly. I caught him by the arm.

"In God's name," I said, "what is the matter?"

"They are ripping us to pieces below, with their cursed eighteens," was the hurried response. "We kept it up as long as we could, often thrusting our rammers into their ports, as we loaded, so close were we to them. But it 's no use. They 're beating in our timbers as if our good stout oak was no better than pasteboard. I am taking my men forward and aloft, it is sheer murder to keep them below; they must fight now with muskets and hand grenades," and hurrying breathlessly away, he was the next instant engaged in directing his men with an energy only second to that of the Commodore, and which seemed to have diffused itself amongst all.

The combat, which had paused a moment, now raged again with redoubled fury. Crowding into the tops, and thronging on the forecastle, our brave fellows kept up such a galling contest, with musketry and grenades, that, in less than five minutes, every man of the enemy was driven below, and his quarter deck was left tenanted only by the dead. But fearfully did the foe return our fire from his heavy guns on the main deck. Broadside after broadside was poured into us without intermission — the old craft quivering like wounded flesh, at every discharge, until it seemed as if each successive fire would end the contest, by sending us to the bottom. Yet our men never flinched. No cry for quarter, no murmur even, was heard. Manfully they stuck to their new posts, keeping up their deadly warfare through the ports of the foe, and though now and then an eye was turned around the horizon, to see whether the Alliance was not coming to our aid, not a man displayed any signs of fear. One of our fellows, even bolder than the rest, provided with a bucket of grenades and a match, lay out on the yard, and coolly dropped his combustibles on the deck of the frigate. One he threw with such precision, that it went down the main hatchway. In an instant a slight explosion took place, and we could hear, notwithstanding the uproar of the guns, a whizzing sound running aft on board the enemy — while almost simultaneously, the most thrilling shrieks of anguish rose up on the air, succeeded by a stunning explosion, which drowned every other sound in its fierce uproar.

"Their loose cartridges must have been fired," I exclaimed, "God help the poor wretches."

"The day's our own — huzza!" sung out a warrant officer beside me, "but, in the name of heaven," he said suddenly, "what means the Alliance? — she is firing into us."

I looked to windward, and no words can express my astonishment, when I saw, in the hazy distance, the ship which ought to have been engaged at our side with the foe, now heading to the westward, and firing hotly in our direction, at the very moment that she was crossing our larboard quarter, and when her shot could not reach the foe without passing directly through us. The discharge, indeed, dismounted two of our guns, beside damaging us aloft. She was by this time nearing us fast, and directly abeam.

"You're firing into a friend," shouted fifty voices in a breath.

"What does he mean?" said Dale, "surely he can see that we haven't yellow sides like the foe — shew him the signal of recognition."

The three lanterns, in a line, were instantly let down on the off side, when the Alliance ceased firing.

"Lay the enemy aboard," shouted the officer of the deck.

No answer was returned, and our consort kept coolly on her course.

"Did you hear the order?" thundered the now exasperated commodore; "lay the enemy aboard, I say."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Perdition take the cowardly traitor," muttered Paul Jones betwixt his teeth, as he turned from the recreant ship.

I watched, however, the course of the frigate until she had hauled off some distance, and was almost lost in the shadowy gloom to larboard, when suddenly a cry of "fire" startled me, and turning hastily around I saw that the lower deck was a mass of flame. The confusion, for a moment, baffled description. Men were hastening to and fro for buckets; some shouted one thing and some another; a general consternation seemed to be spreading among the crew, and all discipline, for an interval of several minutes, was lost. To add to the disorder, the ship was perceptibly settling, and a rumour spread through the decks that we would sink in less than ten minutes. While everything was still plunged in chaos, the Alliance again appeared, edging down on our larboard beam, and hauling up athwart our bows, she poured in a fire of grape, which took effect on our crowded forecastle, instead of on the enemy — if indeed it was ever intended for the foe—and killed several of our own men. Never shall I forget the fate of one of our best officers — poor Creswell! who fell a victim to this discharge. I held his head in his last moments, and with his eye already glazing in death, and his tongue faltering in its accents, he prayed God to forgive his countrymen for his wanton murder. My blood boiled with indignation against the scoundrel who commanded the gallant Alliance, and, at that moment, I would have given ten years of my life to have crossed swords with Landais.

But I had no time for thoughts of revenge. Louder and louder swelled the cry 'that we were sinking,' and, as I laid the dead man's head on the deck, I saw the carpenter hurry to the commodore with consternation depicted on every feature of his face. Instantly the cry arose, that he had sounded the

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pump-wells, and that all was over. The wildest confusion followed. More than a hundred of our prisoners were let loose by the master-at-arms, who imagined that all was over, and in a few minutes the deck was crowded with them. Had they then known their power, we should have been overpowered with ease, and, as I looked on their fierce faces, I trembled for the first time. To add to all, the gunner rushed, at this crisis, on deck, and not perceiving the commodore or the lieutenant, would have hauled down our flag, and failing in this—for the staff had been shot away—he cried out for quarter. Another second would have decided our fate, but springing aft, I shouted that we had not surrendered, and, at the same instant, the commodore re-appeared, and confirming my assertion, rallied his men hastily around him, and led them to repel a party of boarders, which taking advantage of our disorder, was, at this moment, clustering on our gunwale. The conflict here was short, but decisive. Fired anew by the words and example of their commodore, our brave fellows redeemed their momentary vacillation, and, aided by the men in the tops, hurled back the foemen, as if an avalanche had struck them, on the decks of their frigate. Meantime, the first lieutenant, availing himself of the fears of the prisoners, had mustered them at the pumps, and, arming another party with buckets, had succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The re-action, on the part of our crew, was decisive. The men now fought with a fury that nothing could suppress, for they knew over what a mine they hung, and that victory must be soon their's, or they would lose all. Several guns were dragged over to the side against the foe, and the fire of our battery re-commenced with treble vigor. The top-men hailed down grenades on the frigate's decks, and deafening volleys of musketry incessantly rattled from our forecastle. The enemy could hold out no longer. A man darted up the frigate's hatchway, dashed aft, and the next moment the cross of Britain was at our feet. A cheer, that shook the very welkin, and which, dying away, was renewed and renewed again, burst from our brave tars, and rolling down to leeward announced our hard bought victory.

ISRAFEL.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell,
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
Pauses in Heaven,
With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is due unto that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
That trembling living lyre
With those unusual strings.

But the Heavens that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love is a grown God—
Where Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in the star—
The more lovely, the more far!

Thou art not, therefore, wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song.
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest.
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute.
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours—
Our flowers are merely—flowers;
And the shadow of thy bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I did dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing one half so well,
One half so passionately,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky!

* And the angel Israfel, or Israfeli, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who is the most musical of all God's creatures. KORAN.

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BYE-GONE HOURS.

WORDS BY THE

HON. MRS. NORTON.

MUSIC BY

MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

Philadelphia : John F. Nunns, 184 Chesnut Street.



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'Tis sad — 'tis sad to number o'er
The faces glad and gay,
Which we have loved! Some smile no more,
Around us as they did of yore!
And some have turn'd away!
Could those days, &c.

'Tis sad — 'tis sad to come again,
With changed heart and brow,
To our youth's home, where none remain
Of those who made it blessed then —
Who leave it lonely now!
Could those days, &c.

Oh! little things bring back to me
The thoughts of by-gone hours.
The breath of kine upon the lea,
The murmur of the mountain bee,
The scent of hawthorn flow'rs!
Could those days, &c.

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Sports and Pastimes.

THE FOWLING-PIECE.

A book presents to the shot an elastic body, like down, through which large shot does not penetrate much farther than small, because it has to displace and carry with it a larger mass of paper. Fur and feathers of game do not present such a resisting body to the shot as the leaves of a book do; therefore, although large shot will bear the above test, a much fairer way of trying it would be to fire at thin pieces of wood fixed upright, (a pile of cigar boxes would answer the purpose). The latter trial would, we think, convince any one of the great difference in momentum between the two charges. At forty yards, not more than three No. 7 pellets could be calculated on to strike a partridge, and those from a light gun would necessarily be weak; whereas, at that distance, with our charge, two No. 2 pellets might be calculated upon, and with what effect we leave the experimentalist to decide, when he has tried it at a target composed of pieces of wood one eighth, one third, and one half of an inch thick.

It is not so much the velocity as the momentum of a shot that renders it effective. The momentum of a shot increases in a direct ratio with its weight. The momentum of a No. 2 shot much more than compensates for the diminished weight of powder and additional weight of lead that we have recommended.

The structure of a bird or quadruped not protected by feathers or fur—and we contend that game is very slightly so protected as against shot—may be compared with that of a ship. It is a well ascertained fact that a 64 lb. ball, moving with only half the velocity of a 32 lb. ball, would produce more than double the effect; the larger, but slowly-flying ball, would split a much thicker mast or beam, and do more damage to the frame-work of a ship, than the small one. Upon the same principle, we think large shot is more effective for shooting the stronger species of game.

But assuming that game is right well fortified with a covering of fur, feathers or down, that circumstance would not induce us to resort to small shot; quite the reverse, because we know that small shot cannot be fired through down effectively from a large gun at thirty yards, much less from a light fowling-piece. No stanchion-gun will shoot No. 7 effectively at ducks, geese, and the larger wild fowl—the birds killed would be chiefly such as were struck in the head; not one would be stopped by a body blow. Yet large shot from the stanchion-gun, after passing through down, strikes an effective body blow. No doubt No. 7 may be shot through down, but after overcoming the resistance, it would scarcely injure the bird, certainly not break a bone.

Thus we find that small shot, fired from any gun, is totally inadequate to kill birds protected with down by a body blow; but that large shot, flying from a large gun with not half the velocity of the ineffectual small shot, achieves what is desired. It is the momentum that effects the object.

A collateral advantage arising from the use of large shot should not be overlooked. In order to kill in good style with small shot, the aim must be such that the bird fired at shall be near the centre of the charge as thrown; for if the bird be near the outer circle of the charge, it is ten to one that it is only slightly wounded; but if near the outer circle of a charge of large shot, it is ten to one that it is brought down; for it must not be lost sight of, that when large shot is used, a single pellet will mostly be sufficient to bring a bird down. There is a stunning effect produced by large shot, which throws the bird off its balance at once. Small shot has not the same *immediate* effect. Hares, rabbits, grouse, pheasants, and full-grown partridges, will carry it off, though they fall within a hundred yards. It is very seldom, indeed, that a bird towers after being fired at with large shot.

The term friction implies a gradual contraction of the barrel towards the muzzle, which retards the progress of the shot, that more time may be allowed to the powder to burn. Relief accelerates the progress of shot through the barrels. What is the proper degree of relief or friction for different descriptions of barrels, is a subject fruitful of controversy; as is also the form of the breech. The best breech is that which will cause the greatest quantity of powder to consume in the barrel, and give the least recoil. The percussion system of firing has simplified the boring of guns. We think that short barrels intended to be fired by percussion, should be bored perfect cylinders, and the breech should be conical or nearly so, and capable of holding a little more than half a charge of powder. Long barrels should be bored true cylinders throughout the greater part of their length, a little relief being allowed near the muzzle.

A barrel, which recoils from being light, or from not being held firmly when fired, throws shot very weakly. So, on the other hand, barrels which have sufficient weight to break the recoil, or which are placed against something solid when fired, have their shooting power amazingly increased. The reason is, that when the gun is allowed to recoil, a portion of that power which should be employed in expelling the shot is uselessly expended on a yielding surface in a contrary direction: whereas, when the barrel is firmly fixed, or is of sufficient weight to break the recoil, that portion of the explosive force which strikes against the breech rebounds and is forced back upon the shot, and consequently becomes a portion of the available strength of the charge. This explains why the weight of the gun rather than a difference in length or bore regulates the shooting power. In what follows, Mr. Greener,* whose book contains a lucid exposition of the nature of projectile force, shows this more clearly:—

"The fact that the shooting powers of a gun are increased

* *The Gun*, by William Greener. London, 1835.

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by its being fixed in an immoveable frame, is proved with the practice of mortars. Mortars on iron beds, and these firmly embedded in the earth, will throw a shell farther when on the ground than when placed on a platform, or on board a ship. It is for the purpose of destroying the recoil, that mortars for sea service, though of the same calibre as those intended for land-service, are made three times the weight. Dr. Hutton states, that he found no advantage by retarding the recoil in practice with artillery. He means, that no advantage is gained by stopping at three feet a gun accustomed to recoil to the distance of six. The statement is perfectly true. If he were to allow a gun to recoil only an inch, and then to strike against a solid substance, he would gain nothing. For if it recoil ever so little, the shooting force is as much weakened as if it recoiled twice as far.

"To increase that force, a steady fixed resistance is required. The velocity of the projectile depends on the force of the immediate impulse. Before a gun, suffered to recoil, could rebound from striking some solid substance in its recoil, the charge would be gone, and could, therefore, receive no additional impetus from that rebound. The truth of this fact may be illustrated by throwing a hand-ball against any loose body with sufficient force to displace it. However hard or elastic that body might be, the ball would not rebound from it, but would fall perpendicularly down. Fix and secure that same body, and then the ball will rebound with little less force than that with which it was thrown against it. So it is with gunpowder. If it meet with a firm resistance, it will rebound and project the ball or shot with additional force."

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

There is a proverb current among sportsmen, that to kill a woodcock is to perform a day's work, which doubtlessly originated in the circumstance of a woodcock being seldom found until a large extent of wood has been closely beaten. When, however, woodcocks are most abundant, it would not be a difficult task, according to that standard of labor, to do the work of a week in a day, in any noted cover; for every cover frequented by cocks acquires a notoriety which it seldom loses, since any wood well frequented with cocks one year, has generally a fair supply the next. But whether the same cocks that frequent a wood this year return the next, with their offspring, or whether an entirely new set of occupants take possession, we leave the ornithologist to decide. A certain description of woods are seldom known to fail of woodcocks during the winter months; these woods or plantations are such as are swampy, or have a stream of water running through them, or woods abounding in springs — or where, from the nature of the ground, or want of draining, the top water encourages the growth of moss. The woodcock is rarely found in woods where moss is not abundant. During a frost, cocks are found near fresh water springs; at other times they are most commonly flushed in the open glades of the densest woods, or rather in those parts of the woods not choked up at the bottom with fern, rushes, or brambles, but where they can freely run about, and in those parts where willows, oziers, hazel-trees, or crate-wood is plentiful. In such places it will readily be ascertained whether there are cocks or not, by the borings in the moss or dead leaves, and by the chalkings. A cock will often be found near its feeding place, after a dark night.

A cock will seldom fly far until it has been fired at several times: it should, therefore, when practicable, be marked down. By a judicious system of marking, many successive shots may be obtained at the same bird. It is seldom that the skilful shooter flushes a cock, which, with the aid of markers, he does not eventually kill. The difficulty of woodcock shooting arises, for the most part, from the birds being flushed in the thickest part of woods, and contriving to wing their flight through the trees in such a manner as to baffle the sportsman's aim. After being fired at in a wood, cocks will frequently alight amongst hedge-rows on the outskirts, especially under a hedge running close to and parallel with a water-course, when they are easily killed, as they will not rise until the shooter is close upon them; and their flight is not difficult to master when there are no trees to obstruct the aim.

A shooter, who has not opportunities of grouse-shooting, deems cock-shooting the perfection of his art; but he considers himself more than repaid for his toil, if he bag a couple or two. Combined with pheasant shooting, it is glorious sport.

As cocks are birds of passage, and their tarriance in our covers is of uncertain duration, permission to shoot them is often given to persons whose honour can be depended upon not to kill pheasants. To any but a real sportsman this is a tantalizing employment; the pheasants rise before him every fifty yards, and he may perhaps not meet with more than a couple of cocks in a day.

Spaniels are the best dogs for this sport: they give tongue when close upon game, and so allow the shooter notice, in a situation where he could not see a pointer or setter.

Formerly any one who was an adept at bringing down a woodcock, was certain of the enjoyment of a considerable local reputation as a shot, and he deserved it. Place one of their long, heavy, single-barrelled pieces, furnished with an ancient lock, flint of course, in the hands of a modern shooter, let him charge with powder similar to that used in the early days, and take his chance in a tangled brake, where the cock can make play among the branches for its life, and he will readily believe that killing a cock in those days was a real trial of skill. A short light detonator is thrown upon the bird, the trigger is drawn, and the shot reaches the mark in an instant; so speedy is the whole process, that it is scarcely necessary to make any allowance for the motion of the object, when attempting snap shots at short distances; but, with the fowling-piece and ammunition of the period we are speaking of, it was necessary to take aim half a yard above or before the object moving, for a bird would fly that distance at least, after the trigger was drawn, and before the shot reached it; or if it made a sudden turn, the shot swept past it. Besides the less chance of killing with one of those long heavy guns, the shooter would not fire half so often as with a light one; so much more time being necessary to bring up the piece and calculate the requisite allowance, the bird would generally be behind the next tree before the gun would be at the shoulder. Such was the slowness of ignition, that wild-fowl would take alarm at the flash from the pan, and dive out of harm's way ere the shot reached the water. In all shooting, whether in the open or in cover, a deal depends upon where the shooter places himself, — a knowledge of this part of his art will enable him to obtain twice as many fair shots as his uninstructed companion. When shooting in high covers, the sportsman should push on hastily through those parts where, though very likely for game, he cannot command a view of it should it rise; but whenever he comes to a glade that commands a view in several directions, he should wait some time while his dogs beat around him, and his companions, buried in brambles and brushwood, pass him. It is often advisable to follow a footpath in a wood, particularly where ground shots are expected.

In our next, we shall pursue this subject, and give some remarks upon the lock, the percussion system, triggers, wadding, ammunition, etc., and shall then proceed with remarks upon Snipe Shooting, etc. We are determined to make this department a perfect *vade mecum* to the sportsman.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.*

The Life and Times of Red Jacket, or Sa-go-ye-wat-ha; being a sequel to the History of the Six Nations. By WILLIAM L. STONE. *1 vol. Wiley and Putnam, New York and London*, 1841.

THE first settlers of this country found it tenanted by a people totally different from the effeminate races of Hispaniola and Cuba. Bold, patient and sagacious; sinewy in form and inured to fatigues; warlike in character, wise in council, and hospitable to a proverb, the savages of North America approached more nearly to an equality with the Anglo-Saxon race, than any people whom the rage for discovery had then made known to Europe. Nor was their progress in civilization to be despised. Their wigwams, though not luxurious, were comfortable; their women cultivated maize, tobacco, and numerous vegetables; pillows of wood were used in common by them and by the English peasantry; and, in the comforts of every day life, the savages of this continent fell little behind the mass of the European population. Women were held in high respect; their persons never violated in war, and their opinions consulted in cases of difficulty. The form of government in use among the Indians was singularly adapted to their condition. Like the ancient Germanic leader, the Indian chief was usually chosen for his wisdom, strength, and bravery — we say *usually*, because in nothing has more ignorance been shown than in describing the Indian polity as everywhere the same. No general rule can be laid down respecting it. In most of the tribes the government was that of a democracy; in some that of an aristocracy; and, in a few instances, that of a nearly absolute despotism. Sometimes there was one chief in war and another in peace: now he was ruled by a council of old men, and now he had delegated powers equal to those of a dictator; but, on the whole, the usual polity appears to have been democratic, each brave having a chance of attaining the leadership by his eloquence, wisdom, or courage. Often these qualities preserved the supreme power in a family for generations, the son succeeding the father, unless a more worthy leader was chosen by the people. Where there was both a war chief and a civil ruler, the latter office was the more likely to be hereditary. In short, what Tacitus said of the ancient Germans, may be pronounced of the Indians: "*Reges ex nobilitate, duces ex virtute sumunt: nec regibus infinita, nec libera potestas; et duces exemplo potius quam imperio præsunt.*" "They took their kings on account of nobility, and their generals on account of valor: nor was the power of their kings absolute and unlimited; and their generals commanded by the authority which their example rather than their power gave them." And, in another place, "*de minoribus principes: de majoribus omnes*" — "the principal men consulted and decided about the least, the whole body of the people about the greatest affairs." Nor did the resemblance stop here. The same forest life, the same habit of recounting their deeds in chaunts, the same warlike character, the same wild and yet spiritual religion, and the same haughtiness of spirit, arising from the consciousness of independence, characterised alike our Teuton ancestors, whose freedom we inherit, and our predecessors on this continent, whose liberty we have destroyed. And to this day, if we may credit Catlin, the Western Indian remains the same proud being. The Sioux, glittering in his showy costume, and careering along the prairie with his spear and steed, reminds us of the ancient Pole, flashing with jewels, galloping to the diet at Warsaw, and seeming to justify the haughty boast of his order, "that if the sky were to fall they would support it on the points of their lances."

At the period of its settlement by the whites, the two most powerful nations of what now forms the Northeastern section of the United States, were the Lenni-Lenape and Mengwe — the former occupying the shores of the Delaware river, and extending into Connecticut — and the latter living chiefly in the Valley of the Mohawk and its vicinity. Neither of these people were the original occupiers of the land; but who their predecessors were, or whence they came, no man can tell. Their language, customs and laws are as unknown to us as those of the Antediluvian world. They have passed away and left no sign. Now and then the traveller, through some primeval forest, will come across the ruins of their forts — rude, vague and vast — but he can gather nothing from these silent mounds, except the single fact, that a race once peopled this continent superior in civilization to the Indians. The Alligewi gave name to our mountains,† and that is all we know.

Betwixt the Lenni-Lenape and Mengwe there raged continual wars, in which the former nation generally came off victorious. At length, however, the several tribes of the Mengwe united into a confederacy known as that of the Five Nations; and, being supplied with fire-arms by the Dutch, succeeded in subduing the Delawares, and forcing them to assume the character of WOMEN. This singular ceremony was performed at Albany, in the presence of the Dutch, in 1617. From that time the Iroquois have been the dominant nation. A work recording their history, explaining their governmental polity, and discussing their manners and customs would throw great light on the whole Indian race, and prove invaluable to the student; and it is as one of a series, intended to carry out such an idea, that the present volume has been published. The author has divided his subject into four periods: the first of which will contain the history of the Six Nations, up to the arrival of Sir William Johnson — the second will be occupied by the life and times of that remarkable individual — the third carries on the history through the life of Brandt — and the fourth, the present work, brings the subject up to the sale of the last Seneca lands in 1838. Only the last two eras of this history have as yet seen the light.

The life of Red Jacket is the least important portion of this subject, affording little more than a narrative of treaties for the sale of lands, with an occasional glimpse at the polity of the Six Nations, and the Senecas in particular. The period is not one calculated to display the powers which the early history and origin of the Six Nations might call forth. Industry and research are nearly all that is required. Both of these qualities Colonel Stone has evinced. There is little that is positively new in the book, but many doubtful questions have been settled, and a clearer insight given into the Indian character and customs than we had been led to expect. As an instance of the latter, we notice the fact mentioned of the women and war-chiefs in the Canandaigua council, who

† Alleghany.

* Owing to the temporary absence of Mr. Poe, the reviews in this number are from another hand. That department is exclusively under the control of Mr. Poe. C. J. Peterson, his coadjutor, has the charge of the other departments of the work.

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took the business of the treaty out of the sachems' hands, asserting that the latter had no right to refuse the sale of lands, against the opinion of the women and braves. We are also made more fully acquainted, in this volume, with the subjection, in general, of the military to the civil power among the Indians. Perhaps the style is objectionable in one or two particulars, and there are too many speeches given "in extenso;" while events of little importance sometimes occupy as much space as those of greater moment, and tend to give an occasional prolixity to the work, which would be well worth the author's revision when a second edition comes to be demanded. The anecdotes which intersperse the volume are highly characteristic. On the whole, in collecting and arranging so many undigested facts, and in preserving from oblivion the oral traditions of the actors in the scenes he relates, Colonel Stone has shown a commendable industry. But his work is only begun. The mere record of a chieftain's life, however celebrated the individual may be, is secondary to the history of a mighty people and the inquiry into its origin. We care little, comparatively, when or how Red Jacket spoke, but we do care whence his people came. Our object is to learn the polity and customs of his nation, to analyze its language — in short, thoroughly to understand its history and character. To do this is what constitutes Colonel Stone's design, but as yet he has only incidentally carried out his plan. Neither the life of Brandt nor that of Red Jacket does more than skim over the great question our author has proposed to discuss. Biography is not history: the narrative of a few land treaties is not the account of a nation's glory. As the greatest people of the Indian race, and as the conquerors of the Alligewi, we feel an interest in dissipating the obscurity which attends the origin of the Six Nations. It is in vain to say such an attempt would be fruitless. Has it ever been methodically, analytically, perseveringly tried? Why does Colonel Stone avoid this portion of his subject — the portion which should naturally claim his attention first? We tell him frankly that he would gain ten times more reputation, and prove himself possessed of ten times more talent, if he would come up to this matter gallantly, and not scour around and around it, like a frightened hound.

Red Jacket was a sachem or civil chief among the Senecas. He seems to have been of no family, and to have won his way to the first place in the councils of his people, by his tact, his patriotism, and, more than all, his eloquence. Few men have ever lived who surpassed him in oratory, if we may judge his proficiency in that art by the effect he produced on his hearers. All that has been related of Demosthenes and Cicero among the ancients, or of Bolingbroke and Chatham among the moderns, may be applied with equal truth to this great orator of the Senecas. When he rose to speak not a word was heard — when he took his seat his enthusiasm infected all. He was even able to carry his point when superstition, in its darkest guise, was arrayed against him. Some specimens, at least, of such wonderful powers of eloquence may naturally be expected to have come down to us; yet, with but one or two exceptions, his printed speeches are tame to mediocrity. Much of this, no doubt, is to be attributed to incompetent translations: indeed, our author lays the whole fault at this door. But there is another and simpler reason, to which Colonel Stone has not alluded.

Every nation has its distinctive spirit, or, to speak more plainly, its peculiar mode of thought. To this the orator must accommodate himself. The same style of eloquence which affects an Englishman, falls cold on the ear of an Italian. Even the Philippics of Demosthenes, or the orations of Cicero, were unrivalled, only so far forth as they were adapted to the peculiarities of an Athenian or Roman audience; and, had the situation of either of these orators been changed, there is great chance that, unless they altered their style, they would have been hooted from the forum, or at least listened to in silence. So with the oriental orators, whose most celebrated passages seem turgid to us. We take it, then, that one of the great secrets of this apparent tameness in Red Jacket's orations, arises, as much from our different appreciation of his style, as from the inadequacy of the translations. We admit that there exists no perfect transcript of a harangue by him, but could one of his speeches be handed down to us, word for word, we predict that it would seem to us little better than turgid bombast or inflated allegory. Yet that Red Jacket was a great *Seneca* orator, we have the concurrent testimony of more than fifty years—to say nothing of the evidence, in the book before us, of his vigorous intellect and grace of manner, the two most important requisites for oral eloquence.

The character of this celebrated chieftain was an odd mixture of "dirt and divinity." He was great as a whole, but mean in the detail. He ruled over warriors, and was an arrant coward. He professed to be frank, and lived on intrigue. His constant struggle was to retain the lands of his people, and yet more than once he would have sold them for his personal emolument. He was a hypocrite, a drunkard, and devoured by vanity; but he was also an orator, a statesman, and devoted to his country. He sometimes was capable of the loftiest generosity, and at other times he would stoop to cheat the government out of a coat. But in one thing his character is above reproach—he never ceased asserting the rights of his country; and from the treaty at Canandaigua, down to the latest hour of his life, he opposed manfully every alienation of the Seneca soil. He was often unsuccessful, and always misrepresented; but he did not relax his efforts. On the size of their domain, he said, depended the importance of his people; and that people it was his ambition to preserve an entire nation. For this he would have built up a wall of separation betwixt them and the whites—for this he excluded missionaries—for this he opposed schools—for this he denounced intermarriages—for this he lived and died a pagan. Yet he survived to see all his efforts in vain. He survived to behold the Senecas dwindled to half their numbers, to see their forests cut down, and to witness their lands slip piecemeal from their hands. How melancholy to contemplate the poor old chief, when, returning to hunt in the beautiful valley of the Genesee, he found the ravages which the white men had made in the forest so great, that he sat down and wept.

We have said that Red Jacket was intemperate; and the vice grew on him as he grew older. When a council was to be held, however, he abstained from indulgence until the deliberations were past, but then his excesses were often frightful. An anecdote is related by Colonel Stone, which shows the old chief's propensity in rather a ludicrous light. Colonel Snelling was a great favorite with him. When that officer was given the command of Governor's Island, Red Jacket bade him farewell in the following words:

"Brother:—I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. *And above all, I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whiskey above two shillings a quart.*"

Red Jacket died in 1830, and with him perished the glory of the once powerful Six Nations. Their subsequent history is well known. Their last rood of land in New York has now passed into the hands of the white man; the places which knew them shall know them no more, and in a few years the Iroquois will be numbered with the dead.

The short sketches of the lives of Complanter, Farmer's Brother, and Harry O'Bail, in the conclusion of the work, are unusually interesting.

The volume is printed well, on paper of the finest quality, but disfigured, here and there, with typographical mistakes.

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The Ancient Régime: A Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 *vols. Harper and Brothers.*

"Stale, flat, and unprofitable" are the novels of Mr. James, and of all his novels the Ancient Régime is the most flat. We have just flung down the book, wondering how any man could, "*sanâ mente*," in a sane mind, publish two volumes so very common-place. Yet Mr. James has done it, once and again, and yet again, and — God help us — seems determined to do it, so long as he can find a publisher.

We do not say that the novels of James are unreadable, paradoxical as it may seem, after what we have written. They are, on the contrary, pleasant, often instructive. In some respects they are even well written: if they were not so written, we should pass them in silence; but when a man of talent persists in writing such common-place affairs as Corse de Leon and the Ancient Régime, we feel bound to caution the public against reading them.

In reviewing the last novel of this author, we took occasion to comment on his repetition of himself; and had not but a bare six months elapsed since the publication of that article, we should have thought, that he had commenced this work with our criticism before him; for the whole conception of the Ancient Régime — according to the preface — is essentially different from that of Mr. James' former romances. To do him justice, he seems to have set out intending to write something really new. But a dog that has once tasted blood is forever killing sheep, — and our novelist, after the first few chapters of the work, runs into all his old habits. Indeed, had he not told us in set phrases that his object was to show the gradual changes of a female mind from infancy to womanhood, and that too while she was in the peculiar position of a ward of a man to whom she bore no relationship: had he not told us this — we say — and added that he had in the Ancient Régime attempted a new and more gentle style, we should have divined neither the one fact nor the other.

There is too much *clap-trap* in the work before us. Most novelists are contented if their hero saves the life of his mistress once in the space of two orthodox volumes. But James thinks this entirely too little. His heroine seems put up like a ten-pin, only to be bowled at; for her life is preserved once from a wolf — once from a robber — and once from an assassin — and beside this, her honour is kept in jeopardy, as a kind of running commentary, through the whole book. We are tempted to say with Titmouse, "'Pon honour — most uncommon luck." Then, too, everything happens, not as it would in life, but just as it ought to happen. Such a chain of fortuitous circumstances, following each other link by link, we venture to say, author never imagined, since the old romances of chivalry gave up the ghost. The deserted babe passes into the very hands to which it *should* go — the supposed father gets a place in the police, *the very thing for all hands* — the young lady when grown up falls in love with the son of the *only man living who knows her parentage* — the king is frustrated in meeting Annette, until after Du Barry has given him *a new object of pursuit* — the Baron de Cajore is arrested at the *very instant* he is arresting the hero — Ernest de Nogent is rescued in the park at Maupay *just as* he is about to be stabbed from behind — and last of all, the assassin de Cajore is killed off at the end, *in the very nick of time*, and when all the actors are conveniently assembled to look on, at a nice little tea-party in the forest. Nothing, indeed, is done naturally: everything is brought about by luck.

In the second place, the characters of the Ancient Régime are only new editions — by no means improved ones — of the *dramatis personæ* of James' former novels. Some wicked wag said that the old dramatists wanted only a king, a fool, a woman, and a villain, to make a tragedy, and Mr. James seems to have taken up the joke as serious. He is like a wax-work keeper: he has one figure, which, by dint of changing the dress, passes for everything under the sun. His heroes and heroines are never dissimilar: he has always one noble and one poorer rogue: he never forgets to bring in a king or a queen, or both; and he fills up the by-play with a few supernumeraries, who talk a great deal and do a very little. If you read one of his novels, you read, in fact, all. Then there are perils, rescues, a duel or two, generally a trial, and now and then a sprinkling of battles, ambuscades, and the like. Sometimes the hobby is one thing and sometimes another, but he never mixes the draught without putting in a little of all the ingredients. In his last novel his fancy ran on battles — in this one, trials appear to rule the roast. To sum up this head, Mr. James seems to be like a horse in a mill, who, though every time he goes his rounds, may kick up his heels after a new variety, never gets out of the same beaten track, or rises above the same humdrum pace.

In the third place, there is no ingenuity in the plot of the Ancient Régime. You see, at once, not only how all is to end, but you penetrate into every detail of the plot. By the time you have read thirty pages, you know that Annette is not Pierre Morin's daughter — that the Abbé is the unknown companion of the murderers — that Pierre Morin is the person who warns Castelneau to leave Paris — and that the sign which induces the Abbé to obey, is the discovery of his own seal, which had been lost at the door of Fiteau's shop, impressed on the letter of warning. A plot, so loosely contrived, wants interest; and if you go through the book at all, it is with labor.

But even that very respectable gentleman, who unfortunately is provided with a tail, is not, according to the popular rumour, without his good qualities; and Mr. James, despite all we have said, is yet a writer of talent — talent running a muck, we contend — but still talent. More than this — he is a historian: not a mere chronicler, but a historian. He knows the manners, costume, and general spirit of the ages of which he writes, and his novels may, so far forth as they embody this knowledge, be read with interest. This, too, is the secret of his continued success in despite of his many faults. This, too, is why he is called the great historical novelist of the age, though in painting accurately the characters of his leading personages, such as Richelieu, Philip Augustus, &c., he is far beneath Grattan — a writer, by the bye, less known in this country than he deserves to be. In another thing James is deficient as a writer of historical romance — he does not enter, as fully as he ought, into *the spirit of the age*. Here Bulwer, in his Rienzi, has shown himself superior to the author of Richelieu; to say nothing of Scott, who, whatever license he took with particular personages, always depicted vividly the spirit of the age of which he wrote.

We take leave of this novel with a brief prophesy respecting its author: he will, in fifty years, be of no more note than any one of the thousand and one *imitateurs* of whose class he is the head.

America, Historical, Statistical and Descriptive: with numerous engravings. By J. Silk Buckingham. 2 *vols. Harper and Brothers.*

If ever there was an inane author — if ever there was an arrant egotist — if ever there was a traveller ignorant of his subject, that author, egotist, and traveller, is J. Silk Buckingham, late missionary in the cause of morals, to the world in general and to this land in particular, and now the author of a romance which he entitles "America, historical, statistical, and descriptive." How could a man suffer him-

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self to be so egregiously gulled, as Mr. Buckingham has proved himself to have been, in these volumes? If his lectures on the Holy Land contained a tithe of the exaggeration of this journal, what a precious mess of stuff his audiences must have swallowed!

Mr. Buckingham opens with a sweeping condemnation of all former writers on America, and then adroitly insinuates that his work is the "*ne plus ultra*" of all works. No one who heard him lecture can doubt his egotism or vanity. We were not, therefore, much surprised at this exordium. The text, however, keeps up the farce, and whether describing the emoluments of the bar, the genius and productions of our poets, the statistics of the States or Union, the conduct of political parties, or the advance of taste, morals, or religion, he is sure to drag in something respecting himself, and to misrepresent, more or less, the subject under discussion. Did the book merit the time and space, we would quote some of its remarks to shew what an errant blockhead, or else what a wilful libeller, this J. Silk Buckingham is.

This want of truth in Mr. Buckingham is unpardonable. While here, he was feasted, huzzaed, followed by crowds, in short made a lion of,—and, as he himself says, he had every opportunity to gain correct information. But he seems to have slighted them all. His exaggerations out-romance Amadis de Gaul. He is beside painfully dull, prosing away, page after page, just as he used to dilute his twaddle, when retailing it, by the hour, at a shilling a head. His work scarcely lays claim to mediocrity. Although ushered in by a flourish of trumpets from presses on both sides of the Atlantic, and attended by a pompous dedication to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the volumes are inferior in every respect to the unpretending work, on this country, lately published by Mr. Combe. As Brougham said of Sheridan's statesmanship, "it is neither a bad book, nor a good book, nor an indifferent book — the fact is, it is no book at all."

Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern: from the German of Frederick Schlegel: 1 vol. J. and H. G. Langley: New York, 1841.

This work is already extensively known, through the medium of foreign editions; but the present imprint of it will be none the less welcome on that account. We rejoice to see our publishers begin to make head against the reprint of worthless novels, by issuing, instead of such trash, works of a standard character like this. Let the press second them in so noble an effort.

The object of Schlegel, in this volume, has been to give a general view of the development and spirit of literature, and to show its influence on the character of successive ages, from ancient to modern times. We cannot appreciate, and cannot therefore be expected to praise, the German fondness for reducing everything to a theory, and we must consequently protest against the attempt made by our author to give his subject such a character. Nevertheless the book is full of profound reflections, and displays great research. It is the result of a full mind, and not the idle rhapsody of a visionary.

The present edition is a reprint from the last Edinburgh one. The translation is attributed to J. G. Lockhart, whose scholarship is a guarantee for excellence and fidelity.

The Secretary of Machiavelli, or the Siege of Florence. By D. M'Carthy. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard.

A very common-place book, too bad to praise, yet too good absolutely to condemn. It will find its place on the shelves of circulating libraries.

The Secret Foe. By Ellen Pickering, 2 vols. Carey and Hart.

This is scarcely equal to Miss Pickering's earlier production, "Nan Darrell." Indeed, the present novel is, by no means, a work which will increase her reputation. Portions of it are written well, we admit; but the character of the book, considered as a whole, is but little above a desperate mediocrity. There is no individuality in the actors — no novelty in the plot — many incidents extravagant and unnatural; and a forced interest, if we may so speak, in the whole of the second volume. It is true, many of the scenes are drawn vividly, but they do not suffice to redeem the work. Worse than all, the introduction of the fugitive, Charles the Second, together with the whole conception of the character of the boy Jackson, is a plagiarism from Woodstock of the worst kind, because one where the spirit and not the language is stolen. We cannot forgive the author, even though a woman, for such an act.

The Deerslayer, or, the First War-Path: A Tale: By J. F. Cooper. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard.

Little can be said of this tale which has not been said of the former novels, by Mr. Cooper, in which "Leather Stocking" appears. The story is one of thrilling interest, full of perils and of hair-breadth escapes. The reader, unable to lay down the book, peruses it with painful and breathless eagerness; but, with the exception of Natty Bumpo, there is no character worthy of the name. Here is the great difference betwixt Cooper and Scott. No one will deny, that the former is nearly, if not quite, as successful as the latter in the interest his story awakens in the reader's mind, yet we look back in vain, through the whole series of the Red Rover tales, for such inimitable characters as those of Balfour of Burley, and the other actors in the Waverley Novels. Mr. Cooper paints only the outside, he cannot reach into the soul. Yet, as an author, skilful in the management of incident, or capable of whirling away the reader in the breathless interest of a story, no writer of the day, at least no American, can, at all, compare with Mr. Cooper.

In the present tale there is an unusual unity of person, place and time. The whole action is confined to three days; the principal characters are not more than six; and the scene is the lake at Cooperstown, with its surrounding shores. The story is placed as far back as the early French war, and is one of Indian siege and ambuscade. Some of the night scenes, where the beleaguered whites, uncertain of the time or mode of the enemy's attack, wander up and down the lake in the ark, listening for the dip of a paddle or the crackling of a twig, to announce the approach of the foe, are unsurpassed even by the earliest efforts of Mr. Cooper. The rescue of Hist from the hostile camp is a scene of great power — so is the surprise of the whites at the castle — and so is the death of the Panther from Deerslayer's hands, and the latter's temporary escape from the savages. The closing scene, however, in which the torture of Deerslayer is going on, seems to us not only painfully, but unnaturally protracted — so that, long before the dénouement, we begin to lose our interest in the finale, under the feeling that the author has overworked his scene.

We are not captious in these few objections, for they are but specks on a sunny sky. No one can question Mr. Cooper's powers as a novelist of his particular school. We dismiss his work with high praise, hoping that he may long live to adorn the literature of his country, and that he may never write a worse story than the Deerslayer.

The Leather-Stocking tales are now complete in ten volumes, by Messrs. Lea and Blanchard.

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A Practical Description of Herron's Patent Trellis Railway Structure, etc., etc. By JAMES HERRON, *Civil Engineer.* 1 *vol. Carey and Hart, and J. Dobson, Philadelphia*, 1841.

This is an able treatise. The main object of the author is to explain his Patent Trellis Railway Structure — an invention which is peculiarly adapted to the frosty climates of the middle and northern states; but, as collateral to this, he has discussed the subject of mineralizing wood, of an improved method of joining the ends of railway bars, and of the defective nature of railway structures in use.

The length to which we have extended some of the preceding reviews, forbids us to go at large into the contents of this volume; but we recommend it to the attention of the public, and to that of rail-road companies in particular. The volume is accompanied by four large plates of working plans to illustrate the author's remarks. The invention of Mr. Herron has received the sanction of the very highest authorities, and will, in our opinion, supercede all other modes of rail-way structure.

Mr. Strickland, so well known as an architect and engineer, speaks of it as follows:

"Among the various methods now used for the superstructure of railways in this country and in Europe, I know of none to compare with Mr. Herron's patent horizontal truss, or diagonal braced floor. It has the great advantages of surface-bearing lateral connection, and longitudinal combination of strength, and evenness of level. It is calculated to rest secure in all the various characters of soil .... will be found to resist with the utmost degree of permanency all the vicissitudes of the caved and washed embankments which undermine the present mud-sills and cross-ties of the road-beds now in use."

The Franklin Institute says of it:

"Mr. Herron has fully understood and appreciated the evils inseparably connected with the plans of railway superstructure so much in use here and in Europe, in which the rails are supported upon isolated blocks of stone or sleepers of timber .... His object has been to devise a plan in which all the parts forming the structure shall be adequately supported; while, at the same time, they shall be so connected that no portion will be liable to independent displacement, either laterally or vertically."

Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. By the author of "The Linwoods," etc. 2 vols. Harper and Brothers: New York, 1841.

Miss SEDGWICK has given us, in these volumes, her notes of travel through England, Italy, and other parts of Europe. The book is written in an easy, almost conversational style; it abounds in anecdote and what we should call allowable gossip; and, if it were only a little racier, would be a model for tourists. We like particularly the little details of persons and manners, in which our author has indulged — one gets, in perusing them, an excellent idea of the society in other countries. This is what we want, and where the author does not intrude on privacy, we cannot see that he or she is to be condemned. Miss Sedgwick's choice of words might — to our minds — be purer: her style is often disfigured by provincial phrases of the worst kind.

The Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist. By H. COCKTON. *With numerous illustrations, by Phiz.* 1 *vol. Carey and Hart.*

This is a work of considerable humor — one of that class, which, without much originality, manages to become popular, as much from the fun it contains, as from the style in which the story is told. The illustrations are not as happy as those of Phiz in general. The book is neatly printed, in the style of the Nickleby series.

SECRET WRITING.

On the tenth of August, a letter addressed to us by some gentleman who had assumed the *nom de guerre* of Timotheus Whackemwell, was received at this office, from Baltimore. It enclosed a cypher, and says, "if you succeed with it I will set you down as perfect in the art." Thinking that in the chirography we recognised the hand of our friend, Mr. J. N. McJilton, of Baltimore, we addressed *him* by return of mail, with the solution desired. Mr. McJilton, it appears, however, was not the correspondent. The solution ran thus —

"This specimen of secret writing is sent you for explanation. If you succeed in divining its meaning, I will believe that you are some kin to Old Nick."

Mr. Whackemwell, whoever or wherever he is, will acknowledge this reading to be correct.

The cypher submitted through Mr. F. W. Thomas, by Dr. Frailey, of Washington, and decyphered by us, also in return of mail, as stated in our August number, has not *yet* been read by any of our innumerable readers. We now append its solution, together with the whole of that letter of the Doctor's, of which we gave only a portion in the August number.

SOLUTION.

In one of those peripatetic circumrotations I obviated a rustic whom I subjected to catachetical interrogation respecting the nosocomical characteristics of the edifice to which I was approximate. With a volubility uncongealed by the frigorific powers of villatic bashfulness, he ejaculated a voluminous replication from the universal tenor of whose contents I deduce the subsequent amalgamation of heterogeneous facts. Without dubiety incipient pretension is apt to terminate in final vulgarity, as parturient mountains have been fabulated to produce muscupular abortions. The institution the subject of my remarks, has not been without cause the theme of the ephemeral columns of quotidian journals, and enthusiastic encomiations in conversational intercourse.

The key to this cipher is as follows — *But find this out and I give it up.*

The appended letter, however, from Dr. Frailey, will show the means used by him to embarrass the reading. Arbitrary characters were made to stand for *whole words*. When we take this circumstance into consideration, with other facts mentioned in the letter, and regard also the nonsensical character of the phraseology employed, we shall be the better enabled to appreciate the extreme difficulty of the puzzle.

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1841.

Dear Sir,

It gives me pleasure to state, that the reading by Mr. Poe, of the cryptograph which I gave you a few days since for transmission to him, is correct.

I am the more astonished at this, since for various words of two, three and four letters, a distinct character was used for each, in order to prevent the discovery of some of those words, by their frequent repetition in a cryptograph of any length and applying them to other words. I also used a distinct character for the terminations *tion* and *sion*, and substituted in every word where it was possible, some of the characters above alluded to. Where the same word of two of those letters occurred frequently, the letters of the key phrase and the characters were alternately used, to increase the difficulty.

As ever, yours, &c.

CHAS. S. FRAILEY.

To F. W. THOMAS, Esq.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE PET LAMB.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

I saw her in her artlessness
All innocent and free,
And playfully a favored lamb
She fondled on her knee—
She seemed a vision of a dream,
A glory passing bright,
A being clothed in lovelinees
As angels are in light!

Her tresses sported round about
Her snowy brow divine,
As flowers of the daffodil
Embrace a virgin shrine,—
Such purity was nestled there,
A Sybil's it might be,
Forever beaming placidly
As starlight down at sea!

Her smile it had a witchery
To mortal ones unknown,
A language in its mirthfulness
Beyond a seraph's tone:
It was as if the soul had come
From out its deep recess
And chose a dwelling in her eyes,
So pure their loveliness!

And softly on her pearly cheek
The dewy lashes lay;
Her lips were parted temptingly
To woo the breeze to stay;
Her snowy neck all droopingly
Defied the lily's grace;
Her dimpled mouth—I dreamt of heav'n
In gazing on that face!

She fondled artlessly her pet;
She raised his tiny feet;
And toyed the garland on his neck;
And soothed him, when he bleat,
So sweetly that I might not hear
Unmoved that silver tone,
But longed to leave my hiding place
And woo her for my own.

A shot re-echoed through the wood,
I saw the smoky wreath—
The lamb was bleeding in her lap
The glancing ball beneath—

I sprang and raised the sufferer
And staunched the ebbing tide,
And carefully I bound the wound,
And sat me by her side.

I quieted her quick alarm,
I gently soothed her fears,
And o'er the dying favorite
We mingled tears with tears:
I shared her grief, and calmed her woe,
And blamed the sportsman rude—
She raised her swimming eyes to mine
And smiled her gratitude.

She faintly smiled and dropped her gaze,
Her passive hand I took,
No word was spoke, we only heard
The murmur of the brook;
Her gaze was on the murdered lamb,
Her heart was strangely moved—
She sighed, and oh! the loss she felt,
The void where once she loved.

Again I soothed her maiden grief,
And sighed whene'er she sighed,
And with such winning sympathy
Her starting tears I dried,—
And when she ceased I sighed myself,
And she besought to know
All artlessly and innocent
The secret of my woe.

I told her it was all herself,
That I had paused to gaze,
And that her witching lovelinees
Would sadden all my days;
And then I sighed, and looked away,
And told her how I grieved,
Not for myself, but for the pang
Her gentle heart received.

I asked her but to pity me,
And told my grief to part—
Her fingers trembled, and I heard
The beating of her heart,
And all dissolved in sympathy
She yielded to my side—
Was ever virgin love as thine?
My Rosalie, my bride!

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THE GHOST OF CHEW'S WALL;

A LEGEND OF GERMANTOWN.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

When a man becomes so far lost to a sense of self-importance, as not only to tell, but actually to *write stories*,—thus recording his turpitude in black and white—it is not to be presumed that slight consequences will deter him from his purpose. Indeed, it is rather to be supposed that he has made up his mind to despise public opinion, and to brave all indignation. His hand is sure to follow as his pen may lead, and whatever he may *resolve*, when the story is written, it is, somehow or other, sure to find its way into print. The best motives of a writer may therefore be mistaken, or his strongest resolves puffed to the winds by a single breath, so that it may well be supposed in what a predicament we were, when we found our best intentions frustrated, and had to encounter the wrath and tobacco smoke of our German neighbors, and were obliged to write this apologetic introduction, and all through a villanous blunder of our greedy devil.

The facts are these. We sat down, a few evenings since, after enjoying a comfortable cup of pure Java,—which we still continue to enjoy, notwithstanding the anathemas of a fellow with a villanous name, of "bran bread" repute,—to commit to paper a few notes of a conversation which we had with a relative long since. Having unluckily fallen into a doze, our devil, who had been going about for more than an hour roaring for copy, took a peep into the *sanctum*, and, seeing how matters stood, slipt off the following article, "in the crack o' a thumb," by way of filling up an odd form, which, in an unlucky fit of liberality, we had resolved to squeeze into the present number. It may well be supposed that, before we had fairly rubbed our eyes open, the *matter* was blown to the world, and a whole avalanche of country cousins, who hail from Germantown, were down upon us. Of course we said at once that the article was not ours, as no man can be expected to acknowledge his guilt until it is proved upon him. This, however, did not satisfy them, although they professed to have no difficulty in believing it, for they continued to smoke their pipes with such fury, and swore so stoutly in real jaw-breaking Dutch—for every mother's son is German, even to the cut of his pantaloons—that we were glad to get off upon the condition of making a handsome apology, which we think we have now fully done.

Among the many delightful villages in Pennsylvania, which owe their origin to German settlers, and maintain, amid surrounding improvements, the unchanged marks of ancestry, there is none more prominent than Germantown. It is but half an hour's drive from Philadelphia, extending along the main road for more than two miles, with, for the most part, old-fashioned stone houses, which date prior to the revolution, sprinkled plenteously on both sides of the road, forming a village of most unconscionable length, but—like the pockets of most dandies of the present day—with no depth or body to support its extensive pretensions. It is famous in history, as being the ground of a battle during the struggle for independence, in which victory, though for a time doubtful, declared for the enemy, in consequence of the incompetency of an American officer. The present inhabitants are mostly the descendants of German families—true sprigs of the old branches, imitating most of the virtues of their forefathers, indulging in no luxuries, pursuing a rigid economy, and clinging with an unyielding regard to the money bequeathed them. Nor is this regard in any degree weakened by the devices of those who have recently settled in the village, and who vainly hope by improving their houses, fitting up their grounds, and clipping and beautifying their shrubbery, to induce an imitation of their example. The old-roof tree stands, as it stood half a century ago, and the very stones of the building, from between which the mortar has in many cases long since dropped, grin defiance on the passer by, who dares to harbor a thought of improvement or repair. The owner is content to *live* as his ancestors lived, but would like to *die* a little richer. The patrimony, amassed by the hand of unceasing toil, is religiously bequeathed from sire to son, together with the peculiar habits of thought and the superstitious sentiments of an age gone by. In many cases no education has been suffered to weaken or invade, and in others has been so slight as only to harmonize the mind with the general character of the place, which at best seems to belong more to a past generation than to the present. From these causes, things which better tutored minds scout with scorn, in the one case, are held as true as matters of religious belief, and in the other are only doubted, not disbelieved. In fact so thoroughly does

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superstition, and the gross follies which an intercourse with the world and education always dispel, prevail, that many of the inhabitants can tell you to a nicety when there will be a change of weather, by the belligerent attitude in which the moon turns up her horns when she grows restive, and that there will be company when the cat licks her paws, when a fork sticks up in the floor, or when the old cock brushes up his feathers and crows in the door-way. There are others who go still deeper into mysteries of this sort, and can predict to you a birth, a marriage, or a death, by the kinks in a cow's tail; but as they are entirely beyond our depth, and seem to have this knowledge all to themselves, it may be well not to disturb them in their profound wisdom. Nevertheless, let no young man, who values the affections of any fair Dutch damsel in Germantown, venture to present her with a pair of scissors, unless he wishes to *cut* the sentimental cord that binds her to him. Thus much we feel in duty bound to record as a warning to young gentlemen, as many a man has lost the confidence and affections of his lady love in consequence of less matters than a pair of scissors.

It might be expected that a village so contiguous to a great city, would soon lose these distinctive marks of character, and that the extravagance, follies and vices of the metropolis would be generally imitated. Not so, however. With very little exception, the place is as entirely distinct as if it were miles in the interior. The moral mantle of Germanism seems to hang like a cloud over the place, and, blended with the superstition of the portion of inhabitants spoken of, there is a high-toned morality so imbedded in the hearts of the people, that honesty and a strict regard to truth, next to making money and keeping it, may be considered the great texts by which they live.

It will easily be understood that among a people thus constituted, a *ghost* has but to be *seen* by one of their number, and his appearance announced, to be generally dreaded. If he has been *seen*, there is an end of all doubting, and the only thing thereafter to be done, is to keep out of his way. There will be no use, in such a case, to multiply arguments about him, but every man must take care of himself. And, what may seem a little singular, a good sound-minded, rational apparition will, in all cases, most delight to visit a people who pay him so much deference; taking especial care to show himself off frequently, and in all manner of ways, that there may be no doubt that he does exist in one shape or another, and having established the matter to his own satisfaction, that it is better to range the upper world, where he can be *seen*, than to dwell below in the dark, damp ground of the tomb, where he cannot be seen, where his very existence may be doubted, and where, at the best, the quarters are most uncomfortably chilly,—we say a sane ghost, under such circumstances, would naturally grow familiar—or rather *attempt* to—and having sought out and established himself in comfortable quarters, and having enjoyed an oblivious nap during the day, would seek to regale himself in the evening, after his own will and pleasure, by little trips by moonlight, over the fields, around the old barns, and especially on the tops of the *stone fences*—if any there be—of the neighborhood. A ghost certainly has the right, if any *body* has, of doing pretty much as he pleases, and of keeping out of the dust and gravel of a country side-walk, and of cutting up his antics, by way of recreation, on the top of a stone wall. At least these were the sentiments entertained by the ghost in question, and he took the liberty—unlike most politicians—of acting them out without regard to consequences.

One morning, early in November, 18—, the inhabitants of the goodly village of Germantown were thrown into great consternation and dismay, by the important intelligence that a ghost had been seen the previous evening, perched upon Chew's wall, dressed in white, and rattling a heavy chain, which some maintained he had been hung in, in consequence of some great crime. Some said that it was only a log-chain, which he intended to use, after his own fashion, on the first man he got in his clutches, while others, with a great show of reason, maintained that the chain was fastened around *his own ankle*, and that he was no less a *personage* than the ghost of the dead soldier who had deserted from the British during the revolution, and was accidentally shot during the battle of Germantown, while a prisoner in a baggage-wagon, *as had been said*, but who, it was very likely, had been murdered during the heat of the fray, by some enemy in his own ranks—a rival in love, perhaps, or an heir to some estate, who wished him out of the way. Be all this as it may, the ghost had been *seen* upon the wall, and he had a chain about him in some way, and some unheard of atrocity might confidently be looked for. The greatest mystery of the affair was that as soon as the rumor got on the wind, the man who had seen him was no where to be found, nor could any body tell who he was. Somebody *had* seen him, however, and that was enough, and any inhabitant of Germantown would as soon have doubted the existence of sour-krout—a belief of which substantial proof was given daily—as to have felt the least incredulity in regard to the ghost.

Of course all the inhabitants put on the gravest looks possible, and kept a sharp look-out, but still nearly a week passed and no tidings of a renewal of the visit of his ghostship occurred. Sunday morning came, and the matter was duly canvassed before the church door, prior to the arrival of the minister. A great many solemn shakes of the head and knowing winks were given on the subject. It was formally resolved that fires had better be kept burning in all the ovens for a fortnight, though it was pretty generally agreed that the ghost had been taken unawares, and that, whatever his business to that place might be, by keeping off the wall for a week, it was a pretty good sign that he did not want to show himself, and therefore he would be more cautious in future.

The ghost, notwithstanding all these sage conclusions, resolved to have his own way in the matter, and accordingly made his appearance *that very evening*—not in white, nor in the form of a man, but in

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black, and running on all fours, like a hyena, on the top of the wall, and even proceeded so far as to throttle a very inoffensive person, and one who never could have had any thing to do with the murder—if indeed the apparition was the ghost of the murdered soldier. The facts of this encounter are these.

Christopher Burger (such was the name of the person throttled) or "*Stoffel* Burger," as his German friends delighted to dub him in abbreviation, was a stout, square-built young fellow, of about twenty-two, who could do his day's work, and dance the whole night through in the bargain, without thinking of fatigue. He had fallen in love, at a quilting party, with Miss Susan Hanz, a blooming Dutch damsel of seventeen summers; and, like a straight-forward business-like German, as he was, he resolved to make her his wife. She was, in fact, just the girl to inspire Christopher with the sentimental. Short, thick, and as elegantly shaped as a churn, with a full, round, saucy face, lighted up with a pair of brilliant black eyes, and with a foot, which, if it was *not* one of the smallest, could go through "a straight four," or, for that matter, if occasion required it, a regular "hoe down," with a grace that actually made Christopher's heart leap, as if it was going to jump out of his mouth. Nor were these her only claims to regard. The fair Susan was an only child, and her father had the reputation of possessing more than one stocking full of *the real currency*, carefully stowed away in the large walnut chest under the bed. Two or three broad farms also claimed 'Squire Hanz as owner, and spread themselves out very temptingly before the eager eyes of "Stoffel." And then, what a hand at baking hot cakes!—his mouth actually watered at the thought. Added to all this, he well knew that if he succeeded in winning the heart of the fair Susan, no obstacle would be placed in the way of his happiness by the 'Squire. In this matter the 'Squire was exceedingly liberal; he imposed but one condition upon his daughter in relation to the man of her choice, and that was, that "he must be of a good German family." To "*Stoffel*" there could be no objection on this score. His very name carried the recommendation with it. Moreover, the 'Squire had never had brother or sister, and therefore there were no rascally cousins to be mining the fortress in his absence. Had there been any, with stout purses in their fists, the matter would not have been quite so positive; for, as an *arrangement of convenience*, and to *keep the money* from the hands of *grasping strangers*, every man in the village of which we write made it a point to marry his cousin—*if he could get her*—and, if the truth must be told, the strong voice of parental command was seldom wanting to strengthen his suit.

Let it not be supposed, however, that a lady with such substantial claims had never been besieged with lovers. Such *had been* the case. But "Stoffel" having so far outstripped his rivals as to attain the honor of *smoking a pipe alone* with the 'Squire a few Sunday evenings previous to the time of which we write, the business was looked on as settled, and the whole bevy of Dutch beaux were off in the twinkling of an eye, like a flock of partridges when they have been shot at.

Christopher, thus having "a fair field, and *all* the favor," was not the man to neglect the advantage; so that, on the Sunday night in question, if an inquisitive eye had been placed at the key-hole of the 'Squire's parlor door, he might have been *seen*, or *heard*, actually (we hope the ladies will skip this passage)—we say he might have been *seen* kissing Susan *in the dark*. Atrocious as this conduct was, however, on the part of "Stoffel," we are bound, in recording a true narrative, to say that the lady was not to be frightened at trifles; so, instead of screaming out, and thus rousing the 'Squire and his blunderbuss, she took the matter coolly, and, resolving not to be outdone in civilities, gave him as good as he sent, and, throwing her arms around his neck, *kissed him!!* These, of course, are little attentions, on the part of lovers, which should not be wantonly, and without purpose, revealed to "the cold and heartless world," and we only mention them to show that Christopher was a fellow with a pretty stout heart, and thus prepare our readers for the horrible outrage upon a brave man we are about to record. And considering, too, that all our lady readers have skipped the last passage, and are waiting breathlessly, we proceed.

It was now past twelve o'clock—we are ashamed to record it—for Christopher, whatever wrong he committed in *going* to the 'Squire's every Sunday evening, when he *returned*, his conscience, on that score, was generally clear enough, as it was Sabbath no longer. We say it was past twelve, and Christopher set out for home. He had feasted on the best the 'Squire's cellar afforded, and had made way with more than one mug of his best cider. The parting scene, on the part of Christopher, had been unusually tender. He was naturally an ardent lover, and the cider by no means decreased the strength of his attachment. He had used every argument to bring Susan to the point of acceptance—still she was coy. Yet Christopher was a man of discernment, and thought that a lady who would throw her arms around his neck and kiss him in the dark, (bless us! what will the ladies say to this?) could have no serious objection to him at bottom, and so, on the whole, he was in a very pleasant mood with himself, and with all *mankind* and *womankind* in the bargain, as gentlemen usually are when the lady has been kind, and the parting kiss has been freely given. He felt unusually *happy*, and could not restrain the kind feelings which bubbled up to his very lips and found vent in snatches of songs. He was rapidly approaching the wall—still he thought nothing of ghosts or hobgoblins, but was ruminating very intently upon the charms of the *substantial* little Dutch beauty, and was going over in his mind, very pleasantly, her qualifications to make him a happy man. He might be said to be in that state, when a man is walking yet dreaming. He was picturing a neat stone house, with every *useful* article of furniture bought and paid for, and with a horse and cow that he could call his own. Milk punch, too, naturally enough popped

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into his head, and then out again, to make room for thoughts of hot cakes swimming in butter. His song, however, still went on, as the music was not so difficult of execution as to require much thought in its performance — when the conclusion of a stanza seemed suddenly to have been frozen on his lips, and he started back with the ejaculation —

"Mine Got! vat ish dat? der spooke — der divel!"

The cause of his alarm the reader will understand, and so did "Stoffel." He had heard it rumored that a ghost in white had been seen airing himself upon Chew's wall, and he was not the man to scoff at rumor, and, even if he had been, there was the identical thing before him, slightly changed in appearance, it is true, not in white, nor sitting erect, but in black, running along the wall towards him, like a hyena or a bear; and, sure enough, as if to establish his character beyond the possibility of a doubt, *rattling his chain* with a clangor truly appalling.

In any other situation Christopher, perhaps, would have run, but in the present instance his limbs refused to do their work, his knees knocked together, his teeth set to chattering, and he seemed rooted to the spot. Nor can it be supposed that he was a coward, as we think the contrary has been clearly demonstrated in his valiant exploits in courting. The ghost, however, as if to settle the difficulty, to clear all doubt in the mind of Christopher, and to prevent any more profane exclamations, coolly descended from the wall, and before he knew where he was, knocked him down "with one blow of his *tail*," as was afterwards affirmed.

"So," said the ghost, "your time has come to die!"

"Mine Got, nay — I be's — so young — and pin — tink — to git — marry," chattered the horror-stricken Dutchman.

"You are going to get married; ha! who do you think will have you?"

"Squire — Hanz — Sus, me tinks."

When you marry her you will be a dead man," said the ghost in a hollow, sepulchral voice, "and unless you stay away from Squire Hanz's two months from this time, remember I have warned you! you are a dead man! Beware!" and having released his throat from a loving squeeze, vanished, as Christopher asserted, "in de ground."

When he arose, his brain whirled, and his memory was confused; the sun was just peeping over the hills, and a group of astonished neighbours were around him. Christopher told his story, and related the adventure exactly as it had occurred, excepting what related to Susan, that he kept close in his own bosom — why? we cannot say. Some believed him, but others, of the most knowing, shook their heads — guessed he had drank too freely of the Squire's cider, and wondered how he knew "the ghost vanished in the ground when he was lying on his face in the dirt."

Christopher asserted, and swore Dutch to substantiate it, that he "had been *choked on the back of his neck* until he saw stars," and that after *that* the ghost disappeared, and he knew nothing more of the matter until he found the mob around him.

This was conclusive! And as the contagion spread, it was ascertained that the ghost had been exceedingly obliging, and had appeared in a variety of forms and costumes "to suit customers." A stout troop of good wives roundly asserted that he had crossed the road in the form of a white calf, as they were proceeding to meeting, and that when they screamed out he disappeared. One had seen him in the habit of an old woman, dangling a great bunch of keys at her girdle, but it was plain he was no old woman at all from the whisker on one side of his face, which proved him to be the dead soldier. Moreover, he kept rattling the keys with tremendous fury, and held up his forefinger significantly; as much as to say "if you disturb me I'll knock you down."

Another averred that as she was walking along, she heard a terrible flapping of wings, and looking up she saw, what at first appeared to be a flock of wild-geese, but they quickly changed into boys, and in an instant all vanished but one, and he was a man with a long white flowing robe, with which he took good care to cover his head, so that she could not see whether he had whiskers or no, and therefore could not say whether it was the dead soldier or not. In short, nearly all the *old* women had seen him, or had a ghost story to *tell*, which answered the same purpose, so that the good Dutchmen shook their heads to no purpose, for the more they shook them the more confused they became.

The consequence was, that after the existence of the ghost was thus substantiated, he resolved to confirm the testimony by taking up his quarters for the winter at once. This he did by establishing himself in a neat two story brick house, which was formerly located at the place now called "The Seven Oaks.' Thus having made himself perfectly at home, and we presume feeling himself so, for no body pretended to disturb him in his selected quarters, he took his recreations in various ways. Sometimes he would appear with a winding sheet around him, and a flame of fire coming out of his mouth, then he would walk inhabited like a bear, or he might be seen in the form of a dragon with a huge tail. To vary the entertainments, he would appear with horrible horns on his head, and a tail like a fish, and would go sweeping over the ground as if he were gliding in water. He appeared, too, at various places, though his favorite resort was the top of the stone wall, which he would often bestride, as if it were a full-blooded charger, and would go whistling down the wind, — stone wall and all. What rendered this last feat the more surprising was, that when morning came the wall looked as unmoved as if nothing had happened, but the ghost was nowhere to be found.

It could not be supposed that things should continue in this state forever. Accordingly a number of the more aged inhabitants having put their heads together, it was thought advisable to devise some energetic measures to relieve themselves of his ghostship. Whereupon every man stuck his pipe in his mouth, and set to smoking and thinking with great energy

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and decision. After due reflection, various measures were proposed, but none so feasible as that proposed by Squire Hany, who having a pipe about a foot longer than any of the others, came to the sagest conclusion.

His proposal was in substance, that a meeting be called on the next evening, and that a committee should be appointed to watch the ghost, and if possible, to shoot through him with silver bullets; when, it was affirmed, he would dissolve into thin air at once. And lest the ghost should be aroused to commit some deed of dire interest, as soon as the news of these hostile proceedings reached his ears, it was thought advisable that all the inhabitants should close their doors at sundown, nail horse shoes over them, and, to save candles if not their necks, they should go to bed at dark.

A large meeting of the indignant inhabitants, in accordance with this decision, assembled at "The Green Tree," when, after calling "Stoffel Burger" to the chair, the following resolutions, which had been drawn up with great care and precision for the occasion, were unanimously adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That a committee of eight be appointed *to shoot the ghost*."

"*Resolved*, That Stoffel Burger be chairman of the committee to point him out, so that the silver bullets be not thrown away, and also, to save powder, that *nobody shall shoot the ghost till they see him*."

To the first branch of this resolution Stoffel felt inclined to demur, and said that as he had already been choked by the ghost, he would rather not get in his clutches again. The meeting, however, had made up their minds—as most town meetings generally do—before hand, and would hear of no excuse. It was therefore further

"*Resolved*, That the meeting defray the expenses of the committee, provided they follow instructions, and that all the inhabitants be commanded to nail horse shoes over their doors, so that the ghost may be shot down without mercy."

We said the resolutions were unanimously adopted, but there was one young gentleman who, in the outset, stoutly opposed them, but who, nevertheless, afterwards gave them his hearty support. He was a good looking fellow, about five feet ten in height, with a piercing black eye, a most intelligent face, and a whisker trimmed with such exquisite taste that every girl of the village would take a peep out of the corner of her eye and admire them while passing. His tongue, too, was as slippery as an eel, and he could say the softest and most honied words in a way that actually put the stout Dutch phrases completely out of tune. Nevertheless, he spoke German like a book, and no man could exceed him in driving a bargain, so that, having come from a German settlement in the east, he went by the name of "The Dutch Yankee." He never obtruded his advice in any case, and only suggested in this, "whether these hostile proceedings might not inflame the anger of the ghost, and lead to hot work."

The valor of the meeting, however, was too highly inflamed to listen for a moment to prudential hints, when they had the iron argument of horse shoes ready in case of danger, so that after selecting the committee and charging them to "be true to their country in this sudden and trying emergency, and to meet promptly the next evening and perform their duty," the meeting adjourned.

On the following evening the committee accordingly met at "The Green Tree," armed to the teeth, each man having, in addition to his musket charged with the fatal bullet, a long butcher knife to be ready for extremities. The host of "The Green Tree" was in excellent spirits, and the committee resolved at once to be so too if it could be done by dint of good liquor. So in order to be prepared for the fierce encounter, and to strengthen his nerves, each man knocked off his half-pint at the outset. And as the generous inhabitants had agreed to pay expenses, there could be no harm, so thought both the committee and the host, in drinking another, and as each felt braver the more he drank, the experiment was repeated in homœopathic doses until the hour of twelve, when, we will venture to assert, a stouter hearted set of men never set out on a perilous expedition.

It is strange, however, how soon the cold wind of a winter night will unstring the nerves and set the teeth to chattering, for no sooner were the valiant committee within sight of Chew's wall, and had been a little chilled through with the night breeze, than each man was seized with a tremendous shivering of cold, and each feeling weaker than the other, it was with great difficulty that they could get on, for want of a leader. It was stoutly maintained that "Stoffel" should go before, as he was commissioned by the meeting to point out the ghost. To this Stoffel agreed, but maintained that he could not show him to the committee, unless they were with him. It was finally settled that no man should have the *honor of going alone*, but that they should all march up abreast, and at the signal given fire a platoon into him. So they set up at once a terrible yelling, in order that the ghost might see that they were in earnest and prepare for the consequences.

Whether it was that the ghost heartily despised their bullying mode of procedure, and determined to show that there was no flinching on his part, by meeting them more than half way, or that the heads of the committee were rather giddy with having been confined in the close air of a bar-room for so many hours, and had thus caused them to miscalculate distances; certain it was, that before they were aware of their position, Stoffel espied the ghost and pointed him out at not more than thirty yards distance. Every man instantly cocked his musket, and affirmed that it was *moving*, and that owing to the dreadful proximity of the ghost, every thing else was dancing around them. Accordingly they instantly poured a dreadful volley into the offender and took to their heels.

Whether the ghost was hit or not, it was clearly

* NOTE. This, of course, all occurred before the Germantown Telegraph was started, or we should refer to the files of that valuable paper for a full report of the proceedings, and thus save ourselves a vast deal of trouble in copying a vile, old, dusty, Dutch manuscript.

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ascertained the next morning that the committee had succeeded in putting two silver balls into a great, ugly old post, which had long been a serious annoyance, and had split the rails of a contiguous fence most shockingly. There were not wanting those who were severe and uncharitable enough to say that the committee had got a little drunk, and had fired *at* the post. This, however, was deemed a gross slander, and it was unanimously agreed that if the ghost had stood where the post was, he would have had a ball through him to a certainty.

As for "Stoffel," having done this daring deed, nobody caught him passing the wall for some weeks after, and he gave people pretty clearly to understand that he did not intend to for some weeks to come. What tended to confirm the inhabitants in the opinion that the vigilant committee had extirpated the dreaded visitant, and that there was nothing like silver bullets and horse shoes to quiet ghosts, whether in doors or out was, he did not appear on the wall — when, unluckily for our friend "Stoffel" and his milk punch and hot cakes, "The Dutch Yankee," who possessed the true blood, succeeded in winning the heart of the fair Susan, and actually eloped with the bouncing little Dutch beauty, much to the amazement of the Squire, and the horror of the astounded "Stoffel," and actually carried the enormity so far, as to write "Stoffel" an invitation to the "home-bringing," a month or so afterward; coupling the request with a promise that the ghost should not be allowed to disturb him either in passing or repassing Chew's wall without due revenge. "Stoffel" did not like the tone of the invitation, or considered that his valor in courting and shooting ghosts was established, so he declined.

That the ghost still held his quarters privately somewhere in the neighborhood, and enjoyed many a pleasant little trip by moonlight for his own private gratification after that, was not doubted by the good people of the village, although he only condescended to show himself to particular favorites, by *occasional glimpses* when passing the wall. Lately, however, he has been more chary of his visits, and it is supposed that the rail road rather interfered with his calculations, and that the eternal whizzing of steam and the ringing of bells, rendered his quarters uncomfortable — particularly since his house has rudely been pulled down over his head, and a new one erected on the same site, without regard to his convenience.

There were not wanting people who pretended to laugh at the whole affair after the elopement and marriage of the fair Susan, and it was maintained that the Yankee was often seen to twist his face and laugh to himself, when he was ploughing up the old Squire's ground. Yet nobody in Germantown, *who had heard the clanking of the chain*, ever ventured to doubt the existence of the ghost, and if any of our readers are inclined to disbelieve the story, the horse shoes can yet be seen nailed over some of the doors, and the bullet *holes* can yet be shown in the posts by the road side, — some of the inhabitants having dug the bullets out with the characteristic reflection, "that it was a pity that good silver should be thrown away, *even after ghosts*.

G.

FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

Spread on! speed on, to your Southern home,
Ye who 'mid the fleecy clouds may roam!
The hoarse voice of Winter comes fast on the breeze —
Its roaring is heard in the tops of the trees,
And swift as your flight, is the march of Time —
Away, away, to a milder clime!

Ye're wearied with seeking in vain for food,
'Mid the leafless boughs of your native wood;
And here will ye carol your songs no more,
Till the reign of the winter-king is o'er;
Till Spring, in new beauty, comes dancing on,
And ascends flower-crowned to her vernal throne.

But your voices shall gladden the fairy bowers
Of the genial South, through these winter hours,
Where your golden wings may unfettered rove
Through the flowery dell, and the orange grove;
Or bathe in the spray of those crystal streams,
Which forever glide free in the sun's glad beams.

Then away! ere hastens cold winter's night;
He who watcheth the sparrow, directs your flight:
We envy your freedom, ye songsters fair!
And fain would fly, too, from this piercing air;
But the Power divine, which doth bid you roam,
Binds us, and our joys, to a Northern home.

But, thanks to that Power! from the frosts of Grief —
From the Winter that blighteth Affection's leaf;
From the chilling blast of Misfortune's breath,
The ransomed *spirit* may flee at death,
To a clime where perpetual Summer, reigns
O'er the faileless flowers of celestial plains.

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THE ROWSEVILLERS.—No. II.

THE CAPTAIN'S COURTSHIP.

The cloth had just been removed, at my second dinner with the club, when the President called on a Mr. Rowley for a story. He tossed off a tumbler of Port — to clear the cobwebs, as he said, from his throat — and began.

"You all know I am a lawyer, and that men who would be witty have a way of quizzing our profession by saying that we cannot tell a story without dragging in our craft. I have no objection to the notion of these smart gentlemen, and shall not even trouble myself to refute them, but go on with my story.

"When I was a student, just after the close of the late war, I used to pay occasional visits to Mount Holly, which was even then a passable county town, and remarkable for its pretty girls, its gay winters, and the quantity of wine drank by its bar. There wasn't a lawyer in the place who could'nt carry his two bottles, and as for wit, these barristers were famed for it from Cape May to Hackensack. But it is not so much with the Mount Holly bar as with Captain Slashbey, one of the clients of the wittiest member there, that my story has to do.

"I first met the gallant captain on a hunting excursion into the pines. He was a portly little gentleman, with a rubicund face, a constant flow of humor, and an opinion of his own good looks rather singular, I must say, at forty-five. He had very short legs and a very round person, and altogether reminded you of a fat pigeon walking upright. He had been in the service during the war, and at the reduction of the army, finding himself pretty well in debt, and without a *sous* in his pockets, had settled at Squankum, a place in the very heart of the cedar swamps. And very convenient it was for Slashbey, for, like Galway, in Ireland, a sheriff's writ hadn't been seen there in the memory of man. It was once attempted to execute a capias there, but the forgemen and squatters rose in a mass, and though the light horse were ordered out, the arrest had to be given up. Now the captain was a popular man in Squankum, and therefore was as safe as in a sanctuary. He thirsted now and then, it is true, for the good things of civilized life afar off, and would often make a dash into Mount Holly, like a guerilla, taking care, however, to retreat before his creditors had wind of his approach. But at length he grew tired of this life, — I'll thank you for the bottle — and determined to extricate himself from it by marrying an heiress; for the captain was a gallant man, you must know, and, like Will Honeycombe, had a high notion of his own powers.

"There was a merry little vixen at the county town — a gay witty black-eyed rogue as ever lived — who was, in the captain's opinion, the very pattern for a wife. She would have made an anchorite forswear his creed, and was besides an heiress to a very pretty fortune. Undaunted by the crowds of suitors for her hand, Slashbey determined to enter the lists, nothing doubting, on the faith of certain smiles with which she always welcomed him, that he would carry off the prize. He began his preparations like a Napoleon. He bought a new pair of buff cassimeres, endued a shining blue coat with metal buttons, and ordered a wig from the most fashionable *perruquier* in Philadelphia, for unluckily the captain was as bald as a cannon ball. Thus accoutred, he laid regular siege to his charmer, dancing her and sleighing her whenever he could venture out of his cedar swamps without being chased by a bailiff. The heiress smiled on the captain, her suitors cursed the lucky rival, and Slashbey spent his time betwixt studying his glass and singing 'none but the brave deserve the fair.'

"It was just when he thought he was on the point of success that a grand ball was given at ———, and the captain, determining to carry his charmer by assault, forgot his usual prudence and escorted the heiress in his gig. Never did the little fellow look more gallant. I was at the ball, and faith! could scarcely keep my eyes off him. His wig was curled irresistibly, his new coat shone with resplendent lustre, his cassimeres fit him as a mould does a bullet, and he sported his new buff gloves with more vanity than a rider does his colors at a race. But, alas! his glory was destined soon to wane. One of his rivals, whose nose the captain had valorously pulled, determining on revenge, had informed the sheriff of Slashbey's whereabouts, and just as he was leading his charmer triumphantly to the dance, the myrmidons of justice pounced on him, and after a desperate struggle he was secured, on the charge of an assault and battery. But this was not the worst. Before the court opened the next day, a dozen writs in civil suits had been lodged against his body. The captain was beside himself. He trembled at the *exposé* of his affairs — he trembled for his heiress.

"'We could laugh this battery out of court,' he said; 'but what the devil can I do with these creditors? I'm a ruined man. And to come just now, the infernal rascals! Oh, Anna Matilda!' he exclaimed with a love-lorn look of his crow-feet eyes, 'it's all up with you and your fortune now. What would the fellows of the tenth say if they heard of it?'

"'Cheer up,' said his attorney laughingly; 'your case will come up among the first, and we may yet find a way to get you off. It's all the result of envy. These young boys can't endure that Mars and Apollo should meet together in your person,' and the bar-

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rister winked wickedly to me, as Slashbey, marshalled by the sheriff, preceded us into the hall of justice.

"It was with a rueful countenance that he took his seat in the court. The room was densely filled with the usual motley assemblage at a county sessions. Loafers half in rags, and shopmen in the latest cut, portly farmers with huge mud-stained boots, and drovers carrying heavy loaded whips, here a sober Quaker with a broad-rimmed beaver, and there a gay young lawyer with more wit than briefs, long men and short men, fat ones and lean ones, some with merry round faces, and others with countenances as sour as crab-apples, officers and loungers, attornies and clients, filled up every vacant space outside the bar, whiling away the time until the appearance of the judge, by speculating on the prospects of a crop, or discussing the points of a case set down for trial at the term. At length his honor made his appearance, and, bustling and bowing through the crowd, assumed the bench, wiped the perspiration from his rubicund face, coughed with judicial gravity, and ordered the crier to open the court. That high functionary accordingly started to his feet, and in a nasal twang mumbled over a formula which no one could hear distinctly, but which appeared to be a recapitulation of the iniquities of those in authority generally, and of his honor in particular, as it ended with a hope that God would save the commonwealth and the honorable court. After the crier sat down, a very lean man, with a very sharp nose, and a very squeaking voice, called out 'John Smith,' whereupon a little fat man jumped up and said 'here;' but the clerk, without seeming to notice him, went on and called Joseph Thomson, Zerubabel Thomson, Joab Johnson, and the Lord knows how many more Thomsons and Johnsons, all of whom severally jumped up and said 'here.' Then, the jury being empannelled, the case came on, and the attorneys got into towering passions, and seemed as if they could have eaten each other up, while the jury smiled and nodded, and their foreman — the little fat man — stroked his chin and looked extremely wise. After this was gone through with, there was a general buzz through the room, when suddenly the judge cried 'order,' and then the sheriff cried 'order,' and the sleepy constables and tipstaves opened their eyes and echoed 'order' more lustily than either; whereupon his honor turned over one or two big books bound in white calf, — ah! this is prime Port — consulted his notes for a moment, and then proceeded to sum up the evidence and charge the jury.

"The next case was that of Slashbey — and the same formality was gone through with until about half of the jury had been sworn, when the attorney-general rose to acquaint the court that the panel was exhausted and that therefore he prayed a *tales* from the lookers on. These few and simple words of the attorney-general acted on the spectators like the upsetting of a crowded bee-hive. Instantly there was a great rush towards the door. Drovers and farmers, shopmen and gentlemen, staid Quakers and burly topers, all started in the race at once, tumbling and scrambling over each other in their haste to reach the entrance, while the tipstaves shouted 'order' until they were hoarse, and the sheriff and his deputies sprang to the door in order to close it before the egress of their prey. It was a moment of general confusion, and Slashbey was forgotten in the *mêlée*. Even the judge had eyes only for the scrambling fugitives.

"'Now,' said I, nudging Slashbey, who sat by me not far from the casement; 'now's your time — clear the window at a leap — my horse Thunderer is fastened not twenty yards off — ride like the devil, and don't draw rein till you get to Squankum.'

"Slashbey understood my plan as readily and rapidly as I had conceived it, and, just waiting to see that the coast was clear, he placed his hands on the sill, and, portly as he was, shot through the open window like a bomb, unseen by all except his honor, who caught sight of the fugitive's coat tails as they disappeared outside.

"'An escape!' shouted the judge, starting to his feet; 'sheriff, your prisoner. The captain's off.'

"On the instant the talesmen were forgotten, and sheriff, deputies, tipstaves and freeholders turned around, with open mouths and curious eyes. It was a minute or more before the matter could be explained, and by that time I saw that Slashbey had got mounted. I shouted 'stop thief' at this, and sprang out of the window, as if in pursuit, followed by the sheriff and his constables, tumbling helter-skelter over each other after me. The officers no sooner caught sight of the fugitive than they roared lustily to stop him, while the sheriff bawled for the '*posse comitatus*' like a bull of Bashan. It was no time to respect property, so I followed the example of the officers, and sprang on the first steed I came across, eager to see the fun.

"The court house stood nearly at the opposite end of the village, from that out of which led the road to Squankum, and when I mounted my horse, Slashbey was scouring down the main street some hundred yards ahead. Before a minute, however, the sheriff and his pack were in full cry at the fugitive's heels, while as many of the spectators as could find horses and vehicles started off, a few to aid the law, but most to enjoy the sport. And, by my faith! what a sight it was! Foremost in the chase galloped the sheriff, his hat off and his queue flying behind, bawling himself red in the face by cries of 'stop thief,' 'head him off,' 'maintain the laws,' amid the laughter of some and the shouts of others of the crowd. At every few leaps Slashbey would turn his face ruefully around to see whether his pursuers gained on him or not — reminding one of Tam O'Shanter, of blissful memory, when he saw the witches yelling after him. The captain would never have won the prize at Astley's for horsemanship, and now, what betwixt his hurry and affright, he rode like a frightened monkey at a circus. Gilpin did not create more excitement in his famous race. The shopmen left their counters, the blacksmith hurried from his forge, the school children followed the pedagogue to the window, and the very chanticleers, unwilling to let the hubbub go by without they partook in it, flapped their wings on

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the garden fences and crowed lustily. But with your leave, I'll pause to fill my glass, for a man telling a story is like a steam-engine — he can't get on without he keeps the fire blazing.

"The race was now at its height. The uproar was tremendous. Up flew the windows, and out popped the heads. The women shrieked, the pigs squealed, the men laughed, the boys cheered, and a dozen curs hurried yelping and snapping at Thunderer's heels, who, alarmed at the hue and cry around him, pricked up his ears, snorted, and fairly taking the bit in his teeth, went off at a frantic pace. You would have died with laughter had you seen Slashbey then. Holding on to the rein with one hand, he grasped the mane desperately with the other, and, sticking his feet up to the heels in the stirrup, he leaned forward until he lay almost prostrate on the horse's neck, while the tails of his coat flying up behind disclosed the fair rotundity beneath, over which his shining new buff cassimeres were stretched as tight as a drum-head. At every leap he bounced three feet from the saddle. The shouts of the *posse* in his rear increased, while the captain's rueful looks behind became more frequent. Some cried 'murder,' others bawled 'stop thief.' The perspiration poured down the captain's cheeks. He gasped for breath. And, to crown all, as he got opposite his charmer's dwelling, a puff of wind swept off his wig — for his hat had been left in the court house in his hurry — and the envied locks sailing away to the rear amid convulsive shouts of laughter on the part of the crowd, betrayed the bald pate of Slashbey glistening like burnished silver in the sun.

"'Go it, fat 'un, and never mind the scratch,' roared a ragged spectator, who was fairly dancing with delight.

"'Hip — ho — heave ahead there,' shouted another, shieing a missile at the fugitive.

"'Whow — whow — whoa,' halloed others, running out in front of Thunderer and waving their arms and



hats before his eyes, but scampering hither and thither as soon as the frightened steed drew near.

"The captain felt his heart sink within him at this accumulation of disasters, and he could scarcely summon courage to look up, but he made a desperate effort, and — oh! shades of the gallant tenth — there was his mistress at the window pointing to his glossy pate, and laughing until the tears ran out of her eyes.

"The captain felt that his last hope was gone, and in a moment of despair would have reined in his horse, but Thunderer took the matter in his own hands and kept on at a thrashing pace, amid the shouts and pelting of the crowd. He dashed down the cross-street, clattered over the bridge, and in a few minutes crossed the brow of the neighboring hill in a cloud of dust. The motley group in pursuit kept on, but when Thunderer's metal was up there was n't his match in the whole county, so that before long, one after another of the *posse* drew in, leaving only the sheriff and his deputies in pursuit. These, too, gave out before they reached the vicinity of the enchanted land, in other words, the cedar swamps this side of Squankum.

"The joke clove to the captain's name closer than a brother. The little vixen of an heiress had all along been coquetting with "the gallant warrior," and now she was the loudest among the laughers at her wigless beau. She filled up Slashbey's cup of sorrow by marrying, shortly after, the gallant whose nose the captain had pulled.

"What branch of the service," asked a spooney lieutenant from the bottom of the table, after the laughter had somewhat subsided, "did you say your friend belonged to?"

"I didn't particularize," coolly said the narrator, "but I believe it was the *flying* artillery."

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE SHIPWRECK.

The arrival of our battered fleet in the Texal, was the signal for a diplomatic war betwixt the ministers of England, Holland and France. The result of this encounter of wits, was the secret transfer of the captured ships to the latter power, and an order from the Prince of Orange to quit his dominions. Accordingly, Paul Jones, having superseded Landais in command of the Alliance, put to sea on the 27th of December, 1779, and, after running the gauntlet of the channel fleet, and approaching near enough to the Downs to examine its force, reached the roads of Groix on the 10th of February, 1780, in safety. As these things are matters of history, I briefly pass them over, the more readily because I did not myself accompany the commodore; for having found a letter from my captain, lying for me at Holland, requiring my return to Paris, I seized the first opportunity and started for France within a fortnight after the capture of the Serapis.

Our run through the straits was pleasant, and we had every prospect of a speedy voyage until our second day out, when the wind freshened into a gale, and before night it was blowing, as the old tars had it, "great guns and marlinspikes." Every thing, however, was made fast and clean, and toward midnight I sought my hammock, and in a few moments, with a sailor's carelessness, had forgotten our danger in sleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was suddenly aroused from my slumbers by the heeling of the ship, and as I started up in my berth, I heard the salt water dashing through the cabin, and roaring in the hold as if the bulk-heads were giving way. The lights were out, and I could see nothing, but I knew by the sound that the water was pouring in a cataract down the companion way, and that all escape therefore by that path was cut off. Could the ship be sinking?—had she broached to?—where were the crew? were the questions that rushed through my mind at that awful moment. I listened a second to hear, if I could, any sign of my fellow passengers in the cabin; but the place appeared to be deserted. Knowing that no time was to be lost, I sprang to the window in the stern, but—Good God! the dead lights were in, and all escape by that way was closed on me. Louder and louder roared the waters into the cabin, already they were dashing their cold spray around me, and in a few seconds they would submerge my berth. Death stared me in the face—death, too, in its most horrid guise. My brain whirled, my knees shook, my skin felt cold as the grave, and my usually buoyant heart sank within me. But these feelings triumphed only for a moment. My native resolution came speedily to my aid, and I determined to die, since die I must, like the old philosopher who wrapped his garments around him and lay down as if to a pleasant sleep. At this instant I suddenly remembered that the cabin had an outlet overhead, and groping my way along, half buried in water the while, I caught hold of the frame work of the binnacle, and dashing the glass out with my hand, raised myself up, and, the next minute, crawled on deck. For an instant—so terrific was the violence of the gale which swept past me—I could neither see, hear, nor stand. The rain and hail beating fiercely against me, pinned me down to the spot which I had first gained, while the thunder of the hurricane that went whistling and roaring by, seemed to forebode the approach of the final day itself. Oceans of water deluged the deck, hissing past me like the scornful laughter of fiends. At length I managed to raise my head and cast a glance at the scene around me. The darkness was almost impenetrable, but sufficient light existed to convince me that the decks were deserted, and that the ship was lying on her beam-ends, with cataracts of water rolling momently over her windward side. Oh! God, what a ruin! Officer and man, passengers and crew, all, all had been swept away by the devouring surge, and I alone was left, preserved almost by a miracle. I gazed to leeward, but only a waste of driving foam met my eye—I looked astern, nothing but the green monsters of the deep, rolling mountain high, were seen. At this instant another deluge of foam whistled past, blinding my eyes with spray, and jerking me with a giant's power from my hold. Buried in brine, bruised, despairing, and almost stunned, I thought my hour had come, and breathing a momentary prayer to heaven for mercy, I resigned myself to death. Suddenly my hand struck against something, which, with an instinctive love for life, I grasped. My progress was instantaneously checked, and, although the resistance almost snapped my arms from their sockets, I still clung to the object I had caught. When the billow had whirled past, and the spray had ceased to blind my eyes, I saw that I had seized one of the posts of the bulwarks. Taking advantage of a momentary

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lull, I crept to a place of greater security, and sat down to ponder over my chances of escape.

All through that awful night I clung to my frail support, expecting momently to be swept from it into eternity. Language cannot describe my feelings. No pen can paint the horrors of those long and dreary hours. The air grew intensely cold: the rain became hail. The sky, if possible, lowered more gloomily, and the billows rolled higher and higher around me, while the deep tones of the tempest mingled with the chafing of the surges, rose up over all like the wild choral symphony which we dream of as forever rising from the world of ruin and despair. Borne aloft on the waves, or hurried down into the abyss, drenched, bruised, and bewildered, I saw no gleam of hope. Beneath me was the boiling deep—above me the sky seemed settling bodily down. Now the gale whistled shrilly past, or now wailed moaningly away to leeward. Darkness and terror were all around me.

At length the morning dawned, but slowly and despairingly. The gale somewhat subsided, too; but its violence was still terrific. In the eastern firmament there was a dull, misty light, hanging like a belt along the seaboard, but the sun itself was completely obscured. By the faint glimmer thus thrown around the scene, I hoped to distinguish some approaching sail. It was in vain. Nothing met my vision, save the wild waste tossing to and fro in agony. Again and again I looked,—but again and again in vain. At length I caught sight of what would have seemed to a landsman to be the foam on the crest of a far off wave, but which I knew to be a sail. How my heart throbbed as I watched the course of the approaching craft! I soon made her out to be a ship driving before the gale under a close reefed main-course, and as she approached nearer, I saw that she was an English man-of-war. Captivity was better than death, and I did not, therefore, hesitate. I shouted aloud. But I might as well have lifted up my voice against the thunder. I waived my arm aloft. It was in vain. I clambered up on the weather-quarter, and once more waiving my arm, shouted with superhuman strength. The head of the frigate came gallantly around, and with a cry of joy, I saw the man-of-war make towards me. Big tears of gratitude rushed into my eyes, and my throat parched with emotion. On came the noble stranger, swinging her tall masts gracefully, and in a few minutes she was close on to me. I could see the look-outs gazing towards me. In a little space I should be rescued. At this moment a billow broke over me again, but, undaunted by the drenching, when I rose to the surface, I turned gaily in the direction of the frigate. God of my fathers!—she was not to be seen! I gazed with a throbbing heart to windward, and there was the man-of-war, edging away from me as if unconscious of my presence. I gazed speechlessly on her. The truth broke agonizingly on me. The frigate had approached the wreck, and not seeing me, had thought all on board lost, and resumed her course. In vain I shouted, and in vain I waived my arm frantically on high. I felt from the first there was no hope, and at length, giving over every effort, I crouched down once more in that state of complete exhaustion, both mentally and physically, which ensues, when the excitement of hope is followed by the certainty of despair.

The day wore on. The tempest slowly abated. Yet no welcome sail met my vision, unless a few far off crafts which crossed the seaboard, hull down, and which brought no hope, could be called welcome. As hour after hour wore away, my hold on life grew weaker and weaker. My physical powers, I felt, could not much longer endure this exposure to tempest and cold. Already the blood seemed at a stand in my extremities, and I fancied I felt the cold chill shuddering up to my heart. A drowsiness came over me. But rallying myself, I beat my hands and stamped my feet to invigorate, if possible, the vital current. At length I paused from pure exhaustion. Still no aid appeared. My spirits at length flagged. I felt that utter prostration which, by taking away the spring of hope, deprives us of all motive for exertion, and is the sure forerunner of a death of despair. I lost all longing for life. The sensation of cold subsided. I felt no pain. A dreamy bliss crept soothingly over my soul—the sea, the sky, the air, the wreck swam around before me—visions such as no mortal eye hath seen or imagined, thronged on my brain—an extacy I cannot describe, but which makes my hand even now tremble with rapture, possessed me,—and then all is blank.

Again, and I dreamed. I seemed to be in the centre of a vast void, a universe of darkness and obscurity. Yet all was not gloom. For amid the shadowy firmament appeared a fair bright face beaming upon me like an angel's from the clouds—a face whose features were written on my inmost heart, so soft and seraphic was their expression! I knew it—it was that of Beatrice. The mild blue eye, the hair of wavy gold, the brow that rivalled a Madonna's, and more than all, the smile which now appeared all glorified, told me that face was hers. And it gazed on me with pity and love. And then I heard a voice—like and yet unlike hers, for the tone was that of Beatrice, but even sweeter, and, oh! how heavenly! The very air seemed music. Was she, indeed, a beatified spirit sent to waft me onward to a brighter world?

But once more all was dark—a voiceless void! I had but one feeling, and that was of being. I knew not, heard not, saw not. I could not think. But my soul was, as it were, agony itself.

At length a light broke in on that void. My brain swam and I faintly opened my eyes. Was I yet an inhabitant of earth? The bed, the curtains, the room beyond convinced me at length that I lived. I feebly raised myself up and gazed around. A footstep approached. Overcome with faintness I sank down. A hand put aside the curtains, a cry of joy broke from the intruder, a hot tear-drop fell on my face. I looked up, and there was Beatrice!

"My own—" I faintly articulated.

"Hush!—not a word yet," she said archly, placing her fingers to her lips with a smile.

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THE INTERESTING STRANGER.

OR, DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

On a hot sultry afternoon, in the August of 18—, a tall, pale, melancholy-looking gentleman alighted from the stage-coach at the door of the Eagle Tavern, in Buffalo, and, after a few minutes' conversation with the bar-keeper, was ushered into a handsome private parlor, while his baggage was carried to one of the finest bed-rooms in the house. Perhaps, had the stranger mingled carelessly with the loungers on the piazza, after his arrival, he would have attracted little more attention than the companions of his wearisome journey, for, excepting a slight moustache on his upper lip, there was nothing to distinguish him in external appearance. But his quiet, grave deportment, and the desire for seclusion which he exhibited, excited the curiosity of the news-mongers, and a thousand conjectures concerning him were immediately set afloat. The stranger, however, seemed little disposed to satisfy the spirit of inquiry which prevails so extensively in American hotels; for, after taking possession of his apartments, he appeared no more that evening, and the waiter, who carried to him his supper, could only say that "he was a *real* gentleman, for he had given him a hard dollar—that he wore a flowered silk dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, and that he was going to stay in Buffalo a month." The next morning the interest which he had excited extended itself to the no less curious gossips of the gentler sex; and, when the bell rung for dinner, many an eye was turned to the closed door of Room No. 2, in the hope of seeing its inmate emerge from his retirement. They were not doomed to disappointment. After all were seated at table, the stranger glided quietly into the dining-hall, and took his seat at the foot of the well-filled board, apparently unconscious of the piercing glances which were directed towards him. Notwithstanding the profusion of dainties which were officiously offered him by the waiter, whose heart had been won by the "hard dollar" on the previous night, he merely tasted a single dish, and refusing all the luxuries of the dessert, finished his frugal meal with a bit of dry bread and a glass of iced water. His abstemiousness and abstraction of manner excited the attention of every one, and when he silently rose to leave the table, many a glance followed his slowly-receding form. The ladies had not failed to observe his stately figure, his fine aquiline nose, the melancholy softness of his dark eyes, and the beauty of his hands, which were small, white and tapering, as, according to Napoleon and Byron, all aristocratic hands should be. They at once decided that he was a person of some distinction; perhaps an English nobleman incognito, or at least a rich and well-born Southerner. But a week had elapsed before he chose to give any other idea of his rank and station than might be derived from the register of the hotel, where he had inscribed, in a very elegant hand, the name of "Charles Stuart Montague, New Orleans." Polite, courteous and gentlemanly to every one whom he chanced to encounter, particularly to females, he soon won the suffrages of all by his civilities, while he excited general sympathy by his uniform sadness of deportment.

Among the inmates of the house was the Hon. Mr. Windlespin, an extensive land-holder and an ex-member of Congress, who, with his two daughters, had recently returned from a visit to France, and now occupied elegantly-furnished apartments in the hotel. The saloon appropriated to this family was directly opposite to that occupied by Mr. Montague, and the ladies were dying with curiosity to learn something about their handsome neighbor. The heat of the weather compelled both to leave open the doors of their respective apartments, and the many furtive looks which the two Misses Windlespin cast into the tempting room had enabled them to catch a glimpse of a richly-enchased writing-case upon the centre table, and a guitar leaning against the chimney-piece, while they had several times enjoyed the opportunity of watching the solemn step of the melancholy stranger, as, attired in the said silk dressing-gown, he paced the limits of his apartment. They reflected much upon the singular mystery which seemed to involve him. What could make him so unhappy? He was evidently rich, handsome, and, as they were willing to believe, accomplished—for the mournful strains of a flute were sometimes heard at the dim twilight, and occasionally a few chords on the guitar, struck as if with a trembling hand, resounded through his lonely room. What could be the cause of such deep despondency?

But Mr. Montague had not been quite insensible to the vicinity of the elegant Misses Windlespin. A graceful bow had frequently marked his conscious-

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ness of their presence as he passed the open door of the parlor; and, more than once, he had paused at the entrance of the dining-hall, while they swept by to take their places at table, acknowledging his politeness by a profound courtesy *à la mode de Paris*. In the course of the changes which daily occur at a public table, Mr. Montague had gradually moved up, until, as one of the oldest boarders in the house, he occupied a seat next to the Windlespin family. A fine opportunity was now offered for those civilities which cost so little and are often productive of so many pleasant results. By degrees the abstraction of the melancholy gentleman was beguiled by the charms of his fair neighbors, and the ladies noticed, with no small degree of satisfaction, that they could induce him, not only to prolong his stay at table, but also to exchange his frugal fare for the dainties which they so much enjoyed. In short, an acquaintance between them had fairly commenced, and they mutually congratulated each other when the "*interesting stranger*" actually accepted an invitation to pass an evening with them.

Miss Grace Windlespin was a sentimentalist, while her sister Catharine affected vivacity and brilliancy. The elder was all poetry — the younger all fun and frolic. Grace spoke in a gentle voice, and raised her blue eyes sweetly and languidly to the face of those whom she addressed; while Kate (for so, in imitation of Shakspeare's heroine, she affected to be styled) turned the full light of her bold laughing glances on every one worth looking at. The one delighted in the soft pleasures of sensibility — the other in the ready repartee and saucy jest. In short, the sisters were alike in nothing except their excessive affectation. Neither of them exhibited her natural character; all was assumed for effect, and each had studied the part best suited to her style of beauty. The slightly-bending figure, pale complexion and long chestnut ringlets of Grace were admirably suited to her very *poetic* manner; while the blonde hair, rosy cheeks and somewhat dumpy person of her merry sister were equally well suited to the devil-may-care character which she chose to assume.

Their father was one of those kind of persons who are constantly engaged in visionary schemes of wealth. Nobody better understood how to puff up a bubble — nobody was better skilled in "mapping out" landed estates — nobody possessed in such perfection the gift of "*fortune-telling*" as the Hon. Mr. Windlespin. Originally a country shop-keeper in Jersey, his first start in life had been rather an odd one. Taking advantage of the mania for "real estate speculations," which pervaded the whole country, he, in company with several others, projected a new city, to be located upon their extensive and somewhat barren farms. Accordingly a large hotel was built, a meeting-house erected, a school-house raised, and some half dozen dwelling-houses were ranged along what was meant to be the main street. In an incredibly short time all was completed, and every thing was ready except the people who were required to occupy the infant city. These were still to be found, and the company began to discover that it would be exceedingly inconvenient to pay "*interest monies*" without some assistance. At this juncture the genius of Mr. Windlespin devised an expedient for bringing their new settlement into notice. He advertised in all the papers that a purse of fifty dollars would be "*danced for*" by twelve *Communipaw negroes* — the dancers to be selected from as many as chose to try their skill previous to the grand effort. The scene of these new *Athletæ* was to be the extensive plain which fronted the hotel at "*Scipio-Africanus*" — for such was the sounding title which Mr. Windlespin, after a careful search into an old copy of Lempriére's dictionary, had chosen for the incipient city. The idle, the dissolute, and the shiftless — the people who are most easily led to change their habitations, like wandering Arabs, are the very men who were most likely to be attracted by such a queer and novel amusement. Accordingly Mr. Windlespin's plan succeeded admirably. On the day appointed for the selection of the sable candidates for *saltatory honors*, several hundred people were assembled in and about the hotel, while a still greater number of the dark race were gathered to exhibit their skill. Certain rules were laid down for the governance of the assembly — a place was cleared for the exhibition — the negroes came forward by tens, and he who could tire down all his companions was set aside as worthy to compete for the prize. The first day was consumed in this important investigation; *thirty* first-rate professors of the double-shuffle and heel-and-toe exercise had been chosen, and the following day was to be devoted to the selection of the appointed *twelve*, from this reduced number of candidates. The hotel was filled to overflowing — the dwelling houses were no longer empty shells; but, furnished with camp beds, offered shelter and repose to the wearied spectators, and even the meeting-house was appropriated to their accommodation. The second day was similarly spent, except that the concourse of visiters had increased, and the excitement of the scene had produced sundry brawls and broken heads. The third and last day was appropriated to the performance of the selected twelve, and the final adjudication of the purse. Never had there been such gyrations, such circumflexions, such saltations as were then witnessed. Never had a victory been purchased at such a sudoriferous expense. One after another, the dancers withdrew exhausted, until only three were left, who seemed to bid defiance to fatigue. Hour after hour they continued their exertions, until they seemed to be converted into mere machines, and with staring eyes, stiffened limbs, and shining faces, appeared like monstrous images, moved by some mechanical force. At last the spectators became completely tired with this exhibition of perpetual motion. They insisted that the prize should be equally divided between the three indefatigable dancers, and thus the singular entertainment closed.

* * * Windlespin had not been idle during those three days. His brandy was very excellent — he made "glorious" rum punch — his cigars were real "Habanas," and his customers had fully enjoyed the

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manifold creature comforts which he offered them. When they prepared to return home, most of them carried in their pockets the deed of a building-lot in the town of Scipio-Africanus, for which they had paid ten per cent. of the purchase-money, and given a bond and mortgage for the remainder; while a few, being persuaded that the neighborhood of such a hotel was a most desirable addition to the comforts of a family, concluded to take immediate possession of the houses already erected. Thus did the incipient city receive its earliest inhabitants, and though it has never yet been obliged to enlarge its borders in consequence of *over-populousness*, it still drags on a sickly existence, having, however, exchanged its original euphonious title for the more simple but no less expressive one of "*Niggertown*."

Mr. Windlespin's grand stroke of policy remained yet to be shown. As treasurer of the company, as well as officiating master of the hotel, all monies derived from the custom at the bar, as well as from the sale of building-lots, had passed through his hands. After the affair was over, he called a meeting of the company, exhibited a statement of expenses and receipts, and after deducting the former, paid over the latter to the various members, reserving to himself a handsome commission for his trouble. He did not think it necessary to inform his confederates of the fact that every thing had been purchased on credit, and that, so far from paying the expenses, he had, by using their names, rendered them liable for the debt which had been incurred, but quietly pocketing the lion's share of the spoils, he bade adieu to the limits of "Niggertown," in order to try his luck in a new field.

Such was Mr. Windlespin's first essay in fortune-hunting, and several affairs of a similar nature had so increased his means, that he found himself quite a respected resident in one of our northern cities, almost before he was aware of his elevated position in society. He was finally chosen a member of congress for the district, and though, owing to some dubious transaction, his seat was disputed, and he magnanimously resigned what he knew he could not keep, yet he never relinquished the prefix of Honorable, to which the choice of his constituents entitled him. Shortly before the appearance of Mr. Charles Stuart Montague upon the scene, Mr. Windlespin had taken his daughters to Paris, where they received the benefit of foreign polish for six weeks, and then returned as highly accomplished as a modern boarding-school, a journey in a French diligence and a taste of French cookery could make them. They meant to marry, and to marry rich, and therefore each had chosen a part which, while it offered a wide field, was likely, as they supposed, to occasion no rivalry.

Mr. Windlespin was too wily to be long in doubt as to Mr. Montague's circumstances. He managed to discover that he was a widower, sorrowing over the recent loss of a beloved wife, and that he had come to the north with the double motive of dissipating his grief, and purchasing a certain description of merchandise, which he designed to send to the city of Galveston, where a branch of his widely-extended commercial house was established. This news was of course communicated to the young ladies, and while Grace became doubly sentimental, Kate, the amiable romp, determined to wile him from his vain regrets by the charms of gayety. Leaving his daughters to pursue their matrimonial plans, Mr. Windlespin determined to make the most of his present opportunities, and, if possible, to gain some percentage on account of the interesting stranger. He accordingly sounded a friend, a careful old Scotchman, who dealt largely in the kind of goods required by Mr. Montague, and endeavored to secure a handsome commission from him, in case he brought him so profitable a customer. But the crafty old fellow was not to be caught with fair promises; he required proof of Mr. Montague's ability to become a cash customer, and accepted an invitation to meet him at Mr. Windlespin's apartments. But the scene which met his eyes when he entered the parlor at early twilight, was not calculated to give him a very exalted opinion of his anticipated dealer. The elegant Mr. Montague, attired in pantaloons of spotless white, with gaiters of the same snowy hue, extending within an inch of the toe of his shining boot — a blue silk fancy jacket, fastened to his waist by a sash of crimson net — an embroidered collar, turned back from his throat, and embroidered ruffles dangling over his delicate hands, seemed to the rough old borderer like the very personification of effeminacy and folly. But when he only half rose from his graceful attitude, and extended the tip of his finger to the visiter, while he directly turned from him to continue his flirtation with the sisters, Mr. Mac Donald lost all patience with himself for having been foolish enough to expect any benefit from such a "popinjay." But even Mr. Mac Donald could not read the character of the "interesting stranger." Early on the following morning, he had scarcely reached the counting-room, when he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Montague, and the old man could scarcely identify the hero of the past evening's manœuvres in the keen and practised man of business who now addressed him.

"I never talk on business in the presence of ladies, sir," said the elegant gentleman, "and this, I hope, will account for my silence on the subject last evening; if I am rightly informed, however, you are the very person to whom I was advised to apply by my friend Mr. Tickler, of New Orleans."

"Ah, Mr. Tickler, cashier of the Sugarcane Bank, you mean; an old friend of mine," answered Mr. Mac Donald, "did he give you letters to me?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Montague; "when I left New Orleans, I was not certain whether I should visit Buffalo, or limit my journey to New York, and therefore I brought no letters to any one in this city. However, you probably know your friend's hand-writing, and, if so, these papers will answer our purpose better than a mere empty introduction." With these words he drew from his pocket-book sundry certificates of deposit in the Sugarcane Bank, which bore the signature of the cashier.

"That is his hand, sure enough, and a crabbed fist

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he writes too," said Mr. Mac Donald, after a close scrutiny of the proffered papers. While examining the signatures, the careful old man had not forgotten to glance at the amounts, and he thus learned that the sum of *thirty thousand dollars* was at that moment lying in the Sugarcane Bank to the credit of Mr. Charles Stuart Montague.

"I am desirous of purchasing some twenty or thirty thousand dollars worth of goods," said the gentleman, carelessly, "and if I can get them sufficiently cheap here to pay the cost of transportation to New York, I would rather buy in Buffalo than hunt among the Pearl street jobbers in that Babel of a city. I mean to pay cash, and shall ship the goods immediately to Galveston."

"What an immense business those southern merchants must do," mentally exclaimed Mr. Mac Donald; "he speaks of dollars as if they were pebbles."

Mr. Montague continued: "If you are diposed to let me have the specified articles at fair prices, with a liberal discount for cash, I will immediately make arrangements to have them sent on. However," he added, noticing the cautious Scotchman's hesitation, "perhaps you had better take till to-morrow to think about it, and, in the mean time, I will look round the market, and may possibly be able to find better bargains than you can afford me."

"Hang the fellow's boldness," thought Mr. Mac Donald; "if he were a rogue he would not be so indifferent about the matter." He determined, however, to consult Mr. Windlespin before he made his decision, and therefore fixed upon the following day to settle the affair. Mr. Windlespin took the opportunity offered by Mr. Montague's daily visit to his daughters, and in the course of a private interview with the merchant, entered into a negotiation with him by which he, Mr. Windlespin, bound himself to take half the risk, on condition of receiving half the profits of the sales made to Mr. Montague. Mr. Mac Donald preferred this method to the original proposition of a certain percentage, as it gave him the opportunity of gaining an advantage over both the parties. Accordingly Mr. Montague was waited upon by Mr. Mac Donald, and a close and hair-splitting negotiation was carried on for some time, which resulted in the purchase of goods to the value of twenty thousand dollars, which were to be delivered to Mr. Montague's agent in New York free of all expenses. In return, Mr. Montague handed to Mr. Mac Donald certificates of deposit to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, which were easily negotiable in New York at three per cent. discount; and as some time would be required to complete the transaction, the stranger agreed to prolong his stay in Buffalo until the delivery of the goods in New York.

In the meanwhile, the elegant widower was managing equally well in his love affairs. He listened to Kate's wild sallies with a languid smile, and patted her round cheek or clasped her luxuriant waist in a most brother-like or rather *cousin-like* fashion. To Grace he was all courtliness and gentleness; if he took her hand it was with an air of timid respect, which would have done honour to a "*Paladin chivalresque*," and if he ventured to hang over her, as she sat in one of her sentimental attitudes, it was with a look of tender melancholy which melted her very heart. Each believed herself the favorite. Kate could draw him from his trance of grief, and Grace was allowed to sympathise with him. He talked to one of the gayeties of New Orleans — to the other, of the domestic happiness he had enjoyed there; and when, at length, he was induced to exercise his musical talents in their behalf, he played fandangos on the guitar for the lovely Kate, while he poured forth the mournful voice of the wailing flute for her sentimental sister. But, notwithstanding all her exquisite sensibility, Grace Windlespin beheld with secret satisfaction the returning cheerfulness of the bereaved widower. He talked less of departed joys, and seemed less despairing of future peace. The miniature of his lost wife was no longer pressed to his lips with all the fondness of passionate love whenever his feelings were overpowered by tender recollections, and, though he still wore it about his neck, it was suspended upon a *hair chain*, the gift of the gentle Grace, and *presumed* to be a tress from her own chestnut locks, though in reality derived from the store of a fashionable barber in the neighborhood. His watch-guard was braided by the hands of the lovely hoyden who had laughingly promised him her garter for the purpose; and, in short, each had reason to suppose herself the true magnet of attraction.

But matters were now drawing to a crisis. The goods were now sent on to New York, and Mr. Montague received tidings that they had been duly received by his agent. The certificates of deposit were negotiated by two of the Wall street brokers, and Mr. Mac Donald, after paying himself, handed to the young southerner the balance. It became necessary, therefore, for Mr. Montague to repair to New York, in order to superintend the shipment of his merchandise, and he felt himself obliged to settle his "*affaire du cœur*" before his departure.

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away;"

sung the "interesting stranger," as he reflected upon his position between the rival beauties. But he managed with his usual adroitness. The gentle Grace contrived to secure an uninterrupted interview with him, and received a proffer of his heart and hand, both of which gifts she lovingly accepted, together with a delicate locket, containing some of her adorer's raven hair, set in a circlet of aqua-marine gems — "emblems," as he said, "of her transparent guilelessness of character." A merry game of romps with Kate afforded him a chance of whispering a declaration in her ear also, and an elegant diamond ring, "only less brilliant than her own bright eyes" — to use his elegant phrase — was received by her as a pledge of betrothment to Mr. Charles Stuart Montague. Having arranged these little matters to his satisfaction, he departed, leaving his flute, his guitar, and his writing-case, in charge of the ladies until his return. Meanwhile the sisters — each imagining she had outwitted the other — kept their own

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secret, and patiently awaited the moment when the lover should return to claim his bride.

Scarcely a month had elapsed, however, when intelligence of a most startling nature was received. The certificates of deposit, which had been forwarded by the New York brokers to their agents in New Orleans, when presented to the bank for payment, were pronounced to be *forgeries!* An inquiry was immediately instituted respecting Mr. Charles Stuart Montague, and the result of the investigation was, that no such person was known to the cashier of the Sugarcane Bank, and that the signatures to the certificates, though admirably well executed, were only *excellent imitations* of the rugged characters in which Mr. Tickler usually traced his name. But the length of time which was required to ascertain that fact, had afforded the gentleman full time to complete his plans. The goods which he had purchased in Buffalo, had been sold at auction by his confederate, as soon as they reached New York. Mr. Montague arrived there in time to divide the spoils; and, instead of shipping the merchandise, they concluded to ship *themselves* for Texas; while Mr. Windlespin and Mr. Mac Donald, who had endorsed the certificates, were left to reimburse the brokers, and to pocket their own loss.

The ladies were filled with amazement and grief, and, in the first overwhelming burst of anguish, revealed to each other the alarming fact that Mr. Montague was actually *engaged to marry both!* His writing-case was opened, and found to contain some rose-tinted note paper—a stick of pink sealing-wax, and an agate seal, with the impressive motto, "*toujours fidèle.*" But, upon further examination, a private drawer was discovered, containing the following letters:

"DEAR JACK,

"Why the deuce don't you get on faster with your Buffalo scheme? It will cost as much as it is worth if you stay much longer. I believe you like the trade of gentleman, for whenever you take it up you let every thing else hang by the eyelids till you get into some scrape which drives you ahead. What do you expect to gain by courting those two girls when you can't marry either of them if they were as rich as Jews! For my part I don't see the use of playing the devil when there is nothing to be gained by it. By the way, I promised to send the enclosed letter as the only means of preventing Mistress Molly from advertising you, as she does not know where you are. I hope you will be duly grateful to

"Your friend,

"T. M."

The enclosure was still more curious:

"U are a big Scamp and a Blackhearted villin. If u hav no Kumpashun fur me u mite Hav sum for ure own Flesh and blude—here I am a Washin and goin out to dase work to Feed ure seven starvin childer wile u are a travellin About jist like a jintleman—u ought to Bee ashamed so u ought and if u dont cum home and luke after us I will Advertis u in all The papers. Any Boddy would no u by ure discrepshun u most insinivatin man—oh wen I think Of ure butiful Long hare and ure Hansume face I culde forgiv u every thing only cum back and i will forgiv u and i will werk fur u agin jist Like i alwase did so as to Save ure Little wite Hands so no more at present from ure

"afecshunate Mary Mugson."

About two years after the events just recorded, Miss Grace Windlespin (who had long since discovered that her aqua-marine locket, like her sister's diamond, was as false as the lover's heart) was led to the hymeneal altar, as the phrase is, by a very respectable *tailor;* while Miss Kate had tamed down her wild spirit so far as to marry a country schoolmaster—an elderly widower, with several children. The truth was that Mr. Windlespin's land speculations had ended in total ruin, and the ladies had no time to pick and choose among their admirers, when they daily feared the exposure of their actual circumstances. They were married with great parade, however, and immediately after the ceremony the happy couples set off on a bridal tour—the two husbands having no doubt that the father's wedding gift would pay all such little extra expenses. Among the places of note which they visited was the famous Auburn prison. The time chosen was the hour when the inmates are usually led out to dinner, and the ladies stood quietly regarding the gangs of men, who, with folded arms and locked step, moved forward, as if with a single impulse, like some complicated machine. Suddenly Grace uttered a loud shriek, and threw herself tenderly on her husband's bosom. One of the prisoners had dared to look at her as he passed, and, unobserved by his keeper, had even given her a knowing *wink*. Kate kept her own counsel about it, and did not appear to notice the insolent look of the handsome felon; but, notwithstanding his shaven head and prison garb, she, as well as Grace, had recognised the features of "the interesting stranger"—the elegant Mr. Charles Stuart Montague—alias—Jack Mugson, the swindler!

BROOKLYN, L. I.

IL SERENADO DI VENICE.

The sunlight has faded away from the sky,
Bright day has departed, the night draweth nigh;
Then come to the lattice, love, hither and see,
Where waits the gondola, swift-gliding and free.

The moon is uprising in glorious light,
Her beams on the waters are trembling and bright;
Then haste to thy lattice, love, hither and see,
Where waits the gondola, swift-gliding and free.

Not a cloud is above, nor a wave here below,
All is quiet and still, save the river's soft flow;
Oh! come to thy lattice, love, hither and see,
Where waits the gondola, swift-gliding and free.

Then, away! then, away! let us pass the calm hours,
With the sweet words of love, and with Fancy's fair flowers
Ere the rose-fingered morn shall appear and renew
The songs of the birds and the pearls of the dew. VALERIA.

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SHAKSPEARE.—No. III.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

LADY MACBETH.

SHAKSPEARE should be read at least once a year. This is to the mind what an excursion in the country is to the body—a strengthening, health-producing process. Each perusal will not be a repetition of the preceding. On the contrary, no two perusals will ever be alike. Read him as *a boy*, you will be dazzled and delighted: read him year by year after, and you will, with each year, behold beauties, sealed to you before, from your own comparative narrowness of mind and want of experience. Each event of your life will render you fitter to study him. Each new acquaintance you form—each history you read—each science you study—each country you travel into—each step you advance in life—each friend you lose by treachery or death, will prepare you still further. Could you go on adding to your experience much more than has ever (except in Shakspeare's own case) been added to that of mortal man, each new progress would still enlarge your capacity for appreciating him. All men comprehend him differently. The king reads him as he would listen to the princely counsels of a royal father. The beggar may find in him something applicable to himself, and something likely to make him happier and wiser, which he himself had before never thought of—or of which he had only formed a vague idea. The statesman—the general—the prince royal—the husband—the father—the wife—the lover—the unfortunate—the happy—may all come here, and carry away, from the boundless reservoir, something apparently intended for themselves. He *seems* to have described or alluded *to every thing*. He seems to have taken in the whole range of human nature.

Poor *old general Montholon*, who was with Napoleon at St. Helena—one of the most faithful of the friends who have adhered to the fallen family—is the companion of the Prince Louis Napoleon, in his late *invasion* of France. Nearly all were very young men. This white-headed old soldier appeared among them strangely. Had they succeeded, it was doubtless their hope to give respectability to their cause by his presence.

The same thing is proposed in Julius Cæsar, by the conspirators, respecting Cicero.

"*Cassius.* But what of Cicero? shall we send him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not have him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.
Metellus. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity."

I am not going to reprint the beauties of Shakspeare. Instances like the above—*a case*—an event—a feature of human nature—are so common that they need not be pointed out. Thousands of years hence, as the numberless crowd of unexpected events come on, it will be found that this poet has already described them.

These thoughts occurred to me the other evening after taking up casually a volume of Macbeth—perhaps one of the most tremendous portraitures of human nature that ever came from the pen of man. The play opened by chance to the scene where the remorse-haunted queen walks in her sleep. Surely no human writer ever set down, in the same number of words, a more terrific picture. It has upon me almost the effect ascribed to Medusa's head. It nearly turns me to stone. We know that but few of the great Greek tragedies have descended to the modern reader, but neither in them, nor in any of the ancient or modern writers, is there a scene more highly conceived, more perfectly executed, or acting with more power upon the heart and the imagination. I have not read any comments or commentators, German or English, respecting it, and therefore very probably may omit some of its peculiarities. I think it *the* scene of Macbeth, the climax and moral of the tragedy, and perhaps the finest and most extraordinary piece of writing in the whole of the author's works. No where in the range of literature is there to be seen such a frightful fragment of human nature. I can never read it without feeling the blood grow cold in my veins, and receiving a most painful heart-sick impression of the evils which hang over the mortal state, when not protected by moral and religious principle; and I can perfectly understand an anecdote related of Mrs. Siddons, who, on attempting to study the part alone in her room at night, became so frightened that she called her maid as a companion. Perhaps the Shakesperian theorist, who has discovered that the purpose of our poet's works

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was to make an illustration of the truth of Christianity, by putting within every man's, every boy's reach the whole compass of experience to be derived from a hundred eventful lives, had an eye upon this scene among others. It certainly has to me a profound metaphysical and religious meaning, and is best explained by supposing it, like Othello, a gigantic enigma, of which Christianity is the solution. To represent human nature thus, without offering any remedial or softening consideration, was not characteristic of the sweet, gentle and sunshiny imagination of the poet. His whole works, taken together, do not leave any such shadow on the imagination. He is no misanthrope—no infidel. He points with his wand to human nature as she is, unguided, unsustained, unprotected by the Supreme Power. He draws the blood-stained yet heart-crushed queen, not to appal us with a danger to which we are subject, but to point out one which we can avoid.

The scene is very short, and I will give it, that the reader may the more readily understand me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why, then 'tis time to do 't; Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sight is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.—Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. (*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor. (*Exeunt.*

There is not *a single word* of this scene which can be spared—not one which is not impregnated with blood and horror. You feel the very silence of the sick, midnight apartment. Ye see the pale ashy countenance of the terror-stricken gentlewoman, and sympathize with her in having her lot cast in such an abode of guilt and danger. You see that she has called up all her energy and presence of mind, as in a great crisis, to enable her to conduct herself wisely, and to escape with safety from this den of royal murderers. You can see her cautious step—as if she started even at the creaking of her own shoe—the rustling of her own robe, or the sighing of the wind around the distant turrets of the castle. You have here a most admirable character, and, except that she is but so short a time on the stage, almost as worthy the genius of Mrs. Siddons as that of Lady Macbeth herself. Were I a young actress, desirous of making my appearance before the public, I should choose to study thoroughly and represent well this character first,—a very great effect might be given to it.

The doctor is also done to the life. He is, in all respects, not only the medical man, but the medical man of coolness and experience. The few words he utters are full of curiosity, but not of the unbridled horror of his companion. He has doubtless, before, witnessed scenes enough of pain and anguish, and he is at first disposed to consider the gentlewoman as an exaggerator of the mysteries she professes to have beheld, and to treat the whole thing physically as a disease, till the truth becomes too apparent, and even his cool mind is convinced.

Lady Macbeth herself is the very *ne plus ultra* of the tragic. She has more terror in her step and eye, than a mere mortal ever had before. Waking remorse would not have been, by any means, so appalling. The fact of her being asleep is a great accessory. That pale face—those fixed, staring, dead eyes—the countenance emaciated by disease, and the long consuming fire of conscience—the step, solemn, slow, measured and unearthly—and the dark, dim and shifting imagery of the past, which floats to and fro through her imagination, form altogether a spectacle shocking and almost insupportable.

Let us take this extraordinary scene to pieces, and examine a little into its mechanism. One of the wonders of it is that there is no resort to *style*—no description—no bursts of eloquence—no lava-like eruption of passions. There are indeed but very few words said at all. The sick lady has, at first, no terrors for the doctor, and the gentle-woman has often beheld the same thing before. There is no stage effect—no management—no melo-dramatic cunning. The doctor even shows his coolness and incredulity,

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and makes a careless general remark. The transcendant genius of the poet felt, intuitively, that the situation of his characters here was so complete as to absorb the reader, and render unnecessary any but the simplest language. The whole scene is quiet, hushed and professional. Even the blank verse of the rest of the tragedy is laid aside, and the characters speak in common-place perfectly natural prose. Let us see what this almost supernatural terror consists in.

The doctor first says, we may suppose with a certain half unintentional degree of disappointment, that he has been already watching two nights to see something which the waiting-woman has reported to him respecting the queen, and yet he has seen nothing.

"I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report."

A little impatient, a little incredulous, perhaps, he adds:

"When was it she last walked?"

This is a stroke of nature and probability at the very outset. It takes from the scene the air of a fiction. It sends the mind of the spectator back to the two past long nights, when the doctor, tolerably tired out, has been watching in vain. This is just as things happen in life. We have to watch and watch for every thing — even for the most true — before it appears. We feel also, even with the first apparently unimportant word spoken, a certain tremor at the intimation given of the domestic gloom which must reign in the royal household — an attack immediately expected from a powerful and inexorable foe — the queen sick — mysterious things, we know not what, hinted with pale face and trembling lips — and the guilty being, who had sold her eternal soul for her present position, — we see her *in* that position, all the promised triumphs and pleasures neutralized by disease and remorse, and she herself *watched* by her servants, night after night, when she little dreams herself the subject of such a combined inquisition.

The gentlewoman relates more particularly what she has seen, though with a guarded care, which not every gentlewoman in real life, under such exciting circumstances, would have the prudence to observe; but Shakspeare's people are not only living but very sensible persons. To the question:

"When was it she last walked?"

she replies:

"Since his majesty went into the field."

Here at once is another stroke. It tells the *occupation* of the king; called to a fearful contest and absorbed in it, the deadly secret is transpiring unopposed, undreamed of by him, behind his back, in the centre of his household, and from the lips of the very being who has so often taunted his weakness, and urged him with haughty scorn onward in his guilty and blood-tracked career. So little power has man over destiny! Thus is guilt beset. These are the nameless, unimaginable dangers it runs, when, bold and self-confident, it thinks itself equal to a contest with the Deity, who, seated in the clouds, strikes it with its own arm, and baffles its plans with the toils it has woven for others.

"Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep."

There is nothing more appalling to me than a person walking in his sleep. It is such an image of death aroused from the grave — such a type of the spiritual world — such a contrast to the same being when awake, that I could never look upon my most intimate friend in such a state without a thrill of fear, as if I were gazing upon his spectre — without perfectly comprehending Hamlet's account of his own feelings in looking upon a ghost.

——— "and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

This statement of the waiting-woman, so simple, natural and true, is enough to arouse in a moment the curiosity of the most indifferent stranger, and to inspire him with an inexpressible anxiety to know what it means, and to what it will lead.

The doctor, however, is a man of the world, and is not so easily worked on. He replies with a mere generality:

"A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?"

Here there is a peeping out of curiosity on the part of the honest physician, who is eager to learn all that may be acquired of what has the appearance of an interesting secret. But his companion does not mean to go further than prudence and self-security require. She replies at once in a way which, while it balks curiosity, sharpens its appetite.

"That, sir, which I will not report after her."

What would any doctor say in such a case?

"You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should."

He is aroused. He wishes — he is determined to know this mystery, and therefore pleads the privilege and necessity, as well as the prudence of his profession. "You may tell *any* thing to *me*. Of course I shall never reveal. I am the depositary of a thousand family secrets. Besides, if I am to treat the patient, I *must* know what is the matter with her."

But the waiting-woman is not going to be driven from her determination. She has obviously received *a deep-seated fright*. Her whole self-possession is called up for her defence and guidance. She is a single woman, in a lonely castle, and in a really awful position, accidentally the holder of a secret involving the reputation, if not the life and death of those in power, and the fate perhaps of nations. Were she to hint her suspicion that her royal mistress was a murderess — that the fierce king, now desperate with the danger impending over his kingdom, had gained the throne by a foul assassination — how can she be sure that the doctor will not go to the king and betray her, to ingratiate himself into the favor of his royal master? Courts are not the places for too light con-

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fidences — particularly of such secrets. In such case the truth or falsehood of the statement would be little inquired into, and she would be probably hurled from the battlements or immured to starve in some dark dungeon. She is — you feel she is, quite in earnest, and quite right to reply:

"Neither to you nor *any one*; having no *witness* to *confirm my speech*."

EPHEMERA.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Well might weep the sentimental Persian,
Looking o'er his host of armed men,
When on Greece he made his wild incursion,
Whence so few might e'er return again.

Well might he weep o'er those countless millions,
Dreaming of the future and the past,
As he gazed, amid the gold pavilions
Round his throne, upon that crowd so vast.

Musing, with subdued and solemn feelings,
On the awful thoughts that filled his soul—
One of those most terrible revealings
That will sometimes o'er the spirit roll.

Thoughts, that of that multitude before him
Panting high for fame—athirst to strive—
Ere old Time had sped a century o'er him,
Not, perhaps, would one be left alive.

That those hearts, now bounding in the glory
Of existence, would be hushed and cold;
Not their very names preserved in story,
Nor upon fame's chronicle enrolled.

All to earth, their proper home, departed;
Light heart, strong hand, all gone to kindred clay;
And, in their vacant room, a new race started,
Careless of the millions past away.

Well might weep he—well might we, in weeping,
Make our offering at sorrow's call—
When we ponder how our days are creeping,
Like the shadow on the mould'ring wall.

When we think how soon the sun-beam, setting,
Will depart, and leave it all in shade—
And our very friends will be forgetting
That the daylight o'er it ever played.

Life, upon a swallow's wing is flying,
O'er the earth it sparkles and is gone;
All our days are but a lengthened dying—
One dark hour before the eternal dawn.

Riches, glory, honor, fame, ambition—
All as swiftly fly, as soon are fled;
Or, if gathered, mend they our condition?
What delight can these afford the dead?

Chase no more the phantom of the dreaming—
Weary is the hunt, the capture vain;
When thy arms embrace the golden seeming,
It will vanish from thy grasp again.

Trouble not thy heart with anxious carings—
Thou art but a shadow—so are they;
Let the things of Heaven deserve thy darings,
They alone will never pass away.

WITH THEE.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

With thee, at dewy morn where e'er I wander,
Are my fond thoughts — still close to thee they cling;
O'er each departed hour they love to ponder,
That, pass'd with thee, seem'd like the hours of spring.

Yes — every vanish'd joy is like a treasure
Glean'd from the mighty casket of the past,
Dearer than low-breathed music's echoed measure,
When its soft spell around our souls is cast.

With thee at noon, when summer winds are stealing
Thro' the green leaves in harp-tones rich and sweet,
On the bright sward in lowly homage kneeling,
With thee my prayers — my prayers of fondness meet.

What tho' mine eye thro' dreary distance faileth
In its deep search to hail thy welcome form?
What tho' my cheek thro' long, long watching fadeth,
And my sad heart leaps not so freshly warm?

Still unto thee no eyes beam brighter lustre,
No vermeil cheeks thy early love's outshine;
Around no heart do richer feelings cluster,
Than swell in that which is so wholly thine.

Why do I mourn that mountain billows sever?
Vain may they strive our spirits to divide,
For am I not, mine own one, with thee ever?
E'en as thou art forever at my side.

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WICCÓNSAT.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARY'S.

BY MRS. MARY M. FORD.

On the eastern bank of a small river, which enters the Potomac a few miles above its confluence with the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, are still to be seen vestiges of the earliest settlement in Maryland; once the village of Youcómaco, but quietly yielded by the natives to the white colonists, who there built a town, calling it St. Mary's. Subsequent events led to its desertion for a more advantageous location, and the ravages of time have left little to tell of its former state. It has faded away, unnoticed and unsung, yet its name is still seen on the older maps of our country. The river, which once bore the appellation of St. George's, is now called St. Mary's, but whether in memory of the deserted town, or not, is uncertain.

Ruins are happily so scarce in our young and thriving republic, that the simple legend which gives a name to my story, may awaken some interest among those, to whose imaginations the solitary remains of the past seem to speak in the breathings of the winds that sweep over their ruins. The circumstances which led to its narration, by one who had heard it in the mother country, and in whose family its memory had been handed down, were as follows: —

Many years ago, as the last lingering sun-beams were fading from the sky, giving place to the mellow twilight; and a ruddy tinge was on the bosom of the waters, where the little river of St. Mary's mingled its tributary stream with the waves of the broad Potomac; a small vessel had just anchored within the mouth of the former river, on which is established a port of entry. The craft seemed awaiting the boarding officer, who, at a point further up the river, was just entering his boat. He appeared very young, and, from the open gaiety of his fine countenance, seemed to enjoy corresponding lightness of heart. He raised a small telescope to his eye, and exclaimed to the two colored men who were loosening the boat—

"It must be a Yankee schooner; be quick Basil! Luke!"

"Aye, aye, Massa Frank," replied Luke, "all ready—that's an eastern craft, sure."

The light barge was soon on the waves, and the youth took the helm, while the strong arm of his companions were engaged with the oars.

The visitors approached the vessel's side almost unperceived; and when the young officer ascended to its deck, he found the captain anxiously absorbed in examining an old map, which was spread out before him. The expression of his weather-beaten face, as he raised it to return the salutation of his visitor, showed evident signs of being puzzled.

"Where are you from?" inquired the landsman.

"From Plymouth."

"What cargo?"

"Why, a good many notions, of which you will know presently."

"And whither bound?"

"Why that's what I'm looking for on this old map, for I see nothing like it on shore; aye, here it is, St. Mary's, the town of St. Mary's, sir." *

"There is no such town in the state, sir," replied the youth, "this river and the county bear that name; there is some mistake."

"Massa captain clear out for de county," said Basil, grinning.

"De boss lose his reckoning dis time," rejoined Luke."

"Be more respectful, and return to the boat," said the young officer, checking their glee; then turning to the captain, he continued, "This map is an old one; there was formerly a town named St. Mary on this river—it was the first settlement in the state, and built in the time of the Calverts, but it has passed away and been forgotten for a century."

"The disappointed face of the mariner was not the only one agitated by the news. The sailors belonging to the vessel had joined the group, and their rough appearance was strongly contrasted with the tall and elegant figure of a passenger, who had been drawn by the conversation from the cabin, and now stood leaning against the companion way.

The young Marylander, who had not before perceived the stranger, thought, as he returned his salutation, that he had seldom looked on a countenance so interesting. It was youthful, but there was a shade of melancholy on the fine features, which, however, served only to confine, not hide the flashes of an enthusiastic spirit, which glanced from his full dark eye.

"We are out of soundings, Mr. Egerton," said the captain, "I might as well have cleared out for a port in the moon."

"The fault was mine, sir," replied the person called

* A fact.

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Egerton, "and I regret having thus led you astray;" then, turning to the young American, he continued, "The disappointment is also great to me, sir, for the haven we sought was the home of my forefathers. I am a stranger in this country, having lately arrived from England. On landing at Plymouth I found this schooner loading for a southern port — and, wishing to visit Maryland immediately, I induced this worthy but too obliging man to bring the cargo hither. The silence of history has left the annals of Maryland so much in the shadow, that a foreigner feels doubtful whether a literal construction should be put on the desertion of a town, particularly when your port of entry also bears the name of St. Mary's."

"Well," interrupted the captain, smiling, "don't feel uneasy about me, for the cargo is of that accommodating nature which will suit another town as well."

The customary business was soon despatched, and the officer was leaving the vessel, but his eye lingered on the interesting stranger. There was something in his appearance that won his heart, and, after a moment's hesitation he thus spoke.

"This seems to have been your place of destination, Mr. Egerton. Will you excuse the blunt freedom of an American, if I ask you to accompany me to the shore? My uncle's dwelling is in sight. I act as his deputy in official business, but with much more pleasure I use another privilege, and tender you the hospitalities of his roof. Although the town, the principal object of your visit, is no more, yet if you can content yourself a few days with us, you can explore the ruins. Oakford is the name of my uncle. I bear the same, with the simple addition of Frank."

The stranger caught his offered hand.

"I feel grateful for your kindness, — the ruins! did you say? It would indeed be a gratification to view them — I will, with pleasure, avail myself of your polite invitation; the ruins! are they extensive?"

"Oh, no," replied young Oakford, smiling, "there are but few relics left by time and weather — some remains of walls and foundations — but the most interesting are the ruins of an ancient church — among whose dilapidated pews a respectable audience of weeds have accumulated."

"Weeds, growing in the holy temple of my fathers! what a sublime yet sad subject for reflection! I must see them!"

The young American again smiled at his companion's enthusiasm; and, as the shadows of evening were fast closing around them, he hurried his new friend in his preparations to leave the vessel. The good natured captain declined an invitation to accompany them, as he had made arrangements to continue his voyage farther — and, cordially shaking the hand of his departing passenger, refused to receive any extra compensation for the trouble occasioned. The rough, but kind-hearted sailors also refused, but the generous feelings of the young man were not to be checked thus, and he forced into their unwilling hands the expression of his thanks, as he took a kind leave of them.

Darkness had veiled the landscape when the boat reached the shore, and the warm-hearted Marylander, drawing the arm of the young stranger within his, hurried him up the long avenue leading to the mansion, assuring him that his uncle would be as much gratified as himself by this acquisition to their society. "So, feel perfectly at ease, for we southerners use very little ceremony."

The event proved it so, for Col. Oakford, a fine looking man, just past the meridian of life, received him with that easy politeness and frank cordiality of manner which relieved him from all embarrassment. He soon discovered that his guest possessed high literary attainments — and, enjoying those advantages himself, the conversation became interesting, and they parted at the hour of rest, mutually pleased with each other.

The next morning arose in clouds and rain. "No *ruins* to-day," said the young Briton, as they met in the breakfast room. But, although the weather prevented any outward excursion, a well filled library offered a pleasing substitute.

Young hearts soon assimilate, and friendships in early life are quickly formed — hence, when the sun at last broke through the clouds, on the evening of the third day, the two youths felt on terms of intimacy and attachment. On the fourth morning, the lively Frank aroused his friend before sunrise, to view, what he imagined must be to him, a novel and imposing sight. They descended to the open piazza, and young Egerton looked around in vain to discover the woods, the hill, the river; all was enveloped in a thick fog, and had the appearance of a surrounding lake. At this moment the sun rose, and the vapor broke on the bosom of the stream.

"See," said Frank, "the river is throwing off his night robes — observe how gracefully he rolls and folds them."

Huge white sheets of vapor were indeed majestically receding down the current; others floated like snow wreaths on the hills of the opposite shore — the green sides of which, were at intervals visible through the breaking mist, and seemed struggling beneath its might. In gradual succession the forests and dwellings of men appeared, and in a few minutes this atmospheric envelope was lost in the increasing warmth of the sun's beams.

"How singular and beautiful," said the stranger. "Is it often thus?"

"Very frequently; at some seasons each morning renews the scene; but you are not very robust, and must be content to view it seldom, for this recreation is far from healthy. The poets of your native isle may sing of 'walks at early dawn, through dewy meads,' but such strolls would make a short life here."

On entering the parlor they met the Colonel.

"What think you of the night bath which these lowlands take?" said he, smiling.

"That the morning effect is beautiful," replied Egerton, "but the whole must be injurious to health."

"You are right, it is ever so to strangers, but we, who are sons of the mist, fear no harm from our native atmosphere. Yet do not think this characteristic of

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our general climate. On the contrary, the northern states, with their rock-bound sea coasts, have a clear bracing atmosphere; the middle states, also, with their varied surface of mountain and valley, and most parts of the southern, are equally healthy. Our own upper counties, and the neighboring inlands, or forest places, as we term them, are not sickly. It is only where the land is low, and as bountifully supplied with bays, inlets and streams as here, that this effect takes place; but see, 'aunt Nora' waits with the breakfast."

The aged colored housekeeper, called by this familiar appellation, had been the faithful nurse of the Colonel's infancy, and, in return, was treated by him with great kindness. She was busied at a little table, in a corner of the room, from which she despatched, by the younger hands of her grandson, Luke, to a larger table in the centre of the apartment, the fine coffee, and more solid comforts of a Maryland breakfast, of which the young friends hastily partook, and then made arrangements for their visit to the *ruins*.

The boat was soon in readiness, and they set out, accompanied by Basil and Luke. As the light bark glided along the shore, Frank pointed out several places endeared by the recollections of his childhood. Through an opening in the trees peeped the unobtrusive walls dedicated to country learning, with its play ground, so often the scene of his boyish gambols, and its clear spring under the shade of a sycamore near the river, where a solitary cow was now stooping to drink.

"See, Frank," cried his friend, "she is profaning your Helicon fount!"

"Nay, let her drink, Egerton," he replied, for, as she is not likely to draw more romantic inspiration than *I* did from its waters, the spring will lose none of its power from her draught."

"But you have gained what is worth more, sentiments pure and disinterested, with a mind happy and free. 'Tis true, you seldom make reminiscences—but, if you were like me, an orphan, and a native of a clime where, at every step, you meet some relic of the past, you would feel differently. Your country has but a short path to retrace, and is too young to boast of olden days."

"And yet," replied Frank, archly smiling, "there were times to which we might refer, as equal to any that shed glory on ancient chivalry."

"Granted, and the treasure they left you may well render you careless of other relics."

Many thanks for your liberality, my dear friend," said Frank, "and now for the *ruins*." As he spoke, the direction of the boat was changed, and they swiftly crossed the river. Egerton sprang first on land, and was soon deeply engaged in examination, but found Frank's words too true. Time and weather had indeed been ruthless ravagers; besides, it appeared that many materials had been removed, perhaps to repair the cottages of the neighboring poor. But some remains of what seemed to have been the walls of a large store house, part of an embankment where once had stood a fort, pits filled with rubbish, which had been cellars, and crumbled walls, with here and there a fallen chimney, gave melancholy testimony to the change. Nor had the church met a better fate. The broken in roof still clung to the shattered wall on one side only, and hung like a dark banner, half suspended over the desolation below; the decayed floor had descended into the mournful cemetery beneath, leaving some of the baseless seats clinging to the side wall. Weeds, too, were there, whose flowers seemed to bloom in mockery. In the sad home of the buried dead all was confusion, broken tombs, and heaps of rubbish. The young Briton sat down on a fragment of the ruined wall, and Frank shared in the melancholy of his friend, as they viewed the desolate scene. Egerton at length broke silence. "You have, no doubt, wondered at the deep interest I feel with regard to these ruins. Many circumstances have led to it, particularly a little tale related to me by a maiden aunt, to which I listened with great delight in childhood; and when, in after years, I was deprived of my beloved parents, I would sometimes beguile my sorrows by a recurrence to its sad remembrance. Thus it became more interesting to me, and I soon felt a desire to visit the location of scenes so connected with my family, and with the fate of an Indian chief of the Youcómaco tribe, called Wiccónsat, the principal subject of the legend. If it will give you any pleasure, I will relate it while we rest on these sad ruins."

"Really, my dear friend," replied Frank, "I feel almost as sentimental as yourself."

"Then I will take advantage of your serious mood and commence my simple tale."

"Among the early settlers at St. Mary's, were the parents of Rosalie Egerton. She was an only daughter and beautiful. An accomplished mother had taught her many things of which few other females of the colony could boast. She accompanied her harp with the songs of distant lands, and with her needle embroidered scenes from the old world. Yet she loved to wander amidst the wild grandeur of her native forests, accompanied only by her little brother, for the neighboring Indians were harmless and friendly.

"Wiccónsat was the son of an aged chief of the Youcómacoes. He was tall and elegantly formed, and straight as an arrow from his quiver. Mild and contemplative, he became a favorite among the settlers, from whom he learned not only to read and write, but many of their useful arts. But he had listened to the breathings of Rosalie's harp, as he lingered near her dwelling, and had gazed after her fair form, as she wandered in the forest, until the Indian's life had lost all charms for him. The smile of happy youth had fled, and when he sought his father's wigwam, his eye was sad and restless. The old chief saw with sorrow the change.

"'A spell hath come o'er thee, Wiccónsat,' he kindly said; 'my son is no longer the same. When in childhood I first saw thy little hands bend the bow, I fondly thought thou would'st rival the hunting fame of thy father, and, when age had weakened my strength, should danger threaten our tribe, thou would'st head the chiefs in combat. The locks of

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Orroniska are now gray, and his hand feeble. The supplies of his wigwam are scanty, for his son lingers among the better habitations of strangers. But I know thy secret. Thy hopeless love is placed on the fairest of the white fawns, one as far above thy reach as was the rainbow of yesterday. For though the son of a once powerful chief, the poorest of the pale faces would reject thy alliance. Then arouse thee, Wiccónsat, and despise their pride. The Great Spirit made us all equal, and the brightest of our Indian maidens would be proud of thy love. If thou dost prefer the plough of the white man to the bow of the hunter, 'tis well, but turn the furrow in thy own fields.'

"The youth answered not, but with a deep sigh, taking his quiver full of arrows, went out to the chase. He wandered on through the forest, forgetful of his first intention, until he found himself near the river's bank, and by the dwelling of Rosalie, and soon beheld the maiden, with her little brother, in a small boat, which they had contrived to move out a few yards into the deep water. As she arose to reach some blossoms from the overhanging trees, her balance was lost, and she fell into the stream. In a moment the young Indian had plunged in to her relief, and bore her in safety to the bank. The cries of her brother had alarmed the family, who hurried to the river, and Wiccónsat, yielding his lovely burthen to her parents' arms, hastened to escape from their grateful acknowledgments, to enjoy in solitude the delightful feelings that crowded his heart. It seemed a new era in his existence, and fairy dreams floated in his imagination. With buoyant and unwearied footsteps he pursued the chase, and returned to his father's cabin loaded with the choicest game, the reward of his toil.

"'Come, dear Oskwena,' said he to his young sister, who ran to welcome him, 'prepare a feast for our father, while I dress these skins, to make a softer couch for his aged limbs.'

"'Gladly, brother,' she replied, 'but hast thou brought me any beads or ornaments from the colony?'

"'No, thou art too good and comely to need these trifles. Thy lover will prize thee more without them.'

"'Thou art mistaken, brother, for Potawissa loves to see my dark hair braided with beads, and their bright strings encircling my neck. Thy talk will do for the white fawns, with their cheeks like the wild rose and foreheads like the mountain snow; but the darker hue of Indian maids wants other ornaments.'

"'Thou hast well described the white fawns, sister,' answered the young chief, 'and shalt indeed have a gay necklace; but thou hast never heard the song of her who is brightest among them. Why the blest sounds on the air, which are said to call our fathers to the spirit-land on high, are not sweeter.'

"'Hush, hush,' cried Oskwena, 'how canst thou talk thus? I would not hear her strain, for it hath sadly altered thee.'

"The bright visions of Wiccónsat were soon dispelled, for, with the next vessel from England, arrived a young relative of Rosalie's family, who brought news of their having succeeded to an estate in their native country, to take possession of which they now made preparations to leave America. The charms of the maiden made an immediate impression on the heart of the young and accomplished Briton. His amiable qualities soon won her love, and, with the approval of her parents, it was arranged that their marriage should take place on their arrival in England.

"The sad intelligence soon reached Wiccónsat, to whom the grateful family had shown many marks of attachment, little suspecting the sorrows they were preparing for the youthful chief. They knew not the secret homage of his heart, for its trembling hopes had never been breathed to the beautiful object of his love. In the innocence of grateful friendship, she presented him with an embroidered belt worked by her own hands, and assured him that she would never forget her generous preserver.—But when the day of their departure had arrived, and sorrowful friends crowded the vessel's deck to take their last farewell, Wiccónsat was not there. Rosalie and her parents shed tears of regret, as the sails were spreading to waft them from their happy American home, and as their eyes sought its peaceful roof, they discovered near it, on a point of the river's shore, the solitary figure of the young chief. It was at this spot he had rescued the maiden from a watery grave. She eagerly waved her white handkerchief in token of farewell, and the next moment saw the belt she had given him, floating on the air in a returning adieu. In a few minutes the vessel parted from the shore.

"Many years after this, an interesting youth, accompanied by his tutor, arrived at St. Mary's, from England. I know not in what state they found the town, but the youth's first inquiries were for an Indian chief, called Wiccónsat, who had in early years saved the life of his mother. He was shown a lonely wigwam, on a point near the river. James Egerton, for it was my great grandfather, took an early opportunity of visiting it, but first inquired into the present character of its inmate. 'He is mild and peaceful,' said his informant, 'and is sometimes called the Indian Hermit, for he seldom appears abroad except when hunting or fishing. He has lived thus for many years, is always melancholy, and dislikes the visits of the curious: 'Tis thought some misfortune in his youth has led him to prefer solitude.'—Thus informed, the young James proceeded to the river's side. From description, he knew where had stood the home of his mother's children, but sighed to perceive it in ruins, and leaning on a fragment of the broken wall, plucked a leaf from the vine that still clung to it, then, with lingering footsteps, sought the point. Seated on a rustic bench at the door of the cabin was a figure which he knew must be the chief, for he raised his tall, majestic form, and advanced to meet him, but paused suddenly, and gazed earnestly and inquiringly on his face.

"The youth felt abashed, but with some effort addressed him: 'Excuse this intrusion, good chief; I am the son of her, whose life you once saved.'

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"The recluse caught his offered hand.

"'And art thou indeed her child? oh! yes, that eye, that smile had awoke my memory before you spoke. Welcome art thou to the desolate Wiccónsat.' After some conversation, the youth drew from his bosom two small books, richly bound, and presented them as tokens of remembrance from his mother. The chief pressed them to his lips. 'These will beguile many lonely hours, but, oh! hadst thou but brought me one lock of her hair. It was the colour of thine,' he added, as he passed his hand over the rich brown curls of the son of Rosalie. 'Alas! good chief,' he replied, 'sorrow, rather than time, has robbed those locks of their beauty. Death has bereaved my beloved mother of her parents and of several children. I alone survive.' 'And can sorrow reach one so good? Then why should I repine? — From this point, dear boy, I saw thy mother and her parents depart, and here I raised my lonely habitation. For years, I indulged the vain hope of their return, and whenever I saw a large vessel enter the river, I silently mingled with the crowd on the shore. But wearied hope has long since fled, memory alone remains.'

"'And yet you may again behold my parents, for it is their intention to visit Maryland in a short time.' Surprise and joy beamed in the countenance of the Indian, and from that hour he continued cheerful, but his greatest present enjoyment arose from the frequent visits of his young friend, to whom he daily became more attached. 'Tis true, the tutor of James disapproved of his spending so much time with one whom he considered an untutored savage, but the warm-hearted boy knew his Indian favorite to be possessed of pure and lofty principles, with noble and generous feelings.

"Wiccónsat now mingled once more with the white inhabitants, and pointed out to the inquiring youth whatever was interesting. The remains of the Indian village were still visible, and the few chiefs that visited the town still fondly called it Youcómico. But their tribe had removed to a greater distance, and there was now little communication between them and the colonists."

"Several months elapsed and the time drew near when the young Briton expected once more to embrace his parents. They had informed him, by letter, of their intention to embark on board the Huntress, which would sail in two weeks, and nearly a month had passed since the reception of this letter. It was probable then, that they were near the American coast."

Here the narrator paused.

"Why do you not proceed?" asked Frank.

"Because I think it will be better to finish the story as we return. It grows late, and I wish to gather some little remembrance."

From various parts of the ruins he now selected something to carry with him, and was loading Basil and Luke with similar trophies, who appeared to place little value on them, as they dropped some at every step. At length they returned to the boat, in which they deposited the cumbrous relics, and left the shore. But a new object excited the curiosity of Egerton, and, with a look of entreaty, he turned to his friend.

"You have been very patient and kind, dear Frank, and now we are in the boat, let us go a little further up the river. That point above must be the spot on which stood the wigwam of Wiccónsat."

"You will find it a difficult matter to prove that," returned Frank, "however, we will go."

"It's a good place for fishing," said Basil, "and we have a line."

The first object that struck their view on landing at the point, was a collection of half decayed boards.

"See here! conviction strong!" cried the delighted Egerton.

"Nonsense," said Frank, "they are the remains of some old fishing hut or flat boat. Indian wigwams are not made of boards."

"How incredulous you are," returned his friend. "Surely the melancholy chief had been long enough among white men to adopt their materials."

"Very well, shall we load the boat with them as relics?"

"You are jesting; but I should really like to rebuild it, if we had time. Where are Basil and Luke?"

"More profitably employed — fishing; but we will return in a day or two, and try whether a wigwam can be made of it." The young Briton had seated himself on one of the boards, and seemed lost in contemplation, while Frank quietly withdrew to see the luck of the fishers — who, in the meantime, had not forgotten the two youths, but, in their simple phrase, were discussing the point at issue.

"Why, Old Nora could tell him plenty about the Ingens," said Basil, "for her grandmother told her, and she saw a power of 'em in her time — but he only seems to care about one — and I can't say I ever heard Nora go over such a strange name as that."

"They were smart, them chiefs, in their time," observed Luke, "for they say our folks learned to make the canoes from 'em, and I'd put 'em against any boat that swims."

"But they won't hold much of a crew, Luke, let alone passengers, and as there's four of us, and a heavy load of Massa Egerton's relics, as he calls them; besides, its lucky we've got something bigger to float home in."

Their angling had not been very successful in the short time they had engaged in it, and at Frank's request, the boat was again put in readiness for their departure.

Once more on the water, Frank reminded his friend of the promised conclusion of his story.

"I thought you had forgotten it," replied Egerton, smiling, "but I will with pleasure gratify you. I believe we left my ancestor expecting the early arrival of his parents at St. Mary's, and I will now proceed to give you the other portion of the legend.

"One evening, after his usual visit to the wigwam, James was slowly returning to his lodgings. Lost in thought, he did not at first perceive that heavy clouds were gathering in the sky, but the sudden darkness made him quicken his pace.

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"'You are late this evening, Master James,' said his tutor, as he met him at the door, 'you waste a great deal of time with that wild Indian, and I am glad your parents are coming to take charge of you.' 'I am glad too,' thought his pupil, but he did not say so, and soon after retired to rest.

"The sleep of innocent youth is ever sound, and a severe storm which arose had been raging some time before it broke his deep slumber.

"He started from his pillow, and his first thoughts were fears for his parents' safety. The wind roared fearfully, and the rain beat in torrents against his chamber window. He looked out on the thick darkness that obscured every object, and his heart sunk within him at the dreary view. Overcome with the distress of his feelings, he leaned against the casement, and gave vent to the friendly tears that often relieve the sadness of boyhood. Suddenly a faint and distant flash of light broke through the gloom; It was gone, but a sound followed which, even amid the howling of the storm, could not be mistaken. It struck on the ear of the weeping boy, with startling certainty.

"'It is, oh! yes, it is a signal gun of distress, oh! my mother! my father!' and sinking on his knees, he breathed an agonized prayer for their safety, then starting to his feet, he hastily threw on his clothes, and hurried down stairs without knowing his object. The house stood near the river, and on opening the door he saw some person moving along the bank. He approached; it was the chief. 'Is it you, Wiccónsat? oh! what a night!' The Indian pressed his hand in gloomy silence, and stood in a listening attitude, with his face turned towards that part of the horizon from whence the flash had appeared. Another gleamed across the dismal night, and the sullen peal that followed, fell, like the bolt of death, on their hearts.

"'It is a call for aid,' exclaimed the chief, 'and perhaps thy mother's life is in danger.' 'And my father's too,' added the shuddering boy. 'Alas! Wiccónsat, what can we do?' 'I follow that light,' he answered, as the flash of another minute gun shone.

"'Oh! take me then with you, good chief, leave me not here in suspense!'

"'Alas! my boy, this stormy night ill suits thy tender frame. Wait thou till morning breaks, then thou canst follow with some of the townsmen. The light seems near the mouth of the Potomac.'

"'Who speaks below,' said the tutor's voice from the window; 'surely, Master James, you are not out on such a night?' 'Indeed I am,' replied the youth, 'there is a vessel in distress, it may be the Huntress, in which my parents are expected; surely I cannot sleep now.'

"'Well, well, if that's the case, it's bad enough, but I think it's not probable; however, I'll be down directly.' By this time several of the neighbours had joined them, and they determined to proceed in the supposed direction of the vessel. By the first dawn of light they found themselves on the shore of the Potomac river, near its entrance into the Chesapeake Bay. The rain had ceased, and daylight, as it broke from the clouded east, shewed to their anxious gaze, a dismasted vessel, which appeared in a wrecked and sinking state. Two boats, crowded with the crew and passengers, were seen contending with the raging waves, endeavouring to reach the land. Some water casks which had been washed on shore, were eagerly examined by the distressed James, to discover the name of the vessel. It met his eye, and with a cry of terror he threw himself into the arms of the Indian.

"'It is the Huntress! oh! Wiccónsat! my parents will be lost!'

"'Hast thou no confidence in the Great Being thy mother worships?' he softly said, as he pressed him to his breast, but his eye was fairly fixed on one of the boats, in which he thought he could distinguish the garments of a female. The foaming waters seemed to threaten instant destruction to the frail barques, as they tost from wave to wave, sometimes half hid in the surf that broke over them. At this moment a mingled cry reached the shore, and but one boat was seen, the other was 'whelmed beneath the waters. Wiccónsat broke from the clinging arms of the youth, and plunged into the waves. For some time he was lost to their view, but his strong and sinewy arms forced a passage to the scene of distress, and in a short time he was seen returning, supporting, with one arm, the form of a female. The young James, who had been forcibly withheld from following, now rushed to meet him, and Rosalie (for it was she) opened her eyes to be clasped to the bosom of her son. She lived, she breathed, and the first word that trembled on her lips was the name of her husband. Scarcely had she spoken, ere the generous chief had again thrown himself into the waves. But his strength was exhausted by previous exertion, and when, with difficulty, he had nearly reached the overturned boat to which the husband of Rosalie, with others, now clung, a floating piece of the ship's mast struck him on the temple. In the mean time, the other boat had safely landed its crew, and was despatched to the aid of the sufferers, who were all, with the exception of two, saved.

"Rosalie had been conveyed to the nearest house, and restoratives were applied, which soon brought her to a state of recollection. She recognized with joy, the form of her husband, as he knelt by the side of her couch, and pressed, with a mother's fondness, the hand of her affectionate son. But her eyes wandered around the room as if in search of another object. 'It was a dream then,' she murmured, 'it was not his, but thy dear arm that drew thy mother from the waves.'

"'Alas! no, it was he, the generous and the good,' replied her son.

"'Wiccónsat! brave chief! but why those looks of anguish; is this, my son, a time for sorrow, when Heaven has been so kind? And my preserver, where lingers he?'

"'Where his bright virtues will be best rewarded,' replied her husband, solemnly.

"'What mean you? Surely he is safe.'

"'He perished in an attempt to save my life.' She heard no more, for she had fainted in the arms of her

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son, and it was long ere she revived, to mingle with theirs her tears of unavailing regret.

"In the afternoon the body of the generous Indian was washed on shore. With every mark of respect it was conveyed to the town, and preparations made for its interment on the following day at the point, in a spot once pointed out, by the chief, to young Egerton. The grief of this affectionate boy burst without restraint, as he leaned over the body of his departed friend, and his tears flowed afresh, when he was shown a folded paper, which had been found in his bosom. It was wet through, and contained the faded belt, the treasured gift of Rosalie.

"Intelligence of the sad event was conveyed to the sister of the chief, and the next day, accompanied by her husband and sons, and several warriors of the Youcómaco tribe, Oskwena arrived, just as the funeral procession was moving to the grave. Time had altered this once beautiful daughter of the forest; there was a mildness in her look of grief, as she left the canoe, and led by her two sons, approached the open grave, where, seating herself by its side, she silently awaited the mournful train that bore her brother to his last home. She uttered a faint cry as her eye rested on the coffin, and her whole frame shook with agitation, when it was lowered from her sight.

"The chiefs arranged themselves in gloomy silence around the grave of him, who, in early youth, had been the boast of their tribe, and heard, rather than listened, to the funeral service. It was scarcely ended, when the hitherto restrained grief of Oskwena burst forth. She tore from her dishevelled locks the rude ornaments of her tribe, scattering them on the ground, but a necklace of beads she retained in her hand, and wept bitterly as she looked on it.

"'It was thy gift, Wiccónsat,' said the mourner,' 'thy face glowed with youth and hope on the happy day thou gavest it. Our aged father blessed his children, for he had not then passed to the spirit land above. The beads are bright yet, but thou art faded and gone. I can gaze on them no more, they shall be hid with thee,' and she dropped them into the grave. The spectators looked on her with pity and disturbed her not, as in a low voice she chaunted a wild funeral melody. When she ceased, several young maidens of St. Mary's, arrayed in white, approached, and scattered flowers around the grave. The oldest son of Oskwena stood, with his father, among the chiefs. To him the beauty of the white maidens was new, for he had never before been allowed to visit the town.

"'Who are they?' he asked, eagerly leaning forward, but then the stern Potawissa drew him back, as he replied in a low voice, 'It matters not, it is enough that they cannot be aught to thee. Look not on their fatal beauty, but let that lonely grave warn thee of danger. It was hopeless love for a pale face like theirs, that induced thy mother's brother to forsake the tribe that idolized him; to lead a life of solitude, and at last to perish for her sake. And now he sleeps not with the bones of his fathers, and the talk of the white man is heard by his grave, instead of the bold death song of our chiefs. Nay, thou art gazing still; turn from them boy,' and suddenly drawing him round, he held him firmly until the fair group had retired. A faint shriek from Oskwena drew his attention. He saw the attendants were filling up the grave, and hastened to remove her sinking form. In a few minutes the crowd had dispersed, the chiefs again entered their boats, and young Egerton, with his father, alone remained on the silent shore.

"The family remained but a short time in Maryland, for the health of Rosalie had sustained a shock from which it never recovered. She faded before the agonized view of her husband and son, and died shortly after their return to England. As one of their descendants, I have long wished to visit the scene of their sorrows, and in doing so, I have formed a friendship which, believe me, dear Frank, will always be cherished in my heart. The kind hospitality of your good uncle made me forget I was a stranger, and though we must part in a few days, time or distance will never erase the remembrance of my American friends."

SONNETS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

GERTRUDE.

There is a sweet expression in thy face,
My gentle one! leading the thoughts away
From earthliness, and this vile orb of clay,—
Bidding my spirit in its yearnings trace
Something immortal in the beauties there!
I do not worship loveliness—but look
On woman's face, as on a speaking book,
Where God hath stamped his image clear and fair!
And thine is one so radiant of him,
So calm and pure, one cannot fail to see
Such purity of soul portrayed in thee,
That other faces by thy side grow dim,
And, bowing down unto thy brighter worth,
I deem thee one too fair and chaste for earth!

IANTHE.

How thoughts are chiseled on that lofty brow!
Proud consciousness of virtue in thy smile!
Thy cheeks, the blush of, speaks thee free from guile
Thine eyes have in their spiritual flow,
A dignity and grandeur, and a glow
Which lift the gazer's spirit upon high,
As soars the eagle to the sun-lit sky!
Thou art a thing to worship! and I throw
My soaring spirit conquered at thy feet,—
But not to beauty, tho' 't is unsurpassed,
But to the wealth of intellect 't is cast;
Deeming the earth beneath the proudest seat,
Where I would sit, and on perfection gaze,
Sunning my soul beneath thine eyes' soft rays!

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THE MOONLIGHT FLITTING;

OR, THE MISTAKE.

BY ELIZA VAN HORN ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE moon shone serenely clear over hill and dale, her silver rays playing on the dull gray earth with sportive fancy, while not a zephyr seemed upon the wing, and all nature slumbered in the stillness of a warm summer evening, when, from one of the neat white cottages of the village of ———, issued two figures, completely enveloped in cloaks, notwithstanding the thermometer stood at nearly ninety. Not a word was spoken, but with stealthy steps they chased their shadows along the silent streets for a good half mile; although twice or thrice one of the figures paused and heaved convulsively, whether from lack of breath or agitation seemed doubtful. At length they stopped before a cottage, whose proximity to the church bespoke the *parsonage;* a light twinkled through the casement; the muffled fugitives rapt gently at the door; it was opened, and they entered.

The old moss-grown church clock had just proclaimed, in solemn tones, the hour of nine, on the next morning, when two ladies, whose looks bespoke them far upon the road of *time*—clad in black silk bonnets and mitts—came slowly down the streets, shaded by the spreading elms. These good gossips appeared deeply engaged in conversation, looking so intently into each other's face, that sundry fowls, young pigs, and small dogs miraculously escaped a sudden and violent death.

"Can you believe it yet, Mrs. Potts?" cried the lesser of the two ladies; "such a reflection upon our quiet village—good gracious and powers! preserve us from such assurance." Thus saying, she rolled up the balls of her eyes, and clasped her hands together with pious fervor.

"Not only that, my dear Miss Clapper, but such an example to the daughters of the place!" and Mrs. Potts sighed, as she thought of her six damsels, who still remained in single blessedness, notwithstanding the many little innocent manœuvres to which mammas will sometimes have recourse.

"Yes, indeed, it behoves you, Mrs. Potts, to keep a sharp look-out. Will you visit her—the good-for-naught?"

"W-e-ll, what do you think about it? If we cut her all the village will. What say you?"

"To be sure, to be sure, that's true; her place in society depends upon *us*, my dear. She gives such pleasant parties, such excellent soft waffles, and then one meets sometimes such agreeable people from the city there, which gives the girls a chance, you know, (winking knowingly,) that it would be a pity to throw her off."

"I agree with you, my dear Miss Clapper—and—after all, she's honestly married, although she stole away, like a thief in the night."

"Suppose we just stop and ask Katy a few questions. May be they wish to keep it a secret. Here we are by the house—shall we stop?"

"I have no objections, my dear; but you'll get nothing out of that piece of sour-crout."

"I'll pump her; leave me alone for *that*."

Accordingly the two loving, neighborly gossips rapt at the door of the white cottage from whence had stolen forth the fugitives the night previous.

The loud knock announced the aristocracy of the village; the door opened, and the sharp bluish features of Katy filled up the aperture. Her small *gravy* eyes blinked for a moment when she beheld the visitors; the next Katy stood the personification of gravity.

"Well, Katy," cried Miss Clapper, in her most dulcet tones, "how *do* you do this fine morn? all well, I hope," making an effort to open wider the door.

"Why, yes, Miss; a very fine morning, and we are all well, thanks be to goodness," answered Katy, holding the door still closer, and protruding her nose still farther, so that the sudden slam of the door would have deprived that venerable spinster of that most conspicuous of all features, a *red nose*. "Sorry I can't ask you both in—but nobody's home."

"Ah! so, then, it's true, what we heard this morning," said Mrs. Potts.

"Can't say, indeed, Marm, as I don't know what you might have heard."

"Oh! only that your mistress ran off last night and was married, and went away this morning in the village hack," almost screamed Miss Clapper.

"And so my mistress *is* married, and I know some that would like to be in her shoes, if they could but get the chance."

"Well, well, Katy, no offence is meant," cried Mrs. Potts; "when will the bride be home?"

"She bade me tell you, Marm, and Miss Clapper,

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(and she wants you to tell the village) that on Thursday evening the doors will be thrown open and the candles lighted, and you will see *her* and *plenty* of wedding cake and good wine." Thus saying, she gently closed the door.

"So! it's no secret after all," cried Mrs. Potts; "Katy made no bones at confession."

"No! the old she devil! how I hate that creature—she always *Miss-es* one so—never calls me any thing but *Miss!*—*Miss!*—She shan't read it on my tomb-stone, if I can help it," muttered *Miss* Clapper.

Faithfully did these village circulars perform their agreeable task. Before the sun sank to rest, every individual, from the lady of the member of the legislature to the shoe-black in the inn, had heard the news, and had formed dreams of the coming event. The bride and bride-cake—beaux and belles, had been reviewed in the mind's eye o'er and o'er again.

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CHAPTER II.

When a young man, Mr. Hopkins arrived upon the spot where now stands the village of ———, with his bundle upon his stick, his sole fortune. He became what may be termed a squatter. It was then a dreary waste of girdled trees, and patches covered with black stumps. But his untiring perseverance and systematic industry were rewarded in time by beholding, from his cottage door, the fields of waving corn and the golden wheat, where once lurked the savage and prowled the ravenous beast.

In course of time, the place became settled; the present village sprang into existence; Mr. Hopkins "grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength;" in short, Mr. Hopkins became a rich man, and consequently a man of consequence.

Mrs. Hopkins (poor good soul) died ere she could enjoy the wealth that her patient labors had assisted her husband in accumulating. She left one daughter, christened Dinah, and two sons. Upon the death of the "old man," the sons moved to a strange land, (that is, about a hundred miles from their native vale.) Miss Dinah, or rather Diana, as she chose to be called, after the immortal Die Vernon, remained upon the "old place," to uphold, as she properly said, the dignity of the Hopkinses.

Thus years wore away. Miss Die became the tyrant of fashion in her own village. She read Shakspeare, doated on Byron, and was subdued by Sir Walter Scott's works. She languished and quoted poetry for nearly forty years. In youth, she scorned the rustic beaux that kneeled at her shrine; and, as years sped onward, none "bowed nor told their tale of love," until, at length, Miss Die began seriously to think of a visit to her brothers, when the kind *fates* brought Mr. Micalf to the village, and there left him to the mercy of Cupid.

The *major* (as he was familiarly called) was rather short of stature, with an alderman's corpulency,—famous for his good-nature, intolerable indolence, and devotion to whiskey-punch and the noxious weed. Being asthmatic, he seldom had recourse to any exertion—a long walk would cause him to puff and blow at least for a minute, ere he could catch breath to utter a word. Still Mr. Micalf found breath enough to become a successful wooer—and Miss Die persuaded her swain to elope with her by moonlight, as she could never survive the stare of the plebeians by the light of "gaudy day."

It ever remained a doubt in the village, what was the exact age of the major. Many were of an opinion that sixty winters had frosted his brow. Others again asserted that he did not number, by a score, as many years as his bride. These latter, however, were the ladies.

Thursday arrived—and, after a weary watching from many a beaming eye, the sun at length disappeared behind the distant mountains, and twilight gently threw over the glowing sky its mantle of sombre gray. Lights flitted to and fro through the houses; an unusual bustle hummed through the quiet streets; the horses, disturbed after a day of labor, to be brought forth and harnessed to whatever vehicle their masters could boast of possessing, hung down their weary heads, with slow and measured steps patiently submitting to the yoke of bondage.

The sudden glare of lights, that streamed through the casements of the white cottage over the gravel walks, announced that preparations had ceased, and that visitors were momentarily expected.

There was the bride, her tall gaunt figure arrayed in white, flitting from room to room, not knowing where to station herself to make the best impression, and inwardly chafing at the perfume of tobacco that met her olfactory nerves, and the loss of her reticule, wherein were the keys of sundry closets and so forth, when the door opened and Mr., Mrs., and the four Misses Potts, with Miss Clapper, beheld the bride upon knees and hands, looking under an immense old-fashioned settee for her lost treasure.

Mrs. Micalf looked up, sprang to her feet, uttered a faint scream, and for a moment hid her face—then yielded her cheek to the salutations of the six ladies, and with much coyness permitted Mr. Potts to touch the tip of her ear.

"Well, I declare, I think you served us a pretty trick, Mrs. Micalf—a lady of your years to make a moonlight flitting—oh, fie!" cried Miss Clapper, in a querulous voice.

"Oh, spare me, dear friends; I feel the full force of the imprudence of the step. But be this my excuse, 'I've scanned the actions of his daily life,' and flatter myself I have secured happiness."

"And Mr. Micalf to steal away so—he who hates walking so. Why, I thought it would almost have killed him to walk so far."

"You are right, old lady," cried the groom, who had entered unperceived, and slapping Miss Clapper upon the shoulder; "I can't believe it yet; I haven't drawn a long breath since—wheugh!—But Die would not be married any other way, though I told her we were making a couple of old fools of ourselves—wheugh—u—n—Never mind, Die, don't be

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cast down at being called old — we all know you were young once! ha, ha! wheugh — u! Come, Potts, let's go and drink good luck to midnight walks."

"Mr. Micalf is so boisterous when he is in good spirits, and he does so love to plague me!" cried the bride, the quivering of her nostrils and upper lip expressing the workings of the inward passions.

Knock succeeded knock, and the influx of visitors, with the oft-repeated "wish you joy, wish you joy," soon restored harmony to the spirits of the bride, who was in extacies at the crowd that had gathered around her. She quoted poetry, right and left; forgot, for the moment, that tobacco and punch existed; and some assert that even the major was forgotten! That was but scandal, however. Nevertheless, the major enjoyed seven pipes and five tumblers of punch, without once hearing the sound of Die's voice; a luxury which, in the warmth of his feelings he solemnly whispered to Potts, had not been permitted him since his moonlight trip.

The hours sped onward — the merry laugh that rang so loud and clear from the midst of a group of young folks who were playing "hunt the slipper," "my lady's toilette," &c. caused the heads of the matrons to turn from each other in high displeasure at the interruption of some tale of scandal!

The happiest moments, still the fleetest! — the hour arrived — the guests departed, and the mistress of the *fairy* scene began to wonder what had become of her lord. Looking through the empty rooms, peering in every corner by the aid of a feeble night-lamp, and almost suffocated with the vapor of candle-snuff, she was startled by the sonorous notes from her husband's nasal organ. "I do believe the ass has gone to bed," she mentally ejaculated. Rushing into her room, she beheld the head of the major, with his blue and white night-cap snugly resting upon her fine linen *day* pillow-cases. Jerking the pillows from under the offending head, she screamed:

"Major! why, Micalf, you are sleeping upon my beautiful cases with real thread-lace borders!"

"Bless me, what is the matter? Is the house on fire? O Lord, I smell smoke — fire! — fire!"

"Do be quiet now, and don't make a fool of yourself; it's only the pillow I wanted."

"Oh, Die! is that you? You have frightened the very life out of me. Give me something to put under my head; my neck is almost broke."

"There, my dear, is the night pillow. Now, never presume to go to bed again, until the cover is turned down and the day cases removed, and — bless me, how you have tossed the bed! Why, major, major, are you asleep already?"

"What is it, for heaven's sake? Am I never to know what rest is again?"

"But, my dear — major, I say, shall I tuck you up snugly?"

"No! the devil! I don't want to be reminded of my coffin every night by being tucked up," and away went the clothes from the foot and side. "Oh, how I wish ——" groaned the major, as Mrs. Micalf again patiently smoothed them down. The wish died upon his tongue, but it was embodied in his dreams: — Once more he was the quiet possessor of the snug little room, and no less snug little bed, at the "Full Moon," the atmosphere dense with tobacco-smoke and the vapor of whiskey-punch regaling his nose — when the shrill, sharp voice of his help-meet, at dawn of day, dispelled the illusion, and, with the sun, he arose with the comfortable thought that he was not the only being that had sold peace and happiness for *gold*. And, ere the honey-moon had expired, Mr. and Mrs. Micalf began to perceive that they had made a great mistake in their moon-light flitting.

I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE.

A NEW SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I never have been false to thee!
The heart I gave thee still is thine;
Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine!
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill: —
Thou 'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover — but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train! —
Love 's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken — but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispelled the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense filled the air! —
The past is mine — the present thine —
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose — but love thee, false one, still!

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A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHY.

BY



UNDER this head, some years ago, there appeared, in the Southern Literary Messenger, an article which attracted very general attention, not less from the nature of its subject than from the peculiar manner in which it was handled. The editor introduces his readers to a certain Mr. Joseph Miller, who, it is hinted, is not merely a descendant of the illustrious Joe, of Jest-Book notoriety, but that identical individual in proper person. Upon this point, however, an air of uncertainty is thrown by means of an equivoque, maintained throughout the paper, in respect to Mr. Miller's middle name. This equivoque is put into the mouth of Mr. M. himself. He gives his name, in the first instance, as Joseph A. Miller; but, in the course of conversation, shifts it to Joseph B., then to Joseph C., and so on through the whole alphabet, until he concludes by desiring a copy of the Magazine to be sent to his address as Joseph Z. Miller, Esquire.

The object of his visit to the editor is to place in his hands the autographs of certain distinguished American *literati*. To these persons he had written rigmarole letters on various topics, and in all cases had been successful in eliciting a reply. The replies only (which it is scarcely necessary to say are all fictitious) are given in the Magazine, with a genuine autograph fac-simile appended, and are either burlesques of the supposed writer's usual style, or rendered otherwise absurd by reference to the nonsensical questions imagined to have been propounded by Mr. Miller. The autographs thus given are twenty-six in all — corresponding to the twenty-six variations in the initial letter of the hoaxer's middle name.

With the public this article took amazingly well, and many of our principal papers were at the expense of re-printing it with the wood-cut autographs. Even those whose names had been introduced, and whose style had been burlesqued, took the joke, generally speaking, in good part. Some of them were at a loss what to make of the matter. Dr. W. E. Channing, of Boston, was at some trouble, it is said, in calling to mind whether he had or had not actually written to some Mr. Joseph Miller the letter attributed to him in the article. This letter was nothing more than what follows:—

BOSTON, ———.

DEAR SIR,

No such person as Philip Philpot has ever been in my employ as a coachman, or otherwise. The name is an odd one, and not likely to be forgotten. The man must have reference to some other Doctor Channing. It would be as well to question him closely.

Respectfully yours,

W. E. CHANNING.

TO JOSEPH X. MILLER, Esq.

The precise and brief sententiousness of the divine is here, it will be seen, very truly adopted, or "hit off."

In one instance only was the *jeu-d'esprit* taken in serious dudgeon. Colonel Stone and the Messenger had not been upon the best of terms. Some one of the Colonel's little brochures had been severely treated by that journal, which declared that the work would have been far more properly published among the quack advertisements in a spare corner of the Commercial. The colonel had retaliated by wholesale vituperation of the Messenger. This being the state of affairs, it was not to be wondered at that the following epistle was not quietly received on the part of him to whom it was attributed:—

NEW YORK, ———.

DEAR SIR,

I am exceedingly and excessively sorry that it is out of my power to comply with your rational and reasonable request. The subject you mention is one with which I am utterly unacquainted. Moreover it is one about which I know very little.

Respectfully,

W. L. STONE.

JOSEPH V. MILLER, Esq.

These tautologies and anti-climaces were too much for the colonel, and we are ashamed to say that he committed himself by publishing in the Commercial an indignant denial of ever having indited such an epistle.

The principal feature of this autograph article, although perhaps the least interesting, was that of the editorial comment upon the supposed MSS., regarding them as indicative of character. In these

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comments the design was never more than semi-serious. At times, too, the writer was evidently led into error or injustice through the desire of being pungent — not unfrequently sacrificing truth for the sake of a *bon-mot*. In this manner qualities were often attributed to individuals, which were not so much indicated by their hand-writing, as suggested by the spleen of the commentator. But that a strong analogy *does* generally and naturally exist between every man's chirography and character, will be denied by none but the unreflecting. It is not our purpose, however, to enter into the *philosophy* of this subject, either in this portion of the present paper, or in the abstract. What we may have to say will be introduced elsewhere, and in connection with particular MSS. The practical application of the theory will thus go hand in hand with the theory itself.

Our design is three-fold: — In the first place, seriously to illustrate our position that the mental features are indicated (with certain exceptions) by the hand-writing; secondly, to indulge in a little literary gossip; and, thirdly, to furnish our readers with a more accurate and at the same time a more general collection of the autographs of our *literati* than is to be found elsewhere. Of the first portion of this design we have already spoken. The second speaks for itself. Of the third it is only necessary to say that we are confident of its interest for all lovers of literature. Next to the person of a distinguished man-of-letters, we desire to see his portrait — next to his portrait, his autograph. In the latter, especially, there is something which seems to bring him before us in his true idiosyncrasy — in his character of *scribe*. The feeling which prompts to the collection of autographs is a natural and rational one. But complete, or even extensive collections, are beyond the reach of those who themselves do not dabble in the waters of literature. The writer of this article has had opportunities, in this way, enjoyed by few. The MSS. now lying before him are a motley mass indeed. Here are letters, or other compositions, from every individual in America who has the slightest pretension to literary celebrity. From these we propose to select the most eminent names — as to give *all* would be a work of supererogation. Unquestionably, among those whose claims we are forced to postpone, are several whose high *merit* might justly demand a different treatment; but the rule applicable in a case like this seems to be that of celebrity, rather than that of true worth. It will be understood that, in the necessity of selection which circumstances impose upon us, we confine ourselves *to the most noted among the living literati of the country*. The article above alluded to, embraced, as we have already stated, only twenty-six names, and was not occupied *exclusively* either with living persons, or, properly speaking, with literary ones. In fact the whole paper seemed to acknowledge no law beyond that of whim. Our present essay will be found to include *one hundred autographs*. We have thought it unnecessary to preserve any particular order in their arrangement.



Professor Charles Anthon, of Columbia College, New York, is well known as the most erudite of our classical scholars; and, although still a young man, there are few, if any, even in Europe, who surpass him in his peculiar path of knowledge. In England his supremacy has been tacitly acknowledged by the immediate re-publication of his editions of Cæsar, Sallust, and Cicero, with other works, and their adoption as text-books at Oxford and Cambridge. His amplification of Lempriére did him high honor, but, of late, has been entirely superseded by a Classical Dictionary of his own — a work most remarkable for the extent and comprehensiveness of its details, as well as for its historical, chronological, mythological, and philological *accuracy*. It has at once completely overshadowed every thing of its kind. It follows, as a matter of course, that Mr. Anthon has many little enemies, among the inditers of merely big books. He has not been unassailed, yet has assuredly remained uninjured in the estimation of all those whose opinion he would be likely to value. We do not mean to say that he is altogether without faults, but a certain antique Johnsonism of style is perhaps one of his worst. He was mainly instrumental (with Professor Henry and Dr. Hawks) in setting on foot the New York Review, a journal of which he is the most efficient literary support, and whose most erudite papers have always been furnished by his pen.

The chirography of Professor Anthon is the most regularly beautiful of any in our collection. We see the most scrupulous precision, finish, and neatness about every portion of it — in the formation of individual letters, as well as in the *tout-ensemble*. The perfect symmetry of the MS. gives it, to a casual glance, the appearance of Italic print. The lines are quite straight, and at exactly equal distances, yet are written without black rules, or other artificial aid. There is not the slightest superfluity, in the way of flourish or otherwise, with the exception of the twirl in the C of the signature. Yet the whole is rather neat and graceful than forcible. Of four letters now lying before us, one is written on pink, one on a faint blue, one on green, and one on yellow paper — all of the finest quality. The seal is of green wax, with an impression of the head of Cæsar.

It is in the chirography of such men as Professor Anthon that we look with certainty for indication of character. The life of a scholar is mostly undisturbed by those adventitious events which distort the natural disposition of the man of the world, preventing his real nature from manifesting itself in his MS.

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The lawyer, who, pressed for time, is often forced to embody a world of heterogeneous memoranda, on scraps of paper, with the stumps of all varieties of pen, will soon find the fair characters of his boyhood degenerate into hieroglyphics which would puzzle Doctor Wallis or Champollion; and from chirography so disturbed it is nearly impossible to decide any thing. In a similar manner, men who pass through many striking vicissitudes of life, acquire in each change of circumstance a temporary inflection of the hand-writing; the whole resulting, after many years, in an unformed or variable MS., scarcely to be recognised by themselves from one day to the other. In the case of literary men generally, we may expect some decisive token of the mental influence upon the MS., and in the instance of the classical devotee we may look with *especial* certainty for such token. We see, accordingly, in Professor Anthon's autography, each and all of the known idiosyncrasies of his taste and intellect. We recognise at once the scrupulous precision and finish of his scholarship and of his style — the love of elegance which prompts him to surround himself, in his private study, with gems of sculptural art, and beautifully bound volumes, all arranged with elaborate attention to form, and in the very pedantry of neatness. We perceive, too, the disdain of superfluous embellishment which distinguishes his compilations, and which gives to their exterior appearance so marked an air of Quakerism. We must not forget to observe that the "want of force" is a want as perceptible in the whole character of the man, as in that of the MS.



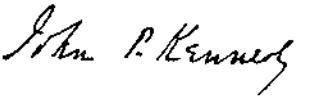
The MS. of Mr. IRVING has little about it indicative of his genius. Certainly, no one could suspect from it any nice *finish* in the writer's compositions; nor is this nice finish to be found. The letters now before us vary remarkably in appearance; and those of late date are not nearly so well written as the more antique. Mr. Irving has travelled much, has seen many vicissitudes, and has been so thoroughly satiated with fame as to grow slovenly in the performance of his literary tasks. This slovenliness has affected his hand-writing. But even from his earlier MSS. there is little to be gleaned, except the ideas of simplicity and precision. It must be admitted, however, that this fact, in itself, is characteristic of the literary manner, which, however excellent, has no prominent or very remarkable features.



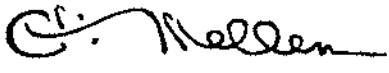
For the last six or seven years, few men have occupied a more desirable position among us than Mr. BENJAMIN. As the editor of the American Monthly Magazine, of the New Yorker, and more lately of the Signal, and New World, he has exerted an influence scarcely second to that of any editor in the country. This influence Mr. B. owes to no single cause, but to his combined ability, activity, causticity, fearlessness, and independence. We use the latter term, however, with some mental reservation. The editor of the World is independent so far as the word implies unshaken resolution to follow the bent of one's own will, let the consequences be what they may. He is no respecter of persons, and his vituperation as often assails the powerful as the powerless — indeed the latter fall rarely under his censure. But we cannot call his independence, at all times, that of principle. We can never be sure that he will defend a cause merely because it is the cause of truth — or even because he regards it as such. He is too frequently biassed by personal feelings — feelings now of friendship, and again of vindictiveness. He is a warm friend, and a bitter, but not implacable enemy. His judgment in literary matters should not be questioned, but there is some difficulty in getting at his real opinion. As a prose writer, his style is lucid, terse, and pungent. He is often witty, often cuttingly sarcastic, but seldom humorous. He frequently injures the force of his fiercest attacks by an indulgence in merely vituperative epithets. As a poet, he is entitled to far higher consideration than that in which he is ordinarily held. He is skilful and passionate, as well as imaginative. His sonnets have not been surpassed. In short, it is as a poet that his better genius is evinced — it is in poetry that his noble spirit breaks forth, showing what the man is, and what, but for unhappy circumstances, he would invariably appear.

Mr. Benjamin's MS. is not very dissimilar to Mr. Irving's, and, like his, it has no doubt been greatly modified by the excitements of life, and by the necessity of writing much and hastily; so that we can predicate but little respecting it. It speaks of his exquisite sensibility and passion. These betray themselves in the nervous variation of the MS. as the subject is diversified. When the theme is an ordinary one, the writing is legible and has force; but when it verges upon any thing which may be supposed to excite, we see the characters falter as they proceed. In the MSS. of some of his best poems this peculiarity is very remarkable. The signature conveys the idea of his *usual* chirography.

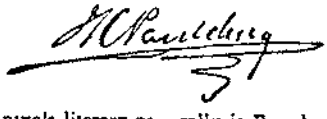
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Mr. Kennedy is well known as the author of "Swallow Barn," "Horse-Shoe Robinson," and "Rob of the Bowl," three works whose features are strongly and decidedly marked. These features are boldness and force of thought, (disdaining ordinary embellishment, and depending for its effect upon masses rather than upon details) with a predominant *sense of the picturesque* pervading and giving color to the whole. His "Swallow Barn," in especial (and it is by the first effort of an author that we form the truest idea of his mental bias), is but a rich succession of picturesque still-life pieces. Mr. Kennedy is well to do in the world, and has always taken the world easily. We may therefore expect to find in his chirography, if ever in any, a full indication of the chief feature of his literary style — especially as this chief feature is so remarkably prominent. A glance at his signature will convince any one that the indication *is* to be found. A painter called upon to designate the main peculiarity of this MS. would speak at once of the *picturesque*. This character is given it by the absence of hair-strokes, and by the abrupt termination of every letter without tapering; also in great measure by varying the size and slope of the letters. Great uniformity is preserved in the whole air of the MS., with great variety in the constituent parts. Every character has the clearness, boldness and precision of a wood-cut. The long letters do not rise or fall in an undue degree above the others. Upon the whole, this is a hand which pleases us much, although its *bizarrerie* is rather too piquant for the general taste. Should its writer devote himself more exclusively to light letters, we predict his future eminence. The paper on which our epistles are written is very fine, clear, and *white*, with gilt edges. The seal is neat, and just sufficient wax has been used for the impression. All this betokens a love of the elegant without effeminacy.



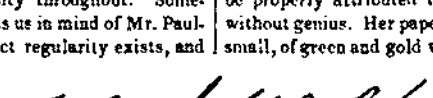
The hand-writing of Grenville Mellen is somewhat peculiar, and partakes largely of the character of his signature as seen above. The whole is highly indicative of the poet's flighty, hyper-fanciful character, with his unsettled and often erroneous ideas of the beautiful. His straining after effect is well paralleled in the formation of the preposterous G in the signature, with the two dots by its side. Mr. Mellen has genius unquestionably, but there is something in his temperament which obscures it.*



No correct notion of Mr. Paulding's literary peculiarities can be obtained from an inspection of his MS., which, no doubt, has been strongly modified by adventitious circumstances. His small *as*, *fs*, and *cs* are all alike, and the style of the characters generally is French, although the entire MS. has much the appearance of Greek text. The paper which he ordinarily uses is of a very fine glossy texture, and of a blue tint, with gilt edges. His signature is a good specimen of his general hand.



Mrs. Sigourney seems to take much pains with her MSS. Apparently she employs *black lines*. Every *t* is crossed, and every *i* dotted, with precision, while the punctuation is faultless. Yet the whole has nothing of effeminacy or formality. The individual characters are large, well and freely formed, and preserve a perfect uniformity throughout. Something in her hand-writing puts us in mind of Mr. Paulding's. In both MSS. perfect regularity exists, and in both the style is *formed* or *decided*. Both are beautiful; yet Mrs. Sigourney's is the most legible, and Mr. Paulding's nearly the most illegible in the world. From that of Mrs. S. we might easily form a true estimate of her compositions. Freedom, dignity, precision, and grace, without originality, may be properly attributed to her. She has fine taste, without genius. Her paper is usually good — the seal small, of green and gold wax, and without impression.



Mr. Walsh's MS. is peculiar, from its large, sprawling and irregular appearance — rather round than angular. It always seems to have been hurriedly written. The *t*'s are crossed with a sweeping scratch

* Since this article was prepared for the press, we have been grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Mellen.

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of the pen, which gives to his epistles a somewhat droll appearance. A *dictatorial* air pervades the whole. His paper is of ordinary quality. His seal is commonly of brown wax mingled with gold, and bears a Latin motto, of which only the words *trans* and *mortuus* are legible.

Mr. Walsh cannot be denied talent; but his reputation, which has been bolstered into being by a *clique*, is not a thing to live. A blustering self-conceit betrays itself in his chirography, which upon the whole, is not very dissimilar to that of Mr. E. Everett, of whom we shall speak hereafter.



Mr. Ingraham, or Ingrahame, (for he writes his name sometimes with, and sometimes without the *e*,) is one of our most *popular* novelists, if not one of our best. He appeals always to the taste of the ultra-romanticists, (as a matter, we believe, rather of pecuniary policy than of choice) and thus is obnoxious to the charge of a certain cut-and-thrust, blue-fire, melo-dramaticism. Still, he is capable of better things. His chirography is very unequal; at times, sufficiently clear and flowing, at others, shockingly scratchy and uncouth. From it nothing whatever can be predicated, except an uneasy vacillation of temper and of purpose.



Mr. Bryant's MS. puts us entirely at fault. It is one of the most common-place clerk's hands which we ever encountered, and has no character about it beyond that of the day-book and ledger. He writes, in short, what mercantile men and professional penmen call a fair hand, but what artists would term an abominable one. Among its regular up and down strokes, waving lines and hair-lines, systematic taperings and flourishes, we look in vain for the force, polish, and decision of the poet. The *picturesque*, to be sure, is equally deficient in his chirography and in his poetical productions.



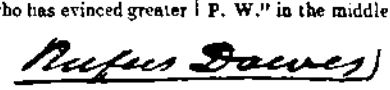
Mr. Halleck's hand is strikingly indicative of his genius. We see in it some force, more grace, and little of the picturesque. There is a great deal of freedom about it, and his MSS. seem to be written *currente calamo*, but without hurry. His flourishes, which are not many, look as if thoughtfully planned, and deliberately, yet firmly executed. His paper is very good, and of a blueish tint — his seal of red wax.



Mr. Willis, when writing carefully, would write a hand nearly resembling that of Mr. Halleck; although no similarity is perceptible in the signatures. His usual chirography is dashing, free, and not ungraceful, but is sadly deficient in force and picturesqueness.

It has been the fate of this gentleman to be alternately condemned *ad infinitum*, and lauded *ad nauseam* — a fact which speaks much in his praise. We know of no American writer who has evinced greater versatility of talent; that is to say, of high talent, often amounting to genius; and we know of none who has more narrowly missed placing himself at the head of our letters.

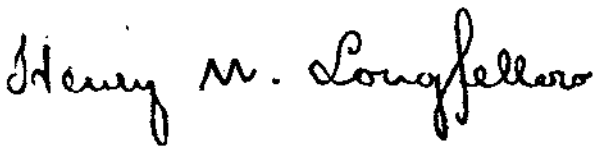
The paper of Mr. Willis' epistles is always fine and glossy. At present, he employs a somewhat large seal, with a dove, or carrier-pigeon, at the top, the word "Glenmary" at bottom, and the initials "N. P. W." in the middle.



Mr. Dawes has been long known as a poet; but his claims are scarcely yet settled — his friends giving him rank with Bryant and Halleck, while his opponents treat his pretensions with contempt. The truth is, that the author of "Geraldine" and "Athenia of Damascus" has written occasional verses very well —

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so well, that some of his minor pieces may be considered equal to any of the minor pieces of either of the two gentlemen above-mentioned. His longer poems, however, will not bear examination. "Athenia of Damascus" is pompous nonsense, and "Geraldine" a most ridiculous imitation of Don Juan, in which the beauties of the original have been as sedulously avoided, as the blemishes have been blunderingly culled. In style, he is, perhaps, the most inflated, involved, and falsely-figurative, of any of our more noted poets. This defect, of course, is only fully appreciable in what are termed his "sustained efforts," and thus his shorter pieces are often exceedingly good. His apparent erudition is mere verbiage, and, were it real, would be lamentably out of place where we see it. He seems to have been infected with a blind admiration of Coleri[illegible]—especially of his mysticism and cant.



H. W. Longfellow, (Professor of Moral Philosophy at Harvard,) is entitled to the first place among the poets of America—certainly to the first place among those who have put themselves prominently forth as poets. His good qualities are all of the highest order, while his sins are chiefly those of affectation and imitation—an imitation sometimes verging upon downright theft.

His MS. is remarkably good, and is fairly exemplified in the signature. We see here plain indications of the force, vigor, and glowing richness of his literary style; the deliberate and steady *finish* of his compositions. The man who writes thus may not accomplish much, but what he does, will always be thoroughly done. The main beauty, or at least one great beauty of his poetry, is that of *proportion*; another, is a freedom from extraneous embellishment. He oftener runs into affectation through his endeavors at simplicity, than through any other cause. Now this rigid simplicity and proportion are easily perceptible in the MS., which, altogether, is a very excellent one.



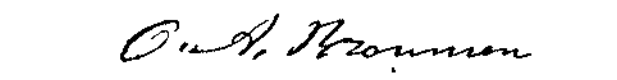
The Rev. J. Pierpont, who, of late, has attracted so much of the public attention, is one of the most accomplished poets in America. His "Airs of Palestine" is distinguished by the sweetness and vigor of its versification, and by the grace of its sentiments. Some of his shorter pieces are exceedingly terse and forcible, and none of our readers can have forgotten his Lines on Napoleon. His rhythm is at least equal in strength and modulation to that of any poet in America. Here he resembles Milman and Croly.

His chirography, nevertheless, indicates nothing beyond the common-place. It is an ordinary clerk's hand—one which is met with more frequently than any other. It is decidedly *formed*; and we have no doubt that he *never* writes otherwise than thus. The MS. of his school-days has probably been persisted in to the last. If so, the fact is in full consonance with the steady precision of his style. The flourish at the end of the signature is but a part of the writer's general enthusiasm.



Mr. Simms is the author of "Martin Faber," "Atalantis," "Guy Rivers," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe," "The Yemassee," "The Damsel of Darien," "The Black Riders of the Congaree," and one or two other productions, among which we must not forget to mention several fine poems. As a poet, indeed, we like him far better than as a novelist. His qualities in this latter respect *resemble* those of Mr. Kennedy, although he equals him in no particular, except in his appreciation of the graceful. In his sense of beauty he is Mr. K.'s superior, but falls behind him in force, and the other attributes of the author of Swallow-Barn. These differences and resemblances are well shown in the MSS. That of Mr. S. has more slope, and more uniformity in detail, with less in the mass—while it has also less of the picturesque, although still much. The middle name is Gilmore; in the cut it looks like Gilmere.

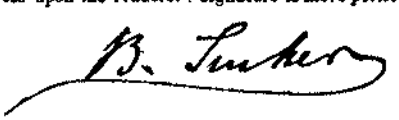
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The Rev. Orestes A. Brownson is chiefly known to the literary world as the editor of the "Boston Quarterly Review," a work to which he contributes, each quarter, at least two-thirds of the matter. He has published little in book-form — his principal works being "Charles Elwood," and "New Views." Of these, the former production is, in many respects, one of the highest merit. In logical accuracy, in comprehensiveness of thought, and in the evident frankness and desire for truth in which it is composed, we know of few theological treatises which can be compared with it. Its conclusion, however, bears about it a species of hesitation and inconsequence, which betray the fact that the writer has not altogether succeeded in convincing himself of those important truths which he is so anxious to impress upon his readers. We must bear in mind, however, that this is the fault of Mr. Brownson's subject, and not of Mr. Brownson. However well a man may reason on the great topics of God and immortality, he will be forced to admit tacitly in the end, that God and immortality are things to be felt, rather than demonstrated.

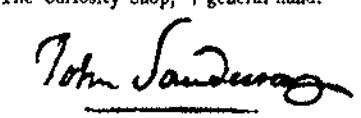
On subjects less indefinite, Mr. B. reasons with the calm and convincing force of a Combe. He is, in every respect, an extraordinary man, and with the more extensive resources which would have been afforded him by early education, could not have failed to bring about important results.

His MS. indicates, in the most striking manner, the unpretending simplicity, directness, and especially, the *indefatigability* of his mental character. His signature is more *petite* than his general chirography.

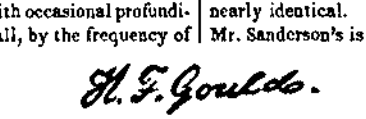


Judge Beverly Tucker, of the College of William and Mary, Virginia, is the author of one of the best novels ever published in America — "George Balcombe" — although, for some reason, the book was never a popular favorite. It was, perhaps, somewhat too didactic for the general taste.

He has written a great deal, also, for the "Southern Literary Messenger" at different times; and, at one period, acted in part, if not altogether, as editor of that Magazine, which is indebted to him for some very racy articles, in the way of criticism especially. He is apt, however, to be led away by personal feelings, and is more given to vituperation for the mere sake of *point* or pungency, than is altogether consonant with his character as judge. Some five years ago there appeared in the "Messenger," under the editorial head, an article on the subject of the "Pickwick Papers" and some other productions of Mr. Dickens. This article, which abounded in well-written but extravagant denunciation of everything composed by the author of "The Curiosity Shop," and which prophesied his immediate downfall, we have reason to believe was from the pen of Judge Beverly Tucker. We take this opportunity of mentioning the subject, because the odium of the paper in question fell altogether upon our shoulders, and it is a burthen we are not disposed and never intended to bear. The review appeared in March, we think, and we had retired from the Messenger in the January preceding. About eighteen months previously, and when Mr. Dickens was scarcely known to the public at all, except as the author of some brief tales and essays, the writer of this article took occasion to predict, in the Messenger, and in the most emphatic manner, that high and just distinction which the author in question has attained. Judge Tucker's MS. is diminutive, but neat and legible, and has much force and precision, with little of the picturesque. The care which he bestows upon his literary compositions makes itself manifest also in his chirography. The signature is more florid than general hand.



Mr. Sanderson, Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in the High School of Philadelphia, is well known as the author of a series of letters, entitled "The American in Paris." These are distinguished by ease and vivacity of style, with occasional profundity of observation, and, above all, by the frequency of their illustrative anecdotes, and figures. In all these particulars, Professor Sanderson is the precise counterpart of Judge Beverly Tucker, author of "George Balcombe." The MSS. of the two gentlemen are nearly identical. Both are neat, clear and legible. Mr. Sanderson's is somewhat the more crowded.

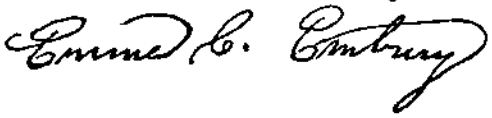


About Miss Gould's MS. there is great neatness, picturesqueness, and finish, without over-effeminacy. The literary style of one who writes thus will always be remarkable for sententiousness and epigrammatism; and these are the leading features of Miss Gould's poetry.

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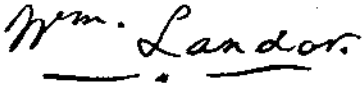


Prof. HENRY, of Bristol College, is chiefly known by his contributions to our Quarterlies, and as one of the originators of the New-York Review, in conjunction with Dr. Hawks and Professor Anthon. His chirography is now neat and picturesque, (much resembling that of Judge Tucker,) and now excessively scratchy, *clerky*, and slovenly — so that it is nearly impossible to say anything respecting it, except that it indicates a vacillating disposition, with unsettled ideas of the beautiful. None of his epistles, in regard to their chirography, [illegible] as well as they begin. This trait denotes *fatigability*. His signature, which is bold and decided, conveys not the faintest idea of the general MS.

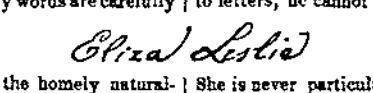


Mrs. EMBURY is chiefly known by her contributions to the Periodicals of the country. She is one of the most nervous of our female writers, and is not destitute of originality — that rarest of all qualities in a woman, and especially in an American woman.

Her MS. evinces a strong disposition to fly off at a tangent from the old formulæ of the Boarding Academies. Both in it, and in her literary style, it would be well that she should no longer hesitate to discard the absurdities of mere fashion.



Mr. LANDOR acquired much reputation as the author of "Stanley," a work which was warmly commended by the press throughout the country. He has also written many excellent papers for the Magazines. His chirography is usually *petite*, without hair-lines, close, and somewhat stiff. Many words are carefully erased. His epistles have always a rigorous formality about them. The whole is strongly indicative of his literary qualities. He is an elaborately careful, stiff, and pedantic writer, with much affectation and great talent. Should he devote himself ultimately to letters, he cannot fail of high success.



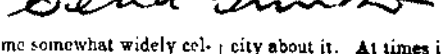
Miss LESLIE is celebrated for the homely naturalness of her stories and for the broad satire of her comic style. She has written much for the Magazines. Her chirography is distinguished for neatness and finish, without over-effeminacy. It is rotund, and somewhat diminutive; the letters being separate, and the words always finished with an inward twirl. She is never particular about the quality of her paper or the other externals of epistolary correspondence. From her MSS. in general, we might suppose her solicitous rather about the effect of her compositions as a whole, than about the polishing of the constituent parts. There is much of the picturesque both in her chirography and in her literary style.



Mr. NEAL has acquired a very extensive reputation through his "Charcoal Sketches," a series of papers originally written for the "Saturday News," of this city, and afterwards published in book form, with illustrations by Johnston. The whole design of the "Charcoal Sketches" may be stated as the depicting of the wharf and street *loafer*; but this design has been executed altogether in caricature. The extreme of burlesque runs throughout the work, which is, also, chargeable with a tedious repetition of slang and incident. The loafer always declaims the same nonsense, in the same style, gets drunk in the same way, and is taken to the watch-house after the same fashion. Reading one chapter of the book, we read all. Any single description would have been an original idea well executed, but the dose is repeated *ad nauseam*, and betrays a woful poverty of invention. The manner in which Mr. Neal's book was belauded by his personal friends of the Philadelphia press, speaks little for their independence, or less for their taste. To dub the author of these "Charcoal Sketches" (which are really very excellent police-reports) with the title of "the American Boz," is either outrageous nonsense, or malevolent irony.

In other respects, Mr. N. has evinced talents which cannot be questioned. He has conducted the "Pennsylvanian" with credit, and, as a political writer, he stands deservedly high. His MS. is simple and legible, with much space between the words. It has force, but little grace. Altogether, his chirography is good; but as he belongs to the editorial corps, it would not be just to suppose that any deductions, in respect to character, could be gleaned from it. His signature conveys the general MS. with accuracy.

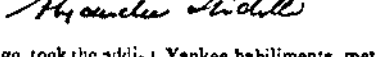
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Mr. SEBA SMITH has become somewhat widely celebrated as the author, in part, of the "Letters of Major Jack Downing." These were very clever productions; coarse, but full of fun, wit, sarcasm and sense. Their manner [illegible]red them exceedingly popular, until their success tempted into the field a host of brainless imitators. Mr. S. is also the author of several poems; among others, of "Powhatan, a Metrical Romance," which we do not very particularly admire. His MS. is legible, and has much simplicity about it. At times it vacillates, and appears unformed. Upon the whole, it is much such a MS. as David Crockett wrote, and precisely such a one as we might imagine would be written by a *veritable* Jack Downing; by Jack Downing himself, had this creature of Mr. Smith's fancy been endowed with a real entity. The fact is, that "The Major" is not *all* a creation; at least one half of his character actually exists in the bosom of his originator. It was the Jack Downing half that composed "Powhatan."

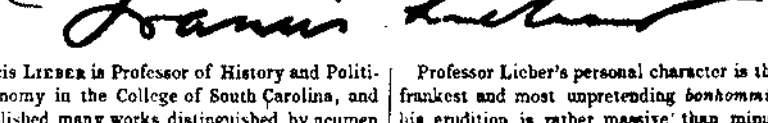


Judge HOPKINSON's hand is forcible, neat, legible, and devoid of superfluity. The characters have much slope, and whole words are frequently run together. The lines are at equal distances, and a broad margin is at the left of the page, as is the case with the MSS. of Judge Marshall, and other jurists. The whole is too uniform to be picturesque. The writing is always as good at the conclusion, as at the commencement of the epistles — a rare quality in MSS., evincing *indefatigability* in the writer.



Lieutenant SLIDELL, some years ago, took the additional name of Mackenzie. His reputation, at one period, was extravagantly high — a circumstance owing, in some measure, to the *esprit de corps* of the navy, of which he is a member, and to his private influence, through his family, with the Review-cliques. Yet his fame was not altogether undeserved; although it cannot be denied that his first book, "A Year in Spain," was in some danger of being overlooked by his countrymen, until a benignant star directed the attention of the London bookseller, Murray, to its merits. Cockney octavos prevailed; and the clever young writer who was cut dead in his Yankee habiliments, met with bows innumerable in the gala dress of an English *imprimatur*. The work now ran through several editions, and prepared the public for the kind reception of "The American in England," which exalted his reputation to its highest pinnacle. Both these books abound in racy description; but are chiefly remarkable for their gross deficiencies in grammatical construction.

Lieut. Slidell's MS. is peculiarly neat and even — quite legible, but altogether too petite and effeminate. Few tokens of his literary character are to be found, beyond the *petiteness*, which is exactly analogous with the minute detail of his descriptions.



Francis LIEBER is Professor of History and Political Economy in the College of South Carolina, and has published many works distinguished by acumen and erudition. Among these we may notice a "Journal of a Residence in Greece," written at the instigation of the historian Niebuhr; "The Stranger in America," a piquant book abounding in various information relative to the United States; a treatise on "Education;" "Reminiscences of an intercourse with Niebuhr;" and an "Essay on International Copy-Right" — this last a valuable work.

Professor Lieber's personal character is that of the frankest and most unpretending *bonhommie*, while his erudition is rather massive than minute. We may therefore expect his MS. to differ widely from that of his brother scholar, Professor Anthon; and so in truth it does. His chirography is careless, heavy, black, and forcible, without the slightest attempt at ornament — very similar, upon the whole to the well-known chirography of Chief Justice Marshall. His letters have the peculiarity of a wide margin left at the top of each page.



Mrs. HALE is well known for her masculine style of thought. This is clearly expressed in her chirography, which is far larger, heavier, and altogether bolder than that of her sex generally. It resembles in a great degree that of Professor Lieber, and is not easily deciphered.

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the forest. Knights and squires, priests and pages, warriors and ecclesiastics, princes of the blood royal and high officers of state, pressed forward in the chase, now scouring along the level plain, now dashing away through the arcades of the forest, and now plunging recklessly through brake and dell, as the hounds dogged the flight of the noble animal into his once secure retreat. Yet it was well worthy of note how compactly the hunters kept around the king, none venturing to outstrip him, and only a few of the oldest maintaining an even rein with him.

Often during the chase the prince and Breteuil passed and repassed each other, and at every recognition Henry would gaily remind the treasurer of his wager. At length, however, the pursuit became more hot, the king gave rein to his steed and pressed on, and in passing some broken ground the royal party became separated, and those who were younger or better mounted than the rest swept on ahead. Among these was Prince Henry, who, though his steed was none of the best, kept up a not ignoble pace, until at length his arbalast caught against a tree, and he was nearly thrown from his horse. He checked his steed at once, and recovered his cross-bow, but the string was broken, rendering the weapon useless.

"Ha! My gallant prince," said the treasurer, as he swept by; "you can scarcely hit your game now, even if you keep on. I trow your steed is mine."

"A malison on the string," said the prince bitterly; "there is nothing left for me except to sneak back to Winchester. But, no! I bethink me now there is a forester's hut somewhere nigh here. Ah! yonder is its smoke curling over the tree-tops. I will hie me there, and get a new string. If the stag turns at the dell below, he will head up this way, and I may yet win my wager, for, the saints know, I can ill afford to lose my only steed."

With these words the prince again gave spurs to his horse, and was soon before the forester's hut.

"Ho! there, within," he exclaimed; "a string for the prince. Marry, old mistress, have they never a keeper here better than you?"

These words were addressed to an old woman who met him at the threshold of the hut as he dismounted, and who appeared to be the only human being inhabiting the cabin. And she was one who might well occasion the prince's exclamation of surprise. Her skin was like that of a corpse; her eyes were sunk deep into her head; her hair was grizzled and gray; her long bony fingers might have been those of a skeleton, and when she spoke, her hollow sepulchral tones made even the courageous prince shudder. She seemed to pay no regard to her visitor's inquiry for a string, but fastening her basilisk-like eyes upon him, she said or rather chaunted, in Norman French, a rude lay, of which the following verses are a translation:

> "Hasty news to thee I bring,
> Henry, thou art now a king;
> Mark the words, and heed them well,
> Which to thee in sooth I tell,
> And recall them in the hour
> Of thy royal state and power."

For the space of almost a minute after she had ceased, the prince gazed speechlessly on this novel being, awed alike by her strange demeanor, and her sepulchral eye. Nor were the words she chaunted without effect on her hearer. It was a superstitious age, and though few men of his day were less influenced by the supernatural than Henry, there was something in the sybil's look which chilled his heart with a strange feeling, half fear, half awe. He had not recovered from his surprise, when a horseman rushed wildly up to the hut, and the prince had scarcely recognized one of his warmest friends, Beaumont, when that gentleman breathlessly exclaimed:

"The king is slain!—Tyrell's arrow glanced from a bow and struck your royal brother to his heart!"

The words of Beaumont acted on the prince like the charm which dissipates a spell. He started, as if aroused from some strange dream, looked a moment in wild surprise at his companion, and gradually comprehending the strange and sudden transition in his fortunes, he sprung with a bound into his saddle, and plunging his rowels up to the heel in his horse's side, exclaimed:

"Then this is no place for me—follow to Winchester, Beaumont,—and now for a crown and Maud!"

The next instant his horse's hoofs were thundering across the stones, as he galloped furiously to the capital.

History relates how he reached Winchester, with his steed bathed in foam, and, without slackening his pace, dashed up to the door of the royal treasury, a few minutes in advance of Breteuil. History also tells how the energy of the young prince broke through the meshes of the wily traitor, and secured for Beauclerk the crown; but it does not add that, after the unwilling treasurer had surrendered the keys of the regalia, his new master said, half laughingly and half ironically, to the haughty peer who had so often neglected him when only a prince—

"Ah, my lord! did I not say I would win the race? I trow your steed is mine!"

The discomfited Breteuil bit his lip and was silent, but that night his best charger was sent to the royal stables; while the rest of the hunters, who were now fast pouring in from the chase, with the populace which at the first news of the Red King's death had begun to shout "King Henry," gathered around their young monarch and filled the air with their acclamations.

"Maud is right," said the king to himself, as he beheld the enthusiasm displayed by his people, "to say nothing of the old sybil. Ah! what will my sweet one think when she hears this?"

Three months later and all the chivalry of the realm was gathered in the church at Westminster, while the populace without thronged every avenue to that princely cathedral. Never indeed had a prouder assemblage met at any royal ceremonial. The church blazed with jewels. Nobles in their robes of state; bishops and archbishops with mitre and crozier; countesses whose beauty out-dazzled their diamonds;

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knights and squires and pages of every rank; burghers with their chains of gold; men-at-arms encased in steel; halberdiers and archers; yeomen with quarter staffs, and foresters with arbalasts; men of every situation of life, and bright ladies, whose loveliness was beyond compare, were gathered in the gorgeously ornamented church, amid the waving of banners, the sound of music, the rustling of costly robes, and the smoke of ascending incense, to gaze on the marriage of their monarch to his fair and blushing bride. And there she stood before the altar in all her virgin beauty, her fair blue eyes suffused with tears of joy; while her manly lover stood at her side, the proudest cavalier in all that bright array. And when the archbishop ascended the pulpit, and demanded if any one there objected to the union, the whole audience shouted aloud "that the matter was rightly settled;" then again pealed forth the anthem, and again the incense rose in clouds to the fretted roof. The music ceased, the words were said, the crown was placed on the brow of the princess, and the hunter of the forest, amid the acclamations of his people, pressed to his heart the KING'S BRIDE.

"Do you believe in presentiments now?" said the young queen, half laughing, to her royal husband when they reached the palace.

"I am a convert to your faith whatever it may be, sweet one. Nay! you shall preach no sermon over my retraction, for thus I forbid the homily," and the king drew the blushing Maud towards him and fondly kissed her.

Many an iron monarch has, since then, sat on the English throne, and many a fair princess has been led by her lover to the altar, but never has a happier or more beautiful pair wore the regal crown in the realm of our ancestors.

MERRY ENGLAND.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

HURRAH for merry England,
Queen of the land and sea,
The champion of truth and right,
The bulwark of the free!
Hurrah for merry England!
Upon thy seagirt isle
Thou sittest, clothed in righteousness,
Secure of Heaven's smile!

When ruled the fairhaired Saxon,
Yes, thou wert merry then;
And, as they girt their bucklers on,
Thy meanest serfs were men;
And merry was the castle-hall
With jest and song and tale,
When boarded lips with mead were white
And rang the loud Wassael!

And, when grim Denmark's black-browed prows
Tore through thine Emerald sea,
And many a wild blue eye was turned
In savage lust on thee,—
When, in the greenest of thy vales,
The gusts of summer air
Blew out in long and shaggy locks
The sea-king's yellow hair,—

Yet Alfred was in England,
And merry yet again
Thy white-armed Saxon maidens were
When, on the drunken Dane,
The sudden thunders of thy war
With arrowy hail did pour,
And grim jaws dropt that quivered yet
With savage hymns to Thor.

Thy merry brow was fair and free,
Thine eye gleamed like a lance,
When thy good ash and yew did crush
The gilded knights of France;

When Paris shook within her walls
And trembled as she saw
Her snow-white lilies trampled down
Beneath thy lion's paw.

Queen Bess's days were merry days,
Renowned in song and tale,
Stout days that saw the last brown bead
Of many a tun of ale;
Queen Bess's days were golden days
And thou full proudly then
Did'st suckle at thy healthy breasts
The best of Englishmen.

Thou hast been merry, England,
But art thou merry now,
With sweat of agonizing years
Upon thy harlot brow,
Grimed with the smoke of furnaces
That forge with damned art
The bars of darkness that shut in
The poor man's starving heart?

Oh free and Christian England!
The Hindu wife no more
Shall burn herself in that broad realm
Saint George's cross waves o'er;
Thou art the champion of the right,
The friend of the oppress,
And none but freemen now shall tread
Thine Indies of the West.

But thou canst ship thy poison,
Wrung from lean Hindu slaves,
To fill all China with dead souls
That rot in living graves;
And, that thy faith may not be seen
Barren of goodly works,
At Saint Jean D'Acre thou sent'st up
To Heaven three thousand Turks.

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Fling high your greasy caps in air,
  Slaves of the forge and loom,
If on the soil ye're pent and starved
  Yet underneath there's room;
Fling high your caps, for, God be praised,
  Your epitaph shall be,
"Who sets his foot on English soil
  Thenceforward he is free!"

Shout too for merry England
  Ye factory-children thin,
Upon whose little hearts the sun
  Hath never once looked in;
For, when your hollow eyes shall close
  The poor-house hell to balk,
(Thank God for liberty of speech)
  The parliament will talk.

Thank God, lean sons of Erin,
  Who reverence the Pope,
In England consciences are free
  And ye are free — to hope;
And if the Church of England priest
  Distrain — why, what of that?
Their consciences are freer still
  Who wear the shovel-hat.

The poet loves the silent past,
  And, in his fruitful rhyme,
He sets the fairest flowers o'er
  The grave of buried time;

But, from the graves of thy dark years,
  The night-shade's ugly blue
And spotted henbane shall grow up
  To poison Heaven's dew.

Woe to thee, fallen England,
  Who hast betrayed the word,
And knelt before a Church when thou
  Shouldst kneel before the Lord!
And, for that scarlet woman
  Who sits in places high,
There cometh vengeance swift to quench
  The lewdness in her eye.

Woe to thee, fallen England,
  Who, in thy night-mare sleep,
O'er a volcano's heart dost toss
  Whence sudden wrath shall leap
Of that forgotten Titan
  Who now is trodden down
That one weak Guelphic girl may wear
  Her plaything of a crown!

That Titan's heart is heaving now,
  And, with its huge uprise,
On their sand basements lean and crack
  The old moss-covered lies;
For freedom through long centuries
  Lives in eternal youth,
And nothing can for ever part
  The human soul and truth.

MARRIAGE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

The inmost region of the mind, where dwells
The essences of unborn thought, — those *ends*
In which Effects, through Causes, dwell in power,
Opened. 'T was in vision, and I saw
A palace of vast size — such as the eye,
The natural eye of man, never beheld.
Its massy walls of unhewn agate towered,
Girt by a colonnade of crysolite;
And there were ninety columns of huge bulk,
Sustaining an entablature of gold,
Diamond and ruby, glittering like the sun.
The windows were each one a double plate
Of spacious crystal, sliding from the touch
Each side in golden frames. The portico
Hung o'er a flight of alabaster steps,
Extending to a lawn of delicate moss,
Where browsed a flock of innocent, white lambs,
That little children garlanded with flowers.
Around the palace, orchard-trees were seen,
Laden with fruit celestial, that hung down
Like gems among the gold and silver leaves.
Majestic vines, heavy with clustering grapes,
In large festoons swung gorgeously between
The opulent boughs that dropped with nectarines.

'T was on a mountain's summit, high and broad,
Commanding a magnificent expanse,
Where Art, in its essential excellence,
Glowed in potential forms, where Nature, too,
Un-ultimated in terrestrial things,
Bloomed in angelic beauty. To the east
A river, brinked luxuriantly with flowers,
Lapsed silently. The deep-enameled dome,
Whose measureless horizon knew no bounds,
Was draped with clouds that broke celestial rays,
Shining down shadowless. Turning, I saw
A pair of Consorts, whose exalted home
Was in this paradise. No forms of earth,
No mortal lineaments — no reach of thought
Poetic, when imagination wings
Homeward to Heaven, could in the least compare
With their angelic radiance; — they were
Beauty itself in form, — two, and yet one, —
One angel male and female — a true Man.
He was her Understanding, she his Will;
Thence, but one mind in heavenly marriage formed.
Her love was cradled in his thought, that loved
Her love and nursed it — as the tender drops
Clasp the warm sunbeams, while the smile of Heaven
Breaks in the rainbow. Such is genuine love.
He in his form more radiantly shone
Than that sublime achievement of fine art,
That shows the power of luminous Truth to kill
Sinuous Error; — she, than Guido's gem
More beautiful, more human, and more true.

I saw, and lo! two dromedaries, each
Bearing a golden basket, one of bread,
The other of ripe fruit; they came and knelt.
Each took and gave the other, — he the bread,
She the ripe fruit. The dromedaries then
Rose and departed. I beheld them kneeling
Beside the river, and when they had drunk
I saw them rise again and kiss each other,
And then depart. I looked again, and lo!
The consorts had withdrawn. They were the first
Of the new birth of Marriage here on earth —
A promise for the future, when a Time,
And Times, and half a Time shall be fulfilled.

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INDIAN TRADITIONS.—No. II

FORT POINT.

BY D. M. ELWOOD.

"His spirit wraps the misty mountain,
His memory sparkles o'er the fountain!
The meanest rill — the mightiest river —
Rolls mingling with his name forever."

The beautiful towns and villages of Connecticut, bordering on Long Island sound, are not surpassed in quiet loveliness by any others in New England. The loveliest, perhaps, of them all, is Norwalk, situated in the western part of the State, on a river of the same name, which flows sweetly along through the centre of the town. The title, we confess, is neither euphonious nor romantic: but we would not have it changed even for the sweetest word that ever passed human lips. It was given it by the Aborigines on the day when the territory was first purchased from them, and refers, if we mistake not, to its extent northward from the sound, called by the Indians the *North walk*. It is, indeed, one of the most lovely spots in Nature. Its quiet harbor is studded with verdant islands of every size and form, while across the green waters Long Island is seen, its dim outline scarcely distinguishable from the blue expanse beyond. The sound through its whole length is spotted with sheets of snowy canvass spread to catch the breeze, and anon the majestic steamer, like some huge leviathan, comes laboring on her way, proudly dashing aside the foaming waters from her prow, and leaving far behind a whitened, widening track. But when the Storm King is abroad, the crested waves pursue each other in continual chase, and the long, swelling billows break upon the shore, sending forth their rich music in the deep organ tones of nature.

On the eastern side of the river, and directly opposite the present steamboat landing, is a large circular mound, some twenty feet high, and covering a surface of about an acre. It is perfectly level on the top, and bordered with large, tall cedars. It is now commonly known by the inhabitants in the vicinity as Old Fort Point.

There is a tradition respecting the object and the erection of this mound, which I have with difficulty procured, and which may be interesting to many who have visited the place, if not to strangers. For its truth, in all particulars, I will not vouch, but give it substantially as it has come down to us.

About two centuries ago, there lived, on the level country about what is now Fort Point, but what was then called Naumkeag, one of those large tribes of native Indians, which, at the time when this land was first visited by Europeans, were scattered over the country from the shores of the Atlantic to the great valley of the west. The Indians had not then been degraded by their intercourse with the whites. The peculiarities of their nature had not been modified by the influence of civilization. Their tastes had not been pampered, nor their appetites excited by the fatal "fire water" introduced by their destroyers, nor their bodily strength wasted by diseases, loathsome and deadly, and till then unknown among them.

From the feathered flocks of the forest and the finny tribes of the sea, they derived an ample subsistence; the shores, too, abounded in shell fish, and the forests with game, so that want and famine were never dreamt of by the happy and proud inhabitants of Naumkeag.

Many years before the time of this sketch a large colony separated from the principal tribe and moved northward, settling themselves in the mountainous regions of Massachusetts. This colony embraced about a quarter of the whole tribe at Naumkeag — and being composed mostly of young men and their wives, they soon became nearly as powerful as the people whom they had left.

Although many miles lay between them, these two tribes long kept up a friendly intercourse with each other, and forgot not that they had sprung from the same common stock. Miles were passed over almost as easily by those hardy foresters as they are by us at the present day, even with the help of iron roads and steam carriages. Great power of endurance was natural to their constitution, and especially was the fatigue of a long and rapid journey borne without inconvenience.

There was one of the Naumkeags, as those who had removed from Naumkeag now called themselves, who was more frequent by far in his visits to the sea shore than any other of his tribe. Every second moon found him treading the forest with his face toward

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the south. His journey usually occupied from two to three days. Occasionally he remained at Naumkeag for a week at a time, though for the most part, his visits were less protracted.

Mononchee had of course some object or incentive for being thus frequent and regular in his attendance at the home of his ancestors. His very distant relationship to the tribe would hardly demand such an excess of filial affection. The truth was, there was a magnet of attraction in the person of a young maiden of Naumkeag, the sister-in-law of the chief, Wappaconet; and a powerful magnet it was too,—for there was not another in the whole village that possessed a brighter eye or a more perfect form. Her step almost realized the description of the poet,

"——————— and fell,
Trembling and soft, like moon-light on the earth."

Noalwa was not insensible to the attentions of her constant swain; on the contrary, his wooings were quite successful. His bravery and his manly strength —his tall and well formed person, and flashing eye, were well calculated to win the admiration, and, in due course, the affections of the gentle being upon whom his own desires centered; and the many soft things that he whispered in her ear, (for even an Indian *in love* can utter the sweetest phrases with a honied mouth,) found a deep lodgment in her heart. And it was noticed that when the period of his visits was near at hand, her step was still lighter than usual, and her eye danced with a new, but soft fire, though at such times she spoke less, and seemed thoughtful but not sad.

One evening—it was in the beginning of June, that season so favorable to young lovers—Mononchee surprised Noalwa sitting under a large tree close upon the shore. The hour and the place seemed as if under the influence of enchantment. The scene was like a fairy land. The broad sound was spread out before her, upon whose surface the clear moon shed her softened rays, which, as from a mirror, were reflected back on every side, giving to all things around an unnatural and unearthly brightness. There seemed a spell upon the air. It stirred not—but hung over the earth and the sea as if to heal every imperfection on the face of nature by its bland and genial influence.

Noalwa had not been long there. An unwelcome intruder had invaded the hour which she had set apart for solitude and for communion in spirit and in fancy with her absent but adored lover. The intruder had hardly left her sight ere he was banished from her thoughts, and as it was about a week earlier than the customary time of Mononchee's coming, she was thinking how long the days would be till she saw him, when she felt a warm kiss upon her cheek. She screamed not—spoke not—for a deep-seated feeling at her heart told her that those were no forbidden lips that could kindle such raptures in her soul.

She gazed up at the face and form that was bending over her with all the fondness of a first love, and the young Indian placed himself by her side and gently drew her to his bosom. Then followed a conversation in low, deep, earnest tones, that both came from, and reached the heart.

"The Wannamoisett is good—very good, to come so soon and gladden the heart of Noalwa," murmured the girl as he pressed her to his breast.

"Who would not come early and often if Noalwa loved him?" replied he. "Her beauty is brighter than the sun! Her eye is clearer and softer than the moon which leaves a broad trail of light upon the water. She sings more sweetly than the Tichanet,* and when she laughs the whole air is full of pleasant sounds."

"Did the Wannamoisett see any of my people as he came hither?" asked she.

"None—for I came down by the shore. Ah! yes, I did see one—Annawon, the Namasket."

Noalwa hung her head.

"Where did Mononchee meet him?" said she.

"I saw him here!" vehemently replied the warrior, "here—standing on this very spot. I saw his hand grasp yours; nay, kneeling at your feet. I saw his eager look whilst you poured into his ear words which should have been kept for Mononchee!"

"Be it so then," cried the maiden, her lips quivering with insulted pride, and her heart torn with the agony which the unjust but perhaps reasonable suspicion of her lover caused, "be it so! for I told him to go—ere he told me a tale of love—to his tent and behold the wasted form and the sunken eye of Tituba, his wife, once loved and cherished—now neglected. I told him that I could never be his, and that any one who suspected Noalwa would so dishonor herself as to break her faith with another, could not be worthy of her love. Mononchee suspects her, and to him let her words be applied."

"But why suffer the Namasket to hold your hand? Why play with the serpent just ready to strike deep his fangs?"

"Mononchee is a keen-eyed warrior," said the maid in irony, "he saw the hawk, but not the wren that drove *him from her nest*. He saw Annawon at the feet and holding the hand of Noalwa, but did not observe with what scorn she looked upon him—did not mark how she spurned and drove him from her."

"I was deceived," answered the repentant lover; "Noalwa has a pure heart, and never again will I distrust her. Seest thou that moon hanging yonder over the clear water? When it is again round and full, as it is to-night, Mononchee will come to take Noalwa for his wife. Will she be ready to go with him then to dwell where the hills are high and the deer are plenty?"

"I am yours—yours only," and her blushing face was hid in his bosom.

After sitting for about an hour, the young man arose. "I must return," said he, "to my people. Remember the full moon, Noalwa," and he strode rapidly away.

A few days after the above occurrence the Namaskets were invited by the Wannamoisetts to partake of a grand feast of deer and bear's flesh at their village in the mountains. Accordingly a large party of the active men of the tribe started one morning, and the evening of the next day found them with their

* A wild forest bird.

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friends at Cohammock. The Wannamoisetts had made their preparations on a grand, and, for them, magnificent scale. Piles of plump deer and still richer bear's meat lay around, while kettles of dried sweet corn and beans, of the last year's growth, were already simmering over the small fires, that the hard kernels might become well softened and ready for use on the morrow.

With the gray dawn of morning, all was bustle and activity in the village of Cohammock. The Indian matrons were early bestirring themselves that nothing might be left undone to mar the festivities of the occasion. Innumerable fires were kindled—the wooden spit and the seething pot, the two indispensable and almost the only culinary implements in use among them, were put in requisition. Whilst the preparations were going slowly on, the men of the tribe as well as their guests were idling listlessly about, their appetites every moment rendered sharper by the odor of the smoking viands that were soon to form their savory meal.

And truly the banquet was not unworthy the occasion. Just as the sun had reached the "middle point in the heavens," piles upon piles of boiled and roasted flesh were spread under the shade of the tall sycamores that grew undisturbed in all parts of the village. A large bowl of the finest *succotash* was placed before each guest, and if the quantity eaten be the standard of quality, never was there served up a better dinner than was that day disposed of in the rude village of Cohammock.

At length the repast was finished. Both guests and entertainers, with a prudence truly commendable, ate as if expecting a famine for a month, at least, to come, and nothing remained but to indulge in that supreme of Indian luxuries, tobacco. Pipes were brought, but alas! there was not a particle of the weed to be found. Some miscreant, a fair representative of that variety of our race at the present day—ever ready to engender strife, had stolen and destroyed all that was to be found in the village.

This was a deficiency that could be supplied by no other article. Venison or succotash or any other part of the edible entertainment could have been dispensed with, but the burning propensities of an Indian must be indulged. The Wannamoisetts were as much mortified as their guests were offended at this unfortunate occurrence, but it was with difficulty the Namaskets could be persuaded that it was not an intentional insult; so jealous were the natives of their own honor! Contrary to their previous intention, they left their kinsmen in the early part of the same afternoon, not caring to remain till morning with those who had, in their view, been so parsimonious in their hospitality.

Let us return again to the sea shore at Naumkeag. A month after the feast of Cohammock, a party of the Wannamoisett warriors were present at a grand collation, prepared by Wappacowat, the Namasket chief. Much were they gratified by this expression of his friendship, for they had always regretted the affair at their own village, and feared that an open rupture would be the consequence. They dreaded this, still cherishing some little spark of fraternal affection for those whom they had unmeaningly offended.

During the banquet, so busily were the Wannamoisetts engaged in despatching the shell and other fish which their friends had made ready, that they did not observe that Wappacowat and his followers partook but sparingly, so that by the time they had eaten almost to suffocation, and were illy prepared for the least exertion, the Namaskets had taken only what was just sufficient to stimulate them for any enterprise.

At length Wappacowat gave the signal to his followers to bring the calumet, and as he did so, a close observer might have discovered a gleam of gratified animosity shoot across his iron features and glisten in his snaky eye. Quickly moved his warriors, and the devoted guests half stupified by the vast quantities of food they had taken, saw the pipes well filled with the luxurious plant, but did not discover the tomahawk and the knife which they had concealed under their deer skin robes. They sat not smoking long, for suddenly the Namaskets rose and each one buried his tomahawk into the brain of the Wannamoisett next him. All—all were slain. So well had the treacherous, fratricidal plan been matured, that not a single one was left to carry to the desolate village of Cohammock the tale of blood and guilt. Ah! yes, there was one—Mononcheo—the betrothed of Nonlwa, who having neglected the feast that he might spend the time apart with the fair one, came into the village just as the last reeking scalp had been torn from the cloven skull. Looking an instant on the appalling spectacle, he uttered a furious yell and sprang like a deer towards the river. A dozen tomahawks flew after him, and as many dark warriors started in pursuit, but in vain, for with a few powerful strokes the brave youth gained the opposite bank, and bounding into the woods, effected his escape.

They were buried on the spot where they fell. Perhaps no shade of remorse passed over the minds of the murderers, but they could not leave the victims there for their flesh to rot and their bones to whiten in the sun. They were buried several feet below the surface, and the gloomy shades of night fell thick around before the last mangled body was hidden from the sight. And as the rising wind swept through the thick-topped pines and tall buttonwoods around, it wailed and sighed mournfully, as if singing a melancholy dirge over the graves of the gallant dead. And by the midnight hour it blew in hoarse and awful tones, and the death shouts and groans of the dead were heard commingling with the blast; and when the night was darkest, and all save the growling of the wind and these unnatural noises, was still, a lurid flame sprang up from the centre of the spot where the feast had been, and cast a sickening light on all things, and the earth opened around, and the bodies of the Wannamoisett warriors, bloody and mangled as they were, arose and danced around it, singing their war songs in unearthly tones, together with their wild requiem for the dead. Ghastly and horrible they looked, and as they danced, the blood flowed from

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their opening wounds, till it reached the strange fire, which instantly shot up in one lurid column of flame till it attained the blackened clouds, when it disappeared as suddenly as it had burst forth; the spectral revellers sank back again into their fresh graves, and all was dark and silent as before.

But when the morning broke the Namaskets beheld a spectacle scarcely less hideous than that of the preceding night. Their victims had been buried, as their custom was, in a sitting posture, and during the night they had all risen, so that their heads were fully visible above the surface of the ground. The bloody mark of the tomahawk was still there, and every scalp was torn off—and the eyeballs, projecting far from the sockets, were fixed and glassy, but of a burning red,—glowing like living fire. And from them rays of dingy red streamed all over the village,—and wherever one of the murderers went, those rays followed him, and pierced him, and seemed as if they were burning out his heart.

Reckless with fear and rage the murderers tore the bodies up from the ground and dug the graves still deeper and again they placed them in. But at midnight the red flame burst forth and the tempest howled fearfully. The phantom forms sprung up as before, and this time their flesh, from their shoulders downward, dropped off and was consumed by the fire, and a dense smoke arose, and a red cloud slowly gathered in the air, and hovered round and hung over the spot like a minister of vengeance. And in the morning their gory heads and glaring eyes had again struggled up above the surface. And when the fratricides saw them, a deadly terror crept over them and the demon of remorse began to prey upon their souls.

On the third night the scene was changed. The moon did not set at her accustomed hour, but hung just above the horizon, red as a sea of blood. And in the midst of the fire that shot forth from the earth at midnight, a form was seen like that of Wappacowat, the chief. But the ghostly images were there again, and they gathered round the form in the centre, and with their skeleton fingers tore off its flesh as fast as it was seared in the fire, and ground it in their teeth with ravenous appetite. When in the morning the dismayed villagers sought their chief they found him not, but tied to a stake where the midnight revel had been held was a skeleton, the bones all picked clean except the head, which had been cloven with a tomahawk, and from it the scalp was also torn, and in its features, distorted as if they had stiffened under the keenest tortures, they recognized the countenance of their king.

Dismay sat upon every guilty face, and a sullen gloom enshrouded every heart. The tribe finding it useless to bury deeper the bodies of their slain kinsmen now began to build over them—but every night one of their number disappeared, and in the morning his fleshless bones were found tied to the fatal stake; and still the heads rose, but every day there was one less than before. Then the dreadful truth flashed upon them that one of their own number must die in that fearful manner, for every one of the Wannamoisetts they had slain. As the number of their dead increased, which it did by one for every midnight hour, so did the number of spectre heads diminish. One murdered spirit was every night appeased, and appeared no more.

Still they kept on building that huge pile, and the dreadful occupation to which they clung as affording the only ray of hope that they might be delivered before their turn should come round, so wrought upon the guilty ones that they soon became almost as ghostly as the phantoms of the night which tortured them. But they faltered not in their task. Every day the heads were covered and every morning they were found in sight. And on the seventieth morning that mound was far higher than it now stands. There was then but one head remaining, for just seventy of the Wannamoisetts had been slain and just seventy were the murderers. At midnight of that day the strange revel was, for the last time, visible, for when the skeleton of Mononton, the last and most bloody of the fratricides was found, the last head had disappeared forever.

The remainder of the tribe left soon after in search of a more auspicious residence. Since the treacherous act of their brethren, famine had weakened them and the terrible plague laid many of their forest children low. But wherever they wandered, the curse of the Great Spirit followed them, and they dwindled away until finally there was no place left for them on the earth.

One fair evening in the next summer, two forms sat upon the very mound which forms the principal subject of this tale. One was a female of fairy proportions, and she looked abroad over the landscape with the eye of one to whom its beauties were familiar. Her companion's face was buried in his hands, and his whole frame shook as if the recollection of some terrible scene were passing over his memory. And as the eye of Noalwa rested on him she, too, divining his thoughts, shuddered, saying,

"Mononchee! let us go hence, never again to return! I cannot bear to look upon these scenes where my people lived and where yours so sadly perished. These trees that we have planted around the mound which covers them will bear witness that their memory is still dear to us. Let us go, Mononchee!"

They went to dwell with those that were left of his people. Many and bright were their days. Plenty surrounded them. The tribe grew again and Mononchee became their chief. The trees which he planted around "Fort Point" sprang forth and flourished luxuriantly, and the large junipers that still remain are doubtless descended from that parent stock. But scarcely any other green thing will grow there; it seems a devoted place. Devoted let it be; sacred forever to the shades of those who are sleeping in its bosom.

UNIONVILLE, MASS.

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NEVER SHALL MY HEART FORGET THEE!

BALLAD—SUNG BY

MR. SINCLAIR,

COMPOSED BY

GEORGE O. FARMER.

Philadelphia: John F. Nunns, 184 *Chesnut Street*.



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Maid, the shades of night are falling,
The blest hour of love draws nigh;
Like the voice of beauty calling,
Floats the bird-song by.
Tho' our fond hearts fate should sever,
Darkly doomed to pine alone;
Still as first they loved, forever
Should our souls love on.

Though from dreams of hope awaking,
I can scorn Fate's ire to me,
Smile, tho' my own heart be breaking,
If Fate wounds not thee!
Never shall my lips deceive thee,
My devotion ne'er decline,
Dearest, until life shall leave me,
My whole heart is thine.

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Sports and Pastimes.

THE FOWLING-PIECE.

THE LOCK—THE PERCUSSION SYSTEM—TRIGGERS—WADDING—AMMUNITION, ETC.

The flint-and-steel lock, like the matchlock, has had its day; and the one is as likely as the other to supersede the detonator. There were some sportsmen who long retained the flint in preference to the copper cap. Their partiality for the old system arose from their inability to depart from the manner of taking aim to which they had been accustomed—they fired too forward! It was said, too, that a barrel fired by a detonating lock, did not throw shot so efficiently as the other. That objection is now obviated by making barrels perfectly cylindrical throughout the whole length of the tube. We prefer the copper-cap lock for its simplicity, to any other system of firing by percussion.

A bad lock, in these *march-of-improvement* days, is rarely fixed to a gun. Since the use of detonators has become general, the quality of the lock is not of so much consequence to the sportsman as it was previously. The quickness of firing with the old flint and steel locks depended so much on the workmanship of the lock, that a properly-tempered and well-filed one was invaluable. The introduction of detonators has by no means improved the quality of the workmanship of the lock—it has rather deteriorated it. The fact is, the master gunmakers, finding the lock not so much looked at as formerly, are become indifferent to obtaining the assistance, or unwilling to incur the expense of first-rate workmen. The hardening and filing of a lock in an artist-like manner, requires no common skill. The best locks ever turned out were those made on the flint and steel principle, at the time when detonators first came into vogue; the smartness with which the percussion locks fired, obliged the makers of the flint and steel locks to bestow double diligence and labor on their work, conscious that a rival was in the field with whom it required no ordinary pains to compete. Flint locks, whether as applied to the fowling-piece or the musket, will soon be forgotten, or remembered only to give a romantic interest to some tale of other times, as the arbalast and long-bow serve only to remind us of our Norman and Saxon ancestors! It requires some mechanical knowledge and some experience, to decide on the merit of a lock. The vulgar method of trying one is this:—The operator draws back the hammer with his thumb, not touching the trigger with his finger, and if the works in the interior catch and snap smartly at the half-way, and when the hammer is drawn back, he may rely on the main-spring being sufficiently strong and free to fire the caps: then, with his thumb still on the hammer, he draws the trigger and lets the hammer glide slowly down upon the pivot. With a little practice he will be able, in some degree, to discriminate between a good lock and a bad one. To prove the difference in quality, he should take up a well-finished lock; that is, one of hard material, well filed, and having springs of a suitable and corresponding strength, and compare it with an inferior lock; by a nice touch he will perceive the difference: the hammer of the former slides backwards and forwards with a smooth, even force; whilst that of the latter runs rough and gritty, as if clogged with sand. If this somewhat uncertain mode of trial serve no other purpose, it will enable the shooter, when he takes up a gun that has been used since being cleaned, to discover whether the lock is sufficiently free from rust and dirt as to be fit for the day's service; for most assuredly, if the lock be clogged, when thus worked backwards and forwards, it will not snap, or in sporting phrase *talk*; and in that case it would be unsafe to use it. A detonating lock that will bear this trial, and will invariably fire the cap, may be pronounced quite good enough for any sporting purpose.

The triggers should be what are technically termed *hair-triggers*, and should be taken from the stock and cleaned at least once during the season, and oftener if very much exposed to dust, rain, or a damp atmosphere. They should be adjusted with scrupulous nicety, so as to require only a slight touch to draw them: they should not, indeed, fire as easily as the hair-triggers of duelling pistols, but should be fixed so firmly as that the sportsman should not be liable to discharge his piece, while bringing it up to his shoulder cocked, with his finger upon one of the triggers. The triggers may sometimes be regulated by filing, hardening, or softening the scear spring, or filing the wedge-like part of the scear which falls into the notches of the tumbler: and sometimes it is necessary to file that part of the trigger which comes in contact with the scear, but this operation requires to be carefully performed. A valuable lock should not be placed in the hands of an unskilful workman for the apparently trifling purpose of regulating the triggers, nor yet for any other purpose.

The wadding we should recommend is that made of felt, and anointed with some chemical preparation. We are not sure that this is the very best description of wadding, but we know of none better. New waddings are constantly invented. The metallic wadding, concave wadding, punched cards, or punched hat wadding, are any of them good, as regards shooting. The chief reason why we bestow a preference on the anointed wadding is, because the barrel is kept less foul, and may be fired so many times oftener without requiring cleaning, than when any other description of wadding with which we are acquainted is used. We are not partial to a tight wadding, but it should fit so that when the barrel is clean and smooth within, the charge will not stir. There is little fear of the charge stirring after a barrel has been fired a few times, as the place where the leading or foulness accumulates in greatest quantity is just above where the charge of shot lies.

Considerable improvement has been made in copper-caps since they were first introduced. The composition in all of them is now good; that which possesses the anti-corrosive principle is perhaps best. There is much difference in the copper of which they are made, but that is of little consequence when good locks with concave or well shielded ham-

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mers are used, otherwise those made of bad copper are said to be dangerous. We never heard of an accident from them. The shooter should be particular in procuring copper-caps of a proper size; for if they do not fit the pivots, considerable inconvenience will be experienced. When too small, they will not explode; and when too large, the cap on the second pivot is apt to fly off when the first barrel is fired. The shooter will find it convenient to carry a quantity of caps loose in his waistcoat pocket, with a reserve in a box (a metal box water-tight is best) to have recourse to should those in his pocket become wet. He should take care that there be nothing in his pocket to choke the caps; and by way of precaution, he should, before putting a cap on the pivot, see that there be no dirt in the cap, and that it be perfect.

The best powder does not soil the gun so much as inferior powder. After using good powder, a redness will be observed round the orifice of the pivot. After using coarse powder, a white or black appearance will present itself. The purer the powder is, the oftener may a barrel be fired without requiring to be cleaned.

When the measure on the flask is regulated as it ought to be, it will hold the requisite charge for a clean barrel on a warm dry day. It behoves the shooter, then, when the atmosphere is moist and the wind boisterous, to increase the charge of powder in each barrel in a trifling degree. However stormy the day may be, the shooter may prevent the particles of powder from being blown away while he is charging; but he cannot prevent them adhering to the damp leaded interior of the barrels. Indeed, if the barrels be damp, as they cannot fail to be if the air be so, and there be no wind at all, they cannot be held quite perpendicular, so that the whole charge of powder shall find its way to the breech. One-fifth of the charge will sometimes adhere. Doubtless, when tight wadding is used, the whole, or nearly the whole, of the charge finds its way to the bottom: but in what state? A portion of it is wet!—and the result is, that, when the piece is discharged, only four-fifths ignite!

The fowling-piece should be put by clean, oiled, and the barrels corked or stopped, and with the hammers upon the pivots. It should be kept in a cloth or woolen case, in a dry room, and, when not in constant use, occasionally rubbed with linen dipped in olive oil. The inside of the barrel should be frequently oiled, the oil being immediately wiped out with a dry cloth wrapped round the cleaning rod. Neat's-foot oil is best for the lock, and linseed oil is recommended for the stocks, but it is so offensive that we prefer olive oil.

Large-grained powder is generally stronger than small-grained. It is well to be cautious that the grain is not so large as not to fill the nipple freely, or misfires will be the consequence. Powder which suits one gun may not suit another; the larger the bore of the gun, the larger should be the grain of the powder. An instrument for trying the strength of powder should not be trusted to: the best trial is with the gun in which the powder is intended to be used, and there can be no better target for trying the comparative strength of different powders, than an unbound book fixed firmly against something solid.

The heavier and harder the metal of which shot is made the better.*

* As shot is numbered differently by different manufacturers, we give the number to the ounce of the sizes to which we have referred:

A. A.	about	. .	40	4.	about	. .	180
A.	—	. .	60	5.	—	. .	220
B. B.	—	. .	60	6.	—	. .	270
B.	—	. .	75	7.	—	. .	350
1.	—	. .	90	8.	—	. .	600
2.	—	. .	110	9.	—	. .	1000
3.	—	. .	130	10.	—	. .	1760

CHARGING THE FOWLING-PIECE.

It is not usual to charge the gun until arriving at the shooting ground. When there, however advisable on the score of caution it may be, flashing off a quantity of powder to clear out, dry, and warm the gun before loading, has certainly a cockney appearance; the more sportsman-like practice is,—the party having reliance on the person who cleans his gun,—merely to permit the ramrod to fall lightly to the bottom of each barrel. The barrels are then held as perpendicularly as possible while the powder is poured in, so that nearly the whole charge may reach home, and not adhere in its descent. The barrel is then tapped with the ramrod, or the gun slightly shook against the foot, that powder may find its way into the pivots,—that is the more necessary when coarse-grained powder is used. A wadding is then gently pressed down. The shot is next poured in, and a slight shake of the gun in an upward direction causes it to lie evenly;—a wadding is pressed upon it. The shooter next removes the remains of the caps, and looks whether the powder has found its way to the orifice of the pivots, and if it has, he places fresh caps on; if powder is not visible at the orifice of the pivots, he removes any obstacle with a pricker, and contrives to push down a few grains of powder. It is very material to attend to this point, to prevent miss-fires.

THE WIRE-CARTRIDGE.

The wire-cartridge was invented, in 1828, by Mr. Jepour. It consists of a cylindrical case or network of wire, the meshes of which are somewhat more than an eighth of an inch square; at the lower end the wire partially closes; the wire case is then enveloped in fine paper, and at the upper end a cork wadding, cut so as to fit the gauge of the gun, is affixed, the case is then filled with shot and bone dust. The first cartridges made, though ingenious in construction, were defective in operation. It was a matter of no ordinary difficulty to fabricate them in such a manner that the shot should leave the case at the precise distance required. This at first could not be done so that they might be trusted in every instance; every alternate cartridge might fire well, but the rest would fire irregularly, being liable to ball,—that is, the shot would not leave the case until fifty or sixty yards from the gun, and such cartridges were, of course, not only useless but dangerous. They have been from time to time improved, and almost every difficulty has been overcome. The sporting cartridges now made never ball, they act with a considerable degree of precision and certainty, and that they may be safely trusted may be inferred from the fact that they are often preferred by persons engaged in pigeon matches. Various materials were used experimentally to fill up the interstices between the pellets, but nothing seems to answer so well as the material now used. Another difficulty in their construction presented itself. It was requisite to accommodate them to the various methods of boring used by different gunmakers, and the unequal length of barrels, the object in view being to produce a cartridge that would suit all barrels of the same gauge, and this has been in a great measure, if not wholly, accomplished. The liability to ball, notwithstanding various improvements made in them, was not effectually obviated for many years, during which they were tried, and in many instances prematurely condemned, either from real defects, or from the parties not knowing how to use them. They were not brought to perfection until the year 1837.

The wire-cartridges possess two principal advantages over loose shot; they are propelled with greater velocity, and thrown more evenly. A loose charge is always thrown in patches; the shots of a cartridge, as seen on a target, are comparatively equi-distant from each other.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Guy Fawkes; or The Gunpowder Treason. An Historical Romance. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, *Author of "The Tower of London," "Jack Sheppard," &c. Philadelphia. Lea and Blanchard.*

WHAT Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth had been doing before he wrote "Rookwood" is uncertain; but it seems to us that he made his literary *début* with that work. It was generally commended; but we found no opportunity of perusing it. "Crichton" followed, and this we read; for our curiosity was much excited in regard to it by certain discrepancies of critical opinion. In one or two instances it was unequivocally condemned as "flat, stale and unprofitable," although, to be sure, the critics, in those one or two instances, were men of little note. The more prevalent idea appeared to be that the book was a miracle of wit and wisdom, and that Ainsworth who wrote "Crichton," was in fact Crichton *redivivus*. We have now before us a number of a Philadelphia Magazine for the month of April, 1840, in which the learned editor thus speaks of the work in question — "Mr. Ainsworth is a powerful writer; his 'Crichton' *stands at the head of the long list of English novels — unapproachable and alone*. . . . This great glory is fairly Mr. Ainsworth's due, and in our humble opinion, *the fact is incontrovertible*." Upon a perusal of the novel so belauded, we found it a somewhat ingenious admixture of pedantry, bombast, and rigmarole. No man ever read "Crichton" through twice. From beginning to end it is one continued abortive effort at effect. The writer keeps us in a perpetual state of preparation for something magnificent; but the something magnificent never arrives. He is always saying to the reader, directly or indirectly, "*now*, in a *very* brief time, you shall see what you shall see!" The reader turns over the page in expectation, and meets with nothing beyond the same everlasting assurance: — another page and the same result — another and still the same — and so on to the end of the performance. One cannot help fancying the novelist in some perplexing dream — one of those frequently recurring visions, half night-mare half asphyxia, in which the sufferer, although making the most strenuous efforts to *run*, finds a walk or a crawl the *ne plus ultra* of his success in locomotion.

The plot is monstrously improbable, and yet not so much improbable as inconsequential. A German critic would say that the whole is excessively *ill-motivirt*. No one action follows necessarily upon any one other. There is, at all times, the greatest parade of *measures*, but measures that have no comprehensible result. The author works busily for a chapter or two with a view of bringing matters in train for a certain end; and then suffers this end to be either omitted — unaccomplished — or brought to pass by accidental and irrelevant circumstances. The reader of taste very soon perceives this defect in the conduct of the story, and, ceasing to feel any interest in marches and countermarches that promise no furtherance of any object, abandons himself to the investigation of the page only which is immediately before him. Despairing of all amusement from the construction of the book, he falls back upon its immediate descriptions. But, alas, what is there here to excite any emotion in the bosom of a well-read man, beyond that of contempt? If an occasional interest is aroused, he feels it due, not to the novelist, but to the historical reminiscences which even that novelist's inanity cannot render altogether insipid. The turgid pretension of the style annoys, and the elaborately-interwoven pedantry irritates, insults, and disgusts. He must be blind, indeed, who cannot understand the great pains taken by Mr. Ainsworth to interlard the book in question with second-hand bits of classical and miscellaneous erudition; and he must be equally blind who cannot perceive that *this* is the chicanery which has so impressed the judgment, and dazzled the imagination of such critics as he of the aforesaid Magazine. We know nothing at all of Mr. Ainsworth's scholarship. There are some very equivocal blunders in "Crichton," to be sure; but *Ainsworth* is a classical name, and we must make *very* great allowances for the usual errors of press. We say, however, that, from all that appears in the novel in question, he may be as really ignorant as a bear. True erudition — by which term we here mean only to imply much diversified reading — is certainly discoverable — is positively indicated only in its ultimate and total *results*. We have observed elsewhere, that the mere grouping together of fine things from the greatest multiplicity of the rarest works, or even the apparently natural inweaving into any composition of the sentiments and manner of these works, is an attainment within the reach of every moderately-informed, ingenious, and not indolent man, having access to any ordinary collection of good books. Of all vanities the vanity of the unlettered pedant is the most sickening, and the most transparent.

Mr. Ainsworth having thus earned for himself the kind of renown which "Crichton" could establish with the rabble, made his next appearance before that rabble with "Jack Sheppard." Seeing what we have just seen, we should by no means think it wonderful that this romance threw into the greatest astonishment the little critics who so belauded the one preceding. They could not understand it at all. They would not believe that the same author had written both. Thus they condemned it in loud terms. The Magazine before alluded to, styles it, in round terms, "the most corrupt, flat, and vulgar fabrication in the English language . . . a disgrace to the literature of the day." Corrupt and vulgar it undoubtedly is, but it is by no means so *flat* (if we understand the critic's idea of the term) as the "Crichton" to which it is considered so terribly inferior. By "*flat*" we presume "uninteresting" is intended. To us, at least, no novel was less *interesting* than "Crichton," and the only interest which it *could* have had for any reader must have arisen from admiration excited by the apparently miraculous *learning* of the plagiarist, and from the air of owlish profundity which he contrives to throw over the work. The interest, if any, must have had regard to the author and not to his book. Viewed as a work of art, and without reference to any supposed moral or immoral tendencies, (things with which the critic has nothing

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to do) "Jack Sheppard" is by no means the *very* wretched composition which some gentlemen would have us believe. Its condemnation has been brought about by the revulsion consequent upon the exaggerated estimate of "Crichton." It is altogether a much better book than "Crichton." Although its incidents are improbable — (the frequent miraculous escapes of the hero, for instance, without competent means) still they are not, as in "Crichton," at the same time inconsequential. Admitting the facts, these facts hang together sufficiently well. Nor is there any bombast of style; this negative merit, to be sure, being no merit of the author's, but an enforced one resulting from the subject. The chief defect of the work is a radical one, the nature and effect of which we were at some pains to point out in a late notice of Captain Marryatt's "Poacher." The story being, no doubt, written to order, for Magazine purposes, and in a violent hurry, has been scrambled through by means of *incident* solely. It is totally wanting in the *autorial comment*. The writer never pauses to speak, in his own person, of what is going on. It is possible to have too much of this comment; but it is far easier to have too little. The most tedious books, *ceteris paribus*, are those which have none at all. "Sir Charles Grandison," "Clarissa Harlowe," and the "Ernest Maltravers" of Bulwer embody instances of its superabundance. The genius of the author of "Pelham" is in nothing more evident than in the interest which he has infused into some of his late works *in spite* of their ultra-didacticism. The "Poacher" just mentioned, and "The Arabian Nights" are examples of deficiency in the commenting principle, and are both intolerably tedious *in spite* of their rich variety of incident. The *juste milieu* was never more admirably attained than in De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" and in the "Caleb Williams" of Godwin. This latter work, from the character of its incidents, affords a fine opportunity of contrast with "Jack Sheppard." In both novels the hero escapes repeatedly from prison. In the work of Ainsworth the escapes are merely narrated. In that of Godwin they are *discussed*. With the latter we become at once absorbed in those details which so manifestly absorb his own soul. We read with the most breathless attention. We close the book with a real regret. The former puts us out of all patience. His marvels have a nakedness which repels. Nothing he relates seems either probable or possible, or of the slightest interest, whether the one or the other. His hero impresses us as a mere chimera with whom we have no earthly concern, and when he makes his final escape and comes to the gallows, we would feel a very sensible relief, but for the impracticability of hanging up Mr. Ainsworth in his stead. But if "Jack Sheppard" is a miserably inartistical book, still it is by no means so utterly contemptible and silly as the tawdry stuff which has been pronounced "*the best of English novels, standing at the head of the long list unapproachable and alone!*"

Of "The Tower of London" we have read only some detached passages — enough to assure us, however, that the "*work*," like Yankee razors, has been manufactured merely "to sell." "Guy Fawkes," the book now lying before us, and the last completed production of its author, is positively beneath criticism and beneath contempt. The design of Mr. Ainsworth has been to fill, for a certain sum of money, a stipulated number of pages. There existed a necessity of *engaging* the readers whom especially he now addresses — that is to say the lowest order of the lettered mob — a necessity of enticing them into the commencement of a perusal. For this end the title "Guy Fawkes or The Gunpowder Plot" was all sufficient, at least within the regions of Cockaigne. As for fulfilling any reasonable expectations, derived either from the *ad captandum* title, or from his own notoriety (we dare not say reputation) as a novelist — as for exerting himself for the permanent or continuous amusement of the poor flies whom he had inveigled into his trap — all this, with him, has been a consideration of no moment. He had a *task* to perform, and not a duty. What were his readers to Mr. Ainsworth? — "What Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" The result of such a state of affairs is self-evident. With his *best* exertions, in his earliest efforts, with all the goadings of a sickening vanity which stood him well instead of nobler ambition — with all this, he *could* do — he *has done* — but little; and without them he has now accomplished exactly nothing at all. If ever, indeed, a novel were *less* than nothing, then that novel is "Guy Fawkes." To say a word about it in the way of serious criticism, would be to prove ourselves as great a blockhead as its author. *Macte virtute*, my dear sir — proceed and flourish. In the meantime we bid you a final farewell. Your next volume, which will have some such appellation as "The Ghost of Cock-Lane," we shall take the liberty of throwing unopened out of the window. Our pigs are not all of the description called learned, but they will have more leisure for its examination than we.

The Gift: A Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1842. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.

This volume of "The Gift" is superior to any yet published. Mrs. Embury has an entertaining story, and Miss Leslie's account of a "Family that Didn't take Boarders" is also quite amusing. Mr. Simms has a well narrated tale — Mr. Seba Smith has another — Professor Frost another — Mrs. Eliet, also, and the author of "A New Home." We ourselves have one which is not ended so well as it might be — a good subject spoiled by hurry in the handling. The poetry, in general, is insipid. Mrs. Sigourney has not done herself justice. Lieut. G. W. Patten, U. S. A. has three effusions, neither of which do credit to the Annual. This gentleman, who writes frequently, and should therefore write well, is singularly remiss in his metaphors, and often grievously deficient in his grammar. What does he mean, at page 309, by

> As sleep the brave so thou *should* sleep (!)

or, at page 166, by

> The storm is on the sea — I hear its *wings*
> In *thunder fretting* o'er the lifted wave (!)

This is surely a most singular instance of metaphor run mad! Here are three conflicting images at one time in the brain of the poet. By the word "wings" the reader is made to understand the prosopopeia of the storm as a *bird*; by "thunder" (a *natural* accompaniment of tempests) he is brought back to the impersonified storm; by "fretting" he is left in no doubt that the writer's ideas are running upon a *horse* — and all this in the compass of one line and a half!

The "Stanzas" by Park Benjamin have a rich simplicity which of all literary qualities is the most difficult of attainment, and of all merits the most uncertain of appreciation; but we are sorry to say that they are the *only* good verses in the volume.

The engravings are very fine. We will speak of them briefly one by one.

The "Country Girl," by Cheney from Sully, is a *truthful* picture. The design is perfect. The only fault of the execution lies in the undue breadth of the face; this defect would be remedied by deepening the shade beneath the left ear. The work of the engraver is well done.

"Vignette Head," by Cheney from Sully — one of the latter's favorite heads — the face that of a pouting hoyden. The hair is beautifully *massed*. The *vignetting* is carried too low as regards the bosom, from which half an inch should be taken off at bottom, or otherwise some lines of shading introduced to relieve it of its blank appearance. The arm is execrable — the hand worse — both are too massive and sinewy.

"Dulcinea," by Cheney from Leslie. No fault can be

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found with this picture, which is admirable in every respect. The right arm, in especial, is exquisitely rounded and foreshortened.

"The Tough Story" by J. J. Pease, from W. S. Mount. Mr. Mount's merits are those of acute observation and fidelity. These merits, although not of the highest order, have the advantage of being universally appreciable. This is an advantage which he secures — *cheaply* — by dealing only in homely subjects. If he has ideality (a question which as yet we have had no means of deciding) and would employ his peculiar talents upon loftier themes, he might attain a very desirable eminence indeed.

Nothing could be more true to nature than the picture before us; but the painter has sacrificed to this truth (at some points) artistical effects of superior value. What can be more displeasing, for example, than the unrelieved nakedness of the wall in the back ground, or the situation of the group precisely in the centre of the design, or, especially, than the tall regular stove pipe, running up parrallel with the back of the standing figure, and dividing the apartment exactly in two?

"The Gipsy," by Cheney from Sully, is altogether out of drawing as regards the face, which is, again, too broad to the left. This is a very usual error in side faces. The fingers are badly engraved, particularly those of the right hand, which look as if covered with a net or pic-nic glove. The foliage in this picture is not very well executed.

"The Sled" by W. E. Tucker, from Chapman, is a most effective design, evincing the well-educated artist. The idea of rapid motion is skilfully embodied in the countenance of the boy, in the peculiar falling curve of the hill, and exquisitely *corroborated* in the whirl of the clouds. This is the true artistical keeping. The limbs of the boy are too small for his head and body, and the left hand appears to have been cut from a turnip. This latter defect is chargeable to the engraver.

"The Rattle" by A. Lawson from Mount. This is another of Mr. Mount's idiosyncrasies, and is absolute perfection *in its way*. The defects of the work (considered as a mere picture) which we pointed out in the "Tough Story," are not observable here. The grouping of the figures and the arrangement of the design generally, are as admirable as the varied expression of the Yankee faces. The light, however, is too equally disposed about the room, and, in especial, upon the three middle personages. It is difficult, moreover, to imagine these three persons so illumined, and the back of the foreground figure at the same time so fully in shade. These are petty objections — but it is right they should be made.

"Portia," by Forrest from Sully, is an engraving in which the mere mechanism is excellent; and, in fact, the work is, upon the whole, highly creditable to Mr. Forrest. The hands, however, are badly done; the left especially. Some knowledge of drawing is absolutely essential in one who copies. This knowledge cannot be supplied by even Chinese fidelity in depicting dot for dot and line for line. The picture, altogether, we prefer to any in the book. Were we in the habit of purchasing paintings this "Portia" by Sully is the only one here which we would purchase.

The paper of "The Gift" for 1842 does not seem to us sufficiently good. The binding is certainly magnificent, but would have been vastly improved by the use of a thicker board.

Amenities of Literature, consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature. By I. D'Israeli, *D. C. L. F. S. A. 2 vols. J. & H. G. Langley: New York.*

The reputation of the elder D'Israeli as scholar and philosopher is at least as well founded as that of any man of his age. He has given to the world a series of *peculiar* books — books in which the richest variety of *recherché* detail and anecdote about literary affairs, is made subservient to the most comprehensive survey and analysis of letters themselves, considered in respect to their important *spiritual* uses. He is the only *savant* upon record who has busied himself, without pedantry, among the *minutiæ* of classical lore. His works will last as long as the language in which they are written. The "Curiosities of Literature," the "Literary Character," the "Miscellanies of Literature," the "Calamities of Authors," and all but the present "Amenities of Literature" are, however, but incidental labors arising from a more extensive design — a "History of English Literature" — of which he thus speaks. "It was my intention not to furnish an arid narrative of books and of authors, but, following the steps of the human mind through the wide track of time, to trace from their beginnings the progress and the decline of public opinions, and to illustrate, as the objects presented themselves, the great incidents in our national annals." In this magnificent project the philosopher was arrested by blindness. The "Amenities of Literature" is a portion and in fact the beginning of the great scheme which can now never be completed. We need say no more to recommend it to the reader. The two volumes before us are issued in the customary careful and tasteful style of the Langleys.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, author of "Pelham," &c. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

We have read these volumes with the highest pleasure. They embrace all of the known minor writings of Bulwer, with the exception of his shorter fictions; and we recognize in the collection several very excellent articles which had arrested our attention and excited our curiosity while their authorship was undivulged.

Mr. Bulwer is *never* lucid, and seldom profound. His intellect seems to be rather well balanced than lofty — rather comprehensive than penetrative. His taste is exquisite. His style, in its involution and obscurity, partakes of the involution of his thoughts. Apart from his mere intellect, however, — or rather as a portion of that intellect — we recognize in his every written word the keenest appreciation of the right, the beautiful, and the true. Thus he is a man worthy of all reverence, and we do not hesitate to say that we look upon the charges of immoral tendency which have been so pertinaciously adduced against his fictions, as absurdly *little* and untenable, in the mass.

The volumes now before us are plain evidence of the noble spirit which has constantly actuated him. The papers here published were written at various epochs of his life. We look through them in vain for anything false, as a whole, or unchivalrous, or impure, or weak, or tasteless, or ignoble. Were we addicted *jurare in verba magistri*, there lives no man upon whose faith we would more confidently rely than upon that of Bulwer — no man whose opinion upon any point involving a question of truth, or justice, or taste, we would be more willing to adopt unexamined.

We have been especially pleased with an article (in the volumes now before us) entitled "Literature Considered as a Profession," and with another "Upon the Spirit of True Criticism." Some remarks in the latter paper are quite as applicable to our own country as to Great Britain.

"'To say this is good and that is bad,' says La Bruyère, 'is not morality.' Very true, neither is it criticism. There is no criticism in this country — considering that word as the name of a science. A book comes out — it is capital, says one — it is detestable, says another. Its characters are unnatural — its characters are nature itself. On both sides there is affirmation, on neither proof. In fact no science requires such elaborate study as criticism. It is the most analytical of our mental operations — to pause — to examine —

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to say *why* that passage is a sin against nature, or that plot a violation of art—to bring deep knowledge of life in all its guises—of the heart in all its mysteries to bear upon a sentence of approval or disapprobation—to have cultivated the feeling of beauty until its sense of harmony has grown as fine as the ear of a musician—equally sensitive to discord—or alive to new combinations:—these are no light qualities, and these are not qualities, it may be answered, to be lightly lavished away. Every new book, it may be said, does not deserve that we should so honor it. We need not invoke the Past, and summon all Nature to hear us praise a butterfly, or crush a bug. We may on slight works arrogate the censor—yes, but we must first have been chosen the censor, by the acumen we have testified on great ones. Now, when an author who has risen into eminence, who begins to produce an effect upon his age, whose faults it becomes necessary to indicate as a warning, whose beauties we should illustrate as an example—when such a man produces a new work, what is the cant cry of the critics? 'The peculiar merits and failings of Mr. So and So are too well known for us at this time of day to repeat them. The present work has all the characteristics of the last—if it does not increase, it will not diminish the well-earned reputation of the author.' Then come the extracts, and a word or two at the end as precise and lucid as those at the beginning, and——there's THE CRITICISM!

"For my part, I please myself sometimes with drawing the ideal picture of a good critic, as Bolingbroke drew that of a patriot king. What a crowd of accomplishments, not *easily* seen by the superficial, belong to that character! Literature and morality are so entwined that you rarely find the real critic unless he is also the moralist. The union is almost necessary. In Quinctilian how beautifully the deduction closes the dogma! and even in Johnson the habit of moralizing gives dignity to his criticisms. In both sciences the *study* of mankind, of the metaphysical nature within us, alone insures a sound judgment: in both, without a delicate yet profound perception of the harmonious, the beautiful, the august, no commanding excellence is obtained. The goodness of a man and the goodness of a book are not such different qualities as people suppose. A person, however, *may* be, though he is not often, a good moralist without being a good man: to preach and practice are faculties not inseparable. But I doubt if a man can be a great critic who has not, at least, the elementary qualities of a good man. I consider that he must keep the intellectual sight clear from envy, and malice, and personal dislikes. He must examine the work above and remote from all the petty considerations that attach to the man. He must be on the alert for genius, ready to encourage even a rival to himself. Where this largeness of mind is not visible, there is always something petty and crippled in the mind of the professional critic. He may make one great criticism, but he cannot criticise with greatness habitually. Perhaps he reviews some dead author—for the dead interfere not with the living; or he wastes a world of generosity, like Southey, in praising some rhymester of the pantry, who is little enough while he attracts honor to the praiser to plunge into forgetfulness the praise. The good critic—that rare ideal, must have in him courage to blame boldly, magnanimity to eschew envy, benevolence to search for obscure merit. He must have genius to appreciate, and learning to compare: he must have an eye for beauty, an ear for music, a heart for feeling, a mind for reason. 'We are conscious of excellency,' says some author, 'in proportion to the excellence within ourselves.'"

We wish also to call attention to a very excellent article on the subject of "International Copyright." The only paper in the collection which we could have wished omitted is one entitled "A Letter to the Quarterly Review,"—an attempt at vindictive retaliation upon Lockhart. We admire this gentleman quite as little as Mr. Bulwer can possibly do, but we grieve to see an attack which has neither vigor nor wit, and which proves nothing beyond the writer's wrath and utter incapacity for satire.

The Pic Nic Papers. By various Hands. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS, Esq. *author of "The Pickwick Papers," &c. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.*

The "Introduction" to this work gives us its history. "The premature death of a young publisher (Mr. Macrone) inspired some of those who had known him personally, or had been connected with him in business, with an earnest desire to render some assistance to his widow and orphans. They produced among themselves this work." In the English edition there were three volumes; the third consisting of the "Charcoal Sketches" of Mr. Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia. This edition we have not seen; but have been astonished to hear that the London publisher has been so discourteous as to print Mr. Neal's compositions, and the engravings which accompanied them, without the *name* of the writer, or any farther acknowledgment than a few words speaking of the whole as "from an American source." Comment upon such meanness seems altogether a work of supererogation; but, in truth, we are in the habit of setting our brethren across the water very bad examples in matters of a somewhat similar kind. That Mr. Dickens had any thing to do with the wrong now perpetrated, we will not, however, believe for a moment.

The contributors to the two volumes reprinted in Philadelphia are among the most celebrated *literati* of England. We have, for example, articles from Dickens, from Leigh Ritchie, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Moore, W. H. Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, Agnes Strickland and several others. It might be supposed, of course, that the collection would be one of high interest: but we are forced to say that it *is not*. In a case like this, authors (who for the most part are unburthened with pecuniary means) are called upon to furnish *gratuitous* papers. It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, they content themselves with bestowing whatever MS. they may have at hand, of least value. Scraps from memorandum-books; effusions of early years kept only as mementos and never destined for publication; fragments of tales or essays definitely abandoned by the author, who has become dissatisfied with his subject or the mode in which it was progressing—matters such as these form invariably the staple of compilations such as this. There is, moreover, another important consideration—one involving a very remarkable truth. The *refuse* labor of a man of genius is usually inferior, and greatly so, to that of the man of common-place talent:—very much as the dregs of the *Côtes du Rhone* are more viscid than those of Sherry or *De Grâve*. It is only necessary to suggest this idea to have it at once fully appreciated and understood. The man of talent pursues "the even tenor of his way." He is at all times *himself*. With the all-prevalent law of action and reaction he has nothing to do. Never excited into wild enthusiasm, he never experiences its consequent and inevitable depression. Never boldly soaring, he never sadly sinks. To write well, the man of genius must write in obedience to his impulses. When forced to disobey them—when constrained, by the fetters of a methodical duty, to compose at *all* hours—it is but a portion of his nature—it is but a condition of his intellect—that he should occasionally grovel in platitudes of the most pitiable description. And this fact will go farther than any one hitherto adduced, to explain the character of a fatality which has so constantly attended genius as to have become a sure index of its existence:—we mean the fatality of alternate high eulogium and virulent invective. Few men are conversant with the *whole* works of an author. Now, in the case of two critics of equal ability, it may happen (and we know it *does* frequently so happen) that the opinion of one may be based solely upon the author's best efforts, while that of the other is deduced from some mere task-work labored out in hours of the most utter inappetency and exhaustion. The dissent of the latter (a dissent just if we regard only the means of judgment) will, of course, be extravagant in denunciation, precisely in the ratio of his astonishment and indignation at what he supposes the corrupt panegyric of the former.

Therefore, it should not be a matter for surprise that these "Pic Nic Papers" are very great trash, although written by very clever men. Their general merit, in our opinion, is below that of the mere *make-weight* of our commonest newspapers and magazines. One or two of the articles are not very bad:—Leigh Ritchie's "Marcus Bell," for exam-

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ple; a tale entitled "Aunt Honor;" and "The Lamplighter's Story," by Mr. Dickens. This last, however, is only tolerable through the manner in which it is told. There is not a single paper of *real* value; and more consummate nonsense than the greater portion of the collection we never encountered in any respectable-looking book.

We cannot conclude our notice without a protest against the title-page. To call this paltry publication the "Pic Nic Papers," and affirm it to be *edited* by Mr. Dickens — thus inducing ideas of the popular Pickwick, is a piece of chicanery which not even the end in view can sanction. No body of men are justified in making capital of the public's gullibility for purposes of charity, public or private — for any purposes under the sun. We do not hesitate to state the present case *plainly*. The title affixed to this work has been designedly so affixed, that purchasers, hastily glancing at it, may suppose it a book upon the same plan as the "Pickwick Papers," and *written*, as they were, by Mr. Dickens. No one who reflects an instant can suppose the intention to have been anything else. Now what is this but the worst species of *forgery*?

History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814. By W. F. NAPIER, C. B., COLONEL, &c. *From the Fourth Edition. Complete in Four Volumes. With Numerous Engravings. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.*

Colonel Napier's "History of the Peninsula War" is a work whose general features are sufficiently well understood. In the thoroughness of its survey and in the minute and exact particularity of its details, if not in more important and comprehensive regards, it is equalled certainly by no other book on the subject discussed, and perhaps by few histories of any kind. The author's extensive political acquaintance with the events agitating all Europe at the period investigated, and especially the part he bore in some of those events, with his obvious enthusiasm for military affairs, rendered him as fitting for the task which he has undertaken as any individual of his age. It may be said, indeed, and not altogether paradoxically, that he was somewhat *too* well qualified for this task. The agitating incidents *quorum pars magna fuit* have so forcibly impressed his imagination as to mislead his understanding in respect to the *relative* importance of these incidents. He discourses of the "Peninsular Campaign" (pretty much, by the way, as all Englishmen discourse of it) as if *it alone* were the proper subject of all human deliberation. No one will be willing to deny the interest which appertains to it, nor the magnitude of the results to which it led. We mean to say, however, that, except to Colonel Napier and the Duke of Wellington, it is *not* the only important topic in the universe.

Hitherto the American reader of history has been able to procure this work only from our public libraries, and the enterprize of Messieurs Carey and Hart in placing it within reach, is worthy of all commendation. They must have been at unusual expense in this undertaking. The volumes are thick octavos, and are illustrated by no less than fifty-five lithographed plans, (which, by the way, are not very well executed.) At the same time these publishers can scarcely expect remuneration from a very extensive sale. By public institutions and military men the work will be valued and purchased. But beyond these, with few exceptions, the public will content itself with the means already in its power of referring to the history in our libraries. The gentlemen in question are, of course, the best judges of their own affairs; but it does seem to us that they have erred in permitting the *foreign* value and reputation of the work to influence them in making an American reprint.

Ten Thousand a Year. By the Author of The Diary of a London Physician. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.

There are several circumstances connected with this book which render it an important topic for the critic. We mean its unusual length — the previous reputation of its author — the peculiarity of its subject — the apparent under-current of *design* which has been attributed to it — the wide difference of opinion existing in regard to its merit — and, especially, the fact of its being, if not precisely the first, yet certainly the chief of the class of *periodical* novels — the peculiar advantages and disadvantages of which it will afford a good opportunity for discussing. We much regret, therefore, that we have left ourselves no room, in the present number of the Magazine, for an extended analysis of the work. This we may possibly undertake in December; contenting ourselves, in the meantime, with a few observations at random.

It appears to us that a main source of the interest which this book possesses for the mass, is to be referred to the *pecuniary* nature of its theme. From beginning to end it is an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence — a topic which comes home at least *as* immediately to the bosoms and business of mankind, as any which could be selected. The same *character* in the choice of subject was displayed by Doctor Warren in his "Passages from the Diary of a London Physician." The *bodily health* is a point of absolutely universal interest, and was made the basis of all the excitement in that very popular but shamefully ill-written publication.

"Ten Thousand a Year" is also "shamefully ill-written." Its mere English is disgraceful to an L. L. D. — would be disgraceful to the simplest tyro in rhetoric. At every page we meet with sentences thus involved — "In order, however, to do this effectually I must go back to an earlier period in history than has yet been called to his attention. If it [*what? — attention? — history?*] shall have been unfortunate enough to attract the hasty eye of the superficial and impatient novel-reader, I make no doubt that by such a one certain portions of what has gone before, and which [*which what?*] could not fail of attracting the attention of long-headed people as being not thrown in for nothing (and therefore to be borne in mind with a view to subsequent explanation) have been entirely overlooked or forgotten." The book is full too of the grossest misusages of language — the most offensive vulgarities of speech and violations of grammar. The whole *tone* is in the last degree mawkish and inflated. What can be more ridiculous that the frequent apostrophising after this fashion — "My glorious Kate, how my heart goes forth towards you! And thou, her brother! who art of kindred spirit, who art supported by philosophy and exalted by religion, so that thy constancy cannot be shaken or overthrown by the black and ominous swell of trouble which is increasing around thee — I know that thou wilt outlive the storm — and yet it rocks thee! What indeed is to become of you all? Whither will you go? And your suffering mother, should she survive so long, is her precious form to be borne away from Yatton?" &c. &c.

There is no attempt at plot — but some of the incidents are wofully ill adapted and improbable. The moralising, throughout, is tedious in the extreme. Two-thirds of the whole novel might have been omitted with advantage. The character of Aubrey is a ridiculous piece of overdone sentimentality — and in character generally the writer fails. One of the worst features of the whole is the transparent puerile attempt to throw ridicule upon the ministerial party by dubbing them with silly names, supposed to be indicative of peculiarities of person or character. While the oppositionists, for example, rejoice in the euphonious appellations of Aubrey, Delamere, and the like, their foes are called Quirk, Gammon, Snap, Bloodsuck, Rorqut, Silly-Punctilio, and other more stupid and beastly indecencies.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE HAWKERS.

OR THE LADY ISABEL.

BY D. MAXWELL.

IT was a merry day in Torbay castle. Never had a brighter sun shone on a fair lady than that which now poured its mellow beams over the gay hawking party assembled in the court yard,—while, as if all were exhilarated by the unclouded sky above, shouts, jests, and sallies, sly compliments and merry laughter saluted the ear on every hand. There was the ringing of bridles, the champing of bits, the barking of dogs, the shouts of serving men, the orders of the falconers, the low whispers of gay gallants, or the half suppressed laughter of a bevy of merry young girls, making altogether a concord of sounds, strange and yet somewhat sweet, and not a little in unison with the old grim walls around and the bracing character of the morning. Foremost in the group, and directly under the massy archway of the gate, stood a rugged old falconer, who looked as if he might have been an appenage of the castle from the time of the conqueror, sustaining several *casts of toure* and *leses* of hawks, hooded and ready for the field. To his right was the favorite page of the mistress of the castle, holding the white palfrey of the Lady Isabel, the only daughter of the Earl. A few dogs lay about awaiting the setting forth of the cavalcade. In the rear the hawking party was assembled in what seemed at first a promiscuous group, but it would have been found on a closer examination, that the younger cavaliers had each placed himself as near to his lady's bridle as possible, while the older sportsmen were drawn apart by themselves, eagerly canvassing the chances of the day's sport.

At length the cavalcade set forth, and leaving the castle to the right, diverged towards the hills that skirt the neighborhood of Torbay, with the object of gaining the little river Wyse, a small stream that runs through that delightful vicinity, and is bordered by high overhanging banks.

We have said that the younger gallants each sought his lady's bridle rein, but it might have been noticed as a little singular that perhaps the two handsomest knights rode by themselves, keeping in the rear of the "goodly companie," and seemingly engaged in earnest conversation. It might also have been noticed that the Lady Isabel rode unattended, except by her father, and that now and then, she cast a sly and perhaps uneasy glance back at the two cavaliers. She did this so often, that at length it attracted their attention, and the shorter of the two companions said to the other,

"There, Herbert, take heart, man—do you not see that my fair coz is not indifferent to you—there, as I am a knight, she is looking back again."

"It is but to chide you for deserting her," said the other. "I may not be so happy as to think she cares for me. Did you mark how chilling a reception she gave me this morning?"

"Faith, man, and you deserved it," answered his more mercurial companion, "after your strange humor last evening. Do your beauties and heiresses endure all the whim of jealous suitors without resentment? Will you never take heart of grace, leave off this diffidence, and come boldly out and woo my cousin in your own true and frank character? You may depend on it she has not forgotten you since you were playmates together, and though ten years of absence have elapsed since then, and she has been sought and is now sought by a score of gentlemen, yet has she not heard of your valor continually through my letters, and does she not blush and turn pale whenever you come suddenly on her? What more would you want? Tut, man, you are as blind in love as a bat. If you had to charge a battery you would do it without winking an eye-lid, but here you cannot attack a fair lady's heart without quaking like a friar,

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and being in a dozen humors a day, according as your mistress chances to smile on you or not. Take my word for it, Isabel cares very little whether her madcap cousin is at her bridle rein or away from it; but she does care whether Sir Herbert Glendower is there or not, especially just now, when her conscience is twitching her, I dare swear, for having looked coldly on him a half hour since, and thus driven the poor knight almost into the notion of hanging himself. But this jesting I see you do not like — so let us push on and join the group, or we shall be suspected of talking treason," and with a gay laugh the mercurial young man pricked his steed and pushed forward. His companion hesitated but an instant and then followed.

Sir Herbert Glendower had known — as his fellow soldier said — the heiress of Torbay castle in childhood; for his own father dying, the Earl of Torbay had filled the place of guardian to the young orphan. At the age of fourteen, Glendower had joined the army, but even at that early period he had imbibed a passion for the young Isabel of which he was not himself fully conscious, until years of watching, strife and absence had convinced him that she was, after all, nearer to his heart than aught beside. During a separation of ten years from Isabel, his bosom companion had been her reckless cousin, and perhaps the conversation of the two young soldiers had often turned on the young heiress and thus insensibly deepened the passion felt for her by Glendower. Certain it is, that when the young knight met her on his return to England, and saw that she had grown up more beautiful than he had imagined her even in his dreams, he felt his passion for her increased to such an extremity that her love became thenceforth necessary to his very being. Yet, like too many who love devotedly, the very depth of his passion prevented his success, by filling him with uncalled for doubts and fears. Usually frank and daring, he became reserved and timorous. The slightest appearance of coldness, although unintentional, was sufficient to overthrow all his hope. At such times he would throw himself on his pride, and affect a reserve to Isabel, the consequence of which would be a coldness on her part. Such had been the case on the morning in question.

For a few minutes he mused silently, and then said to himself:

"He may be right after all; and if so, am I not a fool? I will watch Isabel narrowly to-day, and if I see the least glimmering of hope, I will know all. If not, or if she refuses me" — he paused and added sadly, "why then a foreign service and a foreign grave will be mine."

Meantime the hawkers had gained the river, and while the serving men, with their dogs, descended into the ravine to rouse the birds from the marshy margin of the stream, the cavalcade continued its progress along the high banks above, in momentary expectation of the appearance of the prey. Foremost amongst the hawkers was the father of Isabel; but the heiress, although usually eager for the sport, appeared to-day to partake in the pastime only as a spectator, having surrendered her high-bred falcon to the hands of her favorite page. Isabel herself was silent and apparently lost in thought. And as Glendower, in pursuance of his new determination, hovered around her, he fancied he detected in her manner a slight confirmation of her cousin's assertion. The hopes of the young knight beat high at the very thought. He drew his steed nearer to that of Isabel, and would have addressed her, but at that instant the shouts of the serving men beneath, in the margin of the river, announced that the prey had been roused, and with a scream a huge heron, followed by one of smaller size, rose above the bank, and stretching out their long thin legs behind them, the quarry sailed away up into the sky.

"Isabel," said the Earl, "you promised to give a cast at yonder bird — quick, unhood."

"Ay, Tremaine," said the clear silvery voice of the maiden, assuming a sudden animation, and turning quickly away from Glendower to her page, "throw off my bird. You have often wished for the chance. Now, ladies and gallants, all, we shall see rare sport unless my falcon fails me."

The happy page, blushing, however, to find all eyes directed towards himself, trotted out a few paces in advance of the group, and removing the hood from the eyes of the noble bird, held the falcon on his left wrist as he extended it over his horse's head. The hawk shook himself for an instant, gazed around him until he caught sight of the herons, when he flapped his wings, and, as the page flung him off, darted away like an arrow in pursuit.



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To any other person than Glendower, the turning of Isabel from him to her page would at such a moment, have seemed trivial, but the proud and sensitive nature of the lover instantly magnified it into a rebuke, and drawing his rein around somewhat haughtily, he gave up his original intention of keeping at her side, and dashed madly on, leading the pursuit, as the cavalcade galloped off in the direction where it was expected the quarry would fall. A gallant sight it was to see that gay party sweeping along the banks of the stream. The caparisoned steeds, silken scarfs, waving plumes, and proud demeanor of the nobles, knights and pages; and the spirited palfreys, flowing robes, and brilliant costumes of the maidens, with the trains of attendants pressing in the rear, gave the cavalcade a gorgeousness which later days, in reviving this courtly sport, have in vain attempted to imitate.

"No, she loves me not," said Glendower as he galloped furiously on—"it is folly for me to pretend to win her regard. Well—"

"Ho, sir knight of the woful countenance," shouted the merry voice of Isabel's cousin as he drew up by Glendower, "you are leaving the route altogether, and faith your conduct will attract notice if it has not already done so. Come, man, in despair again—away with it—if you won't ride at Isabel's bridle and say things such as maidens love to hear, why e'en forget her for to-day and attend to the sport—see how her falcon mounts into the clouds; shade your eyes—there—by St. George he has the heron now."

As the knight spoke, the hawk, which had been ascending above the heron spirally, gradually narrowing the circles as it rose, suddenly stooped from its height and shooting like a thunderbolt down on the quarry bore it to the earth. The shout of the hawkers announced that all had seen the stroke, and instantly spur and whip were put to every steed to reach the spot where the quarry fell, in order, if necessary, to assist the falcon. Glendower was among the first to lead the chase, for he felt that his conduct was attracting attention, and he resolved during the remainder of the day to adhere to the advice of Isabel's cousin, let what might take place.

"A wager that I reach the quarry first, and win a smile from Isabel for assisting her falcon," laughingly said the mercurial soldier, "ho! Sir Glendower, do you close with me?"

"Even so," said Glendower; "I will distance you a score of paces and more, or my steed belies his former feats. Your fair cousin shall smile on me, or rebuff me fairly, for once."

At the word, the two cavaliers darted forwards at an increased pace; and instantly every eye, forgetful of the quarry, was directed towards the race. Both the knights rode splendid horses, and as the animals were now pressed to show their greatest speed, their riders seemed borne along the earth as if they were mounted on the enchanted steeds of fairy land. The cavaliers behind encouraged them with shouts, while the ladies waved their scarfs and laughed gaily. For a few minutes the horses scoured along head and head; but, when within a few paces of where the two birds had fallen, Glendower suddenly dashed away from his competitor and reaching the quarry first, threw his bridle to a youthful page who had just arrived from the margin of the stream below, and springing from the saddle lost not a moment in assisting the falcon to overcome the tall and powerful bird against which hitherto it had maintained a doubtful fight.



By the time Glendower had broken the legs of the hernsaw and stuck its long bill into the ground, as was the duty of the first sportsman who reached the quarry after it had been brought to the earth, the members of the cavalcade began to arrive, and as the knight rose from his stooping posture, with the prey in one hand and the falcon perched on his wrist, the silvery voice of Isabel was heard exclaiming—

"Ah! my gay coz, and so you lost your race—a very unusual thing however for a madcap like you; but pray what was the wager?"

"Yes!—the wager—the wager!" said a dozen merry voices.

"Fair ladies, I cry your mercy; but the wager must be a secret from you as yet, though perhaps I will tell cousin Isabel, to raise your curiosity;" and as he spoke, the young man bent his face to the ear of the high-born beauty and whispered a few words, whose import none could tell, but which brought the red blood, like a crimson sunset, into the maiden's cheek.

"But here is the winner," continued the young

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cavalier aloud, as he moved away to allow Glendower to approach Isabel with the prey.

The knight drew near, and, assuming as much composure as he could, tendered Isabel the quarry, in the courtly language of the day. The embarrassment of the maiden was by no means diminished at the address of Glendower, and, as the knight proceeded, her demeanor appeared to infect him with a like embarrassment, the more that every eye was directed on the maiden and Glendower. It was, therefore, a relief to both when a sudden shout announced that another quarry had been started, and in an instant one of the party cast off a falcon in pursuit. This attracted attention from Isabel and Glendower, and as the gay cavalcade dashed away they were left almost alone. For a minute Glendower had not words to speak, although something in the smile of the maiden emboldened him to venture — indeed never had Isabel greeted him more encouragingly. The maiden looked on the ground and was also silent. As usual, in such cases, the maiden was the first to speak, and, like most of her sex, she opened the conversation with a casual remark.

"Yon hawk is but an *eyas*," said she, pointing to the bird which had just been cast off, "see, he flies the prey. Ah! yonder goes Tremaine to lure him down. And see, the bird is not such a foul kestrel after all, for he answers to the call."



As she spoke, the same page to whom we have more than once alluded already, was seen galloping away in the distance, waving around his head the tasseled hood used to lure birds of the highest training, and shouting with his voice. At the same instant another falcon was cast off, and directly the quarry and its pursuer were lost in the clouds, while the cavalcade, galloped away along the banks of the river, following the direction taken by the heron, and leaving Isabel and Glendower wholly alone.

Glendower did not for a moment reply, for a world of thoughts was in his bosom — but over them all reigned the consciousness that Isabel appeared to be less repellent than she had been for days. Why then should he not avail himself of this accidental *tête à tête*, and learn all? Why should he be longer tortured with doubt? He did not, therefore, directly reply to the remark of Isabel, but his eyes followed the form of the page for a while, and then he suddenly turned them full on the maiden's face. Her glance fell beneath his own, and a blush tinged her cheeks with a deep rosate hue. This emotion added courage to Glendower.

"Isabel," said he, speaking at first with a trembling voice, which however became firmer and more impassioned as he proceeded, "perhaps what I am about to say may offend you — but I cannot restrain the words. I love you, deeply, ardently, with my whole soul, and whatever may be your reply, my love will only cease with my life. Ever since we played together in childhood I have cherished your image in my breast — peril, absence, silence, the tumult of war, nothing has been able to drive you from my mind — my passion has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. Since I returned, my love has only increased. I know how far above me you are, and I have thought a dozen times you saw, and would by coldness check, my presumption. But be my punishment even banishment from your presence, I can no longer keep silence. My love will find words. You turn away from me — you despise me — you sob. — Can it? — am I? — Oh! God, is this blessing really mine?" And as the maiden, overcome by emotion, buried her face in her hands, her lover, at length conscious that he was beloved, knelt on the sward at her feet, and with a sacred feeling approaching almost to reverence — for such was the love of those days — kissed Isabel's white hand.

A month later, and there was high revelry and feasting in the castle of Torbay; and many were the gallant knights and ladies fair who assembled to do honor to the nuptials of Glendower and his fair young bride.

"Ah, did I not tell you to take heart of grace?" whispered Isabel's mercurial cousin, unobserved in the ear of the bridegroom, "did I not say that Isabel had not forgotten you? By the shrine of Becket you should thank me for my advice."

"What treason are you plotting?" asked the smiling bride, approaching.

"I am only asking Glendower if you have paid the wager he won from me at the hawking party — your hand," was the reply.

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SHAKSPEARE.—No. IV.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

LADY MACBETH.

THE imagination of the reader is powerfully aroused by these dark innendoes, and the mind, prepared by a secret undefinable state of suspense and emotion, is doubly startled by the woman's sudden, hushed

Lo you, *here she comes!*

It is possible that, with something of the terrors of a guilty conscience herself, the poor waiting woman at first imagines that the queen has been listening and caught her plotting with the doctor, for the second exclamation shows an otherwise unaccountable surprise at her being asleep;

This is her very guise, and, *upon my life, fast asleep:* observe her, stand close.
DOCTOR. How came she by that light?
GENT. Why it stood by her. *She has a light by her continually:* 'tis *her command!*

Observe the short sentences—as of people listening—watching—under the pressure of a powerful motive and interest. The light—the doctor's surprise at seeing her carry it about with her, and the reply. "*She has a light by her continually. 'Tis her command.*"

This is a new and fearful discovery of the internal state of the wretched woman's mind. Here we have at once a view of her night-terrors, the guilty phantoms which throng her bedside. It is as if a lurid gleam had been suddenly cast upon her soul from the half-opened gates of hell itself.

DOCT. You see her eyes are open.

This is so remarkable a feature in a somnambulist that, even when aware of it, we can scarcely—while looking on a countenance from which stare two wide-gazing eyes—realize that they take no note of present objects, but are bent only on the immaterial, supernatural world.

The gentlewoman who has so often seen her thus replies (at this moment more cool than the doctor):

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.
DOCT. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.
GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue this a quarter of an hour.
LADY. Yet here's a spot!

It is not possible to call up a more harrowing type of guilt than that furnished by this bloody queen, thus haunted by the idea of what she has done, still the ordinary processes of nature themselves are interrupted, and she is driven to this species of insanity. It is the more striking in *her*, from the contrast it affords with her supposed callousness of character, and the haughty, masculine, I had almost said fiendish scorn of all those phantoms of guilt which her more human husband saw in advance. This is the proud and cruel mind which feared Macbeth's *softer nature* could never be worked up to the commission of the deed necessary to seat them on the throne:

yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
Thou wouldst holily: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win, etc. etc.

This is the sarcastic despiser of all that would impede her "from the golden round." This is the bloody tigress who with a deep, low joy, triumphed over the unsuspecting visit of her royal guest, king, and victim:

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

This is the cool, sagacious, strong-minded counsellor who urged on, advised, and superintended with a fatal firmness the dire and sacrilegious murder. This is she who, when her bad, weak husband shrank from the dangerous and horrible task imposed upon him, heaped him with contemptuous reproaches—scorching ridicule, and infidel remonstrances. This is the haughty insulter of heaven—the self-confident derider of things holy—(the scorner of God, the sneerer at virtue.) Where are now her high bearing—her bitter taunts—her bold conception, her daring courage—the strong nerve that neither earth nor heaven could shake? Where is the hand that drugged the "possets" of the "surfeited grooms"—that "laid the daggers ready"—that, scorning the childish fear of a dead face, took itself the bloody weapons back to their places? Where is the fearless tongue that hooted and laughed at the terrors of Macbeth; and that, on returning from placing back the daggers and from smearing the faces of the grooms, (triumphantly showing the hands dripping with gore) sternly said—

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My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white!

There she stands — the same being, successful in her guilt — in the full possession of all for which the work was done — unpunished — undiscovered — unquestioned — disturbed by nothing but the eye of God. Behold guilt with all that earth can give of power and exemption — the terrified maid on one side — the watchful doctor on the other — herself confessing, under a torture more awful than that of the rack, the bloody secret of her soul, and the physician *taking notes* of what falls from her lips! Behold guilt! in its castle — surrounded by its guards, with all the sources of earthly pleasure at its command.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.
Lady. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!
Doct. Do you mark that?

Here is the dream of the past scene on the night of the murder mingling with the subsequent stings of conscience — hours and days floating through her distempered imagination at the same moment — the cruel purpose, the atrocious execution — the actual presence of the fatal event, with its unrelenting determination, and guilty hope and the trembling terrors of future remorse and fear — all together — all crowding at once upon the mind, in those capricious fragments of reality which unite with such terrible probability in the solemn hour of sleep. The "damned spot" is the first — the predominant and blasting thought; the horrible fixed phantom preying on her mind. Wash as she may, the red trace will not out. She has continued in this "accustomed action with her" a quarter of an hour at a time — striving and striving — rubbing and rubbing — and dwelling upon the hour of her guilt, till the constant contemplation of it has driven her mad. Amid all the charms, the long-promised, dearly-prized charms of royalty — with the golden round at length upon her brow — at all hours of the day and night — in the sunshine and in the darkness — in solitude and at the banquet — this spot, this "damned spot," is there — always there — and so she is destined to go on, vainly rubbing and rubbing, to her grave.

One, two.

She hears over again the clock telling the hour of that dreadful night.

Why, then 'tis time to do't.

Here is the *habit* of sin. She is committing the deed over again.

Hell is murky!

In her imagination her ghastly, staggering lord is at her side uttering this exclamation in fear, which she repeats in scorn.

Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?

But as she speaks, the deed is already long done. She is still with the trembling, spiritless, haggard partner of her crime, and seems to address him with one of those unnatural sickly flickerings of consolation and peace which only render more visible the surrounding despair.

What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account.

A sad comfort at the best, but ominously significant on the lips of this woman, at the very moment when the springs of her life are giving way under the mere load of guilty recollection. But instantly she is transported back again to the fatal hour. She is gazing upon the pale face of the butchered old king, weltering in gore. She sees all things stained, dripping, flooded — and with that kind of awful composure which one feels often in a great crisis, she pauses to make a remark of wonder:

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

These sudden transportations from place to place — from time to time — to and fro — backward and forward — is a perfect representation of the shifting changes, the starts and fragments of a rolling dream.

The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What! will these hands ne'er be clean! No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that; — you will mar all with this starting.

Here another awful deed of her husband flashes across her recollection. But still rubbing, still toiling — still with a perseverance which shows how frightfully she is under the dominion of horror at her crime, she is striving and ever striving to efface its mark, and through all with the perception that it is in vain. Then she is at the banquet, where Macbeth's phrenzy conjures up the ghost of Banquo, and half betrays them.

The Doctor has now seen and heard enough to show him the nature of the secret which is destroying the life of his patient, and his horror overflows immediately in a sort of confidential communication with the waiting woman.

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.
Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.
Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!
Doctor. What a sight is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.
Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Here we have the moral of this grand mighty scene. Guilt — successful guilt — guilt in the bosom of a scoffer — an atheist — a blasphemer — guilt in the strongest impersonation of earthliness — of nerve — courage — self-confidence — power, philosophy — profound sense, and a high order of human genius. Lady Macbeth had obviously all these. She impresses you powerfully with a haughty superiority over every one around her. She would do to lead an army — to defend a citadel. Her mind is that of a Spartan dame — or a Roman matron: and the courage and understanding she displays are such as, if rightly used, if guided by the spirit of virtue and religion, might have elevated her to the dignity of a great historical heroine. None can rationally hope to bear up by philosophy and strength of intellect alone, against the

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consciousness of sin, if Lady Macbeth, in those rude times, could not.

Here, then, we have successful guilt. Painted by a historian, perhaps she might have excited the envy of the lowly. We should have seen her surrounded by splendor and luxury. The glittering crown upon her brow — a circle of courtiers bending around her — as she presided at state councils or gay banquets. The historian would have shown her situation, and we might have exclaimed, "see how guilt triumphs." But Shakspeare gives us a view into her heart — her secret thoughts — her midnight dreams. If any thing could heighten the picture as he had previously drawn it, it would be these few words, "*Here's the smell of the blood still.*" The *smell* of the blood! How deeply imbued is her imagination with the ideal! The heart sickens at it. Great as has been the crime, we are compelled to acknowledge that the poet has at a glimpse shown us the process of a penalty as great, and, with a sweetness of art peculiar to him and nature, has mingled, with our abhorrence which would be too violent by itself, a certain touch of sympathy and when that beautiful and heart-rending exclamation falls with almost the last life-drops from her utterly subdued and crushed heart —

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

We pity and utter a prayer for mercy which the guilty lips of the sufferer dare not form themselves.

The remark of the gentleman is as applicable to a *class* of characters as that of Lady Macbeth.

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

This is the voice of innocence — lowly, self-congratulating innocence. The humble dependant of the royal household is made to feel the immeasurable advantage a peaceful conscience affords over all the passing and hollow gauds of the world. She sees what a mockery are rank, wealth, power, fame — when bought by the sacrifice of that greatest of all treasures — a quiet heart. She will go gladly, after this — that honest lady, on her obscure path, turning to her God with a deeper reverence and love. She will pour out her heart to him in gratitude that she has escaped the temptations of life thus far, and humbly implored him to watch continually over her steps, to strengthen her good resolutions, to teach her to subdue her passions, and to lead her safely through the pit-falls of her mortal pilgrimage.

It seems almost impossible to carry the scene farther, but the poet does so.

The mind of the reader, stretched to a too strong tension, is relieved by the few, broken yet calm expressions of the two watches whose health and hearts' ease also afford a contrast which sets off more strikingly the state of the wretched lady thus floating by us like a rudderless wreck sweeping onward with a resistless current to the brink of some vast cataract or yawning and unfathomless Maelstrom.

The doctor's "Well, well, well, —" shows embarrassment the result of amazement. He scarcely knows what to do. He, also, has now become the possessor of an astounding and dangerous secret, and he might well be supposed to hesitate as to the proper course to pursue. He does not seem decided to acknowledge the full extent of his conviction, yet he cannot deny that the patient is not to be cured by his medicine. He does not seem inclined to enter upon any confidential interchanges of opinions with the gentlewoman. He is, in all things, the man of the world — the professional man and the courtier. The very air he breathes he may imagine full of eyes and ears. He may be no more inclined to trust the gentlewoman than she had been to trust him. Guilt, gloom, and danger preside over the blood-stained castle, and envelope the principal inmates — while suspicions, fear and silent watchfulness are hugged to the anxious bosom of each distrustful servant. The doctor's "Well, well, well" — is a kind of mask to hide what is passing in his mind: and the gentlewoman with less art, equal prudence and more piety, ventures only upon the awe-struck prayer,

Pray God, it be, sir!

The doctor then confesses,

This disease is beyond my practice!

But instantly avoids even the appearance of *committing* himself by the cautious reserve —

Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

What a picture of a tyrant's castle. These trembling slaves dare neither of them express an opinion or confess they have seen what they are seeing — even to each other in the silence and solitude of the night.

The dream of the haunted lady now quickens its flow. She is back again at the murder scene whose successful completion has gratified all her worldly hopes and ambition, and at the same time blasted her mind and soul.

Hear her nervous, convulsed reiteration of the minutest incident of that too well remembered hour.

Wash your hands, put on your night-gown;

Then the dream shifts once more.

I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Then back to the night of the murder.

To bed — to bed. There's *knocking at the gate.* Come, come, come, come. Give me your hand, what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
Exit Lady Macbeth.

And thus, as from the new commission of a frightful crime, she returns to her bed, there to tremble — and writhe and dream — and act over again and again the bloody drama.

Doctor. Will she now go to bed?
Gent. Directly.

Then the doctor, apparently excited out of his usual reserve, utters the thoughts which are passing in his mind.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows, will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician. —

And then, profoundly impressed and shocked with what he has witnessed and discovered, he adds:

God, God, forgive us all!

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This prayer, bursting involuntarily from the heart of a worldly man in the mere exercise of his profession, is very expressive of the effect the scene has had upon him. He immediately returns, however, to the business which keeps him in the castle, viz: the treatment of his patient, and he gives this sagacious advice to the gentlewoman: supposing very properly that a conscience so desperately diseased might attempt self-destruction.

Look after her;
Remove from her the *means of all annoyance*,
And still *keep eyes upon her*; — so, good night;
My mind she has mated,* and amaz'd my sight:
I *think*, but *dare not speak*.
GENT. Good-night, — good doctor.

Notwithstanding these injunctions, however, she succeeds in committing suicide. After her exit from this scene she appears no more. She could not, indeed, again come before our eyes without injuring the impression it has left. Her death is told in a way to harmonize with this impression and to leave the excited imagination at leisure to fill up the details to the last moment. Macbeth, desperate like a baited bull, is roaring a defiance of heaven and earth, for guilt has brutalized him perceptibly, when he is interrupted by "*a cry within, of women.*"

MACBETH. What is that noise?
SEYTON. It is the cry of woman, my good lord.
MAC. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that *cry*?
SEY. The queen, my lord, is *dead*.

The signification of Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene is heightened by the contrast it affords to her proud overbearing demeanor in the earlier scenes of the play. There she is as bold as if, indeed, there were no God to supervise human affairs. When Macbeth, his dripping hands at length burthened with a now irreparable murder, finds himself appalled and feels that, among the other disadvantages of the crime, he has "murdered sleep," "Macbeth shall sleep no more," "The innocent sleep," etc., etc., his lady is scarcely able to find words for her cool contempt of such weakness.

Why, worthy thane
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: — go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go. Carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
MAC. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think on what I have done.
Look out again I dare not.
LADY. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers:
The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures:
'Tis the *eye of childhood*, that fears *a painted devil*.
If he does bleed I'll gild the faces of the grooms withall
For it must seem their guilt.

Thus, braving heaven, denying God, laughing to derision the idea of conscience, and impiously promising that the blood may be washed from their hands with a *little water*, glorying in the butchery of the good old king, and accumulating murder upon murder, she rushes on her fate, and, like all who oppose the Creator and Judge of the Universe, is dashed to pieces.

* "My mind she has *mated*." This expression is supposed to be taken from chess playing. She has *confounded* my mind.

THE GLAD RETREAT.

BY B. G. SQUIRE.

Beneath an elm, a green old elm,
I raised a rustic seat,
The boughs low bending o'er my head,
The green grass at my feet.
A little streamlet dancing by,
With voice so clear and sweet;
The air-spirit's low and mournful sigh —
Oh, 'twas a glad retreat!

And often at the dewy morn,
Just when the earliest ray,
That from the chariot of the sun,
Betokened coming day —
I'd hie me to my glad retreat,
To that old elm I'd stray,
And by that rude and rustic seat,
I'd kneel me down and pray.

And at the sultry hour of noon,
I'd seek the cooling shade,
And listen to the murmuring sound
That little streamlet made.
And watched the bright birds glancing through
The branches, old and young —
And wondered as they gaily flew,
What was the song they sung.

But time has passed, those days are gone,
Ay, more, long years have fled —
And lying o'er that little brook,
A withered trunk and dead.
But memory often wanders back,
On Fancy's pinions free —
I'll ne'er forget the rustic seat
Beneath the old elm tree!

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THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

THE CONCLUSION.

The cool breath of morning was blowing through the open casement, when I awoke on the ensuing day, and as the wind dallied with the curtains of my bed and kissed my fevered brow, I felt an exhilaration of spirits which no one can fully appreciate who has not experienced the torture of a bed of sickness.

My dreams had been pleasant during my repose, for they were of Beatrice. Overcome by exhaustion, I had sank into a slumber almost immediately after my faint attempt to address her; but I knew not how long I slept; for, although it was now early morning, I had no means of telling at what hour I had awoke the day before. No one appeared to be stirring in the room. The mild light of an October sun lay in rich masses on the carpet, while occasionally the brown vine leaves outside the casement, would rustle pleasantly in the breeze. How I gazed on the patch of blue sky discernible through that open window — how I longed to be wandering free and uncontrolled over the rich plains and up the glowing hill-sides that stretched away before the vision. Oh! there is nothing so glorious to the sick man as a sunny morning. At this instant a bird whistled outside the casement. How my blood danced at the lightsome tone! A succession of dreamy, delicious feelings floated through my soul, and I lay for some moments motionless, but dissolved in gratitude.

I raised myself feebly up, and faintly pushing aside the curtain, strove to obtain a survey of my apartment. At length my thoughts reverted to my situation. When I lost my consciousness, I was on a deserted deck — now I was lying in a spacious apartment, in perfect security. Who could explain this mystery? It was a rich, even luxurious room. The furniture was of the costliest and most tasteful pattern, and the arrangement of the different articles was made with an artist's eye to the keeping — if I may so speak — of the whole. A stand just in front of me held a bouquet of fresh flowers, which, from their rarity, must have come from some green house. On the opposite wall hung a glorious picture of the Madonna, with her golden hair and beatified countenance, gazing down, with that smile which Raphael has made immortal, on the infant on her knee. A dim recollection floated through my brain that I had seen that smile before, only the features which then accompanied it, had been like those of Beatrice, rather than of the picture. Suddenly that angel face I had seen in my dream, flashed on me. I knew it all now. It had been, while gazing on this divine portrait in my delirium, that my fancy had imagined it the face of Beatrice, smiling down upon me from the clouds.

It was evident that Beatrice had some connexion with my present situation, for I was convinced that I had seen her the preceding day. Where was she now? — How long had I been sick in this place? — And in what manner was she I loved involved in my rescue, were questions that continually forced themselves on my mind, until my still weak brain began to be dizzy with the mystery. Putting my hands to my brow I strove to drive away such thoughts; but they only returned with ten-fold force. I would have risen to solve the mystery, but my strength proved inefficient to the task, and I sank back on my pillow. A half hour must thus have passed, when I heard a light footstep on the carpet, and in an instant my heart was throbbing, and the blood dancing in my veins. In a moment I should see Beatrice again. I gazed in the direction whence the sound of the steps proceeded, and the name of her I adored was already trembling on my lips, when a hand gathered back the curtain, and I saw, not Beatrice, but an elderly French woman, whose dress bespoke her a nurse. Never did a way-worn pilgrim, fancying he beheld the minaret of the holy city in the distance, gaze on a *mirage* with more disappointment than I did on the countenance of my visitor. But my curiosity soon triumphed over my disappointment. Perhaps she read my thoughts, for a smile of equivocal meaning gradually stole into the corners of her mouth as she returned my gaze. She was the first to speak:

"Is Monsieur better?" she inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "I am almost well — sufficiently so, at least, to feel curiosity. In a word, how and when did I come here? Who am I to thank as my preserver?"

"Monsieur has more questions to ask than even a Parisian *grisette* could answer," she replied, evasively. "Besides, his physician says he must be kept quiet. I can only tell him for the present that he is in France. Let him be patient and he shall soon know all. He is at any rate among friends, and when he gets stronger he shall hear his story from other lips than mine."

As this was accompanied with a meaning smile that

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left no doubt on my mind to whom she alluded, and as she seconded her words by drawing the curtains together as if to retire, I was fain to be content. In addition to this moreover, I felt that I had already exerted myself sufficiently in conversation, for my brain was dizzy with the few words I had spoken. So I closed my eyes, and, like one wearied out with toil, in a few minutes was asleep.

Several days elapsed, during which I saw no one but the nurse, and now and then a servant or two in a rich livery, who brought in the tray. To all my inquiries I received the same answer, until at length, unbounded as was my curiosity, I gave over the attempt, comforting myself with the conviction that, in a day or two more, I should hear my story from the loved lips of Beatrice herself.

At length I was able to sit up, and when the formal old physician appeared, he announced to me with a meaning smile, that he would now permit me to receive visitors. He added that my host and hostess were anxious to pay their compliments in person, and had only been prevented hitherto from doing so by my extreme weakness, and his express commands. All this had an air of mystery about it which, however, I had not time to unravel, for the physician had scarcely ceased speaking when the door opened and my entertainers entered, announced by a servant in a rich livery. I started and crimsoned to the brow, but a hasty glance assured me that Beatrice was not there. The wonder increased,—but the physician left me no time for thought, for, advancing on the instant, he introduced my visitors to me formally as a Baron and Baroness de St. Allaire. They were both somewhat in years, at least past their prime, but their manners, apart from their former kindness to me, would have attracted me to them at once. The Baron was a stately Frenchman, of the school of *le grand monarque*, very formal, very dignified, but withal kind hearted. His lady possessed one of the most benignant countenances I ever recollect to have seen. Her smile was peculiarly sweet. Her years sat on her lightly, and with all the propriety of her age she had all the liveliness of youth. It was not long, therefore, before I was perfectly at ease. The Baron expressed his satisfaction at my rapid improvement for the better, complimented himself on his good fortune in being my host, hoped that I found the prospect from my window pleasant, and all this, too, with a formality, yet an affability that realized my idea of the old French chevalier. His lady was less precise, and consequently more winning. She conversed even gaily, and on a variety of subjects, all, however, having a bearing on my illness. Yet, with a tact which I could not but admire, she avoided every allusion to the means by which I had become her guest, reminding me of a skilful advocate in a bad cause, always hovering about but never approaching the issue. A quarter of an hour was thus spent and I had determined to relieve my eager curiosity by broaching the subject myself at the first pause in the conversation, but, as if anticipating my design, the Baroness suddenly rose, and still continuing her gay remarks, fairly complimented herself out of the room before I had a chance to speak without violating all etiquette by interrupting the good lady. I fancied, as she closed the door with an "adieu, Monsieur," that there was malice in her provoking smile, betokening a lurking consciousness that she had outwitted me. At first I was half disposed to feel angry, it was so evident that my curiosity was trifled with. My patience nearly gave way at these continued disappointments. Yet I had nothing at which I could rationally get displeased. It was in vain for me to feel angry—my discomfiture had been too adroitly managed—and at length I fairly burst into a laugh at my own expense.

"You are pleased to be merry," said a silvery voice behind me, and a low glad laugh that rung through the chamber like fairy music, echoed my own. I started up at once. I knew I could not be mistaken. The next moment Beatrice was in my arms.

The rapture of that re-union I shall not attempt to portray. If my readers have been young, and after having been separated for years from the one they loved, have met her as their preserver, they can appreciate my feelings. I draw a veil over the sacred emotions of that interview. Nor will I repeat the thousand questions which were asked and answered almost in the same breath.

It was some ten minutes before Beatrice narrated the circumstances which had transpired since I parted with her in Charleston. Nor did she, even when she began, give me a connected account. There were too many questions to be asked, and too many inquiries to be answered, all growing, it is true, out of her story, but all sadly at variance with the course of the narration, to permit a continuous tale. At length, however, I learned all, or nearly all, for there were a few things which the dear girl did not tell me until long after,—and even then not without a blush at her avowal.

My first inquiry was about her own fortunes, but she would not answer me until I had told her how I came on the wreck, and she had acquainted me with the manner of my rescue. I will give it in her own words.

"When you lost your consciousness you were, I fancy, nearer to aid than you imagine, for a French privateer that was hovering along the coast discovered the wreck, and making for it rescued you, almost exhausted it is true, but still retaining life. You were insensible, and well nigh frozen to death. But the exertions of your preservers finally restored you to life, though not to consciousness. You fell into a raging fever in which you raved in a constant delirium. The captain of the privateer, having occasion to put into port the following day, brought you on shore, and suspecting you to be an Englishman from your language, unfeelingly consigned you to the common jail hospital, among the poorest and most degraded of human beings. There you lay the whole of the ensuing night, scarcely tended even by the callous nurses of those establishments. No one knew your name; your dress was not a uniform; and death was rapidly approaching to consign you to an un-

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known grave. But Providence did not will that such should be your fate. An all-seeing eye beheld you; an omnipotent arm interposed to save you. And the means of your preservation were so fortuitous as to seem almost those of chance. The confessor of the Baroness was in the habit of visiting the prison—for we reside but a short drive from the town—and while giving consolation to one of those miserable wretches—oh! I shudder to think that you were once there—he heard a sick man in a neighboring ward raving of a name," and here the dear girl covered her face in confusion, "which was familiar to him. Need I say it was mine? He listened, and heard enough to satisfy him that you were acquainted with me. He made inquiries, learned how you came there—and you can imagine the rest."

"That I was brought here and saved from death," said I, looking fondly into Beatrice's face. "But you have not told me how you came here, or what tie exists between you and our hostess."

"Oh! she is my cousin. I spent some years here in early childhood. But to tell my story I must go back to when we last parted in Charleston."

"Very well. I listen."

"You know," sweetly began Beatrice, "how much I feared, when you were in Charleston, that my uncle would make himself obnoxious to the colonial authorities, and endanger perhaps his life. You knew also, that he seemed resolved to bring about a union betwixt his son and myself. The necessity of obtaining my uncle's sanction to my marriage under the penalty of forfeiting my fortune, weighed but lightly with me, for I knew his hostility to you to be unjust. Yet, as the representative of my deceased parent, I wished, if possible, to win Mr. Rochester's sanction. His persevering determination to unite me to his son prevented all hope of this; and it was not long after our parting that I saw he would never consent to my becoming the bride of any one but his heir. Besides, he grew every day more openly hostile to the colonies. Unjust as I felt he was to me, I yet loved him as my mother's brother, and I trembled for his life. But death suddenly interposed and calmed my fears, only however to awaken my grief. In the grave I buried my wrongs. I saw in him then only my protector in a strange land—my nearest living relative—the one with whom my sainted mother had spent her childhood.

"My uncle's decease at once changed my fortunes. The only impediment to my enjoyment of my father's estate was now removed, and I was free to bestow my hand on whomsoever I wished. My cousin renewed his offer, at a decent interval after his father's death, but, need I say, I courteously yet firmly refused it. My longer stay in Charleston was now a matter of delicacy, for I had no relatives there except the family of Mr. Roohester, and they naturally viewed my decision with feelings more favorable to my cousin than to myself. Under these circumstances I availed myself of an opportunity that just then presented to sail for this country, where my relative the Baroness, with whom I had spent some years in childhood, resided. She had continued in correspondence with me ever since, and had urged me in every letter to visit her, even if I could not come and make my home with her. Little did I think that I should meet you under the circumstances in which I did."

I have little more to add. Of the letters which I had written to Beatrice some miscarried, some were lost in captured ships, and a few reached her months after they had been penned. Her answers came with even more irregularity, for since the day we had parted in Charleston I had received but a solitary epistle from her. Now, however, every disappointment was amply redressed. She sat beside me with her hand in mine, and her soft eyes looking smilingly up into my face.

"But why," said I at length, "was so much mystery preserved respecting your presence here? And why, after I had recognized you on my first awaking from delirium, did you order the nurse—for you only could have done so—to avoid all mention of your name, to conceal from me in whose house I was?"

"That was a scheme adopted as much from the orders of the physician as from any other motive. He feared that the least agitation would bring back your fever, and he enjoined secresy on the nurse, as the surest way to keep you composed."

I would have said how much he had failed of success had I not been too full of happiness to condemn even a formal old physician.

The period of my convalescence is one written on my inmost heart in characters never to be obliterated. Oh! those were delicious hours. With Beatrice beside me I would sit gazing out on the sunny landscape beneath the window, or wander through the rich garden which surrounded the chateau. Or perhaps she would ply her needle while I would read to her. And then she would sing some of the old songs of her native land. And by and by the Baroness would come in, and with her ever sunny mind join in the conversation. Years, long eventful years, have passed since then, and God knows too many of those I loved are now in their graves, but the memory of that fortnight of happiness never fails to restore gladness to my heart even in its utmost sorrow.

But I have too long forgotten the little Fire Fly. It will be recollected that I had left Holland with the intention of joining my old commander at Paris, and I now seized the earliest opportunity of communicating my present situation to him by letter. A reply soon arrived by which I learned that, although the Fire Fly had been condemned, a brig had been chartered, and that he intended returning to America with his officers and most of his crew in her. They had been in the greatest anxiety respecting my fate, and had finally given me up for lost. The letter informed me that the day of sailing had been fixed, and that before I could return an answer the brig would have broke ground. My old commander ended by hoping that I might soon be able to rejoin him in the United States—although he added a gay postscript to say that he understood there was great probability of my choosing another mistress than glory.

Meanwhile I slowly recovered, and as every ob-

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stacle to my union with Beatrice was now removed, I did not hesitate to press the dear girl to name an early day for the realization of our nuptials. With a thousand blushes she referred me to the Baron and his lady, promising in the softest whisper, as if she feared to trust herself to speak, to abide by their decision. Need I say how speedily I availed myself of the permission, or how warmly I petitioned for as short a delay as possible?

At length the day was named, and though I was condemned to wait a whole month, in the company of Beatrice it glided away almost insensibly.

The morning at length dawned. It was a bright sunny day in early winter, and never shall I forget the cheery sound of the village bells ringing to announce my approaching nuptials. The air was keen and frosty; not a cloud was in the sky; the brown woods fairly glowed in the sunlight; and, in a word, had I chosen the day a more fitting one could not have been selected. My lady readers may expect a description of the dress of the bride, the carriage, the feast, and a thousand other things, but as I am no Sir Charles Grandison, I shall pass them over without comment. I will only say that Beatrice—my own Beatrice at last—never looked lovelier than when she descended to the room, where we were all awaiting her, on that marriage morn. The smile, the blush, the look of unreserved affection as her eye was raised timidly to my face and then dropped, I shall never forget. The Baron gave her away, the nuptial vow was said, and with a tumult of feelings I cannot describe, I pressed her to my bosom, a wife. A tear was on her cheek, but I kissed it holily away.

We remained in France for nearly a year after our union, and even after that prolonged stay, could hardly tear ourselves from the Baron and his lady. But the prospect of peace daily growing stronger we availed ourselves of the kind offer of the French monarch, and sailed for America in one of our allies' frigates. I never, however, served again, for the war was in fact terminated, but thereafter I spent my life in the bosom of my family.

As the magician after having summoned up and marshalled before him a phantasmagoria of shadowy figures, at length perceives them fading from his sight, and, conscious that the spell is fast departing, lays down his rod, so we, approaching to the end of our task, find that the charm is beginning to lose its power, and that the beings we have conjured up are melting rapidly from our vision. Even now they seem to us only as a dream. Yet there is one glimpse more afforded to us before the magic curtain falls on them forever. It is that of a happy fireside and a smiling circle around it. Nor are the principals in that domestic scene wholly unfamiliar to us, for in the mild eyes and Madonna-like countenance of the one, and in the well-known face and embrowned features of the other, we recognize two of those who have figured as the chief personages in our story. Years have not impaired the beauty of Beatrice, for they have fallen as light on her as blossoms. But she is not now alone in her loveliness, for at her knee is one, like and yet unlike her, younger but not more beautiful, gayer but with scarcely less sweetness. Need we say of whom the group is composed?

And now, reader, let me drop my disguise and come before you in my own character as

HARRY DANFORTH.

HE WOO'D ME AT THE FOUNTAIN.

BY A. M'MAKIN.

He woo'd me at the fountain,
When the moon shone bright above,
And with the murmuring of the stream,
He pledged his vows of love.
I bade him to my father hie,
The pleasing tale to tell,
Then seek again the fountain sheen,
Down in the sylvan dell.

He woo'd me in the bower,
When the songsters fill'd the grove,
And with the dove's soft tones he sigh'd
His ardent tale of love.
I bade him seek my mother's side,
Her blessing first to win,
Then claim me for his chosen bride,
The trellised bower within.

He woo'd me at the festal,
Where music reigned supreme,
And 'mid the revel wild and light
He breath'd his chosen theme;
Yet all unbless'd I could not yield
To man the heart's rich mine,
Or falsely dash the holy light
From filial duty's shrine.

At length 'twas at the altar,
'Neath the organ's pealing sound,
He sought again my trembling hand,
While friends were smiling round;
No more I bade him others seek,
Or waved him from my side:
With blushes mantling o'er my cheek,
I knelt his happy bride.

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THE STOLEN MINIATURE.

BY MRS. E. F. NICHOLS.

"The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more." *Othello.*

It was near midnight, on one of the beautiful summer evenings that brood over our Western Land, as some fair spirit hovers near to Paradise — and which can be realized only by those who have witnessed them — that one of the numerous strangers that throng the waters of "La Belle Riviére," paused on its upward course before a small town which lay upon the banks of the aforesaid stream. When the boat had effected a landing, a few passengers, who either blind to the charms of Morpheus, or more allied to those of sundry packs of cards, that strewed the tables of the "social hall," stepped upon shore to enjoy a moonlight view of the village. Among the number, was a group of three individuals, who, withdrawing from the rest, strolled carelessly along one of the principal streets, until they arrived at a cross, turning down whose short but secluded walk, several large buildings, evidently the residences of the most wealthy portion of the inhabitants, were situated. As they passed into this beautiful and peaceful retreat, a slight whispering, which presently broke forth into loud and angry words, disturbed the slumbering echoes of the night.

"I tell you, Layton, it is impossible! I will not — cannot do it!"

"Spoken like a fool, and a milksop, as you are; there is a way to stop your whining scruples, and curse me if I'll not show it you."

Quick as thought, the first speaker turned, and confronting his companion, exclaimed in a voice trembling with passion,—"Ay, there *is* a way to rouse the sleeping devil, even in my *coward* frame; but your threats fall regardless on my ear, while I have this good blade to protect me,"—and a long glittering Bowie-knife flashed beneath the soft rays of the harvest moon.

"By Heavens! I believe you both to be mad! Put up your knife, Bradley, and you, Layton, keep your infernal tongue within your teeth, unless you want to have this goodly town about our ears." This soothing speech was spoken by the third, and hitherto silent companion; and while the altercation is progressing in lower tones, you, my gentle reader, shall have a Daguerreotype sketch of at least one of the party.

Bradley Spencer was the son of one of the most wealthy and aristocratic planters in Louisiana, but maternal affection he never knew, at least was not conscious of it, his mother having been snatched away in his childhood, by one of the fearful epidemics peculiar to that portion of the South. His father, a high-principled, noble-minded man, richly endowed with the warm blood and chivalrous feelings of the Southerner, having thus lost that which he considered as the better part of life, gave his undivided heart to this "sole scion of his stock," and for his boy's sake, no second lady darkened his halls, or cast a shadow over the golden sunlight of the young heir's youthful existence. Thus fondly nurtured and cherished, every wish indulged to the utmost, the young Bradley grew apace; but, with all his paternal prejudice, the elder Spencer could not but note the wavering acts and vacillating mind of his darling boy, betokening, even in youth, the indecision of the man. With prophetic sorrow, he saw the consequences entailed on one, who, ever willing to follow, had no projects to offer, or will of his own, to oppose those of others. To eradicate this "crying evil," the boy was sent, at the age of fifteen, to college. There, at least, argued the parent, he will learn independence of thought and expression. But how widely was he mistaken! An universal favorite among his class-mates, winning "golden opinions" from all, by his pliant disposition, and suavity of manners, and being allowed an unlimited sum for his passing expenditures, he bore the palm, and reigned any thing but a despot, over his more firmly-minded companions. It is not our intention to follow him through the mazes of college life, and we pass in silence over the four succeeding years, when at the age of nineteen, he was re-called, to receive the last blessing and injunctions of a dying father. Still true to his erroneous system of indulgence, Mr. Spencer left his property to the undivided control of his son, fondly imagining, that unlimited sway would overcome the imbecile principles of youth, and teach him that firmness of mind, and stability of purpose, so essential to manhood.

Youth is the season of luxury and enjoyment. Joy is evanescent; and grief, in the young bosom, is but the sudden o'ercasting of a summer sky; the cloud passes away, and the bow of promise is bent in the now smiling heavens. Thus was it with Bradley's grief; a few short weeks in New Orleans did won-

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ders; they initiated him in the mysteries and delights of the gaming table; they did more: they introduced him to the lowest haunts of vice and infamy, cloaked, indeed, for the decoy of this rich windfall; but so thin and flimsy was the protecting veil of decency and morality, that any other than Bradley Spencer's eyes would have pierced the wily folds, and laid bare the monsters lurking behind them. Thus early possessed with the fatal passion of gaming, night after night saw the infatuated youth wound deeper and deeper in the toils of his betrayers. Mortgage after mortgage was given,—though not having a shadow of legality about them, they were accepted as eagerly by these human leeches, as the red gold for which they had sold their souls to perdition. The men with whom it was Spencer's fate to become connected, were most of them from thirty to forty years of age; wily, unprincipled villains, well calculated to govern the simple youth, whom they remorselessly plundered of all at his present command, and accepted his honor as pledge for the rest, when he should become of age. Nor were the months tardy in their flight. At the end of two short years, his property was formally yielded by his passive guardian, and the day that gave him house and land, stock and slave, saw him resign it to the fiends who had possessed him with a love of all that was degrading to human nature, and taught him to scoff at all who were truly poor and virtuous.

It is the same Bradley Spencer, kind reader, whose brief career we have endeavored to trace, that we left in the little village, with his knavish companions, who, fresh from the hiding places of loathsome vice, were intent on drawing the young man into yet greater depths of wickedness. But they struck upon the wrong chord—Spencer had been culpable, most culpable, it is true, but he was to himself his worst foe; he had not willingly injured others, but had been the dupe, in every instance. Thus, when his brutal comrade expressed his determination to *rob* one of the habitations before them, and urged his assistance, his nobler spirit that had slept so long, was aroused, and he gave vent to his feelings in the manner we have described.

Brief was their consultation, and the arguments they held with him bade fair to be of no avail, until the elder and more polite villain, declared that Bradley could not now withdraw in honor, as they should suspect he meant to betray them; that they would not require his assistance, if he had any *foolish* prejudice to the contrary; but he should accompany them, as a mere looker-on. Without pausing for an answer, he passed his arm in that of the young man's, and followed by Layton, they stepped into a small yard, at the gable end of one of the mansions. There, a window had been left open by the unsuspecting inmates, for the benefit of the air. Springing lightly in, he was followed by the others. Groping their way by the light of a dark lantern, which Layton pulled from the bosom of his coat—thus showing himself perfectly *au fait* in such proceedings—they ascended a staircase, and pausing in a long passage, bade Bradley be watchful, and give a low whistle upon the slightest alarm. The two less scrupulous ruffians then pursued their way down the passage. What Spencer's reflections would have been, he had not leisure to ascertain, for, fancying he heard a low breathing, like one in deep slumber, he turned and discovered, by the light of the moon, which was streaming in a window near, a door, the which, on applying his hand, yielded to the impulse. Impelled by curiosity, or some more definable feeling, he stepped softly into the room. A night-lamp was burning dimly upon a table, near a small couch, where, in her bright and youthful loveliness, slept a fair girl. Scarce had the breath of sixteen summers passed over the clear brow that lay upturned in its marble whiteness, for

"Death's twin-sister, sleep,"

weighed down the veined lids, the long dark lashes of which rested on the faintly-tinged cheek beneath. As Spencer turned from this unexpected vision, his glance fell on a small book, that lay open on the table. Some light pencil-mark, that pointed to an admired passage, drew his attention. As he bent to read, his brow crimsoned, and his frame trembled with emotion. It was a volume of the ill-fated Shelley's Poems, open at "Adonais," and as he read

"Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee,
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,"

a full sense of his degradation, and how he had "fallen from his high estate," rushed upon his stricken heart, and feelings that had slumbered long, were now fully awakened by the thrilling lines of the mystical poet, and the strange scene before him. As he turned quickly to leave where his presence was a sacrilege, his attention was caught by a small miniature, one glance at which showed him the waking likeness of the sleeping beauty before him. Involuntarily catching it, he fled from the room, and giving the signal agreed upon, to his companions, the next moment saw them wending their way to the boat, which, having discharged the freight that detained her, was soon flying upon her onward course.

Three years had passed away, since Bradley Spencer, leagued with common thieves, accompanied them on their nefarious night expedition, in the little village already mentioned. Bradley Spencer, *then* the companion of gamblers and low debauchees, was *now* Henry Murray, the trusted head clerk of one of the most wealthy mercantile houses in New York. From the ever memorable night of the robbery, the wretched young man forsook his unworthy associates. "Remorse and self-contempt" did indeed cling to him, and despair and shame at first conquered his remaining energy. But the spirit was present with him; it only needed to be roused into action. He had parted with his last dollar, when he arrived in New York, and the change of name was decided on to soothe the pride that came to his aid after so long a time. Deprivations only rendered him stronger in his virtuous purposes, thus proving at once the false system of indulgence adopted by his parent.

Clement Archer, Esq., was a stern, unbending, business man. Strictly moral in his walk before men,

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he required all around him to show the same regard for the welfare of society. With a heart filled with benevolence, though veiled with an air of sternness, he received Bradley in his counting-house, as Henry Murray, knowing it to be a fictitious name, for Spencer scorned to impose on his benefactor in this respect, and though Bradley's past history was a sealed book which his employer never attempted to pry into, he could not help fancying some misdemeanor had driven the young man from his home and friends. He contented himself, therefore, by placing a strict watch upon his conduct, but after months had passed away, indeed, years, and saw Henry the same attentive, hard-laboring clerk he was at first, his patron took pleasure in showing him favor, and in placing the most unlimited confidence in him. Thus had the three years glided by. That Henry was comparatively happy, we admit, but many an agonizing night had passed, ere he acquired even this slight tranquility, and shall we confess it, kind reader? the stolen miniature, the witness of his involuntary crime, was cherished as a precious relic, for instead of serving to remind him of his errors, and fill him with shame, it was regarded as a mute angel, that had snatched him from ignominy and vice. And who could blame him for loving to look upon that fair countenance, with its deep and eloquent eyes forever speaking of the intellectual worth within? It was not so much the beautiful form of the features, that arrested the gaze, as the whole-soul expression that shone around them. Long would the infatuated youth gaze on the memento of his crime, but there was little penitence in his looks, and not one thought of sorrow for the grief the loss of it must have given the fair original, for enclosed in the back was a braid of dark hair, slightly silvered with grey, and beneath was engraved, "from a fond mother to her daughter, on her sixteenth birthday."

Bradley had carefully avoided every print which he thought would be likely to contain the intelligence of the robbery, and as no communication passed between himself and the perpetrators on this subject, he was consequently ignorant of the amount abstracted, or of the names of the sufferers.

It was a cold winter morning, when Mr. Archer suddenly entered his counting-house and ordered it to be immediately closed. On Henry's (for so must we call him) looking up, he perceived his friend's countenance was clothed with grief, and the fresh crape upon his hat told that death had been busy with his house. Bidding Henry, who was domesticated in his family, accompany him home, he informed him he had just received letters announcing the death of an only and well-beloved brother, and added, he was hourly expecting the arrival of an orphan niece, now committed to his charge. His companion asked no questions, for fear of stirring the fountain of grief afresh. On entering the drawing-room at night, he was presented to Miss Archer, but what was his surprise and consternation on lifting his eyes to her face, to see the fair sleeper before him! The face was paler than the miniature's, and wore a more chastened and somewhat older expression, for sorrow had indeed visited her. Both parents had slept their last sleep, since she slumbered so unconsciously in his presence. Stammering forth some faint apologies, Bradley left the room and the house, and who may say what wild visions thronged his restless couch that night!

Months glided away, and Mr. Archer beheld, with some slight misgivings, the growing intimacy between his niece and Henry. Not but that he would willingly have given her to his *protégé*, could the cloudy mystery which hung over the young man have been cleared to his satisfaction. But during the three years Henry had been with him, he had never received letter or communication, of any kind, from friend or foe. For a young man to stand so utterly alone, "looked strange," to say the least of it.

Entering the room one evening, where Miss Archer and Henry were sitting, her uncle, in a light and laughing tone, said,

"How is this, Emily? Young Dalton has been making serious complaints concerning the obduracy of heart of an ungrateful niece of mine. What has he done to provoke her displeasure? 'and why won't she wed?'"

"Nay, dear uncle, you know my heart and hand have long been pledged to the restorer of my miniature."

"And so my Emily stands pledged to a nameless robber! Would she like it to reach his ear through the walls of a prison?"

"Most sincerely do I hope he is free, for he must be a gentle ruffian, and having stolen naught but my picture, I can't find it in my heart to be very angry; the compliment, dear uncle, only think of the compliment!"

"Ay, but the compliment paid to your father was a little more costly, was it not?"

"With that I have nothing to do," replied Emily, blushing; "but I would willingly forgive the robber, would he restore my mother's gift," and the tears sprang to her eyes, at the mention of her loss. Mr. Archer saw her emotion, and said no more. But Bradley, how did he hear the secret? How often was he tempted, as he heard the beautiful and enthusiastic girl plead for him so eloquently, and regret the loss of what was so dear to her, to throw himself on her mercy and confess all, but happily he restrained his emotion, and soon after left the apartment.

"Now, gentlemen, while you are discussing your hot rolls and coffee, I will read this delightful retailer of news and scandal," exclaimed Miss Archer, on seating herself at the breakfast table, the morning succeeding the conversation already detailed. "Here is 'latest foreign news,' 'home affairs,' 'politics' and 'poetry;' which will you have? Ah! let me see; here is a mysterious affair:

'The Governor of Louisiana offers five hundred dollars reward to any person or persons, who will intimate any knowledge of the residence of one Bradley Spencer, or satisfactorily prove that the said Bradley is living. He having left New Orleans about three years since, in company with a party of gamblers, and not having since been heard of, it is feared by his friends that he has fallen a victim to the machinations of the said men, as through a confession

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lately made by one of the party, who was stabbed in an affray, Spencer will be restored his property, of which he was most nefariously deprived. Should this meet his eye, he is earnestly requested to return and take possession of the same."

As Emily read this paragraph in a clear, distinct voice, Mr. Archer fastened his eye on the young man who sat at his table. No power on earth could have controlled Bradley's emotions, and after the reader paused, Mr. Archer arose, and taking his hand, said,

"Be candid, Henry; whatever faults you have been guilty of, these last three years have expiated ——"

"You know not the half of my rash acts," passionately interrupted the young man; "you would both loathe and spurn me, were I to tell all; but I *will* perform one just act. Miss Archer," taking the miniature from his bosom, "here is the deity that has preserved me from sin, and before you stands the — robber!"

Both Mr. Archer and Emily were mute with surprise and amazement at this confession; but when they eagerly questioned him, and learned what he had to offer in extenuation, it is needless to say he was freely forgiven.

It is sufficient to add that Bradley recovered the major portion of his property, and as he gazes upon the generous and forgiving girl, who is now his bride, he invokes blessings on the being who, by the interposition of a Divine Providence, was the means of preserving him from the "gambler's fate."

VENICE.

"Oh! thou, that once was wedded to the sea —
Queen of the Adriatic — where are thy glories now?"

Oh Death! thy palaces are here,
Thy footsteps echo round,
And chills the heart with nameless fear
At that unearthly sound —
And Venice, at thy outer gate,
Sits widowed, bowed and desolate,
A queen, yet all discrowned,
With ashes heaped upon her head —
A mother waiting for her dead!

It was not thus in ages past
Oh! mistress of the sea,
When to the wind thy banner cast
Would rally forth the free —
It was not thus when ev'ry shore
From farthest Ind to Scylla bore
Its richest gifts for thee —
Nor thus when at Lepanti fell
The fiery hordes of Ishmael.

Thou saw'st proconsuls on the Rhone,
The Gaul beyond the Rhine,
The Cæsar on his eastern throne,
The English Alfred's line —
Thou saw'st the first and last crusade
And Florence in her shackles laid,
And Rome all drunk with wine,
And haughty Stamboul's overthrow
Before the blind old Dandolo.

Thou wast when Moslems ravaged Spain,
Thou saw'st Grenada fall, —
Thou wast when France received the Dane,
When murder reigned in Gaul, —
Thou wast before the Turk was known,
When Huns were on the Roman throne,
And England yet in thrall, —
And still, as nations rose and died,
Thy Titan front the world defied!

But now thou art all desolate,
The very mock of fame,
With nothing save thy fallen state,
Thy ruins, and — a name.
And silent are thy songs of mirth,
Thy form is prostrate on the earth,
Thy brow is white with shame —
Oh God! a harlot in her woe!
Did ever grandeur fall so low?

And waving from thy palace walls
The long grass rankly grows —
Lamenting, through its dull canals,
The sluggish water flows —
And 'neath the Lion of St. Mark —
That scourge of vanished empires — hark!
The tramp of Austrian foes.
How long, Oh! Venice, o'er thy grave
Shall jeer the coward and the slave?

I stand beside the Lion's mouth
And gaze across the sea,
The breeze is wafting from the south
No argosies to thee!
Thy hundred seers, thy fearful wars,
Are not, and shall not be again
While God is for the free!
Yet they a deathless name shall find,
A scorn, a hissing to mankind!

Go! let her moulder where she fell —
We only weep the brave —
Her destiny befits her well,
A traitor, then a slave, —
Betraying all, herself betrayed,
And smote by parricidal blade,
She sank into her grave —
Shall nations shed a tear for her
Whose life was Freedom's sepulchre?

B.

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THE MARRIAGE OF ACHILLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," ETC.

It was a day of Truce in the fair Troad! — the festival of the great Doric and Ionian God, sacred to either nation — it was a day of general peace, of general rejoicing! The ninth year of the war was far advanced toward its termination. Hector, the mighty prop of Troy, had fallen; yet did the Grecian host still occupy their guarded camp by the dark waters of the Hellespont; nor had the indomitable valor of the Goddess-born prevailed to level with the dust the towers of Troy divine. For fresh allies had buckled on their armor for the defence of Priam — Memnon, son of the morning, like his great rival half immortal, with his dark Coptic hosts, had rushed from the far banks of the giant Nile — ill-fated prince and hero! — rushed, but to swell the triumphs of the invincible Thessalian, to water with his life-blood the flowery pastures of the land he vainly hoped to save. Penthesilea, virgin queen of the man-defying virgins — fairest of earth's fair daughters — had left her boundless plains beside the cold Thermodon — had called her quivered heroines from warring with the mountain pard, and chasing the huge urus of the plain, to launch the unerring shaft and ply the two-edged axe against the sevenfold shield of Salamis, against the Pelian spear. Alas! not her did her unrivalled horsemanship, in which she set her trust — in which she might have coped successfully with the world-famed Bellerophontes — not her did her skill with the feathered reed avail, against the speed of him who left the winds behind in his career, whose might was more than human. She too lay prone before him — the dazzling charms of her voluptuous bosom revealed to the broad sunshine, as he tore off the jewelled cincture — tore off the scaly breastplate — the hyacinthine tresses, soiled in the gory dust — tresses wherewith she might have veiled her form even to the ankles, so copious was their flow! Oh she was beautiful in death — and avenged by her beauty! — For the fierce conqueror wept and bore her to his own pavilion, and hung enamored for long days over those fatal charms; and pressed the cold form to his fiery heart, and kissed with fervid lips the cold and senseless eyelids, the mouth that answered not to his unnatural rapture. The fate of Troy, as on the bravest of her sons, had fallen on the best of her allies — the fiat of the destinies had long ago gone forth — the fiat which the dwellers of Olympus, the revellers on Nectar and Ambrosia, — which Jove himself, although he were reluctant, must obey! The ancestral curse was on the walls of Ilium, and all who should defend them. They fell there one by one, valiant, sometimes victorious — Sarpedon, Cycnus fell — Memnon, Penthesilea? Yet falling they deferred the ruin which they might not avert — so Troy still stood, although her mightiest were down — and when the brazen cymbals of Cybele summoned her sons to battle, they still rushed forth in throngs, determined to the last and unsubdued; and with Deiphobus to lead — worthy successor of their mightier hero — they battled it still bravely on the plain, between the city and the sea.

But now it was all harmony and peace! — the spears were pitched into the yellow sand beside the Grecian galleys, or hung, each on its owner's wall, within the gates of Ilium. The plain, the whole fair plain, was crowded now — more densely crowded than it had ever showed, when in the deadliest fight the kindred nations mingled — for now not warriors only, but the whole population of the camp, the country and the town, traversed its grassy surface in gay and gorgeous companies. Gray headed men were there, counsellors and contemporaries of old Priam, eager to look upon the field whereon such exploits had been done — matrons come out to weep above the green graves of their sons and spouses, graves which till then they ne'er had visited, nor decked with votive garlands, nor watered with a tear — maidens in all the frolic mirth of their blythe careless youth, panting to gather flowrets from the green banks of Simois and Xanthus, Phrygian streams, to chase the gaudy butterfly, to listen to the carol of the bird — to drink in with enchanted ears the sylvan harmonies from which they had so long been shut within the crowded walls of the beleaguered city.

It was a wondrous spectacle — Yea! beautiful exceedingly! Men in those days were indeed images of the immortal — women, types of ideal loveliness! — many a form was there of youthful warriors, such as were models unto him who wrought from the inanimate rock of Paros, that breathing, deathless god, the slayer of the Python — many a girlish shape such as we worship in the poet's dream, Psyche, or Hebe, or Europa — many a full blown figure, ripe in the perfect luxury of womanhood, such as enchants the eyes, intoxicates the hearts, enthrals the souls, of all who look upon the Mediceam Venus. Then the rich oriental garbs — the half transparent robes of gauze-like Byssus, revealing *all* the symmetry, and *half*

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the delicate hues, of the rich charms they seemed to veil — the jewelled zones and mitres, the golden network, scarce restraining the downward sweep of the redundant ringlets! — the priests in stoles of purest snow, sandalled and crowned with gold! — the sacrificers in their garbs succinct — the spotless, flower-crowned victims! — the music — and the odors! — and the song! The wild exulting bursts of the mad Bacchic Dithyramb! — the statelier and more solemn chant, warbled by hundred tongues of boys and stainless virgins, in honor of the Pure, Immaculate God — the silver-bowed — the light-producer — the golden-haired, and yellow-sworded — the healer — the averter — the avenger! — son of Latona and of Jove — Delian and Thymbrian King! — the blast of the shrill trumpets, blent with the deep, deep roll of the Coryhantian drum, loud as the deafening roar of subterranean thunder, and the sharp clashing of the Cretan cymbal, and the shrill rattle of the systrum! the chariots and the coursers of the god! — chariots of polished brass, reflecting every beam of the broad Asiatic sun till they seemed cars of living flame — coursers of symmetry unmatched, snow-white, with full spirit-flashing eyes, and nostrils wide distended, trampling the flowery sod as if they were proud of their golden trappings, and conscious of the God their owner!

Far in a haunted grove, beneath the towering heights of Ida, where never yet, during the whole nine years of deadly strife, had the red hand of war intruded — far in a haunted grove, whither no beam of the broad day-god pierces even from his meridian height — so densely is it set with the eternal verdure of the laurel, high over-canopied by green immortal palm — so closely do the amorous vines embrace both palm and laurel weaving a vault of solid everlasting greenery — where the perpetual chant of the nightingale is mingled only with the faint sigh of the breeze that plays forever among the emerald alleys, and the sweet tinkling voice of the Thymbræan rill, cold from its icy cradle on the cloud-curtained hill of Jove — unvisited by feet of profane visitor, stands the secluded shrine of the Pure God — a circular vault of whitest Parian marble, reared on twelve Doric shafts, their pedestals and bases of bright virgin gold. Beneath the centre of the dome is placed a circular altar of the same chaste materials, wrought with the most superb reliefs, descriptive of the birth, the exploits, and the histories of the great Deity — and in a niche immediately behind it — the Deity himself — the naked limbs — all grace and youthful beauty — the swell of the elastic muscles, the life-like, almost breathing protrusion of the expanded chest — the swan-like curvature of the proud neck, the scornful curl of the almost girlish lips, the wide indignant nostril, the corded veins of the broad forehead from which the clustered locks stream back, waved as it were by some spiritual breath prophetic, the lightning glance of the triumphant eye shot from beneath the brows half bended in a frown, proclaimed the Python killer — the Boy-god now in the flush of his first triumph! — The fierceness kindled by the perilous strife was not yet faded from the eye — yet he smiles, scornfully smiles, at the very ease with which he has prevailed over his dragon foe!

A dim religious twilight reigned through that solemn shrine; it would have been a solemn darkness, but for the pencils of soft emerald-colored light, which streamed down here and there full of bright wandering motes, among the tangled foliage — and for the pale transparent glow soaring up from the marble altar, whereon fed by the richest spices and the most generous wine, the sacred flame played to and fro, lambent and imitative of the lights that stud the empyrean.

Splendid, however, as was the picture offered by the interior of the shrine, decked with all those appliances that operate most strongly on the mind, or at least on the imaginative portion of the mind of man — pervading all the senses with a calm, sweet, luxurious languor — filling the soul with strange voluptuous fantasies — half poetry, half superstition; yet infinitely were all the splendors, all the elegance of the spot surpassed by the transcendant majesty of those who stood around the altar.

On the right hand and left, next to the statue of Apollo, ministered the chief pontiffs of that solemn and mysterious deed; they were both old, even beyond the usual old age of mortals, yet perfectly erect and stately in their forms — their long locks were indeed of perfect silvery whiteness, their wide expanded foreheads wrinkled with many a line and furrow, their lips pale as ashes, their whole complexion bloodless! — yet did their eyes beam out from the deep cavernous recesses of their sockets with a wild and spirited brilliance that savored not a little of the unearthly light of inspiration; and their whole air and bearing went far to denote that their long years had nought diminished the pervading powers of the soul, though they had wasted not a little the mere mortal clay; but rather had given freer scope to the far-darting mind, in limiting the operations of the coarser matter.

Their robes were white immaculate linen, and they wore chaplets of the green bay tree on their heads, and carried sceptres in their hands of gold, enwreathed with sprays of laurels, and bound with woollen fillets. All motionless they stood, and silent; stirring not hand, nor foot, nor even so much as winking an eyelid, save when they poured the fat spiced wine from golden pateræ upon the altar, to feed the sacred flame. Behind them were assembled the ministers, the choristers, and sacrificers of the temple, waking at times wild harmonies from many a golden lyre, many a silver flute; while, to fill up the pauses between the bursts of instrumental music, soft symphonies arose from virgin lips invisible, singing, "all glory to unshorn Apollo, and her, the sister of his soul, the unstained goddess of the groves — queen of the silver bow!"

A little way advanced by the right hand of the altar, bowed down by many years and many sorrows, yet still serene, and dignified, and king-like — for he was yet a king! — aye, and in after days, when his Troy sunk in ashes never to rise again, a king he died, right kingly — leaning on his ivory staff stood

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the great offspring of Laomedon — good, hapless Priam. His limbs, which had been framed in the gigantic mould of the old heroic ages, still larger than the degenerate thews of his descendants, were all relaxed and nerveless; and the great veins and sinews, which stood out upon his shrivelled hands like a net-work of cordage, betokened the vast strength which once must have dwelt in that large frame, so sinewless and feeble now — so impotent and helpless. His golden crown was on his lofty brow, serene and venerable in its polished baldness — a flowing mantle of rich regal purple, lined with white lambskins, flowed down from his shoulders and swept the marble pavement with its rich broidered edge and bullion fringes — a tunic of white linen, gathered about his waist by a broad belt of golden arabesques, sandals of purple leather clasped and embossed with gold, completed his attire — while, ministers of regal state, the god-like heralds stood behind him, Jalthybius, and Eurybates the sage — messengers of high kings, interpreters of gods, clad in their mystic garments, and bearing high, advanced their sacred rods, the emblems of their office — close around these were gathered the councillors and sages of the city, Antenor, and Ucalegon, and wise Anchises — reverend and grave seniors, who, having long laid by the falchion, now governed by their proved experience the realm which they had formerly protected by their enthusiastic valor — near these a dozen slaves — slaves of the royal palace, waited with offerings for the altar; two snow-white lambs, two vases of rich wine, and frankincense, and myrrh, aloes and cassia — garments of needle-work, and garlands of rich flowers, and crowns and sceptres of wrought gold.

Upon the other hand, facing her aged father, was one whom but to look upon, would have excited the coldest, dullest heart to passionate, enamored phrenzy — the young, the beautiful Polyxena, the destined bride of the goddess-born — the bravest of the brave, the noblest of the noble, victor of victors, unsurpassed of men, magnificent Achilles. He had beheld her first, before her gallant brother fell, by his hand, beside the Scæan gates, while with her aged mother, and mad Cassandra and her train, she was engaged in mystic rites upon the plain — beheld and loved upon the instant! A few days had elapsed — days of fierce strife between his patriotism and his passion — and then he had demanded of his good, gallant enemy, pledge of conciliation and of peace, the hand of his sweet sister. Oh! demand frantically rejected; oh! pledge of peace madly refused, and fatally! For fate it was, the damning fate of Troy, that steeled the heart of Hector!

Achilles had all-honorably proposed peace; Hector demanded treason — treason to Greece and the confederates, as the sole price of young Polyxena! The reply of the indignant Greek was renewed war — and Hector fell, and Troy quailed to its base and tottered! Then Memnon buckled on his armor for Troy, and he too fell! Penthesilea, and she likewise! — and now, all her chief captains down, all her allies retired, Troy was again in her extremity, and again — peaceable and courteous as he was fierce and valiant in the field — Achilles offered terms, peace for Polyxena. And now his terms were heard; — for they were old heads now to whom he made his proffers — heard and accepted. And here, in the Thymbræan shrine, they met to plight their faith upon the treaties — to solemnize the marriage of Achilles.

She was indeed most exquisite in her young loveliness; words cannot tell her loveliness. Scarce sixteen years of age, yet a mature and perfect woman; mature in the voluptuous development of her unrivalled person; mature in the development of her luxurious oriental nature. Tall, slender, and erect as the graceful palm of her native plains, her figure was yet admirably moulded; her ample sloping shoulders; her full glowing bust, tapering downward to a waist scarcely a span in circuit, and thence the sweeping swell of her full lower limbs down to the sylph-like ankle and small, delicate foot, that peered out from beneath the golden fringes of her nuptial robe, constituted, in fact, the very perfection of ideal female symmetry. Her snow-white, swan-like neck languidly drooping with a graceful curve, like a white lily's stalk when the sweet chalice is surcharged with summer dew, concealed, but could not hide the beauty of her head and features; the clean and classic outlines of the smooth brow, from which the auburn hair, parted in two broad, massive braids, waved off behind the small white ears, and there was clustered in a full bunch of ringlets, was relieved by the well marked arches of her dark eye-brows — the eyes themselves could not be seen, for modestly were they cast down upon the pavement; though now and then a stolen glance toward her lover would flash out from beneath the long, long jetty lashes, like the gleam of a war-sword leaping from its scabbard, or the lightning from the gloom of the thunder cloud. Her cheeks were pale as the snow on Ida — save when a rich carnation flush, emblem of overmastering passion, would suffuse brow, and cheeks, and neck, and bosom — aye, and the moulded curves of those smooth ivory shoulders, with a transparent transitory glow as rich, and, oh! as evanescent as the bright hues of sunset touching the top of some heaven-kissing hill! A wreath of orange flowers, blended with myrtle — sacred plant of Venus, — even then the bridal wreath — encompassed the fair temples, and shone out resplendently from the dark tresses of the auburn hair. The nuptial veil — a tissue as it were, of woven air, gemmed with bright golden stars — fell off in graceful waves, and floated down her back till it spread out in a long train upon the marble floor; her robe of the like gauzy tissue, fastened on either shoulder by a large stud of brilliants, covered, but veiled not the beauties of her voluptuous bosom; below her bust, plaited in massy folds, it was confined by the virgin zone, and thence flowed down five several tunics, each shorter than that next below it, each fringed with golden tassels, and looped with golden cords, down to her golden sandals. Behind her stood Cassandra, clad in one plain, close-fitting stole of linen, with her dark locks dishevelled, streaming in strange disorder about her rich, majestic person; a laurel wreath set carefully upon her head, and a large branch

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of the same tree in her right hand. Her full dark eye, that gleamed so often with the intolerable lustre of prophetic phrenzy, was now suffused with moisture, languid, abstracted, and even sad; but no such wo-begone expression sat on the brows or on the laughing lips of the attendant maidens, who clustered, a bright bevy of girlish forms and lovely nymph-like faces behind the beauteous bride.

Just before the altar, facing the image of the god, scarce less sublimely beautiful than that unrivalled marble, alone, and unadorned, and unattended, behold the glorious bridegroom! Language may not describe the splendor, the almost intolerable glory of his soul-fraught, enthusiastic eye — the ardor of the warrior; the inspiration of the host, the *æstrum* of the prophet when he is fullest of his god, were all combined in that spirit-flashing feature. You saw that eye, and you saw all — the chiselled outlines of the nose, the generous expansive nostril, the proud voluptuous lip, were all unseen, all lost, all swallowed up in the pervading glory of that immortal eye. His form was such as *must* have been the form of him who could outstrip the speed of the most fiery coursers; bounding along all armed, in his full panoply of gold, beside the four horse chariot; although the mettled chargers strained every nerve to conquer — although Eumelus drove them. His garb was simple even to plainness; a short and narrow tunic of bright crimson cloth, leaving his mighty limbs exposed in their own glorious beauty, was belted round his waist by a small cord of gold — his head was covered only by its long silky tresses; sandals of gold were on his feet; he wore no weapons, but a long oaken sceptre studded with knobs of gold, supported his right hand.

Such was the glorious group which tenanted the shrine of the Thymbræan god on that auspicious day — such was the ceremonial of Achilles' marriage! Yet was it passing strange that not one of the Grecian chiefs stood by the bravest of their nation, his comrade and his friend on that sublime occasion; it was yet stranger that not one of all her noble brethren, not one of Priam's fifty sons stood by their lovely sister. Yet such had been the will of Priam; and with the noble confidence — the proud contempt, which were a portion of his nature — confidence in his own dauntless and unrivalled valor, contempt of any mortal peril, Achilles had acceded to the terms.

And now the rites were finished — the sacrifice complete — the bridal chorus chanted! The pontiffs slew two lambs; one for the royal prince — one for the princely bridegroom — and filled two cups of wine, and they, the sire and son, touched the dead lambs and raised the wine-cups, and grasped each other's hand in amity, and swore eternal peace, eternal amity, and love! They stretched their right hands to the god, tasted the wine, and poured the red libations over the holy altar — praying aloud — solemn and awful prayer — "that thus *his* blood should flow upon the earth — *his* own life-blood, his wife's, his child's, and that of all his race — who should the first transgress that solemn vow and treaty."

They swore, and it was ended! The hero turned to clasp his blooming bride ——— Whence — what — was that keen twang — keen, shrill, and piercing, which broke the hush of feeling, that followed on that awful oath sworn between noble foes, now foes no longer? Why does Achilles start with a convulsive shudder! He reels, he staggers, he falls headlong — and see the arrow — fell and accursed deed — buried up to the very feather in the right heel of the prostrate hero! There was a moment's pause — *one* moment's! — and then, with the bow in his left hand, and the broad falchion gleaming in his right, forth from among the priests — forth from the inmost shrine — forth leaped the traitor Paris! Deiphobus, the warrior — Helenus, the priest, followed! — all armed from head to foot, all with their weapons bare and ready! There was one frantic cry — the shriek of the heart-broken bride — and then no other sound except the clash of the weapons, driven sheer through the body of the hero, against the desecrated pavement.

"Thus Hector is avenged — thus is Troy freed" — shouted the slaughterers of the mighty Greek; but if the shade of Hector was so appeased by a base vengeance, yet so was Troy not freed! For not long afterward, the flames rolled over it, that even its ruins perished, its site was lost forever! — and if Polyxena was then snatched from her spouse, yet, when in after days her living form was immolated on his tomb — their manes were united, never to part again, in the Elysian fields — the Islands of the Blessed.

LINES.

When all a woman's eye is fire,
And ev'ry look the passions move,
The voice as sweet as Nature's lyre —
What can a poor man do but love?
When all his light is in *one* eye,
And all his heaven within *one* breast —
Oh! blame him not, if he doth sigh
For light like this to make him blest!

Then blame him not — oh! blame him not,
For madness only is his crime, —
Oh! never will you be forgot,
While all your image is on time
A heart like thine — an eye so bright,
Will ever all the passions move —
When gazing on those eyes of light,
What can a poor man do but love?

J. T.

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A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHY.

BY



[In this, our second "Chapter on Autography," we conclude the article and the year together. When we say that so complete a collection has never been published before, we assert only that which is obvious; and we are pleased to see that our exertions upon this head have been well received. As we claim only the sorry merit of the compiler, we shall be permitted to say that no Magazine paper has ever excited greater interest than the one now concluded. To all readers it has seemed to be welcome — but especially so to those who themselves dabble in the waters of Helicon: — to those and their innumerable friends. The diligence required in getting together these autographs has been a matter of no little moment, and the expense of the whole undertaking will be at once comprehended; but we intend the article merely as an earnest of what we shall do next year. Our aim shall be to furnish our friends with variety, originality, and *piquancy*, without any regard to labor or to cost.]

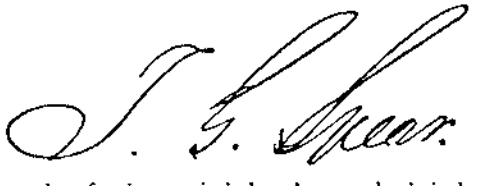


F. W. Thomas, who began his literary career, at the early age of seventeen, by a poetical lampoon upon certain Baltimore fops, has since more particularly distinguished himself as a novelist. His "Clinton Bradshawe" is perhaps better known than any of his later fictions. It is remarkable for a frank, unscrupulous portraiture of men and things, in high life and low, and by unusual discrimination and observation in respect to character. Since its publication he has produced "East and West" and "Howard Pinckney," neither of which seem to have been so popular as his first essay; although both have merit.

"East and West," published in 1836, was an attempt to portray the every-day events occurring to a fallen family emigrating from the East to the West. In it, as in "Clinton Bradshawe," most of the characters are drawn from life. "Howard Pinckney" was published in 1840.

Mr. Thomas was, at one period, the editor of the Cincinnati "Commercial Advertiser." He is also well known as a public lecturer on a variety of topics. His conversational powers are very great. As a poet, he has also distinguished himself. His "Emigrant" will be read with pleasure by every person of taste.

His MS. is more like that of Mr. Benjamin than that of any other literary person of our acquaintance. It has even more than the occasional nervousness of Mr. B.'s, and, as in the case of the editor of the "New World," indicates the passionate sensibility of the man.



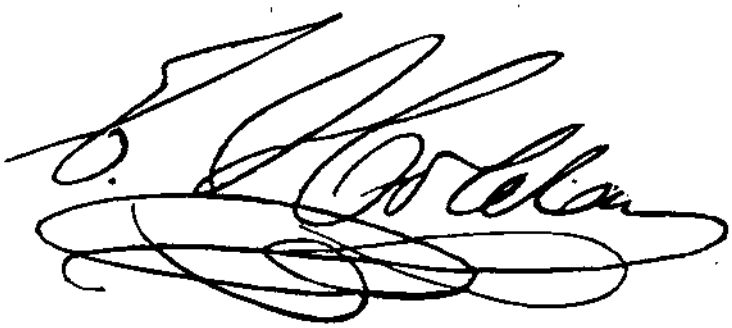
Thomas G. Spear is the author of various poetical pieces which have appeared from time to time in our Magazines and other periodicals. His productions have been much admired, and are distinguished for pathos, and grace. His MS. is well shown in the signature. It is too *clerky* for our taste.

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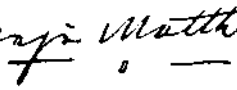
Mr. Morris ranks, we believe, as the first of our Philadelphia poets, since the death of Willis Gaylord Clark. His compositions, like those of his late lamented friend, are characterised by sweetness rather than strength of versification, and by tenderness and delicacy rather than by vigor or originality of thought. A late notice of him in the "Boston Notion," from the pen of Rufus W. Griswold, did his high qualities no more than justice. As a prose writer, he is chiefly known by his editorial contributions to the Philadelphia "Inquirer," and by occasional essays for the Magazines.

His chirography is usually very illegible, although at times sufficiently distinct. It has no marked characteristics, and like that of almost every editor in the country, has been so modified by the circumstances of his position, as to afford no certain indication of the mental features.



Ezra Holden has written much, not only for his paper, "The Saturday Courier," but for our periodicals generally, and stands high in the public estimation, as a sound thinker, and still more particularly as a fearless expresser of his thoughts.

His MS. (which we are constrained to say is a shockingly bad one, and whose general features may be seen in his signature,) indicates the frank and naïve manner of his literary style — a style which not unfrequently flies off into whimsicalities.

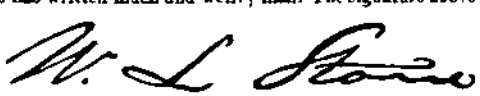


Mr. Matthias is principally known by his editorial conduct of the "Saturday Chronicle" of Philadelphia, to which he has furnished much entertaining and instructive matter. His MS. would be generally termed a fine one, but it affords little indication of mental character.



Mr. Graham is known to the literary world as the editor and proprietor of "Graham's Magazine," the most popular periodical in America, and also of the "Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia. For both of these journals he has written much and well.

His MS. generally, is very bad, or at least very illegible. At times it is sufficiently distinct, and has force and picturesqueness, speaking plainly of the *energy* which particularly distinguishes him as a man. The signature above is more scratchy than usual.



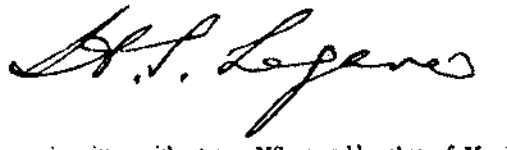
Colonel Stone, the editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," is remarkable for the great difference which exists between the apparent public opinion respecting his abilities, and the real estima-

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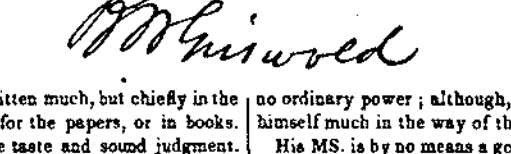
tion in which he is privately held. Through his paper, and a bustling activity always prone to thrust itself forward, he has attained an unusual degree of influence in New York, and, not only this, but what appears to be a reputation for talent. But this talent we do not remember ever to have heard assigned him by any honest man's private opinion. We place him among our *literati*, because he has published certain books. Perhaps the best of these are his "Life of Brandt," and "Life and Times of Red Jacket." Of the rest, his story called "Ups and Downs," his defence of Animal Magnetism, and his pamphlets concerning Maria Monk, are scarcely the most absurd. His MS. is heavy and sprawling, resembling his mental character in a species of utter unmeaningness, which lies, like the nightmare, upon his autograph.



The labors of Mr. SPARKS, Professor of History at Harvard, are well known and justly appreciated. His MS. has an unusually odd appearance. The characters are large, round, black, irregular, and perpendicular — the signature, as above, being an excellent specimen of his chirography in general. In all his letters now before us, the lines are as close together as possible, giving the idea of irretrievable confusion; still none of them are illegible upon close inspection. We can form no guess in regard to any mental peculiarities from Mr. Sparks' MS., which has been no doubt modified by the hurrying and intricate nature of his researches. We might imagine such epistles as these to have been written in extreme haste by a man exceedingly busy among great piles of books and papers, huddled up around him like the chaotic tomes of Magliabechi. The paper used in all our epistles is uncommonly fine.

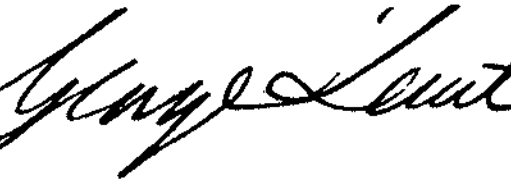


The name of H. S. LEGARE is written without an accent on the final *e*, yet is pronounced, as if this letter were accented, — Legray. He contributed many articles of high merit to the "Southern Review," and has a wide reputation for scholarship and talent. His MS. resembles that of Mr. Palfrey, of the North American Review, and their mental features appear to us nearly identical. What we have said in regard to the chirography of Mr. Palfrey will apply with equal force to that of the present Secretary.

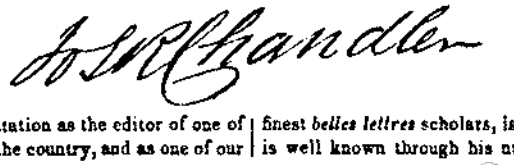


Mr. GRISWOLD has written much, but chiefly in the editorial way, whether for the papers, or in books. He is a gentleman of fine taste and sound judgment. His knowledge of American literature, in all its details, is not exceeded by that of any man among us. He is not only a polished prose-writer, but a poet of no ordinary power; although, as yet, he has not put himself much in the way of the public admiration.

His MS. is by no means a good one. It appears unformed, and vacillates in a singular manner; so that nothing can be predicated from it, except a certain unsteadiness of purpose.



Mr. GEORGE LUNT, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, is known as a poet of much vigor of style and massiveness of thought. He delights in the grand, rather than in the beautiful, and is not unfrequently turgid, but never feeble. The traits here described, impress themselves with remarkable distinctness upon his chirography, of which the signature gives a perfect idea.



Mr. CHANDLER'S reputation as the editor of one of the best daily papers in the country, and as one of our finest *belles lettres* scholars, is deservedly high. He is well known through his numerous addresses, es-

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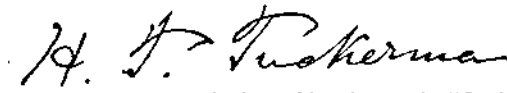
says, miscellaneous sketches, and prose tales. Some of these latter evince imaginative powers of a superior order.

His MS. is not fairly shown in his signature, the latter being much more open and bold than his general chirography. His hand-writing must be included in the editorial category—it seems to have been ruined by habitual hurry.



Count L. FITZGERALD TASISTRO has distinguished himself by many contributions to the periodical literature of the day, and by his editorial conduct of the "Expositor,"—a critical journal of high merit in many respects, although somewhat given to verbiage.

His MS. is remarkable for a scratchy diminutiveness, and is by no means legible. We are not sufficiently cognizant of his literary character, to draw any parallel between it and his chirography. His signature is certainly a most remarkable one.



H. T. TUCKERMAN has written one or two books consisting of "Sketches of Travel." His "Isabel" is, perhaps, better known than any of his productions, but was never a popular work. He is a *correct* writer so far as mere English is concerned, but an insufferably tedious and dull one. He has contributed much of late days to the "Southern Literary Messenger," with which journal, perhaps, the legibility of his MS. has been an important, if not the principal recommendation. His chirography is neat and distinct, and has some grace, but no force—evincing, in a remarkable degree, the idiosyncrasies of the writer.

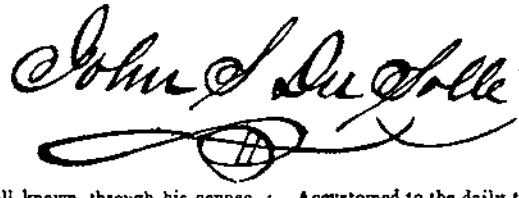


Mr. BRYAN has written some very excellent poetry, and is appreciated by all admirers of "the good old Goldsmith school." He is, at present, postmaster at Alexandria, and has held the office for many years, with all the good fortune of a Vicar of Bray.

His MS. is a free, sloping, and regular one, with more boldness than force, and not ungraceful. He is fond of *underscoring* his sentences; a habit exactly parallel with the argumentative nature of some of his best poems.



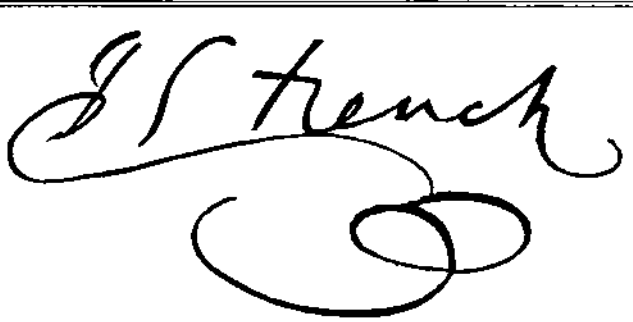
Mr. GODEY is only known to the literary world as editor and publisher of "The Lady's Book;" but his celebrity in this regard entitles him to a place in this collection. His MS. is remarkably distinct and graceful; the signature affording an excellent idea of it. The man who invariably writes so well as Mr. G. invariably does, gives evidence of a fine taste, combined with an indefatigability which will ensure his permanent success in the world's affairs. No man has warmer friends or fewer enemies.



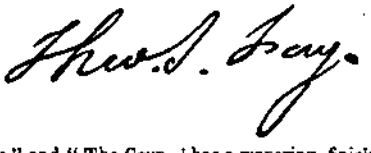
Mr. DU SOLLE is well known, through his connection with the "Spirit of the Times." His prose is forcible, and often excellent in other respects. As a poet, he is entitled to higher consideration. Some of his Pindaric pieces are unusually good, and it may be doubted if we have a better *versifier* in America.

Accustomed to the daily toil of an editor, he has contracted a habit of writing hurriedly, and his MS. varies with the occasion. It is impossible to deduce any inferences from it, as regards the mental character. The signature shows rather how he can write, than how he does.

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Mr. French is the author of a "Life of David Crockett", and also of a novel called "Elkswatawa", a denunciatory review of which in the "Southern Messenger," some years ago, deterred him from further literary attempts. Should he write again, he will probably distinguish himself, for he is unquestionably a man of talent. We need no better evidence of this than his MS., which speaks of force, boldness, and originality. The flourish, however, betrays a certain *floridity* of taste.



The author of "Norman Leslie" and "The Countess Ida", has been more successful as an essayist about small matters, than as a novelist. "Norman Leslie" is more familiarly remembered as "The Great Used Up", while "The Countess" made no definite impression whatever. Of course we are not to expect remarkable features in Mr. Fay's MS. It has a wavering, finicky, and over-delicate air, without pretension to either grace or force; and the description of the chirography would answer, without alteration, for that of the literary character. Mr. F. frequently employs an amanuensis, who writes a very beautiful French hand. The one must not be confounded with the other.



Dr. Mitchell has published several pretty songs which have been set to music, and become popular. He has also given to the world a volume of poems, of which the longest was remarkable for an old-fashioned polish and vigor of versification. His MS. is rather graceful than picturesque or forcible—and these words apply equally well to his poetry in general. The signature indicates the hand.



General Morris has composed many songs which have taken fast hold upon the popular taste, and which are deservedly celebrated. He has caught the true *tone* for these things, and hence his popularity—a popularity which his enemies would fain make us believe is altogether attributable to his editorial influence. The charge is true only in a measure. The tone of which we speak is that kind of frank, free, hearty *sentiment* (rather than philosophy) which distinguishes Béranger, and which the critics, for want of a better term, call *nationality*.

His MS. is a simple unornamented hand, rather rotund than angular, very legible, forcible, and altogether in keeping with his style.



Mr. Calvert was at one time principal editor of the "Baltimore American," and wrote for that journal some good paragraphs on the common topics of the day. He has also published many translations from the German, and one or two original poems—among others an imitation of Don Juan called "Pelayo," which did him no credit. He is essentially a feeble and common-place writer of poetry, although his prose compositions have a certain degree of merit. His chirography indicates the "common-place" upon which we have commented. It is a very usual, scratchy, and tapering clerk's hand—a hand which no man of talent ever did or could indite, unless compelled by circumstances of more than ordinary force. The signature is far better than the general manuscript of his epistles.

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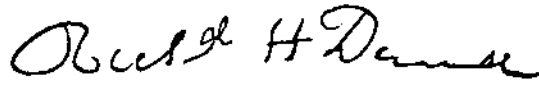
Dr. SNODGRASS was at one time the associate of Mr. Brooks in the "Baltimore Museum", a monthly journal published in the City of Monuments some years since. He wrote for that Magazine, and has occasionally written for others, articles which possessed the merit of precision of style, and a metaphysical cast of thought. We like his prose much better than his poetry. His chirography is bad—stiff, sprawling and illegible, with frequent corrections and interlineations, evincing inactivity not less than fastidiousness. The signature betrays a meretricious love of effect.



Mr. MCJILTON is better known from his contributions to the journals of the day than from any book-publications. He has much talent, and it is not improbable that he will hereafter distinguish himself, although as yet he has not composed anything of length which, as a whole, can be styled good. His MS. is not uplike that of Dr. Snodgrass, but it is somewhat clearer and better. We can predicate little respecting it, beyond a love of exaggeration and *bizarrerie*.

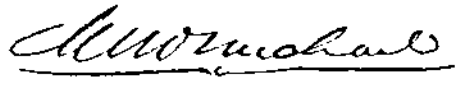


Mr. GALLAGHER is chiefly known as a poet. He is the author of some of our most popular songs, and has written many long pieces of high but unequal merit. He has the true spirit, and will rise into a just distinction hereafter. His manuscript tallies well with our opinion. It is a very fine one—clear, bold, decided and picturesque. The signature above does not convey, in full force, the general character of his chirography, which is more rotund, and more decidedly placed upon the paper.



Mr. DANA ranks among our most eminent poets, and he has been the frequent subject of comment in our Reviews. He has high qualities, undoubtedly, but his defects are many and great.

His MS. resembles that of Mr. Gallagher very nearly, but is somewhat more rolling, and has less boldness and decision. The literary traits of the two gentlemen are very similar, although Mr. Dana is by far the more polished writer, and has a scholarship which Mr. Gallagher wants.



Mr. MCMICHAEL is well known to the Philadelphia public by the number and force of his prose compositions, but he has seldom been tempted into book publication. As a poet, he has produced some remarkably vigorous things. We have seldom seen a finer composition than a certain celebrated "Monody."

His MS., when not hurried, is graceful and flowing, without picturesqueness. At times it is totally illegible. His chirography is one of those which have been so strongly modified by circumstances that it is nearly impossible to predicate any thing with certainty respecting them.

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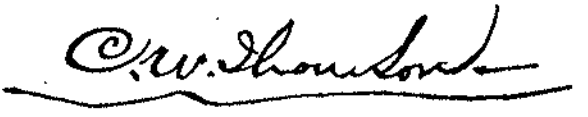
Mr. N. C. Brooks has acquired some reputation as a Magazine writer. His serious prose is often very good — is always well-worded — but in his comic attempts he fails, without appearing to be aware of his failure. As a poet he has succeeded far better. In a work which he entitled "Scriptural Anthology" among many inferior compositions of length, there were several shorter pieces of great merit: — for example "Shelley's Obsequies" and "The Nicthanthes". Of late days we have seen little from his pen.

His MS. has much resemblance to that of Mr. Bryant, although altogether it is a better hand, with much more freedom and grace. With care Mr. Brooks can write a fine MS. just as with care he can compose a fine poem.



The Rev. Thomas H. Stockton has written many pieces of fine poetry, and has lately distinguished himself as the editor of the "Christian World."

His MS. is fairly represented by his signature, and bears much resemblance to that of Mr. N. C. Brooks, of Baltimore. Between these two gentlemen there exists also, a remarkable similarity, not only of thought, but of personal bearing and character. We have already spoken of the peculiarities of Mr. B's chirography.



Mr. Thompson has written many short poems, and some of them possess merit. They are characterized by tenderness and grace. His MS. has some resemblance to that of Professor Longfellow, and by many persons would be thought a finer hand. It is clear, legible and open — what is called a rolling hand. It has too much tapering, and too much variation between the weight of the hair strokes and the downward ones, to be forcible or picturesque. In all those qualities which we have pointed out as especially distinctive of Professor Longfellow's MS. it is remarkably deficient; and, in fact, the literary character of no two individuals could be more radically different.



The Reverend W. E. Channing is at the head of our moral and didactic writers. His reputation both at home and abroad is deservedly high, and in regard to the matters of purity, polish and modulation of style, he may be said to have attained the dignity of a standard and a classic. He has, it is true, been severely criticised, even in respect to these very points, by the Edinburg Review. The critic, however, made out his case but lamely, and proved nothing beyond his own incompetence. To detect occasional, or even frequent inadvertences in the way of bad grammar, faulty construction, or mis-usage of language, is not to prove impurity of *style* — a word which happily has a bolder signification than any dreamed of by the Zoilus of the Review in question. Style regards, more than anything else, the *tone* of a composition. All the rest is not unimportant, to be sure, but appertains to the minor morals of literature, and can be learned by rote by the meanest simpletons in letters — can be carried to its highest excellence by dolts who, upon the whole, are despicable as stylists. Irving's style is inimitable in its grace and delicacy; yet few of our practised writers are guilty of more frequent inadvertences of language. In what may be termed his mere English, he is surpassed by fifty whom we could name. Mr. Tuckerman's English on the contrary is sufficiently pure, but a more lamentable style than that of his "Sicily" it would be difficult to point out.

Besides those peculiarities which we have already mentioned as belonging to Dr. Channing's style, we must not fail to mention a certain calm, broad deliberateness which constitutes *force* in its highest character, and approaches to majesty. All these traits will be found to exist plainly in his chirography, the character of which is exemplified by the signature, although this is somewhat larger than the general manuscript.

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Mr. Wilmer has written and published much; but he has reaped the usual fruits of a spirit of independence, and has thus failed to make that impression on the *popular* mind which his talents, under other circumstances, would have effected. But better days are in store for him, and for all who "hold to the right way," despising the yelpings of the small dogs of our literature. His prose writings have all merit—always the merit of a chastened style. But he is more favorably known by his poetry, in which the student of the British classics will find much for warm admiration. We have few better versifiers than Mr. Wilmer.

His chirography plainly indicates the cautious polish and terseness of his style, but the signature does not convey the print-like appearance of the MS.



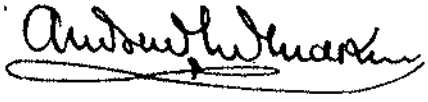
Mr. Dow is distinguished as the author of many fine sea-pieces, among which will be remembered a series of papers called "The Log of Old Ironsides." His land sketches are not generally so good. He has a fine imagination, which as yet is undisciplined, and leads him into occasional bombast. As a poet he has done better things than as a writer of prose.

His MS., which has been strongly modified by circumstances, gives no indication of his true character, literary or moral.



Mr. Weld is well known as the present working editor of the New York "Tattler" and "Brother Jonathan." His attention was accidentally directed to literature about ten years ago, after a minority, to use his own words, "spent at sea, in a store, in a machine shop, and in a printing office." He is now, we believe, about thirty-one years of age. His deficiency of what is termed regular education would scarcely be gleaned from his editorials, which, in general, are unusually well written. His "Corrected Proofs" is a work which does him high credit, and which has been extensively circulated, although "printed at odd times by himself, when he had nothing else to do."

His MS. resembles that of Mr. Joseph C. Neal in many respects, but is less open and less legible. His signature is altogether much better than his general chirography.



Mr. McMakin is one of the editors of the "Philadelphia Saturday Courier," and has given to the world several excellent specimens of his poetical ability. His MS. is clear and graceful; the signature affording a very good idea of it. The general hand, in fact, is fully as good.



Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud is one of the finest poets of this country; possessing, we think, more of the true divine *afflatus* than any of her female contemporaries. She has, in especial, *imagination* of no common order, and unlike many of her sex whom we could mention, is not

Content to dwell in decencies forever.

While she *can*, upon occasion, compose the ordinary metrical sing-song with all the decorous proprieties which are in fashion, she yet ventures very frequently into a more ethereal region. We refer our readers to a truly beautiful little poem entitled the "Dream of the Lonely Isle," and lately published in this Magazine.

Mrs. Loud's MS. is exceedingly clear, neat and forcible, with just sufficient effeminacy and no more.



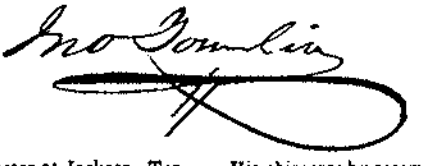
Dr. Pliny Earle, of Frankford, Pa., has not only distinguished himself by several works of medical and general science, but has become well known to the literary world, of late, by a volume of very fine

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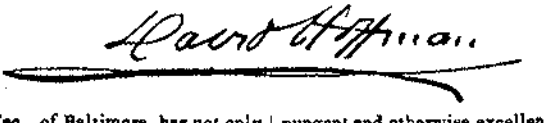
poems, the longest, but by no means the best, of which, was entitled "Marathon." This latter is not greatly inferior to the "Marco Bozzaris" of Halleck; while some of the minor pieces equal any American poems. His chirography is peculiarly neat and beautiful, giving indication of the elaborate finish which characterises his compositions. The signature conveys the general hand.



Dr. JOHN C. MCCABE, of Richmond, Virginia, has written much and generally well, in prose and poetry, for the periodicals of the day — for the "Southern Literary Messenger" in especial, and other journals. His MS. is in every respect a bad one — an ordinary clerk's hand, meaning nothing. It has been strongly modified, however, by circumstances which would scarcely have permitted it to be otherwise than it is.



JOHN TOMLIN, Esq., Postmaster at Jackson, Tennessee, has contributed many excellent articles to the periodicals of the day — among others to the "Gentleman's" and to "Graham's" Magazine, and to several of the Southern and Western journals. His chirography resembles that of Mr. Paulding in being at the same time very *petite*, very beautiful, and very illegible. His MSS., in being equally well written throughout, evince the indefatigability of his disposition.



DAVID HOFFMAN, Esq., of Baltimore, has not only contributed much and well to monthly Magazines and Reviews, but has given to the world several valuable publications in book form. His style is terse, pungent and otherwise excellent, although disfigured by a half comic half serious pedantry. His MS. has about it nothing strongly indicative of character.

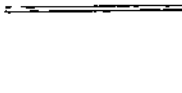


S. D. LANGTREE, has been long and favorably known to the public as editor of the "Georgetown Metropolitan," and, more lately, of the "Democratic Review," both of which journals he has conducted with distinguished success. As a critic he has proved himself just, bold and acute, while his prose compositions generally, evince the man of talent and taste. His MS. is not remarkably good, being somewhat too scratchy and tapering. We include him, of course, in the editorial category.



Judge CONRAD occupies, perhaps, the first place among our Philadelphia *literati*. He has distinguished himself both as a prose writer and a poet — not to speak of his high legal reputation. He has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of this city, and, we believe, to one at least of the Eastern Reviews. His first production which attracted general notice was a tragedy entitled "Conrad, King of Naples." It was performed at the Arch Street Theatre, and elicited applause from the more judicious. This play was succeeded by "Jack Cade," performed at the Walnut Street Theatre, and lately modified and reproduced under the title of "Aylmere." In its new dress, this drama has been one of the most successful ever written by an American, not only attracting crowded houses, but extorting the good word of our best critics. In occasional poetry Judge Conrad has also done well. His lines "On a Blind Boy Soliciting Charity" have been highly admired, and many of his other pieces evince ability of a high order. His political fame is scarcely a topic for these pages, and is, moreover, too much a matter of common observation to need comment from us. His MS. is neat, legible, and forcible, evincing combined caution and spirit in a very remarkable degree.

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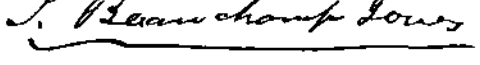
The chirography of Ex-President ADAMS (whose poem, "The Wants of Man," has, of late, attracted so much attention,) is remarkable for a certain steadiness of purpose pervading the whole, and overcoming even the constitutional tremulousness of the writer's hand. Wavering in every letter, the entire MS. has yet a firm, regular, and decisive appearance. It is also very legible.



P. P. COOKE, Esq., of Winchester, Va., is well known, especially in the South, as the author of numerous excellent contributions to the "Southern Literary Messenger." He has written some of the finest poetry of which America can boast. A little piece of his, entitled "Florence Vane," and contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" of this city, during our editorship of that journal, was remarkable for the high ideality it evinced, and for the great delicacy and melody of its rhythm. It was universally admired and copied, as well here as in England. We saw it not long ago, as *original*, in Bentley's Miscellany." Mr. Cooke has, we believe, nearly ready for press, a novel called "Maurice Wertebern," whose success we predict with confidence. His MS. is clear, forcible, and legible, but disfigured by some little of that affectation which is scarcely a blemish in his literary style.

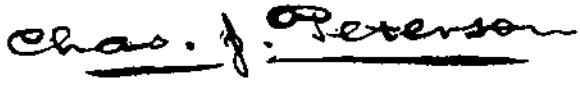


Prof. THOMAS R. DEW, of William and Mary College in Virginia, was one of the able contributors who aided to establish the "Southern Literary Messenger" in the days of its *début*. His MS. is precisely in keeping with his literary character. Both are heavy, massive, unornamented and *diffuse* in the extreme. His epistles seemed to have been scrawled with the stump of a quill dipped in very thick ink, and one or two words extend sometimes throughout a line. The signature is more compact than the general MS.



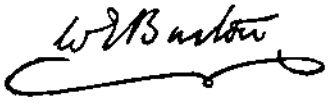
MR. J. BEAUCHAMP JONES has been, we believe, connected for many years past with the lighter literature of Baltimore, and at present edits the "Baltimore Saturday Visiter," with much judgment and general ability. He is the author of a series of papers of high merit now in course of publication in the "Visiter," and entitled "Wild Western Scenes."

His MS. is distinct, and might be termed a fine one; but is somewhat too much in consonance with the ordinary clerk style to be either graceful or forcible.



MR. CHARLES J. PETERSON has for a long time been connected with the periodical literature of Philadelphia, as one of the editors of "Graham's Magazine" and of "The Saturday Evening Post."

His MS., when unhurried, is a very good one—clear, weighty, and picturesque; but when carelessly written is nearly illegible, on account of a too slight variation of form in the short letters.



MR. BURTON is better known as a comedian than as a literary man; but he has written many short prose articles of merit, and his quondam editorship of the "Gentleman's Magazine" would, at all events, entitle him to a place in this collection. He has, moreover, published one or two books. An annual issued by Carey and Hart in 1840, consisted entirely of prose contributions from himself, with poetical ones from Charles West Thompson, Esq. In this work many of the tales were good.

Mr. Burton's MS. is scratchy and petite, betokening indecision and care or caution. The whole chirography resembles that of Mr. Tasistro very nearly.

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Richard Henry Wilde, Esq., of Georgia, has acquired much reputation as a poet, and especially as the author of a little piece entitled "My Life is like the Summer Rose," whose claim to originality has been made the subject of repeated and reiterated attack and defence. Upon the whole it is hardly worth quarrelling about. Far better verses are to be found in every second newspaper we take up. Mr. Wilde has also lately published, or is about to publish, a "Life of Tasso, for which he has been long collecting material.

His MS. has all the peculiar sprawling and elaborate tastelessness of Mr. Palfrey's, to which altogether it bears a marked resemblance. The love of effect, however, is more perceptible in Mr. Wilde's than even in Mr. Palfrey's.



G. G. Foster, Esq., has acquired much reputation, especially in the South and West, by his poetical contributions to the literature of the day. All his articles breathe the true spirit. At one period he edited a weekly paper in Alabama; more lately the "Bulletin" at St. Louis; and, at present, he conducts the "Pennant," in that city, with distinguished ability. Not long ago he issued the prospectus of a monthly magazine. Should he succeed in getting the journal under way, there can be no doubt of his success.

His MS. is remarkably clear and graceful; evincing a keen sense of the beautiful. It seems, however, to be somewhat deficient in force; and his letters are never so well written in their conclusion as in their commencement. We have before remarked that this peculiarity in MSS. is a sure indication of *fatigability* of temper. Few men who write thus are free from a certain vacillation of purpose. The signature above is rather heavier than that from which it was copied.



Lewis Cass, the Ex-Secretary of War, has distinguished himself as one of the finest *belles-lettres* scholars of America. At one period he was a very regular contributor to the "Southern Literary Messenger," and, even lately, he has furnished that journal with one or two very excellent papers.

His MS. is clear, deliberate and statesmanlike; resembling that of Edward Everett very closely. It is not often that we see a letter written altogether by himself. He generally employs an amanuensis, whose chirography does not differ materially from his own, but is somewhat more regular.



James Brooks, Esq., enjoys rather a private than a public literary reputation; but his talents are unquestionably great, and his productions have been numerous and excellent. As the author of many of the celebrated Jack Downing letters, and as the reputed author of the whole of them, he would at all events be entitled to a place among our *literati*.

His chirography is simple, clear and legible, with little grace and less boldness. These traits are precisely those of his literary style.



As the authorship of the Jack Downing letters is even still considered by many a moot point, (although in fact there should be no question about it,) and as we have already given the signature of Mr. Seba Smith, and (just above) of Mr. Brooks, we now present our readers with a fac-simile signature of the "*veritable Jack*" himself, written by him individually in our own bodily presence. Here, then, is an opportunity of comparison.

The chirography of "the veritable Jack" is a very good, honest, sensible hand, and not very dissimilar to that of Ex-President Adams.

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Mr. J. R. Lowell, of Massachusetts, is entitled, in our opinion, to at least the second or third place among the poets of America. We say this on account of the vigor of his *imagination*—a faculty to be first considered in all criticism upon poetry. In this respect he surpasses, we think, any of our writers (at least any of those who have put themselves prominently forth as poets) with the exception of Longfellow, and perhaps one other. His ear for rhythm, nevertheless, is imperfect, and he is very far from possessing the artistic ability of either Longfellow, Bryant, Halleck, Sprague or Pierpont. The reader desirous of properly estimating the powers of Mr. Lowell will find a very beautiful little poem from his pen in the October number of this Magazine. There is one also (not quite so fine) in the number for last month. He will contribute regularly.

His MS. is strongly indicative of the vigor and precision of his poetical thought. The man who writes thus, for example, will never be guilty of metaphorical extravagance, and there will be found *terseness* as well as strength in all that he does.

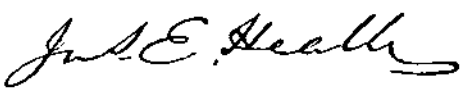


Mr. L. J. Cist, of Cincinnati, has not written much prose, and is known especially by his poetical compositions, many of which have been very popular, although they are at times disfigured by false metaphor, and by a meretricious straining after effect. This latter foible makes itself clearly apparent in his chirography, which abounds in ornamental flourishes, not illy executed, to be sure, but in very bad taste.



Mr. Arthur is not without a rich talent for description of scenes in low life, but is uneducated, and too fond of mere vulgarities to please a refined taste. He has published "The Subordinate", and "Insubordination", two tales distinguished by the peculiarities above mentioned. He has also written much for our weekly papers, and the "Lady's Book."

His hand is a common-place clerk's hand, such as we might expect him to write. The signature is much better than the general MS.



Mr. Heath is almost the only person of any literary distinction residing in the chief city of the Old Dominion. He edited the "Southern Literary Messenger" in the five or six first months of its existence; and, since the secession of the writer of this article, has frequently aided in its editorial conduct. He is the author of "Edge-Hill", a well-written novel, which, owing to the circumstances of its publication, did not meet with the reception it deserved. His writings are rather polished and graceful, than forcible or original; and these peculiarities can be traced in his chirography.



Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of New York, is at the same time one of the best and one of the worst poets in America. His productions affect one as a wild dream—strange, incongruous, full of images of more than arabesque monstrosity, and snatches of sweet unsustained song. Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has an indefinite charm of sentiment and melody. We can never be sure that there is *any* meaning in his words—neither is there any meaning in many of our finest musical airs—but the effect is very similar in both. His figures of speech are metaphor run mad, and his grammar is often none at all. Yet there are as fine individual passages to be found in the poems of Dr. Chivers, as in those of any poet whatsoever.

His MS. resembles that of P. P. Cooke very nearly, and in poetical character the two gentlemen are closely akin. Mr. Cooke is, by much, the more *correct*; while Dr. Chivers is sometimes the more poetic. Mr. C. always sustains himself; Dr. C. never.

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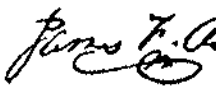
Judge STORY, and his various literary and political labors, are too well known to require comment.

His chirography is a noble one — bold, clear, massive, and deliberate, betokening in the most unequivocal manner all the characteristics of his intellect. The plain unornamented style of his compositions is impressed with accuracy upon his hand-writing, the whole air of which is well conveyed in the signature.



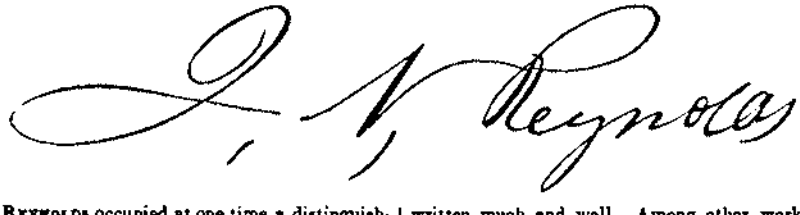
JOHN FROST, Esq., Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia, and at present editor of "The Young People's Book," has distinguished himself by numerous literary compositions for the periodicals of the day, and by a great number of published works which come under the head of the *utile* rather than of the *dulce* — at least in the estimation of the young. He is a gentleman of fine taste, sound scholarship, and great general ability.

His chirography denotes his mental idiosyncrasy with great precision. Its careful neatness, legibility and finish, are but a part of that turn of mind which leads him so frequently into compilation. The signature here given is more diminutive than usual.



MR. J. F. OTIS is well known as a writer for the Magazines; and has, at various times, been connected with many of the leading newspapers of the day — especially with those in New York and Washington. His prose and poetry are equally good; but he writes too much and too hurriedly to write invariably well. His taste is fine, and his judgment in literary matters is to depended upon at all times when not interfered with by his personal antipathies or predilections.

His chirography is exceedingly illegible and, like his style, has every possible fault except that of the common-place.



MR. REYNOLDS occupied at one time a distinguished position in the eye of the public, on account of his great and laudable exertions to get up the American South Polar expedition, from a personal participation in which he was most shamefully excluded. He has written much and well. Among other works, the public are indebted to him for a graphic account of the noted voyage of the frigate Potomac to Madagascar.

His MS. is an ordinary clerk's hand, giving no indication of character.



MR. WILLIAM CUTTER, a young merchant of Portland, Maine, although not very generally known as a poet beyond his immediate neighborhood, (or at least out of the Eastern States) has given to the world numerous compositions which prove him to be possessed of the true fire. He is, moreover, a fine scholar, and a prose writer of distinguished merit.

His chirography is very similar to that of Count Tasistro, and the two gentlemen resemble each other very peculiarly in their literary character.



DAVID PAUL BROWN, Esq., is scarcely more distinguished in his legal capacity than by his literary compositions. As a dramatic writer he has met with much success. His "Sertorius" has been particularly well received both upon the stage and in the closet. His fugitive productions, both in prose and verse, have also been numerous, diversified, and excellent.

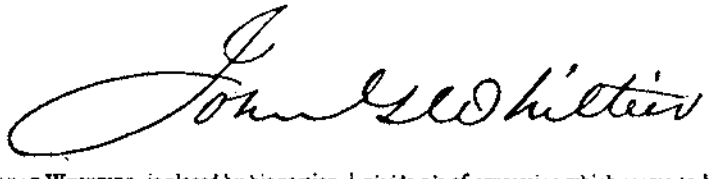
His chirography has no doubt been strongly modified by the circumstances of his position. No one can expect a lawyer in full practice to give in his MS. any true indication of his intellect or character.

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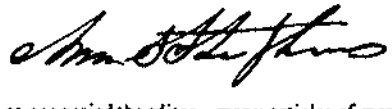
Mrs. E. Clementine Stedman has lately attracted much attention by the delicacy and grace of her poetical compositions, as well as by the piquancy and spirit of her prose. For some months past we have been proud to rank her among the best of the contributors to "Graham's Magazine."

Her chirography differs as materially from that of her sex in general as does her literary manner from the usual namby-pamby of our blue-stockings. It is, indeed, a beautiful MS., very closely resembling that of Professor Longfellow, but somewhat more diminutive, and far more full of grace.



J. Greenleaf Whittier, is placed by his particular admirers in the very front rank of American poets. We are not disposed, however, to agree with their decision in every respect. Mr. Whittier is a fine versifier, so far as strength is regarded independently of modulation. His subjects, too, are usually chosen with the view of affording scope to a certain *vivida vis* of expression which seems to be his forte; but in taste, and especially in *imagination*, which Coleridge has justly styled the *soul* of all poetry, he is even remarkably deficient. His themes are never to our liking.

His chirography is an ordinary clerk's hand, affording little indication of character.



Mrs. Ann S. Stephens was at one period the editor of the "Portland Magazine," a periodical of which we have not heard for some time, and which, we presume, has been discontinued. More lately her name has been placed upon the title page of "The Lady's Companion" of New York, as one of the conductors of that journal—to which she has contributed many articles of merit and popularity. She has also written much and well, for various other periodicals, and will, hereafter, enrich this magazine with her compositions, and act as one of its editors.

Her MS. is a very excellent one, and differs from that of her sex in general, by an air of more than usual force and freedom.

THE SWEET SOUTH WIND.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Hark, 'tis the sweet south wind!
How soft its dewy fingers touch the keys
Which thrill such melting music through the mind,
Even the green leaves of the forest trees.

There is a witchery
In the soft music, like the voice of love;
Now gushing o'er the soul deliciously,
Then sighing a rich cadence through the grove.

It seemeth to mine ear
The rustling of some holy creature's wing,
Sent from some passionless and sinless sphere,
Unction of peace unto the soul to bring.

My temples feel its pow'r,
Cooling and soothing every throbbing vein;
My spirit lifts its weary wings once more,
And bursts the strong clasps of care's sordid chain.

And floats all calm and free,
Blent with the music of the bending wood,
Fill'd with the light of immortality,
Even the presence of the Living God.

Nature is full of Him,
And every willing spirit feels his pow'r;
Even as this south wind fills the forest dim,
And bends with its rich weight each lowly flow'r.

Oh, may death come to me
On the soft breath of such a night as this;
To lift the thin veil of mortality,
And let me bathe at once in perfect bliss.

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MISFORTUNES OF A TIMID GENTLEMAN.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

[Continued from Page 123.*]

Book II.

Being now somewhat advanced in life, I can look back on the past with that degree of calmness and self-complacency so delightful to age. I cannot think, with Miss Landon, that a person regards the follies of his youth with more severity himself than others regard them. Indeed I feel disposed to believe that those very follies form the chief charm of our early days; and, as for myself, I can hardly regret that I was not born a Nestor. So much by way of preface to my Second Book.

The reader who has been kind enough to follow me thus far in the history of my youth, will recollect that I introduced him to a social circle at Mrs. Melville's, one evening in the early part of summer.

Mr. Martagon, the gentleman with the large shoulders, was seated in an arm-chair, admirably adapted to his proportions. Mr. Pratt was looking unutterable things at Miss Azile, who, on the present occasion, was exceedingly unmerciful on love-stricken swains. Miss Emily Melville was warbling a soft enchanting air, which she accompanied with the guitar; and Mr. Desmond was wrapt in pleasing thoughts, the consequence thereof. Mr. Martagon being an ancient admirer of Miss Virginia Melville, enlisted her attention by a very judicious discourse on the evils of matrimony; which, of course, induced me to be very busily engaged at nothing particular.

When the music had ceased, the conversation gradually became general. Poetry was discussed — fiction voted a great evil — superstition allowed to be a universal failing — and Sir Walter Scott pronounced the king of ghost-makers; which latter allusion led to a very edifying description of the person and character of a certain ghost seen by each individual present.

Mr. Martagon, who had seen an unusual and pleasing variety of ghosts, recollected an uncommonly peculiar one which appeared to him during a twilight ramble in the woods.

This reminded Mr. Pratt of an extraordinary vision which he had once witnessed in the form of a hog; which prompted Mr. Desmond to relate an amusing anecdote of his experience in things supernatural.

Various ghost-stories were related by the company, till, by one of those unaccountable changes which so frequently occur in a lively circle, the conversation turned to love and courtship. This was a subject upon which I was very sensitive.

Miss Azile, the satirical young lady, was of opinion that all such things are highly ridiculous, and much to be regretted; in which opinion the fair portion of the company generally coincided. The reader who has read the anecdote of the Persian over whose head a sword was suspended by a thread, can imagine my anxiety to ascertain the opinion of the person in whom I was most interested. I did not long remain in suspense — "She considered it unnatural and improper for a young lady to love;" which assertion was accompanied by a very significant look at myself. The philosophy of indifference had ever been my most difficult study. I could not persuade myself that I was prepared for disappointment; and, in fact, my hopes were too sanguine to allow for many thoughts of a gloomy character. All was over now, however; and as I hurried away as miserable as Jacques, I thought there was a very pretty end to my day-dreams and night-visions. Byron's reproach occurred to me with all its bitterness —

> "Once I beheld a splendid dream —
> A visionary scene of bliss;
> Truth, wherefore did thy hated beam
> Awake me to a world like this?"

Thus ended my first misfortunes, which, being the most serious, I have dwelt upon at some length. I now turn with a lighter heart to my subsequent career. To avoid all such affairs in future, I resolved to visit Texas, where, I was informed, women were uncommonly scarce. This great inducement balanced all the disadvantages of climate and warfare. I never wished to look upon a bright eye or a dimpled cheek again. Texas, therefore, was my destination.

A few months calmed the turbulence of my mind; and I believed I was now forever qualified to withstand the charms of woman, and exempt from the troubles of the heart. Experience had taught me that everything is not gold which glitters. I had also learned to doubt the lauded constancy of the opposite sex, in that tender passion to which I was so susceptible. Indeed I had good reason to believe that caprice and fickleness of heart were their ruling traits; and I fully determined to avoid, in future, building my hopes of happiness on such baseless

* See September Number.

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foundations. So far I acted with prudence; and I felt very well satisfied with my embryo philosophy. During my tour, however, an incident occurred that greatly altered my opinions on this subject. It effected a wonderful change, too, in my estimation of woman's constancy.

I had stopped to spend a few days in the city of T——. There was nothing about this place, but its picturesque situation, worthy of a traveller's attention. I soon became satiated with the beauties of the surrounding scenery; and as the accommodations of the hotel were very limited, I determined to pursue my journey by the first means of conveyance. To my chagrin I learned that several days would elapse before I could find a stage for my place of destination. What to do with myself in the meantime, I could scarcely divine. Society had lost its charm; public amusements had become nauseous and uninteresting; and I was heartily tired of rambling about, without a congenial friend to commune with, or admire what I admired. In this dilemma I chanced to find, on ransacking my apartment, a neatly bound novel — the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." I had read this beautiful romance, with great delight, some years previously; but I discovered, on opening the present volume, that there were criticisms and observations on the margin, which offered some room for studying the mind and character of one of its readers; and I was induced to peruse it again. The pencilings were in the delicate hand of a female. Passages, which, for their beauty of diction and refined sentiment, I recollected having greatly admired, were carefully marked; and in many instances they elicited acute observations, and eloquent eulogies from the fair reader. As I progressed, I became as much interested in these comments, as I had formerly been in the work itself. They evinced at once a highly cultivated imagination — a depth and tenderness of feeling — and a visionary turn of mind, extremely captivating to a young reader. That sympathy, which the author of Hyperion so eloquently remarks is requisite for the appreciation of genius, seemed characteristic of the fair unknown. The gradual development of her history, as gleaned from these scattered thoughts and opinions, and the general tenor of her mind, interested me far more than I was disposed to admit, even to myself. That I may not be deemed unnaturally visionary, or sentimental, I shall quote a few passages, which, though taken at random, may serve to show the source from which I drew my deductions. The delicate hand of the commentator had slightly touched the following:

"Her youth was filled with hope, and many colored dreams; she loved, and the hues of morning slept upon the yet disenchanted earth. The heavens to her were not as the common sky; the wave had its peculiar music to her ear, and the rustling leaves a pleasantness that none, whose heart is not bathed in the love and sense of beauty, could discern."

From the remarks that were attached to this, I pictured the sympathising reader, who so feelingly dwelt upon it, as one, beautiful like Gertrude, and constituted to love with the same fervency and devotion. She was evidently young — her thoughts were tender — her sentiments lively and refined. That she was beautiful, my fancy did not permit me to doubt.

The next passage left rather a disagreeable impression:

"I look upon the world, and see all that is fair and good; I look upon *you*, and see all that I can venerate and adore."

She doubtless intended this quotation for one she loved. I began to experience all the pangs of jealousy; for well convinced that she was beautiful, young, and gifted, I did not conceive it improbable that I might have a rival, whose precedence in her affections could not but materially affect my chances of success, should I ever be fortunate enough to find her. As soon as I became sufficiently calm, I pursued my task. The concluding pages were evidently stained with tears. This greatly excited my curiosity; but I fancied her grief was attributable to the recollection of some misfortune conjured up by an allusion to the grave:

"The chords of thought, vibrating to the subtlest emotions, may be changed by a single incident, or in a single hour; a sound of sacred music, a green and quiet burial place, may convert the form of death into the aspect of an angel. And, therefore, wisely, and with a beautiful love, did the Greeks strip the grave of its unreal gloom; wisely did they body forth the great principle of rest, and by solemn and lovely images — unconscious of the northern madness that made a spectre of repose!"

Here was all I could require. Her lover had died in all the promise of genius and beauty. His death was simply and solemnly commemorated by a quiet burial in some sylvan solitude. The allusion, in the passage quoted, had revived all the poignancy of his loss, and her tears were evidences of the purity and sincerity of her affection. Although there now appeared no rival to fear, I was aware that love survives death; but as I never had much confidence in woman's constancy, this did not alarm me.

Forgetting my past experience and my vows of celibacy, I devoted myself immediately to this new chimera. On the title-page of the book, which had caused such wild fantasies, I perceived the initials — "E. S. C——." On examining the page more minutely, I found written in various places, "Emma," which I knew must be the name for one of the initials. All further search proved vain; and I resolved to examine the "traveller's register" in hope of procuring more exact information. About a month back, were written in a bold, free hand, the names of Col. Robert St. Clair and Sister — at least the surname of Miss St. Clair, and the name in full of her military brother. My next care was to find out their destination. With surprise and gratification, I perceived that it was precisely where I was journeying myself. My plan for an introduction was quickly made up. I would call on Miss St. Clair and restore her the lost book. My remarks on her criticisms would of course be flattering; and she could not avoid entering into a conversation. Common politeness would induce her

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to ask me to call again. Thus clear seemed the road to happiness! Let me now pursue it.

Nothing of interest occurred on my journey to P——. Immediately after my arrival I made inquiries for Colonel St. Clair. There was little difficulty in finding his residence. The purport of my mission induced me to devote more than usual care to my toilet; and as I knocked at the polished and brass-mounted door of Colonel St. Clair's house, the reflection therefrom satisfied me that I was a very passable personage. I was ushered into the drawing-room. "The Colonel was not at home; but the white lady would be down directly"—so the servant informed me, grinning admiration from ear to ear. Who the "white lady" was, I could not imagine; but her appearance dissipated all suspicion that it might be Miss St. Clair herself. She was apparently a lady of forty, much worn and faded by the cares of life. Her countenance was emaciated and melancholy; but her eyes were still bright and expressive; and her features were not uninteresting. She might once have been beautiful. Her form, though somewhat ghastly, was still symmetrical; and her quiet address and dignified manners proved that she had moved in the best society. After a few preliminary remarks, I entered on the subject which was nearest my heart:

"You will pardon my curiosity, madam, when I tell you I have a particular reason for inquiring if there is a young lady in this house, who is very fond of reading? I am uncertain about her name, but I shall give you a brief description, which will enable you to judge whether I am right in my conjectures respecting her identity. She is, I presume, about eighteen; and in rather a delicate state of health, I should imagine, though I will not be certain as to that. She has lately lost a friend, dearer to her than life, and I am led to believe his death occasions her the most poignant grief. I will not say she was betrothed to him. It is not, however, improbable that she was. I have no very exact recollection of her features; but I can give you an idea of her mental traits. She is highly imaginative; and takes great delight in elegant works of fiction. Her taste is remarkably good; and I believe she has written a great deal—probably contributed to the periodicals of the day. On so slight an acquaintance, madam, I feel a delicacy in declaring my motives for the minuteness of my inquiries; but you cannot avoid perceiving that I feel singularly interested in the history and identity of the young lady to whom I allude."

"Really, sir," she replied, with a lurking smile, "I can scarcely divine what you are seeking for. However, I am only sorry you have mistaken the place. There is no young lady here, such as you describe. In fact I am the only female belonging to the house; and I can hardly conceive how you were misled."

"Then," I observed with a fallen countenance, "you are Miss Emma St. Clair?"

"That is my name, sir."

It was evident, now, that I had been laboring under a very serious mistake. My situation was really embarrassing. It was not at all unlikely that the elderly spinster would consider me out of my senses, if I openly avowed the error my imagination had caused me to make. I therefore feigned as creditable a story as the existing circumstances would permit; and in conclusion, asked Miss St. Clair if she had lost a volume containing Bulwer's romance of the Rhine, during her sojourn at T——?

"I believe," she replied, blushing slightly, "my carelessness caused me to mislay a copy of that work. I regret the loss, not for its value, but simply because there were some pencillings in it which I did not wish to be perused."

I then produced the book, and confessed having read it and the comments with great delight. This led to a general discussion on the subject of fictitious literature, in which I discovered Miss St. Clair was deeply versed; nor did the discernment and susceptibility evinced in her random pencillings, mislead me as to the character of her mind. The result of my visit was an invitation to call again. I did not neglect the opportunity thus afforded, of cultivating the acquaintance of the accomplished spinster.

In due time I learned many circumstances of her early history. At the age of eighteen, she had plighted her faith to a young officer in the navy. Before arrangements could be effected for their marriage, he was compelled to depart on an expedition to the South Seas. For nearly two years, Emma St. Clair received occasional letters—all evincing unchangeable love in her betrothed. After this period he ceased to correspond. The agony of separation was enhanced by doubts as to his fate. In a state of mind bordering on distraction, she passed many a weary year. Time at length soothed her sorrow; but her love was the true—unchangeable love of woman, and the wounds of a bleeding heart were never closed. Various offers of marriage were rejected—she could never love again.

This affecting little sketch brought tears to the eyes of the narrator. She proved to me, in her melancholy history, that the female heart is not fickle when it truly loves, and that the constancy of woman "passeth all understanding."

No alternative was now left me, but to continue my travels. Having taken a place in the stage for W——, I set out on my journey, consoling myself with the reflection that I was destined to be miserable all the days of my life. My attention, however, was diverted from this gloomy presentiment, by a young lady of seventeen, who was returning from a boarding-school in the city, to her parental domicil at W——, and who unfortunately chanced to be the only passenger beside myself. Taking the liberty of a fellow traveller, I addressed her with becoming gallantry.

"You are travelling to W——?" I said.

"Yes, sir," she blushingly replied.

"Have you ever been there?"

"Yes—my parents reside in W——."

"Indeed!—you have been on a visit, then, to P——?"

"No sir—I have been to school; and I am going

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home to spend the vacation. Pa would have come for me, but he could not spare time."

"Oh," said I, "you will not be unprotected. Fortunately I am going to W—— myself."

"But Pa says I must n't talk to strangers."

"Ah, your Pa is—an old gentleman! My name is Weston—Harry Weston, so I hope I am no longer a stranger."

"Indeed—I don't know sir; I never heard of you before."

This was very candid, and very discreet. I remained silent; and my fair companion seemed to be deeply engaged in perusing a little work which she drew from her reticule.

"What may that be?" I at length ventured to inquire, although I was pretty well convinced it was the 'Young lady's Amaranth,' or a Pocket Lacon, containing 'Good Advice in small Parcels.'"

"This book, sir?"

"Yes."

"A hymn-book, I think—that is, it *is* a hymn-book, which Mrs. Wriggleton told me to read on the way."

"Mrs. Wriggleton is a very accomplished lady," I observed. By the by, I had never heard of her before.

"You know her then!" cried my fair young traveller."

"Yes—I am slightly acquainted."

"Well,—I *think* I heard her mention your name!"

"Very probably. Yours is Miss Fanny Cullobe."

"No. Mine is Corinna Wilton."

As the reader may presume, I had never heard of either names; nevertheless, I did not like to appear ignorant. In Miss Corinna, I discovered a transient acquaintance, to whom I had been introduced at a ball; which reminded Miss Corinna that she had an indistinct recollection of my features. Not aware that I had made a vow to remain invincible forever more, she laid siege to my heart during the greater part of the journey. We soon became quite familiar. I perceived that my fair acquaintance was quite sprightly and talkative; and did not venture to remind her of her Pa's injunction. Eventually she handed me her hymn-book, with the following passage marked for my perusal:—

> "Thine, wholly thine alone, I am,
> Be thou alone my constant flame!"

Fancying this was a piece of premeditated coquetry, I laughed, and acknowledged the compliment. My Dulcinea, however, encouraged by the reception of her first advance, next pointed out, with an almost irresistible smile, the verse commencing—

> "Pleasure, and wealth, and praise, no more
> Shall lead my captive soul astray;"

which somewhat alarmed me; but I read on—

> "My fond pursuits I all give o'er
> Thee, only thee resolved to obey;
> My own in all things to resign,
> And know no other will but thine."

Not a little astonished, I looked up in the countenance of the besieger. She was pretty, and sprightly too; but now all mirth had fled, and I fancied a bright tear glittered in her eye. At all events she seemed a good deal agitated. I scarcely knew what to say. I was becoming incredibly nervous. At this moment, fate for once befriended me. We were in W——. The stage had stopped; and I stepped out to aid Corinna in a similar process. As I took her hand, I perceived that she trembled. The spirit of mischief induced me to ask her how she had enjoyed her journey.

She answered—"I shall never forget it!"

"Why?" I very innocently asked.

There was an embarrassing pause. She looked at me, and sighed? and I repeated the question.

"How can I forget it," she replied, "when it has caused me to meet one whom I shall never forget!"

This alarmed me considerably; but I could only look sentimental, and give her a parting squeeze. Before our final farewell, however, she gave me an invitation to pay her a visit, which I had not the firmness to resist.

During my rambles round the village for the next few days, I learned that the Wiltons were a highly respectable family of great wealth, and that Corinna was an heiress, who had never made her appearance in the matrimonial market. Though I had not the least intention of taking advantage of my conquest, I considered myself bound in common politeness, to pay her the promised visit. After some little attention to my toilet, I set out for the residence of Mr. Wilton. This personage had formerly been an officer in the Navy; and I was not surprised to find that he was precisely such a bluff, hale-looking old gentleman, as my fancy led me to picture him.

"Sir," said he, when Corinna had formally introduced me," "I consider you a great young rascal!"

Thunderstruck at such a reception, I answered—"May I ask, what induces you to form such an opinion of me?"

"Damme!" cried the old gentleman, "but you *are* an impudent dog! Have'n't you stolen my daughter's heart, without leave or license? But I forgive you, sir, for I was just such a young scoundrel at your age. Didn't I run away with your mother, Corinna, before I was eighteen? Ah," continued the ex-officer, "that was a rare adventure! It was, you scapegrace!—what are you gaping at?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"You are an impudent dog, as I said before; but I'll be square with you. Corinna, you say he is of good family, and all that sort of flummery!"

"Oh, Pa!"

"Don't *Pa* me!—you are dead in love with him!"

"Indeed, Papa—"

"Hush! you hussey—don't I know human nature? See here, younker, you can take her; and it's a d—d sight too good a bargain for you!"

"Really, sir," I stammered, "she mistook my attentions. My sentiments are entirely—"

"Sentiments, fudge!—none of this palaver! You want to make me believe you're the pink of modesty; but I've studied human nature. Here she is with a fortune you'll not find every day, and I know you love her—so no more of your sentimental nonsense, but prepare to get spliced to-morrow. I go in for do-

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ing things off-hand, as the skipper of the Long-Tom used to say, when —"

"My dear, sir," I interrupted;" this is altogether a misunderstanding. It is utterly impossible for me to marry your daughter!"

"See here!" cried the venerable gentleman, in a great rage—"I told you before that I wanted no more fandangling. Be off, sir! and let me see that your rigging be in order, by to-morrow!—I've studied human nature, sir!"

From the little experience I had in that line myself, I perceived that argument or remonstrance would not avail; so I bowed myself very politely out, resolved to leave W——, as soon as possible.

I could not think, however, of leaving Corinna to the desolation of unrequited love, without a word of excuse or consolation. The result of "mature consideration" on the subject was the following note:

B——'s Hotel, Tuesday Night.

My dear Friend:—Never till now did I really believe such misery as I experience, could be mine. Truly I am the most unhappy being on the face of the earth! Without the slightest design on my part, it appears that I have won your affections—at a time too, when it is utterly impossible I can requite them. Your father's precipitancy prevented an explanation that might have saved you the mortification of a written avowal respecting my sentiments; but I assure you, however desirous I am that you should be as happy as you desire to be, I cannot love you. The contemplated union can never be. Truly grateful for your good opinion of me, and for the honor of the intended alliance,

I remain, if you permit me,
Ever sincerely your friend,
Henry Weston.

To Miss Corinna Wilton.

At four o'clock in the morning, I was in the stage, on my way to the nearest seaport town. I had made up my mind to embark for Europe. The packet ship A—— was ready to start, and awaited only a fair wind. I engaged a passage for Bordeaux; and the delay being transient, I was soon beyond the reach of Captain Wilton, and the wiles of Corinna.

But alas! what hope is there for the unfortunate? I discovered to my sorrow that new troubles awaited me. As I sat one evening on the bulwark, brooding over my past career, a female voice of exquisite pathos, accompanied by the guitar delicately and tastefully touched, ascended from the ladies' cabin. I fancied there was something heavenly in the soft, melancholy strain that was wafted from the lips of the songstress. The words were beautiful and touching, and entirely in unison with my feelings. Under any circumstances, the performance would not have appeared commonplace; but at a moment like this, sounds which alone were the soul and essence of poetry, borne to my ear so softly, so unexpectedly, entranced my senses, till I voluntarily exclaimed—

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast
That with these raptures moves the vocal air!"

Not a breath ruffled the calm, swelling ocean. The rays of a departing sun gilded every object around me, with a mellow lustre. A scene of such expanse and grandeur completed the effect which the music had wrought upon me; and I was overpowered with the tenderest emotions. Visions of home and its happy associations, came upon me in rapid succession. But these "thick-coming fantasies" were verging me towards the melting mood. To hide my weakness, I entered into a sociable dialogue with one of my fellow passengers.

"Yes—a very delightful voice," he observed in answer to an observation of mine.

"Is she ill?—I have not seen her at the dining table," said I; for I felt more than ordinary interest in her.

"Delicate, I presume, she prefers the solitude of her cabin."

"Ah, yes: her voice indicates a pensive disposition."

"Just hers, exactly, sir."

"Then you are acquainted with her?" I observed.

"I ought to be," said my travelling acquaintance.

"Is she young?"

"Yes—about nineteen."

"And pretty?"

"Beautiful, *I* think."

Now *I* really began to imagine I was deeply in love. This unknown songstress had created strange sensations in me. I had some thoughts of asking an introduction; but my acquaintance was almost too slight with my new friend. After a moment's thought, I observed—

"I should like to know her."

"Would you? I shall introduce you, sir, with pleasure," was the generous reply.

"In fact," I whispered, drawing my quondam acquaintance aside, "to tell you the truth, I am very much in love with her!"

"The devil you are!" cried he, with a hearty laugh.

"Yes—I fancy she is a most fascinating woman."

"Ah, you may say that," replied Mr. Templeton, whose name I discovered on the corner of his pocket handkerchief.

"Shall we go down now?" said I, for I was very anxious to see her.

"Just as you please;" and we were soon in the presence of the fair unknown. She was quite as beautiful as I expected. Mr. Templeton having learned my name, presented me with due ceremony—"Mr. Weston, I'll introduce you to my wife. Mrs. Templeton, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Weston."

I was thunderstruck! Mr. Templeton enjoyed a hearty laugh at my confusion; but I was too cruelly disappointed to join in it. Making the best apology in my power, I hurried upon deck to conceal my chagrin. It is needless to add that during the rest of the voyage I kept aloof from all company—especially that of the fascinating Mrs. Templeton.

I shall not dwell upon my tour through Europe. I spent the winter in France; and proceeded thence through Spain to Italy. Nearly a year was devoted to this part of my continental ramble. After my visit to Italy I embarked for England, whence I proceeded to the highlands of Scotland. I spent an adventurous season here; and set sail for America.

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Three years of my early life thus glided away. On my journey home, I passed through W——. Captain Wilton, I learned, had died about a year previously, of an apoplectic stroke. Corinna had married a country merchant, a month after my departure. Her fortune was only nominal; the Captain having deeply involved himself in debt; but she made amends to her disappointed spouse by presenting him, a few months after their marriage, with a fine pair of twins. So much for the charms of lucre!

My old friend Desmond informed me of various changes which had taken place during my absence. I shall only allude to one or two, in which the reader may feel an interest.

Mr. Martagon, the poet, won the heart of a Southern lady, rich, accomplished and beautiful. The natural result was marriage; although, in extenuation, he wrote a poem, in the style of Ovid, showing that such a course was necessary at a certain period of life.

Miss Emily Melville became a nun; and enjoyed thenceforth the quiet charms of a life of peace and devotion.

"——Waking as in sleep,
She seemed but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turned from earth its tender beam."

My early flame, Miss Virginia Melville, at length found one whose talents she admired — whose virtues and personal gifts won her affection. She discovered that love, with all its follies, is neither unnatural or improper; and in yielding her hand to the possessor of her heart, found that the greatest source of happiness, in this life, is the pure and sacred affection of two devoted souls.

And now, kind reader, a word more and we are done. Impressed with the belief that a faint heart never would procure me a wife, I managed to get rid of my timidity as age progressed; and popped the question at various times. But, alas! some objected that my hair was getting gray — others that my complexion was too dark — and one cruel little beauty told me I looked better as a bachelor, than I would as a husband. So here I am, verging to a very uncertain age, with every prospect of a life of single blessedness. I can only say to those of my fair readers, who are opposed to bachelorship, that I am not in fault; and that it is in their power to remedy the evil by addressing me a word of hope.

To all who have found anything amusing or interesting in these memoirs thus far, I beg leave to remark that when I am snugly settled, enjoying the sweets of matrimony, I shall present them with the third and last book, of the MISFORTUNES OF A TIMID GENTLEMAN.

THE LYRE BIRD.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

The *Menura Superba*, a species of the Bird of Paradise, is also called the Lyre Bird, from the perfect resemblance of the tail to an ancient lyre. Its powers of song are very great. It commences singing in the morning, and gradually ascends some eminence as it sings.—*Shaw's Zoology.*

Bird of the forest, thy form is fair
As a summer cloud on the evening air,
And the golden plumage upon thee lies
In tintings rich as a rainbow's dyes;
Yet fairer wert thou when thy form, at first
From the hands of God like a sunbeam burst,
When the velvet shades of the forest glooms
Were lit with the light of thy golden plumes,
And angel eyes as they passed were turned
To the place where thy plumy glory burned.
But Sin, that with curse upon all hath lain,
Has dimmed thy glories with many a stain;
And the summer's heat, and the winter's storm
Have blighted and blasted thy early form.

Bird of the forest, thy song is sweet
As breezes that summer wavelets greet,
And thy liquid notes melt into one,
Like hearts of lovers in unison.
Yet sweeter far were thy tones that broke
The spell of silence when Eden woke,
And angel forms on their plumes delayed,
To list to thy notes 'mid the garden shade;
And, ceasing to sweep their chords of fire,
In wonder gazed on thy mimic lyre.

Since the eve when the stilly grove was stirred
By the voice of God in the garden heard,
And the cherubs waved the fiery sword
At Eden's gate 'gainst its banished lord —
Since the brow of the guilty Earth was bent
'Neath the sentence of sin's dread punishment,
A spell of woe on thy heart has lain,
Sorrow has saddened thy dulcet strain;
And the grief of the exile that pines alone
Is heard in the breathing of every tone.

Still pour thy song; and still mount higher
With the day-god. Bird of the plumy lyre!
And know as thou pourest thy saddened strain,
That the meek heart is purified by pain,
And at length will rest on a palmy shore,
Where grief and suffering are no more.
In that sweet land from all sorrow free,
There 's a place of bliss, lone bird, for thee;
With the beasts of the field and the birds of the shade,
Immortal as first when God had made.
There shall the strains of thy music flow
In a ceaseless stream, without note of woe;
And the gloss of thy pinions forever play
In the glorious beams of eternal day.

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THE IDEAL.

GERMAN LITERATURE, AND A LOVE STORY.

BY O. O. PINTER.

I PERCEIVE with regret that it has of late become fashionable among the critics and mediocre authors, on both sides of the water, to decry German literature. Having rifled the gems — and bright and precious are they — the casket is now to be kicked aside as useless lumber. Even Blackwood — so long an oracle almost of the literary world — even Kit North himself, than whom a better man or truer poet never existed — has turned cynic and snarler in his old age, and after having marched side by side with Scott, Göethe, Byron, Coleridge, Schiller, Schlegel, and Shelley, through the brightest era of literature that has dawned and blazed upon the world since Johnson, has at last sunk to the level of a literary parvenu, and laughs at German literature! *He* should not have done it! I tell you, Christopher, that the inspiration of a century was concentrated in a few mighty brains, which, within the last century, have returned to dust. For another hundred years to come, human intellect will seldom rise above the mere practical concerns of life — railroads, manufactures, and machinery. Practical science and natural philosophy will progress; but not that sublime and immediate gift of God, the embodying of the Ideal Perfect. The old world is exhausted. Greece, and her mouldering monuments of classic beauty — Rome, and her magnificent mementos of the shadowy past — Spain with her high romance, and Asia with her gorgeous grandeur — who will venture again to explore? Chateaubriand, Byron, De Staël, Moore, Rogers — are not such names barriers to frighten all aspirants? No — not till America — the new world — becomes rich and settles herself down in quiet grandeur — not till her thousand mountains, her mighty lakes, her stupendous cataracts, and her boundless prairies, become invested with the magic of intellectual association — not until history begins to lose itself in dreamy and indistinct fable, to cast a vague interest over every charmed spot — will the bright-winged Ideal rouse from her sleeping nest. She shrinks from every thing practical, palpable, and common-place, as the rainbow loses its hues as it approaches the earth.

Let us then cherish and protect the thoughts and aspirations which these mighty minds have bequeathed us. Never did I think to find WILSON depreciating German literature. He is old, and should almost fear that posterity will retort upon him! A remnant of the old worshippers of the Ideal yet remain, haunting the ploughed fields of modern improvement, like the scattered and timid deer which are sometimes seen bounding along the margin of civilization. Like the White Lady of Avenel, they are year by year fading away — the golden zone which binds their misty drapery is becoming smaller and smaller — the clack of the useful mill, or the clashing of machinery, drowns their voices at their favorite fountains; and they are forced to shut up the beautiful visions which haunt their breasts, in the deep sources of emotion which glow and bubble in silence.

The source of our most exquisite happiness is the cause of our keenest sufferings. The constant and feverish search after perfection soon disgusts the seeker. Expecting every thing for which the heart panteth, we rush onward from disappointment to despair. Hope's false mirror is reversed; and pleasure appears as much diminished as it was before enlarged.

He who is blest with an organization in which Ideality holds a conspicuous place, will be sure to form a complete system of metaphysics, graduated upon its impulses. If he be permitted to inhale the odor of the German Ideology, or of Platonism in its sublime beauty, he will thence be satisfied; and will yield up his own dreamings to the more powerful enchantments which the beautiful dead have thrown around him — for Ideality is the least conceited of the feelings. It is only proud of its *capacity to enjoy*.

It was my fortune to be born and educated on the banks of the Hudson, where the noble river makes a long sweep westward, affording now an excellent landing for steamboats; but which, when I first snuffed up the free mountain air, resounded to nought but the wild warbling of the merry birds, or the occasional halloo of the far-off husbandman, as he urged his reluctant plough through the rich soil. There is now a nail-factory on the very spot where I used to stand, watching the glorious sunrise as its golden light filtered through the trees which crowned the eastern hill, and lit up the joyous brook which danced at my feet — while I *felt* that the broad and whirling river at my back, was leaping and quivering in the gleam. Each tiny grot and harbor which my young imagination erst peopled with denizens from the land of dreams, now resounds to the uncouth "clink of hammers," or the sacrilegious wheezing

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of a steam-engine! When I last visited my native village — 'tis ten years ago — to seek once more the remembered haunts of childhood, I found a railroad dépôt on the very spot where the church in which I was christened once stood, and a cotton factory on my former bathing-ground by the margin of my dear old lake.

Vexed and disappointed, I flung myself along an old heap of logs which had escaped the demon of improvement, and were still in their old position, crumbling quietly and decently to dust. Here I lay until the sun clambered awkwardly down the western sky, and the shadows of evening came out from their hiding places to meet the bat and owl, and hold their nightly revels in the moonshine. Gradually I sunk into a new and pleasing state of existence. I had been reading "Undine," a literary gem of so pure and perfect a form and structure, that the only wonder is how it should have been created by the mere spontaneous working of the imperfect human brain. It is now ten years since I read it — nor have I presumed to look into a modern "translation," of which I have heard — and yet you shall see how well I remember it.

Undine is the favorite child of a water-goddess, and like all fairies with whom I was ever acquainted, holds her ethereal attributes only at the expense of her natural affections, and becomes mortal at the touch of man. Well — her mother being an exception of a fairy woman, has no small degree of *curiosity* in her composition, and places this darling daughter of hers under the protection of an old anchorite who lived in a beautiful green island, all alone, as he thought; but he was mistaken, as you shall see: for this very island was the most frequent haunt of the fairies, gnomes, salamanders, and other such grave and respectable people — a sort of coffee-house, in fact, where they met nightly to talk over the politics of Elfinland, criticise the Queen's last head-dress, laugh at Puck's latest epigram, toss off their bumper of "mountain dew," and stagger soberly to bed under the violet.

And so, in this wild, fragrant solitude — unknown to vulgar eyes and therefore unsoiled and untrampled upon — grew up this flower in all the luxuriant beauty of mortality, softened and spiritualized by her yet immortal nature. And, as the grape is most luscious and tempting the very moment ere it is tainted by the sun's unhallowed kisses, and drops, a disgusting thing, from the green and immortal vine, so she grew ripe with loveliness and so intense in beauty, that, Narcissus like, she fell enamored of her own sweet image, as it was reflected in the pure spring sacred to the innate Ideal which bubbled within her own bosom. The old hermit marked anxiously and tenderly the growth of his young charge: and when, in the evening time — when the rose's bosom swelled and panted beneath the night wind's passionate embrace — she came and kissed his brow and nestled her beautiful curly head in his bosom, the old man was wild with joy, and his heart beat again as it did in youth, like the sleeping tide awakened to convulsions by the gentle moon.

But anon a brave and beautiful knight — whose ancestral castle still frowns above the Rhine, parting reluctantly, like a decaying beauty, one by one, year after year, with its fair proportions — came dashing through the foam to our dainty islet. He had been hunting in the forest; and a terrible storm coming up — no doubt set on foot by the mischievous fairies, who, like all other supernatural beings, are accused of frequently overturning the economy of a whole world to advance some particular whim of their own — he rode wildly through the intricate labyrinths of the woods for some hours to no purpose, and at length gave up the reins to his noble steed, who bore him wherever he would: and, landing on our beautiful island, the knight saw the twinkle of the anchorite's torch, which he had lighted to tell his rosary at the midnight hour. The stranger was kindly welcomed, and the hermit's homely fare cheerfully set before him.

And now, out peeped Undine — the little rogue — from her fairy slumbers, with her night-dress scarce hanging about her beautiful shoulders, and her large eyes dazzling and sinking into shade like the opal. Such visions may have broken upon Guido's dreams, ere yet his hand had been trained by art to grasp the impalpable lightning of his mind, and chain it to the canvas. In vain the old man pleaded and expostulated — nay once in an angry tone *commanded* her to go back instantly. I wish you could have seen her then. It was like the uncoiling of a beautiful snake, disturbed in its playfulness by the rash intruder's foot. With eye-balls darting fire — throat swelling and falling with beautiful rage — and every movement indicating the contortions of a fiend, who had in vain endeavored to disguise himself in the robes of spiritual beauty — she rudely pushed the old man aside, sprung lightly into the room, and stood, in an attitude of wild and timid repose, directly in front of the stranger knight.

CHAPTER II.

And the knight, being entranced with the supernatural beauty of Undine, rushed eagerly towards her with his arms extended, as if he would clasp her to his bosom; but she shrunk from his approach like the sensitive plant, which thrillingly feels, yet dares not meet, man's touch — and the eager knight embraced the empty air.

When I was a little child, I once tried to catch a beautiful bird that sat singing in a green bush; but when my hand, certain of its victim, closed to grasp it, a gleam of loveliness shot across my eyes — a wild burst of joyous melody smote my ears — and that bird like a midnight dream, passed from my sight forever. Hope ceased her guardian watch, and as she turned her face from me, threw deep black shadows far into my heart. So felt the strange knight, as he stood with extended arms motionless and eyes gazing wildly in the direction whence Undine had vanished, until the good old hermit came

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and laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder, and spoke kindly to him — for he knew that his guest was in a charmed spell, and could no more control his thought.

So he led the knight, as he would have done a child, to a beautiful arbor at the bottom of the garden, where the moon-beams had stolen through the vine-leaves, and were dallying with the dew — for the tempest had suddenly ceased, and the majestic night had come forth uncovered, to hold her starry court — and pointed to a rustic bed made of dry leaves and moss. Then he blessed him and departed — and the stranger slept sweetly beneath the sheltering wings of night. But it was his body alone that slumbered: for no sooner had he closed his eyes than a thousand faces, radiant with smiles and witching tenderness, clustered around him — and, oh rapture! among them was Undine, who came joyously towards him, and flung herself confidingly into his arms; and, as she looked up in his face, he thought he had passed the cloudy shadows which separate earth from heaven, and was already in the abode of immortal bliss.

But I will not protract my story. The knight fell impetuously in love with the little fairy girl, who told him that she had sacrificed her immortality out of pure love for him, and promised him every delight that physical or intellectual longing could possibly conceive — so long as he was faithful to her: and the little witch kept her word, and had told him the truth, too, as you shall presently see — for her father, Kuhleborn, and all the rest of her fairy acquaintances, gradually forsook her, and she held no more communion with the winged spirit of the ideal world, save with that *one* who is ever near the object of her anxiety and love — her mother! Aye, that fairy mother, in the still star-light, when Undine slept like a rose upon the bosom of her lord, would come and fan her with her musical wings, and breathe fragance over her, and spangle her hair with tears of love and fondness — and then the knight would wake and kiss them up, and fold her more closely to his breast; and the mother would glide noiselessly away, and sit in pleasant sadness by the river's bank, until the garish day-light frightened her back to her haunts in the deep forest.

Well — this lasted for some time; the old hermit sanctioning with his smiles the endearments of the fond pair; for he knew that Undine's only chance of happiness was in the constancy of the stranger knight — for she had forfeited her immortal nature, and trusted all her rich treasure of hope and happiness to a human love! How precious the cargo! how frail the bark! what a little tempest will shatter this slight vessel, and strew the glittering fragments of its freight upon the sands!

Anon came a gallant array of knights from his father's court, to conduct our bewildered lover back to life. Congratulations upon his safety, and the evident joy which dwelt upon the features of his friends, at length subdued him, and he consented to return to the gay world. He sought once more his Undine in her favorite bower; and as he approached, a strain of most exquisite music stole upon his ear. He listened, and heard the voice of his own — his beloved — pour forth her soul:

"Farewell, farewell! ye dreams which were my being,
And are no more — at least, no more to me;
I see ye dimly from my presence fleeing —
I know — I know — ye never more can be
Solace or joy of mine! How weak to trust
Undying love like mine to mortal formed of dust!

"Farewell, farewell! ye bright-winged sister spirits,
Immortal in your beauty and your truth!
I cannot envy ye — my soul inherits
A dowry dearer than immortal youth,
E'en from the fulness of my present joy,
While yet I linger near my beauteous island-boy!

"Ah! for one thrill of love to wring with bliss
The delicate fibres of a heart like mine,
I'd pay again the price I pay for this!
And, though for me no more the stars shall shine,
Or flowers around their odorous breath distil,
Or nightly revels on the moon-lit hill

"Awake me with their echoes — yet the *sense*
Of human love, and that I was adored
With warm and human energy, shall dispense
Fragrance immortal o'er me, when I've poured
The essence of my being out, and died —
The victim of immortal love and mortal pride!

Wildly he rushed into the arbor, and clasped the fairy woman over and over to his breast — swearing and protesting most vehemently that he would only go and see his father and receive his blessing, and his mother's kiss, and his sister's farewell embrace, and then straightway return to the island and his fairy bride. And so, he again pressed her little bosom to his own, and kissed her lips, and she, poor thing! believed him — for she was nothing but a woman then, and had lost her fairy sagacity — and twining her beautiful limbs around him, as if she would grow there forever, she flooded his bosom with her pure warm tears; and gently removing her now insensible form to a green bank, strown with violets, and calling the good old hermit from the hut, he rushed out, and mounting his gallant steed, dashed wildly across the Rhine, and bent his way to his father's castle.

And now I must let you into a very important secret; which is, that our gallant knight had already wooed and won the daughter of a powerful nobleman, whose castle was on the opposite bank of the river to his father's, — and the marriage contracts and settlements had all been made and ratified by the old people. The lady was a pretty, unmeaning, blue-eyed girl, and knew no better than to fall in love according to law and the command of her father; and she therefore made no opposition, but merely waited in listless indifference, till her husband should release her virgin bosom from its bursting boddice, and lead her to the nuptial chamber. Of what *that* was, she had no possible idea — or, if she had, nobody was ever the wiser of it.

And so the knight dashed onwards, outstripping all his friends, until he arrived breathless at his father's castle, scarce knowing where he was or where he had been. But all question or surmise was smothered in the joy occasioned by his return. Feasts and festivals were the order of the day — and our knight was eternally stuck alongside of the blue-eyed girl he was to marry. But he thought of nothing but a pair of large black orbs that used to dart lightning into

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his soul, when he was on the little island; and he never heard his intended bride utter a word without thrilling, by contrast, all over, with the memory of that fairy music which soothed him in Undine's bower. And he saw her in his dreams — and even when he was wide awake, his soul still lingered round that charmed spot, hallowed by the presence of immortal love. But earthly ties are more palpable than the air-wrought links of the soul's affections, and find a stronger hold in our gross and earthly nature; and so, day after day, the dream of his sweet Undine became dimmer and more fleeting; and at last, like one intoxicated with glorious wine who sinks to sleep dreamless, he tumbled listlessly back to earth, and his fairy bride was remembered no more. The day for his marriage was fixed, and the time was spent in a continual round of feasting and merry making.

Where was Undine all this time? What did she? Tell us all about her. In good time you shall hear the whole sad story.

CHAPTER III.

Have you ever, dear reader, journeyed in the hot sun-shine, your brain literally broiling in the heat, and the dust driving, like a sleet-storm, into your face, filling your eyes, ears and throat with minute particles, which irritated you almost to phrenzy — and, when almost ready to drop down dead with fatigue, thirst and despair, suddenly seen, upon turning an abrupt angle in the path, a fair smiling woodland lawn stretching before you, and a cool, limpid stream of water gushing out from among the flowers, and a whole orchard of birds singing gaily in the branches? So, after the dusty and perplexing toils of life, return we to Undine and her strange fortunes.

Ah, she was a guilty thing — that beautiful and fairy girl! for what right had she to sacrifice her celestial nature, and become a mere thing of earth for worms to feed upon, just for a few mortal kisses? True, true — but those kisses! oh, what rapture lies hidden in the spell of that hour when the divine soul, with its cold immaculate brightness, yields to the warmer thrillings of terrestrial love, and melts away in ecstasy beneath the glance of passion-lighted eyes — the pressure of warm sweet lips! Immortals live in a bright round of perpetual purity and lustre. No o'erwrought heaving of the breast — no momentary thrilling of agonising bliss — no melting climax of joy, concentrating in its burning focus a whole life of hope and aspiration — repays the weary soul for all her watchings. Undine had drunk of the intoxicating draught till her lips grew to the goblet.

Ah, who can blame her? Who has not tasted moments of earthly bliss so intense that were immortality's brightest visions spread palpably before him, he would spurn them all?

Soon after the knight left the little island, our good old hermit, upon going to Undine's apartment, as was his wont, saw her not. He searched every where — the garden, the river bank, the thicket which surrounded his little plantation, were all examined in vain. She had fled away upon the wings of love, and, panting with toil and exhaustion, came at last to her knight's castle, and ran like lightning through the court. What saw she? Lights were glancing in every niche, — loud and boisterous noises of merriment and gaiety echoed through the passages — and, bracing her little heart with the strength of despair, Undine rushed wildly to the great saloon, and saw the knight — her own beloved — him for whose love Heaven and its joys she had lightly thrown away — leading the pretty blue-eyed German girl to the altar. The white-robed priest was there — and, as he completed the ceremony, he raised his unconscious hands and blessed them in the name of the virgin. And the harp and tambour struck up their wild music — and away fled the bride and bride-groom with the joyous throng of revellers to the dance.

Undine was not yet *all* a woman. Revenge, as it were the dying spark of her immortal nature, burst brightly up in her bosom; and, rushing wildly out into the forest, she fell upon her knees and cried vehemently for her mother. She was at her side, and gazing wistfully and fondly upon her, ere the echoes had ceased whispering in the woods.

"Execute me this first and only prayer, dear, dear mother!" said Undine — "and forever I release you from the charge of your most miserable child!"

"What would you, sweet?"

"Strike *him* dead! — aye! but wait ——" and her eyes flashed and her whole form seemed convulsed with demoniac passion — "wait till he enfolds her to his heart, as he has done *me* so often — and kisses her — hell and furies! as he has kissed *me* so many thousand times — *then* strike him, mother — let him wither in her arms, like a dead viper, until they shall both sink in base, earthly corruption together. Mother! mother! grant me this, as you love your child!"

On went the marriage feast — and never had Rhine's blue waters wafted gayer notes or wilder revelry than echoed from the old baronial castle, where our young knight was immolating the beauteous dove that had nestled in his bosom on the altar of worldly pride and miscalled duty.

But when the feast was over, and the bride was led blushing to her chamber, a strange thrill shot through the bosom of the knight as he was about to follow, and he almost staggered into the room. The bride, frightened at his convulsive motions, ran and put her naked arms about him, and he unconsciously leaned his head upon her bosom — when suddenly a terrific burst of thunder shook the castle to its foundation, and the face of the knight became livid and distorted — and, even as Undine had prayed, he withered away ghastily in his bride's arms, and they both fell shrieking to the earth.

The morning sun rose clear and beautiful over the old ivy crowned castle — but there were mourning and tears beneath that venerable roof; and when the sun slanted across the sighing forest tops at evening, they bore the young and noble knight to his peaceful home, and laid him to rest among the flowers of the

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green valley—and when all had departed with sorrowful footsteps from the spot, and the stealthy moon came with her bright limbs scantily clad in gauzy clouds, to meet her lover on the hill, she looked upon the celestial form of Undine, bending in sorrow and repentance o'er her lover's grave—and the dew and the star-light mingling together, dissolved her frail and beautiful outline, until it mixed with the invisible odors that played above the flowers—and the next day there was bubbling a bright spring at the knight's head, the waters of which, diverging into two graceful channels, clasped like loving arms the form of him Undine so fatally had loved.

And now, thou beautiful spirit, farewell forever! In thy companionship have we found solace from the weight of mortality's burthen—and while sympathising with thy unhappy and yet blissful fate, have learned to feel that to preserve an immortal nature, it is necessary to forget that we have mortal passions.

LINES TO A PORTRAIT.

BY A. C. AINSWORTH.

It must be life which sits upon that brow
So calm—so full of mind's nobility:
For I do gaze with homage even now,
As if *her* living lustre beamed on me.
There sleep the folds of her unrivalled hair—
There bloom those lips whose charm no words may speak,
And her divinest smile, which mocks at care,
Blends sweetly with the tints which clothe her cheek.

Rich rooms were lighted, and I wandered long,
Seeking a solace with the fair and bright;
But ever, as I moved amid the throng,
Thy large eyes haunted with their gentle light.
Ev'n through my fevered sleep, in wildest dreams,
Those features all seem'd over me to brood:
Alas! when midnight fails to hide those gleams,
How vainly seeks the heart a solitude!

But *she* was there—thy *living* counterpart:
Why *gaze* on *thee*, when I might look on her?
Ah, often in this world, the mourning heart
Seeks least, thro' *fear*, the things it would prefer!
For when unto my lip there rose the jest,
And I seemed coldest, to the throng around,
Then *most* love burned within my wearied breast,
And strongest, with its chain, my heart was bound.

As o'er Italian seas the "Vesper Hymn"
Comes gently:—so her voice in music stole;
My tongue did falter, and mine eyes grew dim:
For fainting joy was throned within my soul.
I all forget the end; how we did part;
Or if she frowned on me—or if she smiled;
I slept with her bright image in my heart,
And the fair morning found me chained—beguiled!

LINES.

BY J. E. DOW.

Ask not for life, 'tis vain at best,
A period fraught with bitter woe,
A gaudy fiction when 'tis blest,
A constant struggle here below;
But Death! it bears the weary home,
Where sin and sorrow cannot come.

To die in youth, to 'scape the pain
That like a shadow marks our way,
To die, nye 'tis to live again
In brighter regions far away;
Where unknown glories ceaseless roll
Their floods of pleasure o'er the soul.

We weep above the early dead,
And crown the scanty grave with flowers;
We feel affliction when we tread
Amid the churchyard's silent bowers:
But could we hear the spirits' song
How blithely should we move along!

Free'd from the mockery of earth,
In the Almighty's glory drest,
How mean appears their spot of birth!
How beautiful their place of rest!
Their voices ring mid angel choirs,
And love in sweetness tunes their lyres.

Then ask not life, but joy to know
That sinless they in heaven shall stand;
That death is not a cruel foe
To execute a wise command.
'Tis ours to ask, 'tis God's to give.—
We live to die—and die to live.

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THE RESCUE AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS, AUTHOR OF "THE MIAMI VALLEY," ETC.

I have a tale thou hast not dream'd —
If sooth — its truth must others rue. BYRON.

IT was one of those lovely autumnal days of which we all often dream, and so fondly wish to enjoy, when lying upon the bed of sickness; such a day as we love to dwell upon in imagination, when we are closely housed and sitting by a sparkling fire during the long freezing winter nights.

Well, it was such a day as this that my friend Ned K—— and I started through the rich country which lies north of Dayton. The sun was just rising, glorious and unobscured by cloud or mist, his early rays dancing gaily upon the parti-colored foliage, like millions of those little bright elfins which people the glowing imagination of the oriental improvisitore.

Feeling the influence of the early morning air upon our spirits, we pricked forward our steeds; and as the noble animals danced over the earth, our hearts leaped to our lips, and we gave forth their joyousness in the glowing language which the poets numbered before us.

We gazed up into the deep-blue vault of heaven above us; we saw the moon sailing along in cloudless majesty, and the stars peeping through their lingering drapery of darkness, and we raised our voices, and in gladness and lightness of heart, we shouted aloud. And the birds — those ceaseless lutes of the summer morning air — warbled a response.

We soon became short of breath; our lungs had expanded too freely, and our blood was too fiery after its slow and even circulation during the lethargy of the late night — our spirits boiled over, and like everything which boils over, they soon sank into a contrasting calmness, and we discovered that we were riding side and side with all of the sedateness of a Quaker preacher when he arrived in sight of the meeting house.

"How far does your old uncle reside from here?" I asked anxiously of my friend Ned.

"Be patient, my good fellow, and we will soon get there."

"I wish we were there now, I am so anxious to see the old hero. You say he was an active participator in some of the principal incidents of our revolution?"

"He was, and that old musket which I showed you yesterday, accompanied him in many of his adventures. From the first bloodshed at Lexington till the final capture at Yorktown, did that hero bare his breast to the storm of the revolution. His blood has bathed the soil of many a battle-field, and innumerable are the hair-breadth perils which he has passed through. You are partial to these tales of perils, L——, and you shall now be gratified to your heart's content."

My heart leaped with joy, and I began already to calculate the time and expense which it would require to write a volume of his adventures; and what edification it would be to the devourers of omnivorous literature.

"Is he a great talker?" I immediately asked, for, but a short time previous I had made several trips to see pioneers solely for the purpose of committing to paper their adventures; and others, after much trouble I had reached their domicils, I found as uncommunicative as a Saracenic mute.

"He loves to talk, and nothing pleases him more than to have such patient and willing listeners as you are; with you he will talk from morning till night."

I rubbed my hands with delight; the volume which had danced before my imagination for a few minutes past, now swelled in size from an octavo to a folio; and my impatience to see the hero, almost became insupportable.

"There is one failing which my old uncle has," continued my friend, "and that is, he possesses a very exuberant imagination."

"So much the better," I exclaimed, "then his recitation will not continue on that dead level, which gives such prolixity to a narrative; now and then a flight of the imagination adds a marvellous spice to such things; a single narration, you know, only draws the picture and shades it — it is left for imagination to paint it."

"But you do not precisely understand me; I mean that my uncle — who is getting old now, you know — is in the habit, if allowed to commence in that way, to dwell for hours together upon the most marvellous adventures, which he draws solely from imagination, and confounds with his real ones; but leave this to me, and I will set him on the right track, by the way, there is one incident connected with his very

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mutable life which I must prevail upon him to relate; I call his imagined adventures yarns — so let us ride forward, for yonder is the house."

We dashed down the long lane — lined on each side with towering poplar trees, whose pointed tops reached far above the surrounding trees — and we soon stood at the door of the old soldier's house.

We dismounted, and giving our horses to an attendant, we entered the house, and the first person that we saw was the old veteran himself. He hurried towards us — by aid of a stout cane — and bade us welcome.

Truly was the old man's appearance equal to my ideal of him; his form — though somewhat bent with age — had once, I could easily perceive, been tall and sinewy; and his limbs still retained a degree of that muscular power, which had so repeatedly contributed to bring him safe from *melées*, where weaker men had perished. The old man's hair was white as the snow, and accumulating years had continued to thin it, till only two small locks were left.

With sparkling eyes and animated features, the veteran grasped our hands, and gave us a true soldier's welcome; and then leading us to a small room, he introduced us to his sister — a venerable and corpulent matron of fifty — and then to what was still more pleasurable, a smoking breakfast.

After partaking of as luxuriant a déjeuner as ever caused an epicure's eyes to dance, we wandered around the farm — the old soldier limping along with us — and after bestowing the necessary eulogiums upon the fine appearance of his Berkshire pigs, his imported stallion, and his Durham cattle, we returned to the house; and then partaking of a glass of cider wine, (which excellent fluid needs but a high price to become as regal as champaigne) we got the old man seated.

"This young friend of mine," began my cautious companion, "is passionately fond of revolutionary tales, and as he is now engaged in writing sketches embodying all the adventures of the revolution," here Ned gave me a meaning look, "he wishes to hear a few of your adventures; couldn't you gratify him, uncle?"

The veteran propped his rheumatic leg upon a chair, and laid aside his cane.

"Ha! he wishes to hear tales of the wars, does he? Well, then, 'spose I tell him about the death of poor old Joshua Brews ——"

"Oh, no, uncle! I think something less melancholy will please him."

"I don't like melancholy tales," I said.

"Then, 'spose I tell him about the fight that Ben Bunker and me had ——"

"That I *know* wouldn't please him," and Ned quickly whispered in my ear "a *yarn*."

"Ah, I have it now; tell him about 'The Rescue at the Eleventh Hour.'"

"I hate to tell that; my blood freezes whenever I think of it."

"'Tis surprising," thought I, "how compatible it is for old men to delight in lies."

"Which of the tales mentioned would you rather hear; we will leave the decision to you, won't we, uncle?"

"Certainly, my son; but recollect that the fight which Ben Bunker and me had *is mighty* entertaining."

"I have no doubt of it, sir; still, as I have taken a fancy to 'The Rescue at the Eleventh Hour,' you would oblige me by relating that."

The old veteran bowed, swallowed a glass of wine, and commenced the tale.

"The days of which I now speak, my son, were pregnant with perils. When we retired to our beds at night, we knew not what the morning might bring forth. We might hear of the death of a father, mother, or sister, by the ruthless hand of a British forager, or equally sanguine tory. Or else our ears would be greeted with the wail of some outcast, who had travelled all night to flee the ravagers of his property. Every hour was pregnant with news, either in favor or against the interests of our country. The British, at the time of which I speak, were overrunning the land, devastating the fairest farms, and murdering or making captive their inhabitants.

"I was then young — but twenty years had passed over my head, and, of course, I possessed all the sanguine nature of youth: added to which, my soul was kindled to anger by the horrid accounts which reached us daily of British brutality. My father, who had fought in the old French and Indians wars, had taught me to despise oppression, but to worship freedom.

"Early impressions seldom fade from the mind, but become more vivid with the increase of our years, and so had the sentiments which my father had taught me.

"The next farm to that of my father's, belonged to Charles Worthington, who had but one child, a daughter, about three years younger than I was. Even yet, after a lapse of fifty years, the blood bounds through my veins, and my heart heaves with an unusual emotion, as I think of that fair girl. Ah, she was surpassing fair, but yet her beauty was rivalled by her goodness of heart and her amiability. With a skin of the fairest white, deep blue eyes, forehead high and expansive, and features altogether classical, she was one whom any one could love; and, excuse me, my son, for indulging in reflections which may be of no interest to you, but these pictures, when they do arise in the memory, are still intensely vivid, while their being so long ago enacted, gives each small incident an interest with me, which to you may appear unworthy of a single thought.

"Lucy Worthington and I met, and we *loved*, and it was that deep love which casts its hue over all our future actions. It was the first love — when those whirlwind passions of the mind are first awakened to activity, and, like the sun rising over the landscape, throws its hues upon every object, and tinges them of its own peculiar color.

"For months Lucy and I were almost inseparable companions — we consumed the greater part of our days wandering in the fields and woods, gathering flowers and listening to each other's words; and my

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greatest ambition was to please her, my only thoughts to elicit a smile of love from her bright eye. Thus passed away the days till the destroyer came.

"It was a bright morning in summer. The sun had just risen, and I was gazing upon its early rays, as they threw the shadows of the dancing foliage through the window upon the opposite wall; when I heard a distant crack of a gun, which was immediately followed by another, then another, and then others, in such quick succession that I could not count them.

"Suspecting that all was not right at our neighbor's house, I sprang out of bed, hurriedly drew on my clothes, and, without speaking to any of our family, hastened over to Worthington's. Before I reached the house I saw a blue smoke hanging over it; but not a human being was to be met; all was as lonely as a city of the dead. I leaped the fence and hurried to the house, and, oh! what a scene was suddenly presented to my sight! The father, the mother, and their only child, were stretched on the floor and weltering in their blood. The parents were dead, but the daughter—although evidently dying—still retained her speech and consciousness.

"Language would convey but a very faint impression of the agony which tortured my breast. I threw myself by her body and groaned aloud. It was the first misery which I had ever experienced, and it came upon me as the long accumulating avalanche upon the family of the mountaineer, and I was suddenly and unexpectedly overwhelmed with misery; and in the poignancy of the moment I cried like a child. But that poor girl—although gradually dying—whispered hope into my ear, and pointing to heaven, she bade me gaze there, where we would, ere long, meet to be separated no more. And for the first time in my life, did I direct my thoughts to the footstool of the everlasting throne, and addressed a prayer to its King for the gentle soul which was about to be placed in his hands.

"'Charles,' she exclaimed faintly, as she observed my agony, 'I am dying: let all this pass, for I forgive those who committed the deed, as I hope to be forgiven myself in heaven. Do not seek to retaliate upon those deluded soldiers, who know nothing but to obey the behests of their king; why this useless grief? You see that I do not weep, although the pale face of my poor old mother lies at my side,' and she placed her pale hand upon the rigid face of her parent, and, despite her efforts to prevent it, a tear forced itself from under her eyelid, and rolled down her cheek, as she gazed upon those dear features, now calmed in death.

"'Charles, I am going—I forgive—forgive—' and thus she expired. I threw myself on her body and groaned aloud, but in a moment a thought flashed through my mind, and immediately I was as calm as a statue. I arose and then sinking on one knee, I swore a solemn oath, and I prayed that the Dispenser of life might grant me mine together with health, till I should have fulfilled that oath, and so long as life lasted; I vowed to devote all my energies and means to its consummation; and then, with a pale face but a calm brow, I hastened home. Knowing that those who had committed this diabolical deed, would travel rapidly for fear of that just retribution which they knew would follow them, I hurriedly seized my rifle, and taking with me but a few bullets, I rapidly followed the tracks of the murderers. I ran at my greatest speed during the whole of that day. Their tracks led me into the depths of a thinly settled country, but the soil being loose, I could trace the deep impressions of their horses' feet with the greatest ease. At dark I had not overtaken them, but with all the indefatigableness of one seeking revenge for a deadly and vital injury, I now groped my way over a rocky country, often stooping to examine whether I was still on their tracks. Finally the country became so rocky that I entirely lost all traces of my victims, and with a brain burning from disappointed revenge, I prepared to pass the night under a ledge of rocks which protruded in the road.

"I had heard the name of the leader of this party, and although I could not seek reparation at the present, yet I prepared to lie down with a stern determination to follow him to the four corners of the earth before I would forego the revenge I had in store for him. With a heart aching with grief and disappointment, I prepared to throw myself upon my flinty bed, when, casting my sight to the left, I observed a lurid hue dwelling upon the tops of some tall trees below me, and plainly indicating that a fire was burning beneath them. This fire might have been kindled by the very person whom I sought. I immediately shouldered my rifle, and, in my eagerness to reach the spot, nearly ran over the brow of a high precipice, down which had I fallen, I would have been dashed to atoms against the rocks below. Avoiding the impending danger by deviating to the right, I reached the level country, where travelling was comparatively easy, and started at a rapid gait for the distant light.

"The country—now so thickly settled—was almost a wilderness, and still abounded with wild and savage animals, which—as I was aware—seek their prey by night. I observed the strictest caution, lest some lurking panther should pounce upon me; and then, being necessitated to shoot it, I would alarm my enemies. By the greatest exertion, I avoided one of these animals, and in the course of several hours, I approached the fire. The country was studded thickly with giant oaks, whose matted branches and thick foliage cast a deep gloom beneath them; but from this contrast the fire appeared more brilliant, and shot far out into the surrounding darkness, a gleam of brightness.

"I neared the fire unobserved, but what were my sensations upon perceiving arrayed around it the very persons I sought. For the first time since morning, I felt a degree of hope swell my breast, as I gazed upon the murderers of all I loved.

"Ten horses were hobbled close by me, and scenting me if they did not see me, they snorted and gazed in the direction where I was hid, but their masters were so busily engaged in conversing and boasting over their day's exploits, that they heard not these never-failing omens, that danger was nigh.

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The spirit of revenge grew strong in me as I beheld those whom I had labored all day to see; and that wish which troubled me now was, that I had not brought along with me a party sufficiently formidable to have taken them all prisoners, and thus revenge would be gratified by piece-meal. I was not long in deciding what to do. Observing the officer who commanded the party sitting among the rest, I singled him out as the first victim to be offered upon the altar of my vengeance. I cautiously cocked my gun, and taking a deliberate aim at his breast, I pulled the trigger—but the sparks missed the pan, and the gun did not go off. The men heard the noise, and several saw the sparks fly, and in a moment every man was on his feet, and gazing intently at the spot where I stood; but in a second of time I had re-cocked my gun, and taking another aim, I fired. The officer sprang up, screamed, and fell upon his face. With curses, several of the soldiers rushed forward towards the spot where I lay, but with superior woodsmanship I evaded them and fled into the depths of the woods, and taking a circuitous route, I came to the fire again at the other side. Every man had left in pursuit of me but two, who were busily stripping off the coat of the officer. I again fired and one of the soldiers fell. With a yell and a fearful oath, I was met as I turned to flee, by one of the soldiers who had been pursuing me.

I drew a knife, the soldier drew his bayonet, and we engaged in a desperate encounter. Knowing that the noise we made would soon guide others to the spot, and that I would assuredly be captured, I commenced a retrograde movement for the purpose of effecting my escape, when I was clinched by an iron hand from behind, and the person missing at the same time a firm foot-hold, he fell to the earth, bearing me with him.

Oh, how I struggled! how fearfully I wielded my knife! but it was not that I feared dying—what was life to me then? It was that I feared being foiled in my revenge, and with this fear uppermost in my mind, I hurled my knife about me with giant energy; with the maddened and thoughtless desperation of the panther, when she struggles for her screaming young, did I battle for my revenge; but now they rushed up upon every side—they threw themselves upon me—they bore me again to the earth, but this time senseless, and when I became conscious, I was lying on my back, and bound hands and feet.

The soldier whom I had shot, died a few moments after receiving his wound; but the officer still survived, although mortally wounded—the ball having broke, in its course, the sternum and ribs, and passed directly through his lungs.

The soldiers soon gathered around the spot where I lay—their eyes gleaming hate, and their rough features expressing all the atrocity of their nature.

"'Accursed Yankee!' exclaimed one, 'would to God you were possessed of nine lives, that we might glut our hatred of you, by depriving you of each by inches,' and the monster ground his teeth, and kicked me with such force as to nearly deprive me of breath.

"'Depraved and blood-thirsty rebel!' thundered another, 'what fiend from hell tempted you to this diabolical act?'

"'The same fiend which tempted you to murder my family,' I answered.

"Immediately the man's gaze of hatred began to soften in its expression, and my keen eyes detected a slight emotion dwelling, for an instant, upon his features, as he turned to the first speaker and muttered;

"'I told you not to commit that murderous deed; still you would persist, and now you see how speedily retribution has winged its flight to you. By heaven, this man has served you justly, and ought not to perish for it.'

"'No power save that of heaven can prevent his dying this day,' muttered the other through his clenched teeth.

"'Beware how you speak to me, sir,' said the other; the man made an inclination of the head, and walked off.

"The young man—for he appeared to be no older than myself—again cast his glance upon me, and what a change was there in the expression of his eyes! It was like the mother's glance when her sleeping infant lies upon her lap; or the father's, as he looks for the last time upon his condemned son, who was the hope and the pride of his declining years.

"'What age are you?' he kindly asked.

"'Had you not murdered all I held dear on earth, I would next autumn be twenty years old; as it is, I never expect to be older than nineteen years and nine months.'

"'So young, and yet so determined and brave! It must not be; they shall not deprive you of life, when you might make such a powerful auxiliary to our cause. Listen to me, young stranger. Would you be willing to repudiate all your rebel prejudices and join the cause of your king, if you could obtain your freedom?'

"Life is sweet, and who would not at that age dissemble a little and play the hypocrite for such a precious boon? I pretended to undergo a great internal emotion, and spoke long of the glory and righteousness of our cause; but my policy at last made me a proselyte to his arguments, and I yielded to his proposal; and the young man left me. My eyes sought him constantly after that, and several times I discovered him in earnest conversation with the wounded officer. Towards noon the young man obtained an opportunity to speak with me.

"'I have been trying,' said he, 'to prevail upon our officer to release you upon the conditions which I proposed this morning, but he obstinately refuses, and persists in making you the victim of his revenge; but be of good cheer. I think he cannot last long, his countenance momentarily changes, and when he dies I will free you at all hazards,' and with these words he left me.

"An hour had not passed away when the young man's suspicions were fulfilled. The officer was seized with the most violent paroxysm; his features worked fearfully, and it required several men to hold down his writhing limbs. Strange as it may appear

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to the tender-hearted, there was one who gazed upon that man's terrible throes with feelings partaking of pleasure, although the sufferer was my fellow mortal. Under any other circumstances, I would have stood by that man's side with tearful eyes, but the cause of my present stoicism is evident. The officer soon expired, and immediately after his burial I was set at liberty; and soon afterwards signed my name to an instrument binding me a liege subject and soldier of his Majesty King George.

"What a change was there now in the conduct of these soldiers towards me! Instead of the brutal language and fearful threats which they had hurled at me, they were now declared friends and ready to share with me their last morsel. We ate together, we drank each other's health, and we slept upon the same blanket.

"The deeds which I had perpetrated, and which had deprived two of their number of life, were apparently forgotten, for they looked upon me now as a formidable addition to their party.

"Many an expression which dwells upon the risible faculties, belies the secret thoughts of the breast, and it was so with the glad expression which mantled my features as I travelled along with them, externally appearing joyful, but heavy and sad within.

"I did not neglect the oath which I had made; I had not forgotten the pale serene features of one whom I had ever worshipped, as they lay in the calmness of death; but whenever I closed my eyes those mild and fading eyes were before me, with their love and holy resignation vividly expressed, and their glow rapidly fading.

"'The time will soon arrive,' I thought as I looked upon my reckless comrades, 'when you will all be stiffened in death, pale monuments of the revenge of one whom you have so vitally injured — thoughtless fools! do you imagine that I am but as a brute which perishes, that I can so soon forget the misery which you have caused me?' And in the secret chambers of my breast there was a wild orgie of passions, in anticipation of the rich feast which my revenge would soon enjoy.

"The next morning we started over a mountainous country, committing several depredations on the way. With the rest I fired several valuable barns, for all of which I afterwards remunerated their owners. This depraved spirit upon my part gave great joy to my companions, and when we reached a section of the royal army under command of Cornwallis, I received a smile of approbation from the general, as reward for my loyalty.

"Now the wishes of my heart were about to be gratified. I was dispatched on a secret service, in company with several of the murderers of Lucy Worthington, and now I determined to put into execution that revenge, whose flame could no longer lie smothered in my breast.

"About sunset we arrived in a deep gorge — the bed of many a mountain torrent — where we prepared for our night's lodging. At midnight I cautiously arose; the fire had died away to embers, and every thing around was wrapped in gloom. The deep and regular breathing of the sleepers promised me an uninterrupted opportunity for the execution of my purpose. I seized a pistol; the principal murderer lay locked in total unconsciousness of his fate. I cautiously drew near him, and placed the muzzle of the pistol against his temple, and even then the poor wretch smiled! Perhaps at that moment he was wandering in his dream to the home of his parents, and beheld the smiles of a glad mother, and felt upon his lips the warm kiss of a welcoming sister; or, perhaps, he imagined that he held in his arms the fragile form of some loved one, and smiled as he gazed upon the glow of her welcoming eye, and felt the sealing kiss of her love. Is it not happier to leave the world under these bright illusions than when the mind is awake, and cold judgment already calculating the chances of an immortal and happy future?

"I pulled the trigger; the loud explosion started every man to his feet, but with a yell of the wildest joy I cleared the spot, and soon was buried among the tangled bushes, which grew plentifully around.

"Now the deep-mouthed bay of a blood-hound, which we had brought with us, reverberated among the old rocks in the gorge, and soon I heard the voices of those who were following the animal, close by my lurking place. At once I comprehended my danger — that the dog was on my track, and with my teeth clenched, with desperate determination I rushed from my place of concealment, closely followed by the excited and enraged animal. In a few moments the dog reached me, and springing, seized me by the coat collar. I grasped him by the throat, and with all the nervous energy of one in my circumstance, I throttled him; but the furious animal — as if he was aware of the importance of his grip — retained his firm hold, despite my powerful efforts to free myself.

"The soldiers rushed up, and with many a fearful oath and rude blow, they forced my hands behind my body and securely bound them in that position; and then with furious cries of exultation they dragged me back to camp.

"In the morning I was unanimously condemned to be shot, but in all the plenitude of their mercy, they granted me two hours to make my peace with heaven.

"Now I was left alone with but my own thoughts for company. I was condemned and must die in two hours — but two short hours had I left, to take my leave of this world, and prepare for a voyage, I knew not where — to leave this world which had ever been before but a garden of roses. Then the dreadful truth at once flashed on my mind! to leave all, my father, mother, sisters, friends, and all those who had ever met me with a smile; whose roughest words were blessings, whose prayers were ever my own. Ah, how hard it is to die when the bright clouds of youth cluster around our horizon; when the mind is yet young and free from the diseases which the experiences of a rude world engender! When the physical faculties are all active, and most capable of contributing to our enjoyment; and when death appears but a monster to the young mind whose riper faculties teach us to hope for a glorious future.

"It is hard indeed, and the rapid approach of my

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last moments only enhanced my agony. The time drew nigh and I saw no hope of succor; and it was *now* that the dreadful thought intruded itself, that there was no longer hope — that I *must* die, and before many minutes more be but a pale bleeding corpse. My heart ached, my feelings grew insupportable, and I groaned aloud in the bitterest agony. Ah! the horrors of that moment! All the most poignant sufferings of a life time, if converged in one breast, could not have tortured more.

"While in this state of horror, I chanced to look towards the top of the rocks which lined the gorge, and with surprise I beheld the same young man who had previously saved my life. He caught my glance, and with his hand motioned me to silence, and then instantly disappeared. What could this mean? We had left that individual in the army when we left it. Let it mean what it might it augured well, and immediately a complete reaction of feelings took place in my breast. I became calm and apparently careless of my fate, for I felt that I had a friend close by, who was willing and able to save me.

"The time for the execution of my sentence arrived, and with a file of soldiers as a guard, I was led to the fatal tree. A bandage was brought forward, but I refused it, and bade them with a loud voice hurry with the execution. The file of soldiers, with loaded muskets, were drawn in a line fronting me, and I was bade to kneel.

"Now all was a deep silence; you might have heard a pin drop, and then was heard the voice of the one in command — 'Attention, men! make ready, take aim — fire' — and I rolled on the earth a bleeding corpse ——."

"What!"

"That is one of my uncle's *yarns*," said my friend Ned.

"Pshaw!"

THE CHOICE OF HEARTS.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Ye laughing nymphs! ye bright-ey'd girls!
Triumphing in your beauty,
Who blush beneath the shining curls
That round your brows the zephyr furls,
What kind of hearts will suit ye?

"True Valor's heart," says one anigh,
"Upon his war-horse dashing —
That rous'd to fight will never fly,
With sword, and plume, and ardent eye,
In battle brightly flashing."

"Soft Pleasure's heart," another's word,
"Alive to each emotion —
That can be blythesome as a bird,
Caress or sigh, and oft be heard
Proclaiming its devotion."

"Ambition's heart," one maiden says,
"That loves in strife to riot —
That spurns control in every place —
That rushes on its daring race,
And rules 'midst life's disquiet."

"The generous heart," says one fair elf,
"That thrives amidst confusion —
That never hoards or life or pelf,
But gives its all, then gives itself,
And revels in profusion."

"The cheerful heart," doth one declare,
"With sense and wit united —
That joys in music, laughs at care,
Still pleased and mirthful every where,
And never undelighted."

"Proud Honor's heart!" another cries,
"That brooks no man's dictation —
That's quick to seek the hero's prize,
And stand, though with the deed it dies,
'Gainst wrong and usurpation."

"The constant heart!" says one fair maid,
While blushes crown her beauty: —
"To ask for more I am afraid,
But take the heart that thus is swayed,
And trust it for its duty!"

Sweet girls! If I might dare express,
A word for your discretion,
'Twould be, that you should favor less
The flatterer's, gamester's, rake's address,
And man of mere profession.

Men's lives are in their daily deeds —
Thought oft disguises action.
Choose then the heart that clearly reads
Its glory where its duty leads,
Amidst the world's distraction.

To such resign'd, of that fair band
Of daughters fit to cherish,
Each shall be cheer'd in heart and hand,
And feel love's holy fires expand
Till lost to things that perish.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poetical Remains of the late Lucretia Maria Davidson, Collected and Arranged by her Mother: with a Biography by Miss Sedgwick. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

Some few months since, we had occasion to speak of "The Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Miller Davidson"—a work given to the public by Washington Irving. In common with all who read, we had been deeply interested in the narrative set forth. The portrait of the young and beautiful enthusiast, simply yet most effectively painted by one who touches nothing which he does not adorn, could not have failed to excite our warmest sympathies; and we dwelt upon the pleasing yet melancholy theme with a lingering delight. Of the biographical portion of the book we said, indeed, what every one says, and most justly—that nothing could be more intensely pathetic. In respect, however, to the "Poetical Remains," the *tone* of our observations was not fully in accordance with that of the mass of our contemporaries. Without calling in question the extreme *precocity* of the child—a precocity truly wonderful—we were forced, in some slight measure, to dissent from that extravagant eulogium, which had its origin, beyond doubt, in a confounding of the interest felt in the poetess and her sad fortunes, with a legitimate admiration of her works. We did not, in truth, conceive it to be either honest or necessary, to mislead in any degree the public taste or opinion, by styling "Lenore," as it exists, a fine poem, merely because its author *might* have written a fine poem had she lived. We emphasize the "might"; for the history of all intellect demonstrates that the point is a questionable one indeed. The analogies of Nature are universal; and just as the most rapidly growing herbage is the most speedy in its decay—just as the ephemera struggles to perfection in a day only to perish in that day's decline—so the mind is early matured only to be early in its decadence; and when we behold in the eye of infancy the soul of the adult, it is but indulging in a day dream to hope for any farther proportionate development. Should the prodigy survive to ripe age, a mental imbecility, not far removed from idiocy itself, is too frequently the result. From this rule the exceptions are rare indeed; but it should be observed that, when the exception does occur, the intellect is of a Titan cast even to the days of its extreme senility, and acquires renown not in one, but in all the wide fields of fancy and of reason.

Lucretia Maria Davidson, the subject of the memoir now before us, and the elder of the two sweet sisters who have acquired so much of fame prematurely, had not, like Margaret, an object of poetical emulation in her own family. In her genius, be it what it may, there is more of self-dependence—less of the imitative. Her mother's generous romance of soul may have stimulated, but did not instruct. Thus although she has actually given less *evidence* of power (in our opinion) than Margaret—less written proof—still its *indication* must be considered at higher value. Both perished at sixteen. Margaret, we think, has left the better poems—certainly the more precocious—while Lucretia evinces more unequivocally the soul of the poet. In our August number we quoted in full some stanzas composed by the former at eight years of age. The latter's earliest effusions are dated at fourteen. Yet the first compositions of the two seem to us of nearly equal merit.

The most elaborate production of Margaret is "Lenore," of which we have just now spoken. It was written not long before her death, at the age of fifteen, after patient reflection, with much care, and with all that high resolve to do something for fame with which the reputation of her sister had inspired her. Under such circumstances, and with the early poetical education which she could not have failed to receive, we confess that, granting her a trifle more than average talent, it would have been rather a matter for surprise had she produced a worse, than had she produced a better poem than "Lenore." Its *length*, viewed in connexion with its keeping, its unity, its adaptation, and its completeness (and all these are points having reference to artistical *knowledge* and perseverance) will impress the critic more favorably than its fancy, or any other indication of poetic power. In all the more important qualities we have seen far—very far finer poems than "Lenore" written at a much earlier age than fifteen.

"Amir Khan," the longest and chief composition of Lucretia, has been long known to the reading public. It was originally published, with others, in a small volume to which Professor Morse, of the American Society of Arts, contributed a Preface. Partly through the Professor, yet no doubt partly through their own merits, the poems found their way to the laureate, Southey, who, after his peculiar fashion, and not unmindful of his previous *furores* in the case of Kirke White, Chatterton, and others of precocious ability, or at least celebrity, thought proper to *review* them in the Quarterly. This was at a period when we humbled ourselves, with a subserviency which would have been disgusting had it not been ludicrous, before the crudest critical *dicta* of Great Britain. It pleased the laureate, after some squibbing in the way of demurrer, to speak of the book in question as follows:—"In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." Meaning nothing, or rather meaning anything, as we choose to interpret it, this sentence was still sufficient (and in fact the half of it would have been more than sufficient) to establish upon an immovable basis the reputation of Miss Davidson in America. Thenceforward any examination of her true claims to distinction was considered little less than a declaration of heresy. Nor does the awe of the laureate's *ipse dixit* seem even yet to have entirely subsided. "The genius of Lucretia Davidson," says Miss Sedgwick in the very volume now before us, "has had the meed of far more authoritative praise than ours; the following tribute is from the London Quarterly Review." What this lady—for whom and for whose opinion we still have the highest respect—can mean by calling the praise of Southey "more authoritative" than her own, is a point we shall not pause to determine. *Her* praise is at least honest, or we hope so. Its "authority" is in exact proportion with each one's estimate of her judgment. But it would not do to say all this of the author of "Thalaba." It would not do to say it in the hearing of men who are sane, and who, being sane, have perused the leading articles in the "London Quarterly Review" during the ten or fifteen years prior to that period when Robert Southey, having concocted "The Doctor," took definitive leave of his wits. In fact, for any thing that we have yet seen or heard to the contrary, the opinion of the laureate, in

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respect to the poem of "Amir Khan," is a matter still only known to Robert Southey. But were it known to all the world, as Miss Sedgwick supposes with so charmingly innocent an air;—we mean to say were it really an honest opinion,—this "authoritative praise,"—still it would be worth, in the eyes of every sensible person, only just so much as it demonstrates, or makes a show of demonstrating. Happily the day has gone by, and we trust forever, when men are content to swear blindly by the words of a master, poet-laureate though he be. But what Southey says of the poem is at best an opinion and no more. What Miss Sedgwick says of it is very much in the same predicament. "Amir Khan," she writes, "has long been before the public, but we think it has suffered from a general and very natural distrust of precocious genius. The versification is graceful, the story beautifully developed, and the orientalism well sustained. *We think it would not have done discredit to our most popular poets in the meridian of their fame; as the production of a girl of fifteen it seems prodigious.*" The cant of a kind heart when betraying into error a naturally sound judgment, is perhaps the only species of cant in the world not altogether contemptible.

We yield to no one in warmth of admiration for the personal character of these sweet sisters, as that character is depicted by the mother, by Miss Sedgwick, and by Mr. Irving. But it costs us no effort to distinguish that which, in our heart, is love of their worth, from that which, in our intellect, is appreciation of their poetic ability. With the former, as critic, we have nothing to do. The distinction is one too obvious for comment; and its observation would have spared us much twaddle on the part of the commentators upon "Amir Khan."

We will endeavor to convey, as concisely as possible, some idea of this poem as it exists, not in the fancy of the enthusiastic, but in fact. It includes four hundred and forty lines. The metre is chiefly octo-syllabic. At one point it is varied by a casual introduction of an anapæst in the first and second foot; at another (in a song) by seven stanzas of four lines each, rhyming alternately; the metre anapæstic of four feet alternating with three. The versification is always good, so far as the meagre written rules of our English prosody extend; that is to say, there is seldom a syllable too much or too little; but long and short syllables are placed at random, and a crowd of consonants sometimes renders a line unpronounceable. For example:

> He loved,—and oh, he loved so well
> *That sorrow scarce dared break the spell.*

At times, again, the rhythm lapses, in the most inartistical manner, and evidently without design, from one species to another altogether incongruous; as, for example, in the sixth line of these eight, where the tripping anapæstic stumbles into the demure iambic, recovering itself, even more awkwardly, in the conclusion:

> Bright Star of the Morning! thy bosom is cold—
> I was forced from my native shade,
> And I wrapped me around with my mantle's fold,
> A sad, mournful Circassian maid!
> And I then vow'd that rapture should never move
> *This changeless cheek, this rayless eye,*
> And I then vowed to feel neither bliss nor love,
> *But I vowed I would meet thee and die.*

Occasionally the versification rises into melody and even strength; as here—

> 'Twas at the hour when Peris love
> To gaze upon the Heaven above
> Whose portals bright with many a gem
> Are closed—forever closed *on them.*

Upon the whole, however, it is feeble, vacillating, and ineffective; giving token of having been "touched up" by the hand of a friend, from a much worse, into its present condition. Such rhymes as floor and shower—ceased and breast—shade and spread—brow and wo—clear and far—clear and air—morning and dawning—forth and earth—step and deep—Khan and hand—are constantly occurring; and although, certainly, we should not, *as a general rule*, expect better things from a girl of sixteen, we still look in vain, and with something very much akin to a smile, for aught even approaching that "*marvellous ease and grace of versification*" about which Miss Sedgwick, in the benevolence of her heart, discourses.

Nor does the story, to our dispassionate apprehension, appear "beautifully developed." It runs thus:—Amir Khan, Subahdar of Cachemere, weds a Circassian slave who, cold as a statue and as obstinately silent, refuses to return his love. The Subahdar applies to a magician, who gives him

> a pensive flower
> Gathered at midnight's magic hour;

the effect of whose perfume renders him apparently lifeless while still in possession of all his senses. Amreeta, the slave, supposing her lover dead, gives way to clamorous grief, and reveals the secret love which she has long borne her lord, but refused to divulge because a slave. Amir Khan hereupon revives, and all trouble is at an end.

Of course, no one at all read in Eastern fable will be willing to give Miss Davidson credit for *originality* in the conception of this little story; and if she have claim to merit at all, as regards it, that claim must be founded upon the manner of narration. But it will be at once evident that the most naked outline alone can be given in the compass of four hundred and forty lines. The tale is, in sober fact, told very much as any young person might be expected to tell it. The strength of the narrator is wholly laid out upon a description of moonlight (in the usual style) with which the poem commences—upon a second description of moonlight (in precisely the same manner) with which a second division commences—and in a third description of the hall in which the entranced Subahdar reposes. This is all—absolutely all; or at least the rest has the nakedness of mere catalogue. We recognize, throughout, the poetic sentiment, but little—very little—of poetic *power*. We see occasional gleams of imagination: for example—

> And every crystal cloud of Heaven
> Bowed as it passed the queen of even.

> Amreeta was cold as the marble floor
> That glistens beneath the nightly shower.

> At that calm hour when Peris love
> To gaze upon the Heaven above,
> Whose portals bright with many a gem
> Are closed—forever closed *on them.*

> The Subahdar with noiseless step
> Rushed like the night-breeze o'er the deep.

We look in vain for another instance worth quoting. But were the fancy seen in these examples observable either in the general conduct or in the incidents of the narrative, we should not feel obliged to disagree so unequivocally with that opinion which pronounces this clever little production "*one which would not have done discredit to our most popular poets in the meridian of their fame!*"

"As the work of a girl of sixteen," most assuredly we *do not* think it "*prodigious.*" In regard to it we may repeat what we said of "Lenore,"—that we have seen finer poems in every respect, written by children of more immature age. It is a creditable composition; nothing beyond this. And, in so saying, we shall startle none but the brainless, and the adopters of ready-made ideas. We are convinced that we express the unuttered sentiment of every educated individual who has read the poem. Nor, having given the plain facts of the case, do we feel called upon to proffer any apology for our flat refusal to play dito either to Miss Sedgwick, to Mr. Irving, or to Mr. Southey.

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The Seaman's Friend; Containing a Treatise on Practical Seamanship, with Plates; A Dictionary of Sea Terms; Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service; Laws Relating to the Practical Duties of Masters and Mariners. By R. H. DANA, Jr. *Author of "Two Years Before the Mast." Little and Brown: Boston. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.*

The publishers of this neat little volume have very prudently stereotyped it; anticipating an extensive and continuous demand. In truth, the work belongs to the class of the obviously needful, and its circulation and appreciation are matters of certainty. Ever since men "went down to the sea in ships," there has been a difficulty in procuring exact, compact, and universally intelligible information on the very topics which Mr. Dana now discusses. The necessary knowledge was to be gleaned, imperfectly and superficially, from amid a mass of technical jargon, diffused over a world of questionable authority. Books on Seamanship are extant, to be sure — works of the highest scientific merit and ability — and the writings of Captain Basil Hall give, incidentally, a vast fund of intelligence on naval subjects; but the true *desideratum* was a work which could only be written by an individual placed exactly in the circumstances which surrounded Mr. Dana. It is well known that he is a man of talent and well educated; that ill-health induced him to try a sea-voyage in the capacity of common sailor; and that thus he has been enabled to combine the advantages of theoretical and practical science. His "Two Years Before the Mast" was, very deservedly, one of the most popular books ever published, and proved immensely profitable — at least to his booksellers. It gave, in a rich strain of philosophical observation, all the racy *spirit*, as the present volume conveys all the exact *letter* of the sea.

There is only one improvement which we could wish to suggest. An appendix, we think, should be added; embracing, first, in as popular, that is to say, in as untechnical a form as possible, the philosophy of latitude and longitude — the general principles of which may be rendered intelligible to almost any understanding — and, secondly, the formulæ employed in the application of these principles to navigation, with concise rules for the use of the sextant and chronometer, and for solar, lunar, and stellar observations.

The Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona. By WILLIAM CARLETON, *Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Two Volumes. Carey and Hart: Philadelphia.*

This story originally appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine," under the title of "Fardorougha, or The Miser," It was much copied and admired, and has all the *Irish* merit for which its author is so famous.

Fragments From German Prose Writers. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. *With Biographical Sketches of the Authors. D. Appleton and Company. New York.*

This is a book about which little can be said, except in the way of general and pointed commendation. Its title fully explains its character; although the fair authoress is at the trouble of enlarging upon the nature of the fragmentary contents. These *scraps* embody specimens of every variety of the prose literature of Germany — convey, *in petto*, its whole soul. The lives of the authors are invaluable. The volume is, in point of mechanical appearance, one of the most beautiful ever issued, even by the Appletons.

Confession; Or the Blind Heart. A Domestic Story. By the Author of "The Kinsmen," "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," etc. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

In general, Mr. Simms should be considered as one giving *indication*, rather than *proof* of high genius. He puts us in mind of a volcano, from the very darkness issuing from whose crater we judge of the fire that is weltering below. So far, with slight exceptions, he has buried his fine talent in his themes. He should never have written "The Partisan," nor "The Yemassee," nor his late book (whose title we just now forget) about the first discovery of the Pacific. His genius does not lie in the outward so much as in the inner world. "Martin Faber" did him honor: and so do the present volumes, although liable to objection in some important respects. We welcome him home to his own proper field of exertion — the field of Godwin and Brown — the field of his own rich intellect and glowing *heart*. Upon reading the first few pages of "Confession," the stirring words of Scott arose to our lips — "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor."

It is our design to speak in full of the volumes before us; but we have left ourselves no space for the task, and must defer it, perforce, until the new year.

Cecil; Or The Adventures of a Coxcomb. A Novel. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard: Philadelphia.

This work is an obvious but very spirited and excellent imitation of the Pelhams and Vivian Greys. It abounds, even more than either of those works, in point, pungency and vivacity, but falls below them in true wit, and in other higher qualities. Altogether, it is richly entertaining, and will meet with success. The theme is a good one well managed.

SECRET WRITING.

The annexed letter from a gentleman whose abilities we very highly respect, was received, unfortunately, at too late a period to appear in our November number:

DEAR SIR:

I should perhaps apologise for again intruding a subject upon which you have so ably commented, and which may be supposed by this time to have been almost exhausted; but as I have been greatly interested in the articles upon "cryptography," which have appeared in your Magazine, I think that you will excuse the present intrusion of a few remarks. With secret writing I have been practically conversant for several years, and I have found, both in correspondence and in the preservation of private memoranda, the frequent benefit of its peculiar virtues. I have thus a record of thoughts, feelings and occurrences, — a history of my *mental* existence, to which I may turn, and in imagination, retrace former pleasures, and again live through bygone scenes, — secure in the conviction that the magic scroll has a tale for *my* eye alone. Who has not longed for such a confidante?

Cryptography is, indeed, not only a topic of mere curiosity, but is of general interest, as furnishing an excellent exercise for mental discipline, and of high *practical* importance on various occasions; — to the statesman and the general — to the scholar and the traveller, — and, may I not add "last though not least," to the *lover*? What can be so delightful amid the trials of absent lovers, as a secret intercourse between them of their hopes and fears, — safe from the prying eyes of some old aunt, or it may be, of a perverse and *cruel* guardian? — a *billet doux* that will not betray its mission, even if intercepted, and that can "tell no tales" if lost, or, (which *sometimes* occurs,) if *stolen* from its violated depository.

In the solution of the various ciphers which have been submitted to your examination, you have exhibited a power of analytical and synthetical reasoning I have never seen equalled; and the astonishing skill you have displayed, — particularly in deciphering the cryptograph of Dr. Charles J. Frailey, will, I think, crown you the king of "secret-readers." But notwithstanding this, I think your opinion that

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the construction of a *real cryptograph* is impossible, not sufficiently supported. Those examples which you have published have indeed not been of that character, as you have fully proved. They have, moreover, not been sufficiently accurate, for where the key was a phrase, (and consequently the same character was employed for several letters,) different words would be formed with the same ciphers. The sense could then only be ascertained from the context, and this would amount to a probability — generally of a high degree, I admit — but still not to a positive certainty. Nay, a case might readily be imagined, where the most important word of the communication, and one on which the sense of the whole depended, should have so equivocal a nature, that the person for whose benefit it was intended, would be unable, even with the aid of his key, to discover which of two very different interpretations should be the correct one. If necessary, this can easily be shown; thus, for example, suppose a lady should receive from her affianced, a letter written in ciphers, containing this sentence, "4 5663 967 268 25 3633," and that *a* and *n* were represented by the figure 2, — *e*, *m*, and *r* by 3, — *i* by 5, — *l* by 5, — *o*, *s*, and *v* by 6, — *w* by 7, — *u* by 8, — and *y* by 9; a moment's inspection will show that the sentence might either be "I love you now as ever," or "I love you now *no more*." How "positively shocking," "to say the least of it;" and yet several of the ciphers that you have published, have required a greater number of letters to be represented by one character, than any to be found in the example before us. It is evident, then, that this is not a very desirable system, as it would scarcely be more useful than a lock without its key, or with one that did not fit its wards.

I think, however, that there are various methods by which a hieroglyphic might be formed, whose meaning would be perfectly "hidden;" and I shall give one or two examples of what I consider such. A method which I have adopted for my own private use, is one which I am satisfied is of this nature, as it cannot possibly be solved without the assistance of its key, and that key, by which *alone* it can be unlocked, exists only in my mind; at the same time it is so simple, that with the practice in it which I have had, I now read it, and write it, with as much facility as I can the English character. As I prefer not giving it here, I shall be compelled to have recourse to some other plan that is more complicated. By a CRYPTOGRAPH, I understand — a communication which, though *clearly* ascertained by means of its proper key, cannot possibly be without it. To most persons, who have not thought much upon the subject, an article written in simple cipher, (by which I mean with each letter uniformly represented by a single distinct character,) would appear to be an impenetrable mystery: and they would doubtless imagine that the more complicated the method of constructing such a cipher, the more *insoluble* — to use a chemical expression — would be the puzzle, since so much less would be the chance of discovering its key. This very natural conclusion is, however, erroneous, as it is founded on the supposition that possession must first be obtained of the key, in order to unravel the difficulty, — which is not the case. The process of reasoning employed in resolving "secret writing" has not the slightest relation to the form or description of the characters used, but refers simply to their succession, and to a comparison of words in which the same letters occur. By these means any cipher of this nature can be unriddled, as experience has fully shown. A very successful method of avoiding detection, would be to apply the simple cipher to words written backwards and continuously. This, I conceive, might be called a perfect cryptograph, since from the want of spaces, and consequently the impossibility of comparing words, it would utterly perplex the person attempting to discover its hidden import, and yet with the help of the key, each letter being known, the words could easily be separated and inverted. I give a short specimen of this style, and would feel much gratified with your opinion of the possibility of reading it.

,#6:][.?2);(;*1.),;8[;.:*1(8(.8;3(1)...(1)(f,8*..(8;*8;*)],;8(
?(8[;.(.(2(*(.8;.)*.(.)*1.)],1;*8*..(;(.)(;8(.;(.)(8(.
;8:]:;(.)(8(.(*[*)*;(*)*1.)],1;*8*..(;(.)(;8(.;(.)(8(.
8.(.)3:*)],8(;(.(8(2)*][.?).

Should this not be considered *perfect*, (though I suspect it would puzzle even the ingenious editor to detect its meaning,) I shall give another method below, which I can show *must* be, and if I am successful I think you will do me the justice to admit that "human ingenuity" has contrived "a cipher which human ingenuity cannot resolve." I wish to be distinctly understood; the secret communication above, and the one following, are not intended to show that you have promised more than you can perform. I do not take up the gauntlet. Your challenge, I am happy to testify, has been more than amply redeemed. It is merely with an incidental remark of yours, that I am at present engaged, and my object is to show that however correct it may be generally, — it is not so universally.

Agreeably to a part of my foregoing definition, *that* cannot be a proper cryptograph, in which a single character is made to represent more than one letter. Let us for a moment see what would be the result if this was reversed, — that is, if more than one cipher were used for a single letter. In case each letter were represented by two different characters, (used alternately or at random,) it is evident that while the certainty of reading such a composition correctly, by help of the key, would not be at all diminished, the difficulty of its solution without that help, would be vastly increased. This then is an approach to the formation of a secret cipher. If, now, the number of the characters were extended to three or four for each letter, it might be pronounced with tolerable certainty that such a writing would be "secret." Or, to take an extreme case, a communication might be made, in which no two characters would be alike! Here all reasoning would be entirely baffled, as there would evidently be no objects of *comparison*; and even if half a dozen words were known, they would furnish no clue to the rest. Here, then, is a complete *non plus* to investigation, and we have arrived at a perfect cryptograph. For, since any given cipher would stand for but one letter in the key, there could be but a single and definite solution; and thus both conditions of my definition are fully satisfied. In the following specimen of this method, I have employed the Roman-capital, small letter, and small capital, with their several inversions, giving me the command of 120 characters, or an average of five to each letter. This is to "make assurance doubly sure," for I am satisfied that were an average of three characters used for each letter, such a writing would be emphatically secret. If you will be so kind as to give my cipher a place in your interesting Magazine, I will immediately forward you its key. Hoping that you will not be displeased with my tedious letter,

I am most respectfully yours.

W. B. TYLER.

To EDGAR A. POE, Esq.

Dr Tis OGXEW PiqFy4 ᴎ8ᵴ HU ᴉlT VQgMgO ɔgOdx TbJs
SNB ɔsyIxNXᵴYᴎO ɾCP ɒoOI HᵴZɛrɔ ɔ ILIIJ ɔOOdN
OWA hjᵴKIXNIM ЯAMAЯƐ Ta QƎIIRHXPeE yGMdlᵴd HA
ᵴTSAuᴎAuZ ɔgOdYRO ɒnɒ ɹFKxɒoF ZoNƐMƎLL ɒnO ᴎR
ɒnO ɔgh MJo woVienXƎR YMT. NMAFRƎO IyƎᵴDV bɑsfg-
ᵴᵴᵴ ᵴPᵴI SᵴzI CEᵴKSW bGeɑIhɑNjmA ƐɑVᵴAᵴᵴ ɑmIX-
DIx ƐᵴᵴᵴrCd ᵴEᵴK nFᵴAᵴY ɔOᵴDR CRYAᵴᵴ ɔCI OᵴI ɑIrBᵴP SEB
dNɑLᵴᵴ LpR ᵴJnJA ɑrᵴd dIRV MAᵴO cEpmuXƐ ᵴAJᵴ clf
kMᵴ xYKSᵴO HɑIIIW ᵴAP qTᵴO ᵴᵴᵴJ ᵴᵴV Uɑrɑine nk
VFIA lDah XKXTIAx Ye ᵴIɑdFuW XbᵴᵴᵴMXᵴᵴᵴᵴ
ᵴᵴ ᵴ AᵴOiX nmey rᵴC GlOᵴIIᵴ ᵴBᵴEnIMq nk Lcᵴᵴ
SAlᵴIᵴI NZᵴ ᵴJᵴᵴ ᵴᵴᵴᵴ ᵴᵴᵴ ᵴᵴᵴ ᵴᵴᵴ ᵴᵴᵴ ᵴᵴᵴ
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necessarily affording any clue to farther discovery. Neither is the idea of our friend, although highly ingenious, philosophical, and unquestionably original with him, (since he so assures us,) original *in itself*. It is one of the many systems tried by Dr. Wallis and found wanting. Perhaps no good cipher was *ever* invented which its originator did not conceive insoluble; yet, so far, no impenetrable cryptograph has been discovered. Our correspondent will be the less startled at this, our assertion, when he bears in mind that he who has been termed the "wisest of mankind"—we mean Lord Verulam—was as confident of the absolute insolubility of his own mode as our present cryptographist is of his. What he said upon the subject in his *De Augmentis* was, at the day of its publication, considered unanswerable. Yet his cipher has been repeatedly unriddled. We may say, in addition, that the nearest approach to perfection in this matter, is the *chiffre quarré* of the French Academy. This consists of a table somewhat in the form of our ordinary multiplication tables, from which the secret to be conveyed is so written that no letter is ever represented twice by the same character. Out of a thousand individuals nine hundred and ninety-nine would at once pronounce this mode inscrutable. It is yet susceptible, under peculiar circumstances, of prompt and certain solution.

Mr. T. will have still less confidence in his hastily adopted opinions on this topic when we assure him, from personal experience, that what he says in regard to writing backwards and continuously without intervals between the words—is all wrong. So far from "utterly perplexing the decipherer," it gives him no difficulty, legitimately so called—merely taxing to some extent his patience. We refer him to the files of "Alexander's Weekly Messenger" for 1839—where he will see that we read numerous ciphers of the class described, even when very ingenious *additional* difficulties were interposed. We say, in brief, that we should have little trouble in reading the one now proposed.

"Here," says our friend, referring to another point, "all reasoning would be entirely baffled, as there would evidently be no objects of *comparison*." This sentence assures us that he is laboring under much error in his conception of cipher-solutions. *Comparison* is a vast *aid* unquestionably; but not an absolute *essential* in the elucidation of these mysteries.

We need not say, however, that this subject is an excessively wide one. Our friend will forgive us for not entering into details which would lead us—God knows whither. The ratiocination actually passing through the mind in the solution of even a simple cryptograph, if detailed step by step, would fill a large volume. Our time is much occupied; and notwithstanding the limits originally placed to our cartel, we have found ourselves overwhelmed with communications on this subject; and must close it, perforce—deeply interesting as we find it. To this resolution we had arrived last month; but the calm and truly ingenious reasoning of our correspondent has induced us to say these few words more. We print his cipher—with no promise to attempt its solution ourselves—much as we feel inclined to make the promise—and to keep it. Some of our hundred thousand readers will, no doubt, take up the gauntlet thrown down; and our pages shall be open for any communication on the subject, which shall not tax our own abilities or time.

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In speaking of our hundred thousand readers (and we can scarcely suppose the number to be less), we are reminded that of this vast number, one and only one has succeeded in solving the cryptograph of Dr. Frailey. The honor of the solution, is however, due to Mr. Richard Bolton, of Pontotoc, Mississippi. His letter did not reach us until three weeks after the completion of our November number, in which we should, otherwise, have acknowledged it.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Perhaps the editors of no magazine, either in America or Europe, ever sat down, at the close of a year, to contemplate the progress of their work with more satisfaction than we do now. Our success has been unexampled, almost incredible. We may assert without fear of contradiction that no periodical ever witnessed the same increase during so short a period. We began the year almost unknown; certainly far behind our cotemporaries in numbers; we close it with a list of twenty-five thousand subscribers, and the assurance on every hand that our popularity has as yet seen only its dawning. But if such is the orient, what will our noonday be? Nor, if we may for once play the egotist, is this success wholly undeserved. Everything that talent, taste, capital, or energy could do for "Graham's Magazine" has been done, and that too without stint. The best typography, the choicest engravers, the finest writers, the most finished artists, and the utmost punctuality in our business department, have lent their aid to forward our enterprise; and what neither could have done singly, all combined have effected. Nothing has been spared. The splendor of our embellishments has never been equalled: the variety and richness of our literary matter are not to be surpassed. We not only present a choicer list of contributors than any other magazine in the country, but we rejoice in more than one writer whom we alone have been able to tempt from their retreats, and who cannot be induced to contribute to any cotemporary. We have secured the exclusive services of Sartain, and have made a permanent engagement with Sadd. Our Fashion Plates have become the standards in that department, and the line engravings we have furnished have been universally cited as superior to those of the richest Annuals. In literary rank we are assigned the first place of our class, and our criticisms on books are deferred to as the best in the country. We may speak thus boldly, because, although we may be only Snug the Joiner, yet whenever we roar as now, it is in the character of the lion. Reviewing, therefore, our past success, and taking it—and why not?—as an earnest for the future, we can afford, we opine, to sip our cup of choice Mocha at ease, and if not to "shoulder our crutch," at least to "tell how fields were won."

We shall begin the new year determined to surpass even what we have done. As we have introduced a new era into magazine history we shall not pause until the revolution is complete. We shall not follow the namby-pamby style of periodical literature, but aim at a loftier and more extended flight. For this purpose we shall increase the amount of our reading matter, although, at the same time, our embellishments shall even be superior in beauty to what they are at present. We have made arrangements by which the graceful pens of two lady-editors will be added to our strength. Our editorial list will then be as follows:

Geo. R. Graham,	Mrs. E. C. Embury,
Chas. J. Peterson,	Mrs. A. S. Stephens,
Edgar A. Poe.	

Our Prospectus will show the number of American writers, in addition to the editors, enlisted in the work. With such a *corps* we may make any promises.

To ensure a supply of the best original engravings we have, in addition to Messrs. Sartain and Sadd, procured the aid of Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Smillie, and Mr. Dick,—all well known for the elegance of their work. Our chief illustrations shall, however, be as heretofore, mezzotinto engravings,—they being decidedly the most effective, elegant, rare, and desirable. This field we shall enjoy without even an attempt at serious competition, it being impossible for any other like magazine to bring out the same or equal talent in this way.

And now, as the play is over and we have spoken the epilogue, we will draw the curtain with a single wish: "a happy new year, and many of them, to our subscribers."

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